

David Paton Balfour



Farmer,
naturalist,
librarian,
diarist

Scotland
Victoria
Otago
Mohaka
Glenross

by Ian St George

David Paton Balfour

FARMER NATURALIST
INVENTOR LIBRARIAN

by
Ian St George



David Paton Balfour aged about 40, Napier Portrait Rooms early 1880s.
Photograph by T. Andrew, MTG Hawke's Bay, Hawke's Bay Museums Trust/
Ruawharo Ta-u-rangi collection. Reference: 45/340, 180, 79043.

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FOREWORD: A SAD ENDING

On 4 September 1894 the Reverend William Colenso wrote his regular gossip-filled letter from Napier to his young friend Coupland Harding in Wellington and said,

*Did you know Balfour of Mohaka?² a sad ending that (Dont like it!!)*¹

David Paton Balfour died in a ditch, trying to rescue a sheep, on his 53rd birthday, 12 July 1894. The *Hawke's Bay Herald* reported,

An inquest was held at the Puketapu Hotel yesterday afternoon, before Mr F. Sutton, acting coroner, and a jury, of whom Mr W. Elbourne was foreman, to inquire into the circumstances attendant upon the death of David Paton Balfour. The evidence was taken of the eldest son of deceased, Dr. Moore, Constable Kennedy, and Messrs R. Davis and J. Heslop senior. From this it appeared that deceased, who had been suffering for several days from influenza, took some soup with his family on Friday at noon. He then left the house, walking in the direction of Taradale. He had previously arranged with Mr Heslop to go and inspect one of the drains as soon as he felt able to get about. He was never afterwards seen alive. When it was found that he did not return home on Friday evening alarm was felt, and the police were communicated with. Constable Kennedy made a search, and on Saturday afternoon found deceased lying face downwards in the drain that he had arranged to inspect. This ditch was about four feet wide, nearly as deep, and had a trifle over a foot of water in it. Near deceased was the body of a drowned sheep, and the marks upon the banks of the ditch seemed to show that deceased had fallen in while endeavoring to assist the sheep out, and being weak from his illness could not recover himself. Death was due to drowning. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidentally drowned". The funeral will take place this day, in the Taradale cemetery. Great sympathy is felt for Mrs Balfour and her family in their bereavement.²

1 ATL qMS-0498.

2 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 16 July 1894.

He was a Scot, a man of little formal education but considerable accomplishment: farmer, naturalist, book collector, roadmaker, diarist. He had married in 1876 and his children were 4–17 years old.

The first great flu pandemic which was widely recorded was the Russian flu of 1889–1893, which returned annually until 1901. In Great Britain, the winters of 1891 and 1892 were the worst. Symptoms varied, but victims commonly experienced sudden fever which lasted 3–5 days, sometimes for a fortnight, chills, especially in the back, thumping muscular pains, runny nose and eyes, sneezing or dry coughing, prostration for up to a fortnight, loss of appetite and photophobia. “Headache” and “melancholia” were also reported. The epidemic was characterised by huge morbidity. London, one of the worst affected cities had, at one stage, one third of its population incapacitated by the flu. Economic disruption was immense. There were also deaths. In 1891, 125,000 died from influenza, and in 1892, there were 250,000 flu deaths in Great Britain.³

In New Zealand 1,393 influenza deaths were registered in 1890–1894.⁴

Apart from occasional mention in contemporary newspapers we know of Balfour from three main sources. He kept the letters William Colenso had written to him; he kept a diary...

On the 3rd October 1863 I began to keep a diary, and from that day to this day, I have got each day’s incidents written down. Unfortunately for other people, if ever anyone should take the trouble to read it, the first 6 or 7 years are written in hieroglyphics, which no-one can understand but myself, but there is nothing lost to posterity in that.⁵

... and he wrote his life story (here referred to as his “autobiography”) for his children: it is an invaluable source of material about his life but, more than that, it provides an insight into his character and his times. It is reproduced in full in the following pages.

3 Graeme Laver, Elspeth Garman 2002. Pandemic influenza: its origin and control. *Microbes and Infection* 4: 1309–1316.

4 <https://teara.govt.nz/files/27772-enz.pdf>. Accessed 2 July 2017.

5 Autobiography.

PART 1

CHAPTER 1: BALFOUR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY⁶

Life of
David Paton Balfour
Written by
Himself
At Glenross
In Hawkes Bay
New Zealand
25th. April
1885

⁶ The spelling and layout are preserved as far as possible; later pencil corrections of spelling and grammar have largely been ignored.

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Preface

It has often been a source of regret to me that I never had any sketch of my Fathers life, especially the early part of it, so that I might have known the early hardships he had to put up with; and so that my Children will not be placed in the same position I propose writing a sketch of my life from my earliest recollection to the present time and posibly add to it as I go along.

At the same time I do not wish that they should read it until they reach the age of discretion, say Twenty one years of age, not that I can write anything that a Child might not read, but there may be many things a child may not understand and construe it in a manner not intended.

Chapter I

My Father was—my Father, and that is about all I can say, especially with regard to his younger years, and before he married my Mother which he did at the age of Twenty, while my Mother was Thirty. But of my Mothers family I knew a good deal. She was a Daughter (the eldest) of James Paton and Mary Ormond; her Father was the village Carpenter (or Wright) of Craigton, in the Parish of Monikie and was in very good circumstances. She had three brothers, James, George and David (the latter of whom I was named after) and as soon as either of the boys were fit to go into the shop he took them in to work

with him and made them Carpenters one after the other before any of them knew. James and George took to it kindly, but David always had an idea of being a Watchman until one evening when he was about twenty-one years of age, he was dressing himself up to go to some jollification or other, and while he was in the act of tying his boots his father came to him and gave him half a sovereign saying "You are out of your apprenticeship now, David, you must pay your own scores now" (it having been the custom for apprentices not to pay for any spirits at any jollification), but poor David was so much taken aback that he, at that age, bust out crying, and did not go to the jollification.

There was another good thing I used to hear of him, of course in a country village the Carpenter would have a great many small jobs to do, too small to make any charge for and my Uncles used to make a charge of "A Glass at Yule" more in a joke than with any intention of collecting those glasses at Yule, but one Yule morning Uncle David got up early and began collecting those Glasses at Yule, but one Yule morning Uncle David got up early and began collecting his glasses, consequently before daylight he was found utterly helpless and was carried in and put to bed; he must have taken an over-dose, as he did not wake until dark in the evening, at which time he got up and came in and sat by the fire. My mother was doing something by the fire when Uncle David put his hand into the "Bole" and took out a "Crusic" saying, "I expect I must go and make preparations for that great day." My mother said "Oh! David, the "Great-Day" is over; this is the dusk of the evening not the dusk of the morning." He jumped to his feet as one astounded and cried "Oh! Jean, you do not mean to say it is all over?" My mother said "Indeed it is, David." Well he said I must have been a fool to make a charge of a glass at Yule and Collect it!"

Of my other two uncles James and George I have nothing particular to relate. After their fathers death all three worked together in partnership until about the time that I was born, when George went to Arbroath where he lived until I left for Australia. James still kept on the Wrights shop in Craigton, but he also bought a small coasting sloop—the "Anna" which I think caused him to loose a good deal of money. David also went to Arbroath and bought a considerable

number of houses, principally in Green Street. He was very asmatial and never did any work since I could remember. He was reckoned the “Best off” of the family: he never Married to my Knowledge.

While on the subject of Wrights, there is a good anicdote of my Grandfather and a Winnowing Machine.

He had been making a Winnowing Machine for some one who was in hurry for it and he worked almost night and day to finish it, and just as he was finishing at the appointed time the Farmers Cart was coming to the door to get it, when the Old Man called his Sons and the driver to help him out with it and when they got it halfway through the door, Lo! it would not go out. Not by nine inches. And his Sons laughed at him but he did not rebuke them for laughing at him but said, “My boys, take warning by that Winnowing machine and never build anything inside the shop before you make sure you can get it out.” He then took the doorstops off and pulled out one stone out of the wall just sufficient to let the Machine out. After it was out and away on the Cart the three—Grandfather and Uncles—fixed up the doorstops, and the Uncles wished to replace the stone but Grandfather said “No, let it remain as a reminder of what I have just said.” I believe it was a standing joke in the district for years afterwards. I remember myself seeing the hole when where the stone was taken out.

James and George both married and had families, but of the families I can say nothing (See Apendix B).

My mother was the oldest daughter but whether she was the oldest child or not I cannot say. She had two Sisters, Mary and Ellen. Mary married a Farmer named Nicol, but what they did or what became of them I know not. Ellen married a Master Mason or builder in Arbroath, and did very well they while I was at home removed to a village on the coast called Curnoustie. Where her husband—George Farreir—soon died, leaving her a Widow in comfortable circumstances. She—or rather they, for it was before Farreir died, bought a Public house with some land where I believe she still (1882) lives, her family grown up and filling honorable and lucrative situations.

My mother, I believe, was born in 1801 and my Father in 1810 and I would fancy were married about 1830. Before Marriage my Mother was taught the art of Dress making and Milnery and I believe supported herself by it both in Dundee and in Craigton.

Shortly after their Marriage they took a Farm on a very poor Muir-land district where after toiling from the time they went on to it to 1847, draining, fencing and building Farm houses on it, there was some flaw discovered in the Lease and they were ejected at six months notice. The place was called Guildy Muir, on the Estate of Lord Panmuir, but I believe his Lordship had very little if any active hand in the ejection. And it was here that I was born.



Guildy Farm today (Google Maps)

Chapter II

I have three brothers and two sisters. James, the oldest learned to be a Tailor in Arbroath with a Mr Jack, he came out to Australia about 1858 leaving his wife enceint⁹—at home and she came out about two years after him and after a deal of struggles and hardships managed to scrape enough money together to start business on his own account which he did in the Township of Gisbourne, Victoria and I believe he is doing well, has raised a good-sized family, some of whom are married but I have not heard directly from him for about 15–18 years. We never had any quarrel or misunderstanding of any kind, just simply neglected writing to each other until very likely each in their own memories cares and troubles forgets all about the other and thusly all corispondance ceases.

George the second brother was taught the trade of Painter and Decorator, and was very clever at his occupation, he did some very

⁹ pregnant

good work both in Melbourne and in Dunedin where he was frequently mentioned in the Public prints as being a very talented man, but unfortunately some of those very clever and very intelligent men often gives way to intemperance and that was the Rock he split on. I relieved him oftener than once in time of his difficulties and brought him from Melbourne to Dunedin with me, but the last I heard of him was in an inland Township in Otago (Tokomiro) in business for himself but as soon as he got any money for any job done, he would not see daylight again until he was Pennyless. What became of him I have no idea. I have not heard of him since 1862.

He came out from home with my brother James about 1858.

Next in order comes Maryanne, my eldest sister. She came out from Home along with my Father, my youngest Sister, my youngest Brother and myself, she was only about a year or Eighteen months out when she married a Farmer named Sheedy living on the Western Plains. She has a family but what are her circumstances I could not say. I have not heard of her for over Twenty years. We never had any quarrel but simply never wrote to each other.

Next in order comes my youngest Sister Ellen, and as I mentioned above she came from home along with me, and we lived at the same place together for about a year in Victoria and she lived in the same place until she married. She married a man named Isaac Wilson and they lived very happily together. They lived on the same station as I was on at the time I left Australia for New Zealand, since which time I have not heard from them, but I believe they will do well. They have some family.

Next in order comes myself, but about my sayings and doings I will at present say nothing and let these writings speak for me.

Next and last comes my youngest Brother, Charles Stewart Alexander, he came out along with us and has most of any of us been more with my Father and was the only one of us who was with him when he died, which happened at a place called Lillyvale in Queensland in the Winter of 1876. Charles is still in Queensland and the only one of the family with which I corrispond. He is still unmarried (* 1882)

I have said little about my Brothers and Sisters at present, as very likely I will say more as I go on.

George never, to my knowledge, married.

Charles married Loise Penelope Schadel on the 25th Sept 1884 at Emerald Queensland.

Chapter III

I was born on the 12th July 1841 at the Farm of Guildy in the Parish of Monikie, Forfarshire, Scotland and the first thing I can remember was playing about with my Brothers and sisters around the Farm buildings, and amongst my earliest Amusements was when I had a chance to go and look at the Pretty boy in the Well, rather a dangerous amusement. I also very distinctly remember playing with a plow and letting it fall on its Land side, and was so terrified by my Mother and Brothers and Sisters that I do not think I touched a plow for some years agin.

I also remember a heavy gale of Wind which blew the thatch off an old Soldiers cottage and my Father and Brothers and I running to help to fix it on again. The same old Man—Tam Robertson—went to Town to draw his pension shortly after the gale and in coming home again during the night rather more than half drunk slipped his foot in crossing a small bridge and fell into the small stream and in his helpless state was drowned.

After Robertson was drowned the Cottage was let to another old Bachelor named Geordie Norrie, and George had a favourite Jug for holding milk in. He also had a very favorite Cat, and one night this favorite cat thrust its head into this favourite jug to get at the Milk and could not withdraw its head again. George got out of bed quick and struck a light by the tedious process of Flint and steel, and got hold of the cat and jug—one in each hand—but here was the dilemma, whether was he to kill the cat or break the jug both were favorites; at last he thought he might be able to get another cat, whereas he thought he could not get another jug, so he killed the cat, in some way or another and cut its head off, but he was as far as ever from attaining his object for the cats head was still in the jug, so he got a strong cord and passed a bight¹⁰ of it under the cats head, in the same fashion as taking a cork out of a bottle he got the jug between his knees and pulled with all his strength, when, Lo! the jug flew in a hundred Pieces and out came the Cats head, but he lost both Cat and jug and had not even the consolation of saving the milk, and it passed into proverb in the district “As bad as Geordie Norries jug”.

There was another time that I had a large Hob nail (called a tacket) for a plaything, and I lost this “tacket” about the same time I

10 a loop or slack curve in a rope

had a Boil come in the nape of my neck and my father took me to a “Skeely”¹¹ man to get this Boil lanced, and while he was in the act of Lancing it some one asked him for something or other and he said in the dialect of the place “Tack et” (i.e. Take it) and when I was on the way home I said to my father, “That man has got my “tacket”“ and he asked “why?” I told him “Because he said Tacket”.

About this time 1845: 6 there was an old Maid named Kate Low who lived near us and she was accustomed to get my Father to do small jobs for her, and I remember her coming out one day with a piece of tin about four inches long and two inches wide which she wanted my Father to nail on to her Cupboard for a hinge instead of leather as she said the leather was always giving way. My father told her it would not last any time as a hinge. “Hoot toot,” she said. “It will make a splendid hinge. See how nice and stiff it is.” And she kept bending the thing backwards and forwards until she broke it in two, which of course satisfied her that it would not do as a hinge.

The same old “Skeely” man that my Father took me to get my neck lanced was a Blacksmith, semi-retired, that is he had sold out his heavy business and taken a small Smithy and as he expressed it himself he was to do small jobs only, or “little jobbies”. One of the men who heard him say he was only to do little jobbies thought he would take a rise out of him. He went to a seamstress and asked for the parts of a broken needle, which she did giving him one that was broken in two pieces. He brought it to the Blacksmith in a piece of paper saying, I heard you yesterday say you was only to do little jobbies, so I have brought you one. He unfolded the paper and displayed the Needle in two parts. “Well,” said the Smith “since I promised to do only little jobbies I will try and weld it for you.” And after a deal of precautions and care, he managed to get the two parts to stick together when he polished the thing off as well as he safely could, wrapped it in a paper and delivered it to the man who brought it with a charge of “Three pence, please!” Oh! horror. Just fancy an old Scots foggy having to pay Three pence for his own practical joke. The Blacksmith was inexorable and the three pence had to be subscribed among the Party. When the whole retired to the nearest pub to cool the needle.

About 1846 as far as I can think, was made the Monikie Waterworks for supplying the Town of Dundee with water, there was

11 a man of skill and experience

some heavy navy work to be done on it and a large number of Irish navys were employed on it, and I remember they had a regular row one night when an older man named—I think—Paton—tried to make peace, but he unfortunately got so mixed up among the combatants and got so badly treated that he never recovered, but died about 48 hours after. My Father, Mother and my two eldest Brothers had to go to Perth as witnesses and during the time they were away there came an awful storm, fearful Thundering and lightning and I remember a Sister of my Father, Mrs. Reid, came to take care of us while my parents were away and I remember she took us all into the same bed she was in herself and the whole five of us were terribly frightened.

There was one man who was seen to kick this poor old Paton while he was on the ground and he was tried for murthering him and he confessed the killing him wilfully so neither my Parents nor Brothers were called as witnesses.

My poor old mother was awfully horrified to think that they Buried this Murdered Paton near to my Grandfather on account of them being the same name. But I should fancy the Irish Paton would not disturb my poor old Grandfather, or if he did I never heard of it.

There was an Uncle of my Fathers named Alexander Balfour,¹² a poet, and a pensioner of the Crown who left in his Will sufficient money to keep one boy of the name of Balfour at School and just before we left Guildy this scholarship became vacant and it was decided that I should go to school more to keep possession of the Scholarship than anything I could possibly learn as I do not think I could have been more than three & a half or four years old at the most. However, they sent me and above all days in the week they sent me on Friday afternoon a day that even at my prest age I do not like to Commence anything on.

But their reason for sending me on that day was that I would only have the afternoon on Friday and the forenoon on Saturday and Sunday no School so that on account of my extreme youth I should not be tired by being a whole day so on the Monday I went as usual

12 Alexander Balfour 1767–1829, poet and novelist, was born in Monikie. He was a successful merchant in Arbroath but was bankrupt in 1815, when he moved to Edinburgh to become a clerk in the publishing house of William Blackwood. Among his works are the sentimental novels *Campbell* (1819), *The Farmer's Three Daughters* (1822) and *The Smuggler's Cave* (1823), and a collection of poems *Contemplation and Other Poems* (1820). His memoir, *Weeds and Wildflowers*, was edited by David Macbeth Moir.

and when the school was let out at noon I thought all was over for the day and came home and for some reason or other I never went back.

Dr McNish in his *Anatomy of Drunkenness*¹³ mentions an anecdote of this same Uncle Sandy, and I have seen his name mentioned in a good many books, but the following I have not seen.

Shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, say about 1820–21, he took a trip to Belgium for the benefit of his health and he saw the Battlefield among other things. But when he came home again he dated every thing from the time he went to Belgium. If anyone was talking of anything that had happened, “Oh!” he would say “that happened before I went to Belgium” or “Oh! that happened after I was at Belgium” and from the time he came home until the day he died he never omitted to bring in “Belgium” if he could get half a chance.¹⁴

While I am now writing about Uncle Sandy I may here mention that I have often heard my Father speak of two Brothers of his who went while young men to some one of the great Canadian Lakes where they did remarkably well as Iron Smelters, and at the last account I have of them neither of them had married, or as they themselves expressed it, We have joined the “Sons of Temperance.”¹⁵ I wish we had joined the Daughters too.

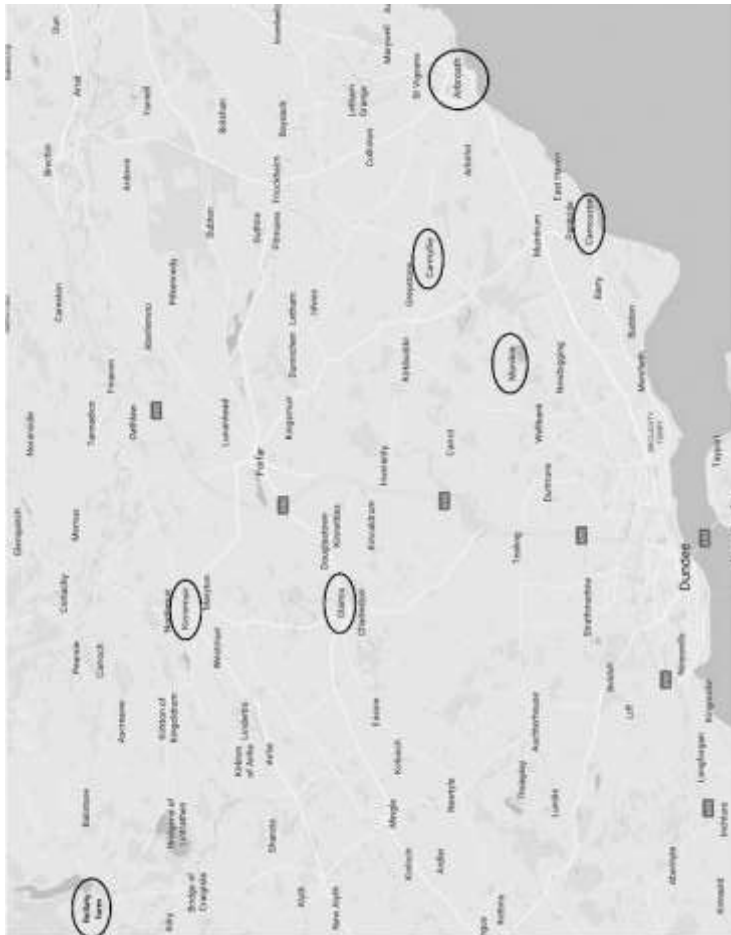
Chapter IV

About 1847 my Father left the Farm of Guildy and with myself and all the family went to live in the Town of Arbroath. My Father was employed as Night care-taker or night watch man of the Railway Station. My eldest Brother James went to learn his trade of Tailor while my sisters and Brother George went to school. After we had been in Town about a year they made another attempt to put me to School, but I think through them trying to put me first to School on a Friday there was not much success in the second attempt. However, I was dressed out in my second best and taken to school and

¹³ Dr Robert McNish, *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, 1st published 1827

¹⁴ Alexander Balfour had suffered a paralysis in 1819.

¹⁵ The Sons of Temperance was a brotherhood of men who promoted the temperance movement and mutual support. The group was founded in 1842 in New York City. It began spreading rapidly during the 1840s throughout the United States and parts of Canada.



Parts of the Scottish counties of Perth and Forfar.

introduced, and I remember I had on a Tartan dress spun by my Mother and woven by my Father, a piece of cloth that might have lasted a generation, but on the second day of my school career I started from home, and I put my hand in the pocket of my good dress and I pressed my fingers against the walls of the stone building and walked away to school rubbing or scraping my dress against the

stone wall all the way, but before I got to the school I had rubbed a hole right through my good dress and through the stuff of the pocket and also through the point of my three fingers. Whither I got a beating when I came home or not I forget now but next day I was taken sick with Feaver, which put an end to my second attempt to go to School.

During the time we lived at this place—Gowan Street—I was frequently sick. I think the place must have been unhealthy because I remember at one time my Father, my three Brothers and myself were all down at one time with fever, and as my two sisters were away somewhere in the Country, there was none left on foot but my poor old Mother, and I believe she was for weeks that she never had her clothes off or did not know what it was to have a nights sleep.

As the Windows of this house would not draw down on the top, the Doctor advised that they should be altered to draw down to let the foul air escape at the top, and there was a Carpenter who lived in the same Street and my mother asked him if he would alter the window, and he very willingly consented to do it. My Mother asked if he was not afraid of catching the Fever and he said Oh! no I have had it before—and he came and altered the windows and would not take anything for his trouble, but two or three days afterwards he was taken sick with Fever and was taken to the Hospital and the poor fellow died there, leaving a wife and small family. I do not remember his name, in fact I do not remember ever hearing it, but my Mother never forgot that man while she lived.

I cannot remember doing much myself about this time except laying on the Pavement in fine weather and looking at the Railway trains below as the Station of Arbroath was, and I expect is—underground. We stopped two years in Gowan Street and I remember one day my Mother found a Child who had lost its parents or its home rather—and she tried to find from it who it was but the little thing could not speak very well and she could do nothing with it; so she walked to the Police Station, a distance of about a mile to give information to the Police. The inspector heard her to the end and then asked her whither it was a boy or a girl, a thing she herself never thought off, so she had to come right home again, lifted up the Childs clothes and turned back to the Station. I thought she had lost her reason until she came back and was telling my Father all about it when he came home.

About this time one of our neighbours took his little girl—about 3½ or 4 years old—to Church for the first time, and amongst the Congregation there happened to be a venerable bald-headed old Gentleman, who had just a fringe of hair from one temple around the back of the head to the other temple, and all the top and forehead was bare and polished. When the little girl came home, she was asked what she had seen, and she said “Oh! Father I saw a man with a face back to here”, placing her finger on the bump of philoprogenitiveness.¹⁶

Chapter V

My Mother, who was a thorough business woman, thinking we would all do better in some way of business and after hunting all round the Town, getting the Pros and Cons of the different vacant places of business of different kinds, came to the conclusion that a business Combining Public house and grocery was the most eligible and so Purchased the good will of the “Unity Tavern” in Grimsby Street to which place we “flitted” at Whitsunday of I should think 1850. (but of those early dates I cannot be sure as I have nothing but Memory until 1856).

We lived two years in Grimsby Street. Most of the time I was sick with some fever or other Ailment and the Doctor advised a good Seasickness. My mother made some arrangement with the woman who supplied us with fish that I would go out in their boat. So the day arrived and my Father, my eldest brother and myself embarked in the fishing boat very early one morning with the intention of staying out for two Tides. I had not been long out when Sickness began to set in in proper earnest. I got so weak that I rolled myself up in the bottom of the boat and there I lay. We sailed very close to the Bellrock lighthouse and I remember they tried to rouse me up to look at it, but I was only able to take a glance at it and coiled myself up again. In my vomitting I cast off a quantity of bile which I took to be some Bitters I had drank about a year before. The Fisher men were so frightened at seeing me so sick that they came in at one tide only and a poor take of fish. The old Fisher woman stopped from supplying us with fish from that time out, and my mother met her in some other part of the

¹⁶ A phrenology area located near the back of the head; philoprogenitiveness = parental love; fondness for young and tender objects, pets, animals, children.

Town some time afterwards and asked her why she never came with fish for us now and she said “Your husband and your sick boy has so bewitched our boat that we have not had a decent catch since they were in it and I do not want to come even in the same Street with any of you lot again.”

Whither I did or did not bewitch the poor old womans boat I cannot say, but from that same Seasickness I can date my after health throughout my life.

I think it must have been towards the end of our two years sojourn in Grimsby Street that the boating expedition was in for I remember I tried twice more to go to School, once with a dominie¹⁷ named Simpson. How long I stopped I do not remember but I at least knew my letters before I left him, and after a long spell of sickness I went to School with an old Man-o-wars man named Hastings, who had lost his Right hand at the wrist. I was generally one week with him and two months away from him, consequently when we left Grimsby St. I hardly knew more than my letters. And I never was at any other School until I went for one hundred hours to a Night School in Otago, N.Z. at the age of Twinty one.

While we were living here I got the habit of dropping out at the generally just after breakfast and without letting anyone know, then I would stroll away, generally to the Harbour and would stroll about forgetful of every thing, till suddenly I would remember all about home and would hurry home as fast as I could and find it to be—perhaps three o’clock in the afternoon. I used to get some fearful beatings from my Mother for it, but next day was just as bad. Beating did no good, then she tried coaxing with very little better success. She used to say that nothing would keep me at home except Sickness. There were three places—except home—where I passed my time, one was strolling about the Harbour, particularly looking at them Loading and unloading the Vessels and if I could get on board it was only the Winch Machinery I cared to look at but so long as I could see the winch work from the Pier I never had any inclination to go on Board.

The next place where I liked to pass my time was looking in at a spinning factory window seeing the Spinning Machine at work and I would look in at that window until the Machinery stopped either for Dinner or at night, then I would remember myself and hurry home, probably to get a beating for staying away all day. Probably to get

17 Dominie, a Scottish term for a churchman or schoolteacher.

coaxed not to go away again. The third place of Pass time was looking in at a window at a Compositor setting up type for Newspaper Printing, and I could hear the Press going sometimes and had great longing to see it at work, which longing remains on me to this day and yet I have never seen a Printing Press at work. See Appendix B.

There was also a Foundry where I used to pass a good deal of time, first looking at the man making the Moulds and then watching them filling the Moulds with hot metal. I remember having a bad Dream or kind of Night-mare which must have originated from looking at them moulding and Casting. I thought I was walking along a well known street where I went almost every day and as I passed over a cellar trap, this trap gave way with me and I slid into the cellar, at the foot I was caught by two very strong grim looking men who promptly laid me down on my face and held me there while a third grim looking monster inserted a gad¹⁸ at the back of my neck and drove the said gad in with a heavy sledge hammer, but before I lost consciousness I looked round with the corner of my eye and saw a lot more boys, some complete, some disembowelled, some getting the cavity of their bowels filled with Molten Metal and some hung up by the heels all round the walls like sheep in a Butchers shop. I was so awfully frightend that I was for weeks I would not go into that street, but would go half a mile around rather and when I did go in that street I took good care to cross over to the other side long before I came to this cellar trap, and I only once crossed it afterwards and then I was in company with my Mother and two of my Brothers & even then I trembled in passing; so strong a hold did it take on my imagination, and I was years before I thoroughly forgot it.

The Public house and Grocery did not turn out a paying speculation and towards the end of the second year, I know that my parents had a very hard struggle to make both ends meet for there was a friend of the family who lived in the Country and who had a surplus of a certain article & they used to send some to my mother every week for her own use and rather than use it all she made me go and hawk this through the Town and sell it, a thing that I was most awfully ashamed to do, because I knew we did not get it to sell it, but got it for our own use. I used to carry it away to the farthest end of the town from where we lived before I would begin to sell, and if I should

18 a heavy steel or iron wedge with a pointed or chisel-shaped edge, used to break coal, rock, or ore from the rock face

happen to see any one I knew I would hurry along as if I were taking this to some particular place, and if I could sell seven pence worth, I thought I had made a splendid day. One day I sold fifteen pence worth and thought I had made a fortune, but I got so awfully ashamed of trying to sell this that from that day to this I have never—directly—sold a single thing that I can remember. If I have anything to buy or to sell I have to do it through an Agent. It seems repugnant to me either buying or selling and I firmly believe I will never surmount my antipathy to it.

It was only with the strictest economy that my parents were able to hold on to the end of the second year, and at the end they had to sell a lot of surplus furniture at any rate and they sold as much as they could spare which left them just barely what paid their debts, so that I might say they left Grimsby Street Pennyless.

Chapter VI

We next went to live on the outskirts of the Town in the first House on the Montrose Road. My Father—who was a splendid hand loom weaver—went weaving oat-sack cloth or sacking, he used to make Eighteen shillings to one Guinea per week when he had work, and of course if he was a week or fortnight out of work it would throw him on his beam ends. Out of his weekly wages he had to pay a woman to wind the thread on to his bobbins, so after some time my mother took to winding them & some of us children would carry the full ones to the shops and the empty ones home, but I think my mother thought she could do better making the sacks than filling the bobbins, so she applied for sack making at the same factory that my Father was weaving for and got it. She would get up I remember in the Winter mornings at 5 a.m. to be at the Factory by 6 a.m. and get her quota of sacks, generally about Twinty five and she would carry the twinty five unmade sacks home and then get our Breakfasts ready by the time my Father came home about 8 a.m. then she would sit down and make all the twinty five sacks before she slept. Sometimes she would get me and some of the other children to hem the tops of them and sometimes but not always she would get her complement on Saturdays & if she did very often she could not do a stitch to them all day in which case it was my job on Sunday night to sit up till twelve o'clock and then call her and she would get up and do her 12-14 or

perhaps 18 sacks by 5½ a.m. make up her bundle, take it to the factory and perhaps get another 25 and have to do them the same day and sometimes with the work of the house and the cooking and perhaps washing she would not get to bed until perhaps midnight again, thus making 24 hours in one stretch. Sometimes in a case of that kind my Father would stay at home half the day and help her, but it was a weary, weary struggle.

My eldest Brother by this time had finished his trade of Tailor, and went to Dundee as journeyman, and my next brother George also got out of his time and also went to Dundee and both of them managed to do for themselves, without assistance from home. But James the eldest met with rather a severe accident about a year before the time I write. One of his shop-mates was getting Married and James was one of the Guests, he being young and foolish took rather more Toddy than he could carry and got carried home, his landlady put him to bed, a high four poster—and for fear he should get sick, set the Chamber pot in front of the bed for him to vomit in, his Landlady guessed right for he had hardly been half an hour in bed when he got sick, and stretched his head as he thought clear of the bed, but he was nearer to the front than he reckoned for and overbalancing himself, fell with considerable force onto the pot, smashing it to atoms and laying his cheek open from the middle of his upper lip to the outer corner of the eye, in one great diagonal slash, besides several minor cuts and scratches.

The Doctor was sent for at once who sewed up the big cut and plasted up the smaller ones, but James lay hovering between life and death for about three days and nights and then gradually recovered and eventually got quite well, but the large scar remains to this day, altho' somewhat hidden by his beard & whiskers.

My two sisters were both out at service. Mary Ann, the oldest with two Old Maidens at Errol near Perth, and Ellen the youngest with Uncle James at Craigton so that left only my youngest brother and myself at home.

We seemed to be getting along pretty well now, if both my parents had work, but if both—or even one—was out of work, we all seemed to feel it.

It was tacitly admitted by both Father & Mother that it was no use trying to put me to School any more, but rather to find me some light and airy employment at which I might gather strength, so they got me a job to wind Shoemakers thread into the nice balls the

Shoemakers use. And as far as I can remember, I was only five weeks at it, and was able to earn from 1/6 to 2/- per week, when a slack time came on and we was all discharged.

I did nothing for some time in hopes of being taken on again, but after waiting 2 or 3 months I went with a family of Grants rope making, i.e. I was turning the wheel for them to spin; it was mostly Grocers Parcel twine we made. I never got so far as spinning but I could turn the wheel, and was very good at finishing, i.e. Putting the Gloss on and winding it up in balls, something like the Shoemakers balls, to run from the inside—or outside as required.

There was the father and two Sons of these Grants: Old Sandy, Young Sandy and Jack. Old Sandy had his boy, Young Sandy had his boy and I was Jacks boy. And one day Young Sandy and Jack made a bet as to the abilities of their respective boys as to the number of Balls each could do in a given time. I was going a head of this other boy a long way and Young Sandy met me in the middle of the walk and stopped me and asked me if I could hold my balling-pin out with my arm quite straight and stretched out to the full length of my arm. I asked him how he meant and he showed me how to do it and while my arm was stretched out to the full he gave me such a blow with his fist on the forearm almost enough to break the bone, in fact it is a wonder he did not break it for an hour I could not move it, his father and brother cried shame on him, but he did not seem to care. After about an hour I got to work again and beat his boy in the end by several balls. I do not know how long I stayed with the Grants, but I think I stopped until a slack time came on and the works were stopped and then I had got something else doing when they resumed work.

While I was at the Ropery, which ran along under a Dam Wall this Dam was for saving Water for a Flour Mill and Saw Mill and for some reason they let all the water run out of this Dam and when nearly empty the eels began to come out at the sluice by Hundreds, and by Thousands, and I might say by Millions (if I knew correctly near like a million eels would look) at any rate I never saw so many eels before or since. Nobody about the place would think of eating an eel, I believe they would rather starve first, they all say they are too much like Serpents to be eaten. However I took two of them home and asked my Mother if they were good to eat, and she said she believed they were and I asked her to cook them for me, which she did and I ate them, I daresay the first eels that ever was eaten by any

of the family. They did not agree with me for I think they gave me a flux which stuck to me for about a month.

The Rope makers did not start on a hurry, and on account of it being a healthy job,—always in the open air—my parents delayed putting me to any other job for some time, at last they thought I might be able to help my Father at hand weaving and they asked me if I would like it. I expect I told them I did, however they got a loom for me just opposite my Fathers and I began certainly at a very early age to be a Weaver, but I succeeded very well. I could earn about 12- or 14 shillings per week, after paying for the winding of my bobbins. How long I remained a weaver I do not know, but I began with weaving a sort of Scrim for making light grasseed bags, then I wove some cornsacking with four treadles, not like the cornsacks now-a-days, which is worked by three treadles.

And now came the greatest misfortune that I think can befall any young family. The Death of my Mother.

The Town generally was healthy, but Cholra was in the Town but not about the quarter we was living in until a Lodging house keepers child about 6 or 8 doors away from us got it, died of it and was burried. My Mother saw the funeral pass the window about noon and passed a remark to a neighbour how suddenly the Child had died and about four o'clock the same evening she was taken bad and she was burried next day at the o'clock p.m. just making nineteen hours from the time she was taken sick until she was buried. It came so suddenly that I was weeks and even months before I could bring myself to believe she was dead. I even went quite unconcerned and invited people to come to the Funeral (as is the custom of the place). One house I went into—a namesake of my owen, too—to ask them to come to the funeral, the woman screamed, rather than said Are you a boy of the woman who has died I said I was. "Be off," she screamed and threw the firetongs at me. I felt just then as if I was an outcast, to think that my Mother was laying dead and I civilly asking the woman to come to the funeral and to get served in that way, but I soon recovered myself and went on inviting people. Some of them not hearing of her death were struck with surprise but none of them drove me from their house but the one.

After the Funeral was over, and the same afternoon, my Father my youngest brother and myself were removed to a large and deserted Hotel, not far from the old Railway station where we were kept in Quarantine for about a month, during which time the house,

furniture and clothing was all fumigated, and we were allowed to come back home, but it seemed home no longer. It is true I only thought my mother just gone for a visit and would be back in a day or two. My Father and I went back to our Looms again and my young brother Charles was cook and housekeeper.

My Father had a slight touch of Cholra shortly after coming home but fortunately he got over it and got back again to his work.

While we were working away, my Father could see that I was loosing health with the confinement, and looked round, unknown to me, for some other way of living for me that would be more healthy and it seems he went to the Corn Market and enquired at the Farmers if any of them wanted a boy and one named John Kidd, Farmer of the Newton of Carmyllie, he told my Father he would not say what he would give until he saw me and they appointed a day when he was to come, and on the forenoon of the day Newton was to come, my Father told for the first time all about it; and I was quite willing. So about two in the afternoon Newton came to the weaving shop door and asked for my Father who went to the door and then called me. I went up to him and he examined me back and front and then told my Father he would give Thirty shillings till Martinmas, this as I remember well was six weeks before Whitsunday, so that I was to get thirty shillings for seven and a half months & I was satisfied. I finished the web I had in the loom and cut the leading string.

Chapter VII

As far as I can now make out it must have been the 3rd. April 1853 that I left Arbroath with a small bundle in my hand and bid farewell to Town life, and adopt Country life for which I was far best adapted. I think it was six miles from Arbroath to Newton of Carmyllie. I found the way easy enough but to make sure I called in at a little Cottage to ask my way, and I found I was right. The woman of the Cottage was making "Milk Porrage" and boiling them with Gorse, she gave me some to eat, and to this day if I smell Gorse burning I think directly of Milk porrage.

I arrived at my destination about 4 p.m. and was introduced into the kitchen where I found I was to have my meals along with the two servant girls. The Farm was what is called a Four-Pair-Farm, i.e. worked with four pairs of Horses. The First and second men were

both Married, one of the Sons worked the Third pair and a “Halflan” worked the fourth Pair. The said “Halflan” and I slept in a “Bothy” by ourselves.

My work was to get up at 6 a.m. and feed eight cows, clean out their house & make clean beds for them before Breakfast, and then go out to work in the fields, generally with one of the servant women, (as they worked each alternate week in the house and in the fields). When dinner time came I had to feed the Cows again and at night feed them, clean and bed them, then again at 8 p.m. to groom the Masterhorse and go round all the Cattle along with all hands to see that they were all right for the night.

When the weather got warm enough the Cows were let out to pasture & I had to attend them, to keep them from straying or from getting into the growing crops. I found it very tedious but “Newton” was known to have told others (he did not tell me) that he had not had his crops so well looked after for many a year as I had done it; I used to find the long grass while wet with dew in the mornings, would wet me from mid-thigh down, and so I went to work and made a sort of plough which I pushed before me that knocked nearly all the wet of the grass and I would remain almost dry until the Sun came out to dry off the dew.

I found that before I was long there my health was improving and my appatitie was considerable, particularly in the mornings, and as I had a considerable deal of work to do before Breakfast I felt sometimes like to drop with hunger, and as I had to take a lanthorn to be able to do my work before Breakfast I found great relief in holding my head over the Lanthorn and inhaling the smoke and gas from the burning wick. I do not know if that was particularly healthy or not, but gave great satisfaction. When out with the Cows all through the Summer I had my three regular meals & a piece of bread and cheese forenoon and afternoon to eat while out, and then at night I had another piece of bread & cheese when the other hands had their Supper, then I got my supper just after the eight-o’clock visit to the Cows, and just before going to bed. In the Middle of Summer I had to get up at four o’clock, Breakfast at five & out with the cows until ten a.m. then out again at two p.m. till 8 p.m. I was never excessively hard dealt with while at “the Newton” except the second Harvest time that I was there, then the cows were kept in an inclosure and I had to work in the Harvest field, and take the cows out, and in while the others would be resting and on Sundays I had to heard the

Horses all day. My place for hearing them was just around the church, and used to take my revenge by climbing to the top of the Manor garden fence and stealing the Misters Apples. I often (since I have been able to write) thought of writing and apologizing to him for doing so, as I knew him pretty well, just about as well as any cowboy would know the Parish Minister, his name was Peter Bell, the inventor of the Mowing Machine but altho' everyone, almost, hears daily of Mowing Machines, very few people ever hear of Peter Bell now-a-days. Such is generally the fate of Inventors.

There was once about this same time I was sent away one very foggy morning into a rather extensive moor to look for some strayed horses, and I thought what a fine thing it would be for me to lose my way on this Moor, and I tried it, and tried three or four times to do it, and I found I could not do it, no matter how I turned and turned myself round. I always knew which way to go either to reach home or another place I thought to steer for, and I may say that to the present day I never have lost my road or gone astray which would cause one to come to the conclusion that my Bump of Locality must be fairly developed.¹⁹

At the end of the Summer the Cows were housed for the Winter and they were never untied until the next Spring, then came Martinmas the end of my term. There was a Fair held in Arbroath at that time and I went with the rest to the Fair and I got my seven and a half months wages, viz. Thirty Shillings, in my pocket and coming home to see my Father and my youngest Brother, I was in great glee. I had two days leave. I found my Father and Brother in good health, but bad as I thought at times my lot was I did not think it was so bad as my youngest Brothers. My Father was still weaving and my Brother was Cook and housekeeper for him.

I spent my two days leave very pleasantly and went back to Newton having been previously engaged for another Year at the magnificent wage of Three pounds ten shillings for the year, which was a considerable advance on my last term. And out of this I had to find myself in Clothing and washing.

19 In phrenology "Locality" is one of the "Perceptive faculties". It indicates the sense of location and the memory for places, so could be regarded as the geographical and exploring faculty. Locality is found above the eyebrows. In case of extreme development, two protuberances shaped like almonds may be observed above the root of the nose. (<http://www.phrenology.org/locality.html> accessed 7 July 2017). Balfour twice refers to phrenology, an obsolete amalgam of primitive neuroanatomy, racism and moral philosophy, in his autobiography.

Shortly after I came back, there was a young man named Thomas Spence that came down from the Grampains with some young sheep to the Turnip on the low lands for the Winter, as the High lands get too much Snow on them for sheep to live on them in the Winter. Tom and I got to be good friends & sometimes he wanted a help with the sheep-nets or other things and he would get me from Newton to help and that was my first introduction to Sheep. He stopped until the Sheep had ate all the Turnips there was on the Farm and then went to some other farm or farms for the Winter and took the sheep home again in the Spring, and I did not see him that Winter again after he left the Newton.

I was always very fond of Music and singing and am so still and during my second term, as the two servant girls were wont to sing "sang about" while milking the Cows at 8 p.m. I went with them two or three times to hear them sing, but they would not while I was there, so one night instead of going into the same Byre with them I went into the next one and looking over the Partition wall I waited to hear the singing begin. But instead of them beginning to sing as I had expected they began to talk about their sweethearts and they told each other that they were both enceint and both had made the same mistake on the same night. I listened until all was over and then came directly in and told me Bothy-mate all I had heard and he told all the other men on the Farm, and they led those poor girls an awful time until they left at the end of their term. It would not have been so bad of me if I had only listened, as it was singing I expected to hear. If I had not told any one what I had heard, the poor girls did not take any down on me as they said I was only a child and did not know any better.

Some time in the late Autumn Thos. Spence came down again with young sheep to the Turnips and I remarked in his hearing that I would like to change at the end of my next Term, and he engaged me to go to his Uncle in Glenisla in the Grampians. So that I think it must have been about November 1854 that I left Newton of Carmylie and went to see my Father while on the way to Glenisla. I stopped one day and two nights with him, and then my Young Brother escorted me in the dark on a Wintry November morning to the Railway station to take train to Kirrimuir, which I did right enough, but when at a station about half way the Porter called of for Passengers who were going to some place or other had to change Coaches, and I ought to have changed and did not, and when the

Train started I found that it went back at a very Acute angle to the line I had come on, when I remarked to a Man who was along side of me that I was going the wrong way, he asked where I was going and I told him to Kirmuir, he told me I was going right away from it. But he says you can get out at the next station and walk back and catch the next Train. It was not very consoling to have to walk between the two Stations, a distance of perhaps six miles. However, I got out of the train at the first station and was just preparing to walk back with my Bundle in my hand when I saw a train coming up to the station. I made my way to the Platform and asked a porter if that train was going to Kirmuir and he said it was, so I jumped gleefully into a carriage and was soon on the straight road for Kirri at which place I arrived in good time, saw my Box, which arrived before I did, safe at the Carriers depôt and enquired my way to Glenisla and started. I had about fifteen miles to go on foot but I reached there in the afternoon without once losing my road or getting into any trouble.

My new master was a Bachelor named John Robertson, he had a Sister Christina house keeping for him, and another Sister Married and had 10 children, Thos. Spence being the oldest, and his Mother and another Sister (Dumb) the former lived $\frac{1}{4}$ mile West from the farm, the latter about 200 yards East from this farm.

It was a smaller Farm than Newton only two pairs of Horses and an odd one and was conducted on a different Principal from Newton. We all lived together—Master, Mistress, Men & servant girls & my self sat at the same table and was to all appearances one family. I was very comfortable and happy at “Bellaty”. My work was much the same as at Newton.

Get up in the Morning and feed the Cows, Yearlings and Calves before Breakfast, Work in the fields during the day, but along with the Men, now not with the women as at Newton, then feed Cattle again at noon and at night. After Supper we would all draw round the fire, the women Spinning or Knitting and the men smoking or telling stories. Old Mrs. Robertson discovered that I could Knit stockings and she very kindly gave me as much worsted as I liked to Knit into stockings for myself and when I left them to go to Australia I had a good stock of Stockings.

At the back of the Farm there was some good high ranges of the Grampians and there was run for a little over 100 Ewes, the care of which was divided between T Spences Sister and myself, and we had to attend to them week about, but before I left they were given up to

me altogether, and towards the Spring, the feed on the Ranges getting scarce, I was sent down to the South Esk to another Brothers Farm with them. I had to put them in Netts all night and watch them in the Paddocks all day, and shift my Netts each day then after the spring had well advanced I took them up home by myself. I was then between 13 and 14 years old and I thought a good deal of myself to be entrusted with a flock of sheep on a two days journey all by myself. However my Master thought a good deal of me too.

The name of this farm I took the ewes to winter at was Aughlieughrie and about two years or so before I went down there was an attempt made to burn the farm under the following circumstances:—This Mrs. Robertson was of the same kindly Nature as John and the rest of the family, and on Sunday mornings he used to take his men and a Boy into his Parlour to have Tea Breakfast, a very great Treat I assure you in those days. This particular boys name was White (altho “Black” would have been more appropriate). He was taken into the Parlour every Sunday with the others and was well acquaint with it. In one side of the room stood a sort of a Desk or Escritoir in which Robertson kept his money if he had any in the house. This boy—White—had been a Year with Robertson and left, and as far as I know left a good character behind him. He knew the day on which Robertson was to pay his Rent, only a week or so after he had left himself and on the Sunday night before that day, White came over towards Aughlieughrie after dark, and he knew the habits of the people, and the costumes of the place well, he knew that the men went to the Stables at eight o’clock at night to Supper and bed down the Horses (this was in November) and at the same time the women went to milk the cows and they were all out for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to an hour. During that time there would be no one in the house and his intention was to go into the house, and rob this desk of the Rent money and clear off & possibly get miles away before anything was discovered, his plan was very well laid out but he did not succeed so well as he thought he would, for during the short time he had been away there was an old Shepherd who had come from Badenock with sheep to put on the Turnips. This Old Shepherd having nothing to do with his sheep at that time of the night remained in the house. White came down at the right time and was surprised to see light in the house. He came cautiously up to the window and looked in and saw this old man who intirely spoiled his plans. Now the job was to get the shepherd out of the house, and the fertile brain of the

Scoundrel suggested the setting fire to the Barn and then during the scuffle of putting the fire out he would have time to accomplish his design, so he crept round (in the dark of course) and got into the Barn—after he knew the men would not be back to it again and set fire to the Straw inside the Barn. Of course it was all in a blaze in very short time and before the fire was discovered it had such a hold that it almost defied any attempt to put it out, water was scarce and hands were few but they worked with a will. The buildings were in the form of a hollow square, the Barns filled one side the Cattle houses another side the Stables the third the Piggies & fowl houses the fourth, the centre was kept as a receptiel for the Manure from the different stock and a run for the young cattle. The fire had such a hold before it was discovered that it was needless to try to put it out and therefore all hands tried to save what they could. Some turned the stock and horses out while others kept the Stacks (which was quite close to the Barn) armed with wet blankets for if one stack had caught the whole stackyard would have gone. Then after all the stock was turned out they set to work to demolish part of the building at each end of the burning building which they successfully did and confined the fire to the barn which was totally destroyed along with the Threshing Machine, but during the time they were knocking down the first building one man got hurt slightly and it was proposed either to give him some Whisky or to rub some Whisky on his hurt. However David Robertson (another Brother) came into the Parlour to get this Whisky and while getting it he saw a pair of Mens legs sticking out from under the bed, and he caught hold of them and pulled out White. David asked him whatever he was doing there. Oh! said he I was coming along from Kirmuir and saw the fire and came to help to save what could be saved. David in his hurry and confusion thought the boy was telling him the truth and thanked him and went back with the Whisky to the man that was hurt.

They confined the fire to the Barn and after all was quited a bit, David told his Brother William how he had found White under the bed in the Parlour. But by this time it was getting towards morning and some stragglers had arrived from Kirmuir and a Policeman. The Policeman called William on one side and told him he had better have an eye to the contents of the house as he said some of those people have come only to help themselves not to try and save. Then Wm. said it flashed across his mind like in inspiration that White was in the Parlour with the intention to rob, and also that he

had set the Barn on fire, then search was made for White but he could not be found, but the Police went on his trail at once and he was captured before Mid-day. When they came to examine the Desk it was found that he had taken the Kitchen Poker and had tried to force the lid, but did not succeed. I have seen the hole myself where he inserted the point of the poker.

When White was taken before the Magistrate he confessed every thing even to him only having two Matches and while trying to set the Barn on fire the first Match went out and the last one he had set the Barn on fire. When he came on for his trial at the Supreme Court he got Seven years penal servitude.

The Insurance on the Farm buildings had expired on the Saturday and Robertson intended to renew the policy on the Monday when he went to pay his Rent. So the buildings were uninsured, it was a heavy heavy loss to him, altho his Land-lord remitted six months rent yet he was a heavy loser.

He swore he never would have a Boy about the place again (which was wrong). However I was the first boy that he had ever admitted into his house after the fire. He treated me kindly enough but he gave me no liberties while I was near the Houses, & watched me away from the house in the morning and watched me back again. I knew his motive & took no heed.

After I went home with the Ewes I worked about on the Farm doing both farm work and shepherding, until Harvest came round again when I went again to Aughlieughrie to help with their Harvest, which came earlier at the Esk than at the Isla. Wm. Robertson kept his eye on me as before, sleeping in the same room with him, but treating me very kindly all the same.

Then after we finished the Harvest at Esk the men from there came up to help the Harvest at Isla.

Some time about this time I was sent to Glamis Market with a lot Weaners, the Progeny of the Ewes I had been attending to. There was another man with me, a stranger who was also taking some sheep to the Fair. We joined our sheep and drove together, we had to stop one night on the way and—a strange co-incidence we slept at the Castle Balfour in the How of Lantrathan. I had never heard of such a Castle before, and I may add—nor since, of its history I know nothing. We got to the fair early and my Weaners were not sold. I was started home with them during the afternoon and a short distance out of Glamis one of my sheep jumped a fence into a plantation and while I

was getting it out again an old drover came up behind with his mob and mixed them right up with mine. I was in a great way about it but he said it was best for us both as my Hoggets would draw his old sheep along and his old sheep would steady my Hoggets. He turned out to be a jolly old cove, we travelled 4 or 5 miles along the road together, he talking the whole time, I thinking what was to become of my Hoggets.

However, we came to a branch road just before dusk when he said we must part, he got in front of the Mob and Shed or Parted the sheep in two mobs, turning his owen along his road and heading mine along my road. When finished he gave me some directions about the road bade me good night and we parted to meet no more. I had to travell all night by myself and got home about 4 o'clock in the morning with my Hoggets all right.

As I was starting away from home to start with those Hoggets for Glanis I dropped a hint that I might look for another Master and poor old Mrs. Robertson came to hear it and just before I got out of reach she called after me and came running to me and asked if I intended to leave them. I said I might if I could get a chance to go to School—for remember at this time I knew one letter from another and that was about all—she begged of me to stop and she would speak to her Son, and make him let me go to school for three months in the Winter. The poor old woman began to cry and I could not stand it anymore. I gave in, promised not to leave them, so when I came back the old Lady and John and myself were closeted for about two hours together, and it was agreed that I should stay for at least one year more, that I was to have three months at School in the winter, that he was to pay for the three months school, and during the three months I was to feed the cattle morning and night only, and was to get so much wages besides, the whole was to amount to equal to Eight pounds for the year. So I considered I had by far the best of the bargain, but “L’homme Propose, et Dieu dispose”.²⁰

I remember hearing about this time about a Carpenter who thought he could Shepherd, and he got a dog and managed to get an engagement as shepherd somewhere or other, and the very first thing he got to do was to kill a sheep. He got the poor sheep into one of the out houses and how he got the life out of him is hardly known, but he was so long over the job that some one went in to see how he

20 Man proposes, God disposes

was doing, when they found he had left one of the fore shoulders on the skin and was in the act of taking off its head with a hand-saw. He thought there was more to learn in shepherding than he at first thought and gave it for a bad job.

I was now getting along swimmingly, was in hopes of getting to school in about two months, was begun to plow, and making fair work in stubble land, was giving every satisfaction to my employers and to my fellow servants and was to all appearance likely to settle down in the Glen for life, when suddenly I received a letter from my Father which I gave to Mr. Robertson to read, in which he (my Father) disclosed his intention of going to Australia and taking my two sisters, my youngest Brother and myself with him, leaving my two oldest Brothers at home. I begged hard to be left too, but he would not hear of it. I represented to him how comfortable I was and what good I was likely to derive from getting to school. I got Mr. Robertson and his Mother to back me up but it was all to no purpose. He had his plans laid and I believe the passage monies paid, and I must go with him. So when the Robertsons saw how things stood they then advised me to go and coaxed to that degree that I consented to go. I had very little time for preparation, certainly not over a Month.

I remember that the night before I left the Isla, one of Wm. Robertsons horses which he sent up to help to get in the Harvest, got into a large ditch about 8 feet deep and three feet wide and had worked his way down until his head was close to a stone bridge when he could not go any further neither had he any room to turn round, and it was just dusk when he was found. It fell to my lot to rouse and gather the neighbours which I did scouring the country on both sides of the River until I had gathered together nearly Forty men, who put ropes under the Horse and lifted him clean out of the ditch by main strength. He was to have gone home the next day and convey me about nine tenths of my foot Journey, but as it was reckoned cruelty to drive him he had a days spell and I had walk all way to Kirrimuir to Catch the Train.

But I am getting too far ahead of where I ought to be. In describing Bellaty and the people of it I mentioned a Dumb Sister of Robertsons who lived with her Mother to the East of the Farm house. This Dumb girls name was Susan and she had a most dreadful temper, and nothing would raise her ire more than to see or hear of any couple courting or getting married, she at this time was about 20 or 21 years of age and any courtship or marriage had to (be) kept

from her knowledge as much as possible. She was a fine strong healthy woman, but would not do any Menial work whatever. She would pass all her time reading (for she was a splendid scholar) or doing fancy work, while her poor old Mother, Sisters and brothers were all hard working people. However, Christina her sister and a neighbouring Farmers Son—named Lyon—had been courting, on the quiet, of course, for Twenty years, and how they managed to keep the knowledge of it from Susan gives them credit. However they thought they had courted long enough and decided to get married, and as Licences were not in vogue then they had to be cried in Church, and the Proclamation Sunday arrived. I was not at Church that day for some reason or other and I was sent away with a “Led Horse” to meet some one or other who was performing part of the journey on foot, and just as I was starting to go Christina came into the kitchen in dishabile and her sister Mrs. Spence, who was giving me my directions, looked at Christina and then to me, and says to me “Christina does not look much like a Bride does she” I opened my eyes and looked and then asked her what she meant, then she told me that Christina was to be “Cried” today and was to be Married tomorrow and I was going to meet a Wedding guest. Mrs. Spence told the others when they came home that they never saw any one more confounded than what I looked, it was the first hint I had had of it.

I had not far to go to meet this man and was back before the people came from the Church. Susan was at Church—of course she could not Hear the Proclamation, but she understood some one was being Proclaimed and she asked the Schoolmaster who was sitting near her who it was, and this Schoolmaster was a rival of Lyons, and saw that he was bested. He wrote on a slip of paper who it was and handed it to Susan, as soon as she read it she let a scream out of her which astonished the congregation and bolted out of the Church screaming and screamed all the way home. I was just home in time to see and hear her as she passed and she kept on screaming at intervals during the whole day and next night.

In the morning early just by day light, the Minister came and married the couple after their long and tedious courtship in presence of her Brothers John & David her sister Mrs. Spence the two servant girls and myself but just as the parson hove in sight, the Bridegroom discovered he had left the Marriage lines at his home a distance of a mile and a half. I was started of to bring them and run as hard as I

could for fear that Susan would get up and come and spoil all before I got back.

I started off and I did run and no mistake. I was back again before they thought I had got there, then the ceremony proceeded without any drawback and Susan did not know it was over until she saw the Wedded pair a mile off on their Wedding tour. Susan did not show herself for about a week after that.

During all this time I saw very little of Tom Spence—the man who was the primary cause of me ever going to Isla, he was generally away shepherding and as John Robertson had leased what in Scotland was a large sheep run, it carried about 2000 sheep and 70 to 100 head of cattle and Tom had the charge of it, and it was his intention that when I got my three months at School I was to go as shepherd under him, but it turned out otherwise.

At last the day approached for my departure. My Box had gone before me, as well stocked with large woollen Stocking Mittens, Drawers and all of Mrs. Robertsons spinning and my owen knitting, as if I had been going to the Arctic regions instead of the sunny shores of Australia. Every thing was conducted cheerfully enough such as the Box packing and the packing of a small bundle to carry in my hand until it came to the shaking hands, when poor old Mrs. Robertson broke down, and sobbed audably, which was the signal for a general break-down. There was only Mrs. R Mrs. Spence Mrs. Lyon Misses Spence & Alexander (servant) at the final leave taking. Mrs. R was not satisfied with shaking hands, she kissed me and all the others followed suit, so there was a considerable kissing and blubbering, my self blubbering worse than any of them. However, I kissed them all round and started, and about two Miles on the way I met Thomas Spence by appointment. I was nearly two hours before we could separate and in parting with him I parted from the last of my Glenisla friends. I lived Happy and contented with them and was very sorrow to part from them and up to this day I think more about them that I do about any like number of my Blood relatives which I have left in Scotland because they did more for me than my relations ever did.

A mile or so on the road after parting with Tom Spence I over took an old Begger woman going into Kirrimuir on some business. She was a splendid walker and also a splendid talker. I wish now I could remember some of the storys she told me as she trudged along. She had a small bottle of Whiskey with her and every now and again

she would take sip of this whiskey and then walk and talk at a great rate. Of course, she soon pumped out of me who I was and where I was going and all about me. And every now and again she would say “Ah! My Boy, the tree is not planted yet that is to build the vessel that is to take me from my native land.” I should think she repeated that at least fifty times during our journey.

I parted with her on the outskirts of Kirrimuir where she said she would try some of those houses and see if she could get some boiling water and make herself a cup of Tea as she said she always carried a little Tea and Sugar with her on the road. She invited me to take a cup of Tea with her as I would not take any of her Whisky as we came along. I begged to decline and left her and went to the Railway Station of Kirrimuir where I found my Box.

I had over half an hour to wait for the Train. I got my ticket saw my box in the Van, got into the Train myself and was soon whirled out of Kirri on my way to Arbroath where I arrived and got to my Fathers house just in the dusk of the Evening and found him and the rest of the family very busy preparing for the start.

The sale of my Fathers spare effects took place a day or two after I arrived and the evening of the sale we were all left without a house or bed in all Scotland, however we went to my Fathers sister, Barbra or Mrs. Reid and stopped for the night there. And left next morning in route for Australia, the leave taking from my Aunt and cousins was not so affecting to me as the leave taking from Glenisla was.

Chapter VIII

I think it must have been the Month of October 1855 that we got on the Train in the Arbroath Station about 7 oclock in the Morning. We stopped for an hour or so in Perth, and got on to Glasgow arriving there some time above 11 p.m. We got into a very decent sort of Temperance Hotel had some Supper and Bed and Breakfast all for a very reasonable sum, and sometime during the next Afternoon we got on board a Steamer bound for Liverpool.

But at some one of the stations between Perth and Glasgow my father got out of the train to have smoke as it was reported the train stopped Twenty minutes. He was not five minutes out when the whistle blew and off we went, leaving him behind. There were the

four of us, my two sisters my youngest Brother and myself, looking at one another, not knowing what to do as Father had all the money with him also the Railway tickets, and we were drifting away towards a strange City—pennyless.

However the train stopped at the next Station and to our surprise and pleasure my Father looked in at the Carriage window. It seemed he had gone off the Platform to have his smoke, and the minute bell rang before he was aware, he rushed for the train but could not find our Carriage and got into the first one he got at, and when he got to this Station he examined all the Carriages until he found the one we were in.

It was on a Saturday night when the Steamer started for Liverpool. There was a very miscellaneous lot of Passengers on board the steamer and they were all Deck Passengers, there certainly was a small cabin but it was set aside for the Ladies. My two sisters got into it and my Father my Brother and I did the best we could, it was the first night of my life I spent without sleep. The sea was rough, and the Passengers soon got sick, and darkness set in; it soon got impossible to move without treading in some abomination or other, the three of us got somewhere alongside the smoke pipe. I know it was warm and there we stuck all night; neither of us was sick and sometime during the night we got hungry. There was no food supplied on board, but somehow we got hold of some Red Herrings and we warmed them on the Smoke pipe and ate them without Bread.

When day light came in I never did see such a mess before—or since—there was all manner of excrement, Vomit, Ordure and Urine, some places nearly knee deep. They turned the hose on it as soon as there was light enough, and I never saw such an alteration in so short a time, in half an hour from the time the hose was turned on you could eat off any part of the deck.

I rememer a Soldier who was among the passengers he was not sick—but very near it, and there was a poor woman who was very sick and vomiting over the side, the Soldier approached her and said in a bravado sort of a way “My Dear woman, I can give you cure for your seasickness”. The old woman seemed pleased and said “Oh! Do, and I will bliss you.” Well, said the soldier “You get a piece of fat pork,—the fatter the better, take it about four inches long and an inch wide, tie a string to the end of it, swallow it down whole, as soon as it is down pull it up again, then swallow it again and pull”—Bock-heave-wah, the very idea of it turned the jester sick himself and he had a bad

time of it too and I did not pity him, but I pitied the poor old woman, but she got better before reaching Liverpool, the soldier did not, and looked bad when he landed.

This being Sunday I was very shocked to see two gangs of three men each who played “toss” the whole day—I did not understand the game, but they tossed coppers up and money changed hands each toss. To my Scotch Ideas of Sunday the thing was shocking.

We arrived in Liverpool in the Evening and where we slept that night I do not rememer but I think it must have been on board the “Herald of the Morning” (the Vessell we came out on which was sometime afterwards burned in Hobsons Bay and I believe is there still used as a hulk) there was about 300 passengers and crew on board as the Australian diggings was in full swing at the time.

According to my reckoning backwards, I make it 20th November 1855 on which we sailed from Liverpool, we had a very rough time of it before we got clear of the land. I should think we were a full fortnight in the Channell knocking about, Tacking first one way and then the other. I was not sick neither was my Father or Brother but my two sisters were very bad particularly Ellen, who did not recover until after we had crossed the Line.

After we got away from the Land we had very good weather and the Ship was good, we hardly ever knew what was to have a wet Deck.

There was a School started on board for the benefit of any who wished to go to it; but it was knocked in the head in less than a week. I went to it but of course I learned nothing. After I saw there was to be no more school I got my Father sometimes and a young man named Strachan to teach me a little and I began to make some progress but not very much as there were too many boys of my owen age, who were always up to some game or other in which I joined instead of learning.

Then again there was a Cabin Boy who assisted in giving out stores three times a week. This poor boy was taken very sick and was sick nearly all the time, and some how they pitched upon me to help to give out the stores in his stead. The remuneration I got was a handful of Raisins each day. I had nothing to do but hand the empty dishes to the storeman and hand the full ones to the Captains of the Messes. Through being in the store I became a general favrite with the officers, and as they gave me an inch I took upon myself to take an Ell, and one evening I started to go to the Main top mast head, when about half way up I was noticed by the Officer in charge of the

Deck and was orded down, he spoke very quietly to me as I was coming down, directing me how to get down until I stood on the deck, but directly I was there he seized me with one hand and a ropes end with the other and made use of the ropes end properly which efectively stopped me from trying to climb the shrouds again, and lowered me considerably in the eyes of the other officers.

I remember one day in the Fo’c’s’l I was sitting by myself and I made a Calculation that by the time I was Thirty years out in Australia, I ought to be worth £1,000, and if I can trust the “Property Tax” I have succeeded in my Calculation for I am not yet 30 years out and I paid Property tax last year (1881) on £2,505.

We spent Christmas somewhere about the Line for I remember I slept on “Yule” night on the Deck as it was too hot to sleep below.

We had three births but no Deaths on board. We spoke to only one Vessel and only sighted Madira, and saw no other land until we saw the Port Philip Heads. We had a good passage on the whole but what would be called a long passage now-a-days—one Hundred and one days from Port to Port.

We landed on March 1st 1856 at Melbourne. I cannot say that we landed Pennyless for I had one solitary Copper Penny, and I know that the whole family could not have mustered altogether Thirty Shillings for my Father sold a splendid Edition of a Family Bible almost directly we landed to pay our way with.

We landed immediately after Breakfast and I got a place with a Market Gardener at St Kilda almost directly I landed with a man named Jessie East, and went out to his garden at once.

My Father, my elder sister and youngest Brother all got places with a James Brock, just under the Mount Macedon ranges, and my youngest Sister (and myself) got places with Alexander Brock (a Brother of the above) on the Darbin Creek about 30 miles from Melbourne. My Father came out to St Kilda and told Mr. East that he had engaged me to the Brother of his own employer and asked him to break the agreement, but East said he could not well do it but would let me go at the end of my week which he did.

I remember when I got out to St Kilda it would be about 11 a.m. for shortly after we were called in to Dinner which consisted of Cold Beef, hot Potates, Boild Pumpkin and what surprised me more than anything else was Tea and such a Tea-pot why it was as big as a bucket, and the tea was poured into very large jugs, it was very Puzzling to me to tell what meal it was I was partaking off. I knew it

was not Breakfast as I got Breakfast on board the Ship. I thought it could not be supper as the sun was too high. I ate and drank in wonder.

There was a Man, another boy & myself, so I thought I would do as they did and after we had finished we all went to little iron house where we were all to sleep. The Man had a smoke, and after his smoke he took a Watermelon and cut a slice out of it and ate it and gave me some, of course it was the first I had seen, then we all went outside. Mr East came to me and took me away up into the Grapery to dig up a patch of Sorrell, it was very tempting to dig sorrell and see the grapes hanging in great bunches all round me, but I dug away and finished the patch—Mr. East came to me when I was about finished and gave me a bunch to eat, and sent me along with the two others weeding onions &c.

There was a Green Market in Melbourne twice a week and it was to be part of my work to take a cart each Market-day with vegetables and fruit and sell them along with the other boy—East himself coming to help; and the afternoon before the Market day was taken up preparing the loads. I was right enough in the Garden but I was altogether out of my element in the Market. I was told the prices of every thing was in the cart, but for the life of me I could not remember them, some of the prices seemed so absurd, as for instance a small bunch of Water cress that the Thumb and forefinger could span and about four inches long was Half-a-crown, and sold well, too, at that price, and things like Pumpkins, Melons, Cucumbers and all semi-tropical things I could not even remember their names, let alone their prices and I was very glad when East would sell the block lot—as he did each time I was in—to some Green grocer or other where I had to deliver them then go to some stable or other and load up with Dung and off home.

We had to start on Market Morning from St Kilda bout 2 a.m., not on account of the distance but to get what was reckoned a good place, where we had to wait about three hours before the people began to stir. When we got home and unloaded the Dung and washed the cart it was about 3 p.m. and we did not get much more to do that day.

Before my week was out I began to see that Tea was a general thing, not only at Meals but at all times when we were thirsty, as I remember about the second day I was working in the garden and got very thirsty and went to the house and asked for a drink of water and

the servant girl gave me Tea. I said I preferred cold water. She call Mr. East and told him what I wanted. He said "My Boy, never drink any water, at least while you are about here, drink Tea if you like but Water Melons are better." I told him I would like Water melons better than Tea, and he allowed me as many Melons as I cared to eat. I often, while I was there and long after I left him, wished for a drink of water either out of a running stream or out of a Spring like what I was used to at home, and I believe it was at least a Year before I could get my wish.

We had splendid living at this place and if it had not been for having to attend the Market I would have been very sorry to leave it. But the end of my week came. I took the cart into the Market with my Blanket and clothes in it and helped to sell the load out, when it was finished and the cart loaded with Dung, East took the reins, put his hand in his pocket and gave me my fifteen shillings, bad me good bye and off he went with the cart and I never saw him afterwards.

I went to Mr. Brocks step-mothers place, where I was to stop for about a week. I had only one horse to attend to, clean the knives and two pairs of boots. I reckoned I had an easy week of it.

Mr. Brock came in to Town about the end of the week and made himself known to me—told me my sister was well and asked me if I could ride, I told him I could ride a little, he told me to go to a certain stable in Town and ask for a horse for myself as he said he had made arrangements about it, and start for the Darbin and he would overtake me. He gave me directions which way to go. I got the horse and started quite big; got on the right track and jiggled along quietly until it was getting nearly dark and I thought I ought to be near the place, when Mr. Brock and another Gentleman rode up to me. I was then about two miles from home. We rode home together. I was told to take the saddles off and feed the horses, they both stood by to see me do it, but I was far more at home saddling and feeding Horses than in the Melbourne Green Market, and I did the job to satisfaction and was taken up and introduced to my Sister.

There was no other servants but us two and a Nurse girl. The Master and Mrs. and two young children. My sister and I ate in the kitchen and it was part of my work to assist her.

I had to get up in the morning, milk two or three cows before Breakfast, then either ride or walk round a Paddock of 640 acres and see that the fences was right and count the Cattle and Horses, keep the place supplied with firewood and cut it up ready for the fires.

Then after Tea I had to clean the Knives and after Bed time clean all the Boots, and if Mr. Brock was in Town as he very often was I had to sit up and take his horse when he came home and groom it and feed it. Altho my hours was long, yet on the whole I was not over worked, but I did not like it. I was always by myself (except just in the evening from dark to bed-time); by myself mending the fences, by myself cutting, loading and carting wood; by myself all night in a very airy slab hut; if it had not been for my Sister being there it would have been very lonely indeed.

I bought a slate and some Childrens books and with the help of my Sister tried to learn to read and write, but while in the Kitchen there was no time, the Mrs. popping in and out all the time, and in my hut all by myself I could not come any speed learning.

There was another thing that tended to make me discontented and it was on the score of wages. It was my Father that made the arrangement and no specified wages was mentioned. I did not like to ask Mr. Brock how much he was to give me and day after day I was going to ask him and day slipped past day without me asking and I was afraid I was working all the time for nothing. I believe if I had known that I was to get Fifteen shillings per week I might have stopped there a good deal longer and possibly altered all my after life. However I got a lesson from that. I never worked for any-body without knowing what I was to get, and I never let any one work for me without telling them exactly what I was to give them.

My father, Mary Ann and Charles was all this time with James Brock so that we were all as it were with the one family. But unfortunately as James Brock was riding home from Melbourne one night in the dark his horse fell and rolled on him, he got fatally injured, he just managed to walk about half a mile to Ridelle & Jacksons Station where they put him to bed, he lived long enough for them to send for a Doctor and a Lawyer. The Doctor said at once he could do nothing for him and the Lawyer drew out his "Will" which he had just strength enough to sign and he died deeply regretted.

Mrs. Brock left the Station and went to her Parents. Hill at Colac, and she took my Sister with her (where she met her Husband, married and lived there for some time and is possibly living there yet. Her Husbands name was William Sheedy. I never saw him or her after she married). The Station was leased to the former Manager and my Father and him could not agree, so that at the end of his first six months he left the place and went to Hills at Colac and got work

there cutting wood for a Steam Mill belonging to Hill. He took Charles with him, and he was cutting wood also and somehow cut his shin badly with the axe and was laid up for some time.

He did not stop very long at Hills as there was an old friend of his from Home, Murdock Wilson—who was ejected from his Farm at the same time as my Father—and they wished to see each other very much, so my Father removed with Charles as soon as he could walk, and took him to a Road-side Public House named Wardy Yallock on the Ararat Road and left him there and started to I think—Smythes Creek to see M Wilson. He had got about four miles on the road when he saw a Bullock lying on the road. He did not think anything particular about this Bullock but walked on almost right up to him, when the Bullock got up. Father could see he was a working Bullock and did not expect any harm from him but when they were about twenty yards apart the bullock came straight for my father who turned and run for a She-Oak tree that was not very far off, but the bullock gained on him and caught him with one horn under the armpit—the other horn passing wide on the other side—and tossed him clean over his back, where my father lay stunned and bleeding—the Bullock turned around and came straight for him as he lay on the ground and tried to gore him, but some how my Father caught him by the horn and got on his feet, the Bullock was very weak—in fact he had just been turned out of a Team as he was knocked up, about an hour before—my father managed to keep him off by the horn and got his knife out and was trying to open it to “pith” the Bullock, but the Bullock was weak & the road was cut up with deep cuts, that some how the bullock lost his footing and fell just as he was giving an extra jirk to Father. The Bullock fell one way and my father fell the other. Father was on his feet first and run as well as he could for the She Oak. The Bullock got up and followed as fast as it could. Father got to the tree first and swung himself round it just as the bullock dashed his head against it. The force with which the bullock hit the tree knocking him down backwards on to the road. My father made all haste up the tree, before the Beast recovered himself and just managed to get up out of his reach as he recoved his footing. Directly the brute got up he began butting the tree nearly enough to shake Father down, the blood soon begun to run down the tree out of the wound under Fathers arm and the bullock, smelling the blood, roared again and scraped the road with his forefeet, and walked round and round the tree until he finaly lay down by the foot of the tree. My

Father was now in a bad state, he was wounded, bruised and faint, both with the loss of Blood and pain, but he saw if he was to faint the Bullock would finish him as soon as he fell, and I believe the thought of it kept him from fainting.

About four o'clock in the after noon there was a Bullock team approaching from the direction my father was going to, and when the bullock heard the whips, he knew what they meant and got up and gave a last look at my Father clinging to the branches of the tree and walked away towards a creek about a quarter of a mile away, and went out of sight over the bank. Then my Father came down from the tree & the teams were not very far off, he went to meet the Teamsters and told them his troubles. They drew their team off in the direction the Bullock went, having first put father on the dray. They saw the Bullock grazing just over the bank. One of the bullock drivers had a Rifle, the other a revolver. The one with the Rifle went to the edge of the Bank and showed himself. The brute made straight at him but he raised his rifle and dropped the bullock, but did not kill him, the other driver went down and emptied his revolver in him, the last bullet of which stopped him from kicking.

My father was taken back to the Public house where he had left Charles in the morning and was nursed and dressed, and in about a month he was fit for work again but it was no joke living in a Public house in those days, every meal was seven shillings and sixpence and the bed was the same: each glass of spirit, Ale or Beer was one shilling, and as he expressed it himself, his money melted like Australian Snow.

He wrote to me soon after his accident and asked me to come to his help. I was nothing loath to get an understanding with Mr. Brock as to what I was likely to get as wages. I told Brock of my Fathers accident and that I would like to go to his assistance, he commended my motive and I tremblingly asked him for a settlement. He asked me into the Parlor and took down his Books. I was afraid before I saw him do that that he would say "As we made no arrangement I will not give you anything". But it turned out otherwise. He looked into the book and said "I see there is no wages mentioned. How much to you expect?" I said without hesitation that I expected fifteen shillings per week. "Oh! then, that is just what I thought about giving you" and he made out my account which was something over Twenty Pounds, and gave me a cheque for it and told me to go to Dalmahoy Camble and he would cash it for me.

Before leaving Darbin I may say that Mr. Brock has a large Cattle Station on the Goulburn and that the stock-men used to bring down drafts of Fat Cattle for the Melbourne Market and leave them for a week or two in the Darbin paddock to recover their drive and then take them into the Market in smaller lots than he brought down. Sometimes Mr. Brock, myself and another would take a drive in, in which case we would start in the evening and drive all night and get into the yards by day light, when I was done with them, I would then spend the day in Melbourne, spelling my horse and ride home again in the evening.

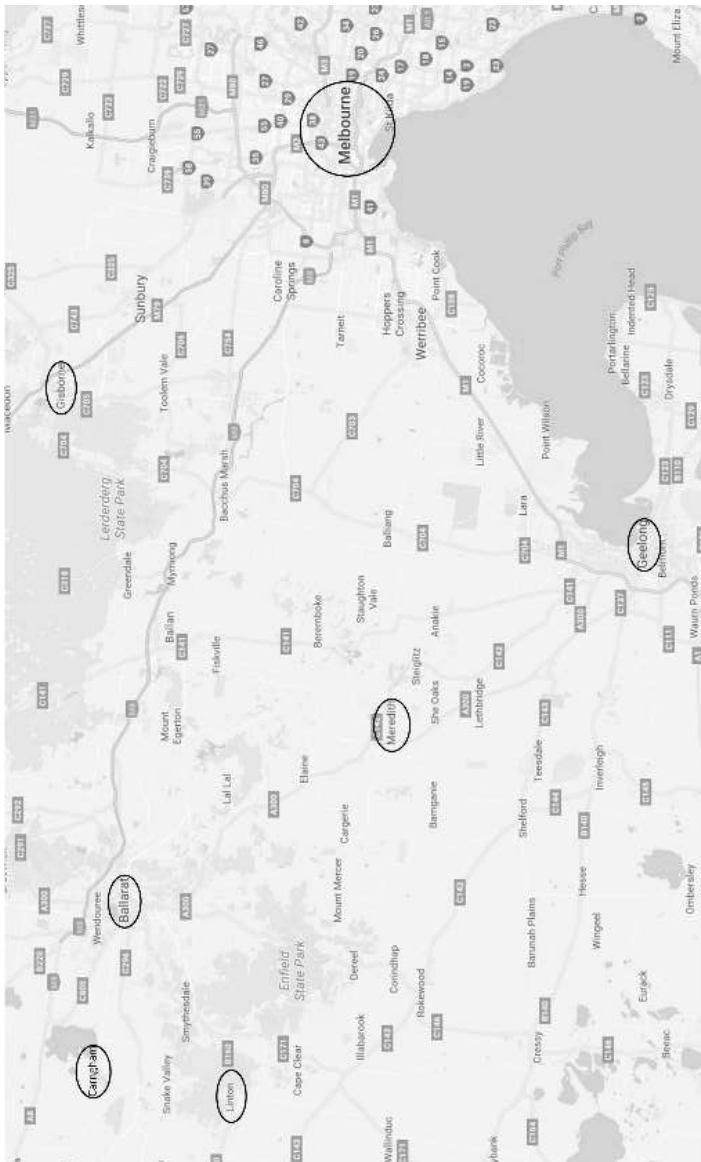
In one of these journeys with Cattle I met the only ship-mate I have ever yet met, he was a boy and was assistant Toll Keeper at Heidelberg.

Chapter IX

It must have been about October 1856 that I left Darebin Creek to go and find out my Father. I had got my Swag into Melbourne the day before, and I also had bought a pair of Light Wellington Boots for the journey—The most foolish thing I could have possibly done—for before I got into Melbourne the high heels of both Boots were turned quite round and my feet were blistered.

When I got to Town and made enquiries I found there was a steamer to sail for Geelong in about an hour. I went to where my Swag was and got it on my shoulder, the first but not the last time I carried a swag—and coming down the streets my feet were paining me awful, and my swag began to feel heavy before I reached the Wharf. There was an old Jew who asked me how far I had to carry my swag—he was standing in the doorway of a sort of store—I told him I had to carry it about sixty miles beyond Geelong. He said he was a Carrier and carried goods to all Parts of Australia. I asked him how much he would charge to deliver my swag at the Wardy Yallock hotel Wardy Yallock²¹, he consulted some tables and asked some questions at a Clerk then told me it would be delivered at Wardy Yallock in four days for a consideration of fifteen shillings. I told him I was agreeable to give that, got my swag addressed, but did not want to pay the fifteen shillings until the swag was delivered at Wardy Yallock, but he said he

21 Wardy Yallock is the Aboriginal name for the district now known as Linton.



Victoria, showing sites Ballfour visited.

would not be responsible unless it was prepaid, so I paid him the money, and started a good deal lighter than before for the Steamer, and I may add here that I never saw either the Swag, the fifteen shillings or the Old Jew from that day out.

Thus I lost every stitch of Clothing I had except what I just stood in that that was not my best either, and lost all the good knitted things that I knit myself in long Winters evenings at Glenisla out of the Worsted spun by old Mrs. Robertson. The only thing I had on me at the time that I had brought from home was a light and useless Yellow Waist coat, which I kept for about five years as a memento of Home.

I got on Board the Steamer in the dusk of the evening and steamed across the Bay from Melbourne to Geelong. It was a Pleasant enough Passage, nice and cool after my hot days walk. The Passage cost Five shillings. I arrived in Geelong about Two o'clock in the Morning and went on shore in a strange Town in a strange country, not knowing a living creature in the Town and having the enormous—to me—sum of Twenty Pounds on my person. I followed some of the Passengers in hopes that they would get into some Public House or other, but altho they tried severall, they could get admission into none. At last I saw a Police man and asked him if he knew where I could get a Bed as I had just come in off the Steamer from Melbourne. Oh! he says go and try Browning street. I asked him where was Browning street, he says the first street on the Left. I turned up the street but all was dark for a long way. At last I saw an elderly man sitting at an open door with a light inside. I asked him if he could give me a Bed. He said gruffly "Come in and lets look at ye." I walked in and he looked at me all round, and said Oh! yes. Come with me. He took a candle in his hand and I prepared to follow him when he suddenly turned round and said "Give us a Shilling." I did not know what the Shilling was for and asked him. He told me it was payment for the Bed. I gave him the Shilling and he took me up a steep narrow stair into a long low garrott of a room with a row of stretchers up each side, end on, and a narrow passage up the centre. I should say there were fully fifteen stretchers a side, with two men Brawling and fighting at the top end and some laying apparently drunk, on top of the stretchers with their clothes on. The old man pointed to a bed in a kind of a recess at the top of the stair and said "You can lay there" and left me. I put my light out at once then undressed and took my shirt off and put my money in the inside pocket of my Waistcoat and put in on under my shirt, and went to

bed and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke in the morning nearly all the beds were unoccupied and I dressed (still leaving my Waistcoat on under my shirt) and went down stairs where I saw a long Dining room that I did not see the night before. I asked if I could have Breakfast, and got an affirmative answer, and sat down and had Breakfast, which was another shilling, so I thought that was the cheapest night I could possibly get in these quarters. Only two shillings.

I asked my way and made a fair start out of Geelong, and began making progress, but my feet were awfully sore to start with, and about 10 a.m. I got to a stretch of soft sand, in which I sunk to my ankles at each step, and after toiling for a couple of hours through this stuff I came to a public house and went in and asked for a glass of Cider but they had none. I told them I was awfully thirsty. They recommended Ale or spirits but I would not take either and asked for a drink of Water, and they brought me a Glass for which they charged me six pence! Six pence for a drink of Water!! And me not a year from Scotland where water was so plentiful. I thought that altho I got out of Geelong for 2 shillings, I was not to fare so well every where. However, I gave them the six pence and came away "as if my nose was bleeding".

I had not gone a mile more when I overtook a horse dray loaded with market garden produce going to Ararat. The dray was stuck in a quicksand and without saying any thing I helped the two men—who were Swiss gardeners—to get the dray out and they were going the same way as I was, and we got with conversation as we went along. I told these Swiss where I was going and why I was going, and also that I was not a year in Australia, and when I told him that he said Ah! I thought you was a New Chum. I asked him why he had come to that conclusion and he said it was by the way I helped to get his dray out of the quick-sand for he said none but a New Chum would have done as I did without first asking how much he was to get for the job. But Thank Goodness I am still a New Chum as far as helping a poor divel out of a difficulty and hope I may still remain so.

We trudged along by the side of the dray, sometimes the three of us together, but generally the Boss and I, and the Boss asked me how or where I was going to sleep tonight. I told him I expected to make some Public house or Accomodation House where I would sleep all night but he told me there was no such house on all the Plains and the first house we came to was the one my Father was

staying in and he expected we would reach it about Sundown tomorrow night, this put me rather out in my calculations for I had no Blanket or anything with me except a handkerchief with some Bread and Cheese in it, when he told me there was no house where I could stop. I asked him how he was to do, but he told me he had his Bed and Blankets in the dray and that he and his man would sleep under the dray. So I said I expected there would be no help for me but to sleep in the lee side of the dray wheel. Where he was telling me all this was in the middle of a large Plain, so large that the horizon dipped down all round just the same as out at Sea. I think there was only one hill to be seen in the hazy distance. It was very curious and tantalizing walking on that plain, there always seemed to be a rise just in front that obstructed the view, and I always thought, surely from the top of that rise we will be able to see something, but we would walk on and walk on and would never get to the top of the rise, and always there seemed to be the rise in front, and we never got to the top. I mentioned it to the Swiss Boss and he told me that the first time he came over the Plains he was the same as me, but knew now it was only a delusion. It was very monotonous walking, no tree, no lock, no hill, nothing to break the same monotony. However towards dusk in the evening I heard a sound coming over the plains something lik Church Bells when heard at a great distance, and asked what it was and the Boss told me we were drawing near to the Camping ground, and that the sound I heard was the sound of the Bullock and Horse bells. What he said was correct enough, for as we walked on the sound became more and more distinct until we suddenly came on to the brow of creek and saw about ten or twelve Teames unyoked for the night. Some were Horse and some were Bullock teams and each team had one or more Bells on to let the driver know where to find them in the morning, and through custom each driver knows the sound of his owen bell among one Hundred Bells all ringing at once.

This creek seemed to have scooped out a bed for itself about Two Hundred feet deep and a quarter of a mile wide. There was very little water in the creek and I believe got quite dry in the Summer. The creek channel itself was only a few feet in width and some aluval flats at each side of the channell and a few Gum trees growing by the Margin but they did not grow high enough to shew over the banks, and the plain was on the same level at both sides, which account for me not seeing the creek until we came close on to it.

The horses were soon out of the cart and watered and fed, and a few sticks gathered and a fire made. My companions invited me to sit down with them, which I did and also spread out my stores of Bread and Cheese and I made a hearty Meal. Almost as soon as the Sun was down it was dark, and the Swiss Boss told some of the other Teamsters how I was without a Blanket and one gave me a Blanket, another gave me a Rug a third gave me a few bags to lay under me and a fourth gave me leave to sleep under his dray where there was more room than under the dray of my Swiss Companions and on the whole I was made very comfortable and slept very well.

In the morning when I got up I was most-awfully stiff and sore. My feet were all blisted and skined and my legs were stiff from my yesterdays walk. However, I managed to draw myself from under the dray and return the things I had to their different owners, crawl to the creek and have a wash, and my good Swiss called me to join them at breakfast, the horsed were hitched in and off we started being the first Team to get off the ground we dodged along much the same as yesterday, only we saw a clump of She-Oaks just after we rose the bank of the Creek and walked about a Mile. The Boss told me those trees were about halfway on our days journey and that we would camp there for Dinner. I was glad to hear it for I thought we would get to the clump in about an hour and then spell for two or three hours, but we kept walking on walking on hour after hour and yet we never seemed to be getting any nearer to the trees. However there was nothing else for it but keep on, and we did keep on but did not reach the clump till 1 p.m. we made a short stay, fed the Horses, without water, and boild the Billy with water carried from our last camping creek, and after about an hour, we hitched the horses to again and started and before we got clear of the clump we gathred enough sticks to do for cooking the supper to-night, and the Breakfast tomorrow morning.

About an hour before Sundown we came to another creek, very much like the one we camped in last night only in this one was the Wardy Yallock Hotel, Store and Blacksmiths shop and this was the place where my Father was at and he was about the first man I saw when we got down to the House. I introduced my Swiss Companions to him and we had a drink all round with them, and as they were going on to the next creek, before they were to camp, I asked them if they would accept a bottle of anything and after some hesitation they accepted a bottle of Brandy, which I told the Barman I would pay for,

but if it made me look when I had to pay a sixpence for a drink of water, it made me also look when I had to pay fifteen shillings for the bottle of Brandy and four Shillings for the drinks.

I found my Father very nearly recovered from his accident with the Bullock and strange to say very nearly out of debt for although they made the regular charge of Twenty-five shilling per day for his owen Board and Lodging and Twelve shilling and sixpence per day for Charles, which together with incidental expenses was not under Two Pounds per day, yet as soon as either of them were able to move they were put on to work Father at Thirty shillings per day and Charles at Fifteen shillings and "Found" so that by the time I arrived their debts were reduced to almost Nil.

And after I had been there a couple of days, my Father, who had caught the "Gold Fever", persuaded me to join him and Willie O'Rylie (whose Nationality was indisputable) to go to the Diggings, and The Parson of the village took Charles, as general servant and us three started for a Gold Digging named Caringham. The first night of our journey we got on a wrong track and landed at a Sheep Station, but got Supper, Bed & Breakfast free and no questions asked. Next afternoon we arrived at Caringham and having no Tent we stuck a few branches round a Stump and crawled in under them. The Weather was warm and dry and we slept comfortable enough for about three nights when we discovered a party who were about to leave and we bought their tent and tools for a reasonable sum considering the times. We then began to work in earnest, and altho we got Gold almost every day yet we never got it in anything like large quantities. I should think we stopped the best part of year on Caringham sometimes we were very low in funds and other times pretty well off, but we never at any time had Fifty Pounds stg at once. But one time after we got a find which gave us about Twenty Pound each, Willie O'Rylie got on a "Spree" and all we could do could not get him off it again, we dissolved partnership and then he kept on till he sold all his spare clothes and every thing he had which he could convert into Brandy, finially he disappeared from the Diggings and I never saw or heard of him afterwards. We then got Murdoch Wilson and his youngest Son to join us, and we did "fair" sometimes up and sometimes down. Then the Wilsons left us to join one of their family who had struck a good patch in Smythes Creek. We then took on a Scotch-Yankee named Alexr. H McKay, an industrious hard-working hard headed Yankee-Highlander. We did not do much at Caringham

after he joined us and while we were doing little or nothing we heard of a new Rush away somewhere, where no one knew exactly, and while the three of us were debating whither we should shift our Camp or not, a Drayman came and told us he was trying to make up a Load to go to this New Rush. We asked him the name of it, and he could not tell, only it was this New Rush there was so much talk about. Now to shew how one foolish man will mislead any quantity of other foolish men, we agreed there and then that he should take our swags at Fifteen Shilling per Cwt to this New Rush. We without further more ado packed up our Swags, had them weighed and on to the Dray in less than an hour from the time the Drayman began talking to us. We started across the Emu Plains but which way we went or over what Country we passed I could not tell, and I do not believe that one out of the Twenty of us knew where we were going to. We had not got far on the Plains when we saw a beautiful lake a little way to our Right. Some proposed to veer off towards the lake so that we could get water for Dinner, so the Driver went off his course a little so as to hit the Lake, and we walked on, and walked on and on, and still the lake was ahead of us. Something went wrong with the Load and the Driver stopped and fixed up his load and then he demanded off the man who promised to guide him to the New Rush, and asked him among other things what Lake it was we were making for, and the Guide said he was puzzled as the last time he was over these plaines he saw no Lake, and while they were "Barnying" which way to go, one man sung out "Where is the Lake now?" We all looked but no Lake was visible. When my Father said "Mirage". Every one of them knew that the Lake was all a delusion, and here we were in the Middle of the Plain and night coming on and no water. I did not suffer much from Thirst but some of our party suffered a good deal.

I pitied the poor Dray man, he was willing enough to take us to The New Rush, provided anyone would tell him where it was, he drove our swags about the Country for about four days, and a good part of four nights. At last he brought us to a great Gully in some Ranges and swore that was the place he agreed to take us to. There had been a New Rush to this place (about three years ago). However, he threw all the swags off the Dray and would not let them on again except under a fresh agreement. Nearly all of the Party made a fresh agreement but my Father and McKay thought they would stop and try the place as there was about Twienty men at work in the Gully. We pitched our tent and began fossicking about amongst the old workings

with just about the same luck as at Caringham, working hard all the time and when we came to reckon up at the end of any given time we found we were making nothing like wages. It was a pleasant enough place to live in plenty of good firewood and plenty of good water, in fact that was the only place in Australia where I ever tasted what I could call good water. However as it is said man cannot live on bread alone, he cannot certainly live on Water alone, and we worked and worked almost night and day and found our stock of Cash getting less & less. My father went back to Wardy Yallock and brought Charles as it was found the Parson was not too kind to him. McKay began to see that Digging was not going to pay him and he left to go and look for work. We got word that my two eldest brothers had arrived from Home and were in Melbourne rather hard up. Our Money was all done and there was no such thing as Credit on the Diggings but we managed to arrange with the only storekeeper in the place for Provisions for another week and provided we got no more Gold in the week that we would clear out and leave him the tools in payment of the weeks bill. We worked the week and then we worked another day, and then another, until nearly a Fortnight passed and we got no more Gold. The storekeeper would not advance any more stores, and so we were compelled to take our Blankets and our tent on our three backs and we were not over-burdened with either Money or Provisions. We had just Eighteen pence and one meal of Provisions. We ate our last meal about Mid-day and in the Afternoon we got to another small digging when we bought a small loaf with our last Eighteen pence. We were going to make our way to Melbourne and take my two Brothers with us and go back into the Country among the Sheep-stations and get work of any kind. We ate part of our Loaf for Tea the first night and the balance of it made a very poor Breakfast for us next morning. However, after eating it and washing it down with a drink of Brackish water we started on the way to Melbourne. There was no sheep stations about or else we would have gone off our road to meet one as we might have got a couple of good meals and a nights rest free, but as there was none we trudged along the dusty road not knowing or caring much which way we went. Both Charles and myself were beginning to suffer from hunger when it was getting towards night. Sometime about 4 or 5 p.m. we met a horse dray and asked the driver how far we were from any water. We did not like to ask him for any food, he told us we were only about a Mile, so we made up our minds to camp by the water and do with

water for Supper and Breakfast. So trudging on we came to the Creek and to our surprise and pleasure we found the biggest part of a Four pound loaf of Bread, possibly jolted off the Dray we met. We all said it was a God send and father said "Let us Thank God for it." We did so and sat down by the Creek and ate part of the Bread, saving the other part for Breakfast. We were as jolly that night over our Piece of a Loaf as if we had found a bag of Soverings, and slept soundly under a scraggy Gum tree. In the morning we ate only part of our Bread, saving the rest for our Supper. We made a fair days journey this day. I was in hopes of picking up another piece of a Loaf but I had not the same luck this day. We passed through Balarat sometime about mid-day and I did not dare look into the pastry cooks shops or Eating houses. My Father was too proud to ask for food and we did not care to ask for Work so far from Melbourne, so we went right through Ballarat and hardly able to walk with hunger. However, we left Ballarat behind and also passed through Bunnyong and camped in the Bunny yong Ranges, eating our last bit of Bread for our Supper, leaving nothing for Breakfast. We lay in the Camp all night, but I did not sleep much for Hunger. In the morning we made a good fire to warm ourselves with which was all we were to get for Breakfast. And while I was warming my feet before putting on my Alberts²² (stockings were a luxury to us now) a burning stick fell out of the fire and burned my Great Toe and the one next to it, taking the skin off them both. Here was a fix. Nothing to eat and trying to Push for Melbourne and now to burn my foot. I tried to put on my Boot but I could not. Here was a Fix indeed. I had not even a shirt that I could tear up to wrap my toes in. As it was I tore a piece off the tail of my shirt to wrap one toe with and my father tore a piece of the tail of his to wrap the other in. Then I cut the upper out of my Boot and split the Boot up so as to get my foot into and laced it up and made a start. Hungry and footsore, as luck would have it, the road was splendid, a plank road, it was just like walking on a boarded floor. I managed to hobble along till about 2 p.m. when we sighted a public House. Father said he would ask for something to eat here. The very name of Something to eat seemed to put new life in me, and when we got up to the door, father read on the door post

22 During the 1890s depression the sundowners and swaggies wore "Prince Alberts", any piece of cloth large enough to wrap around the feet and so called because of the suggestion that when he married Queen Victoria he was so poor that he wore 'toe-rags'.

“Stonebreakers Wanted
Apply Within”.

So my Father, instead of asking for food, made enquiries about the Stonebreaking and the head man happened to be within, and my Father and both of us were at once “shipped” as Stonebreakers. Father wished for an advance at once but the Contractor objected as we had not made a start. Father asked to be shewn the place to begin at and he would begin at once, so the Contractor took him to a place about half a mile from the Hotel & he borrowed a set of Hammers from a man who was breaking near & made a beginning, and at the same time Charles and I was pitching the tent and while I was fossicking about for pegs &c. for pitching our tent I visited a place where a tent had been removed a day or so before and while looking for the old pegs I found some old crusts of half raw “Damper” which I ate with true relish. In about three hours my Father came to the tent with a good supply of food. He had made a start which entitled him to Sub-Money, i.e. Subsistence Money. We had a real good feed of Beefsteak and Bread and Tea, but it was a good job that Father was with us or the chances would have been that Charles and I would have injured ourselves with over-eating. And another thing he did which was in our favour, he only brought as much as he thought we could eat with safety, retaining the balance of his money for another time. After the meal he & Charles went back to Break while I with my Burned foot finished pitching the tent and getting wood for Hammer handles.

At dusk they both came home bringing sufficient food for our Supper and Breakfast. After Breakfast I went with them and began Stone-breaking for Metal for the Roads! But from that day until the Contract was finished “we lived like fighting cocks”. The Grocers cart came along the Road each day, loaded with Meat, Bread, Tea, Sugar, Currants, Raisins and all things that was required for good healthy living and we did enjoy them without any doubt. We did very well at Stone-breaking as we got Fifteen shilling per Cubic yard, and the three of us managed to break about two yards per day and living was reasonable, we cleared, above our expenses about Twenty-five shillings per day. I was really sorry when the Contract was finished, but I may add here, that the sufferings we experienced from Hunger previous to this stone-breaking resulted more from our Stuborn

Scotch spirit of Independence rather than the inhospitality of the people of the Country we travelled through.

I forget now how long we were at this job, but it was sufficiently long to enable us to thoroughly recruit ourselves bodily and also to put decent clothes on our backs and shoes to our feet, things we had been strangers to for a good many months. And also to put some money in our pockets, the same money feeling strange in our pockets after they had been so long empty.

While we were here Charles had occasion to go to Meredith, a distance of 5 or 6 miles, and when about half way he became very thirsty, and began hunting the Roadside drains for Water. At last he discovered some under a Culvert, and at once stooped down and applied his mouth to the water and took a good drink, but when he was finished he found that the water had a nasty putrid taste and looking through the Culvert to the other side he discovered the body of a man in a very advanced state of decomposition lying in the same waterhole as he had just taken the drink out of. Poor Charles was weeks and Months even before he could get the taste of that water out of his Mouth or the sight of the decomposing body out of his mind.

He gave information to the Police at Meredith and was chief witness at the inquest: for which he got about Four Pounds. The verdict was brought in Felo de se,²³ as a pistol was found in his hand & three slugs was found in his skull which had entered from the roof of his mouth.

While writing about Dead bodies reminds me of an incident which happened to my Father and I while we were digging at Caringham. We started either on Christmas or Boxing Day I forget when and also forget where we were going to but I think it was to Smythes creek. However we went through a Bush track for about half the way and about the Middle of the Bush we saw a smoke a head of us but took no notice but walked on, we then saw a man walking up and down by the smoke and when we came up to it we found it was a splitters shanty that had got burned down, the said splitter himself having got burned also, as his headless and limbless trunk testified. We gathered from the man who was keeping watch over the remains that this splitter was last seen about four hours before. He was then very drunk, and it is surmised he lay down on his bunk to have a

23 "Felon of himself", an archaic legal term meaning suicide.

sleep and he was known to in the habit of smooking while in his bed and it was supposed he had lit his pipe as he lay down and that the pipe had set fire to the Stringy-bark of which his bed was composed, and that stupefied both by Spirits and by smoke that he was first sufficated and then burned. His dog was sufficated on the chain not far from the hut but there was no mark of fire on the Dog. The rings of his Maul was standing on edge among the ashes, and his several cooking utensils seemed to be in their proper places. We walked on, leaving the man in charge, as we did not care to be retained to form part of the Coroners jury. We took a bottle of Coffee with us on this trip as we knew that water was scarce, and about mid day we sat down to have a drink of this Coffee and to eat some Bread and butter we brought with us, when we found that the Cream in our Coffee had been churned by the motion of my body, into a nice little lump of Butter which we ate and which was remarkably good and flavoured both with Sugar and Coffee.

Let us get back to Meredith. We finished the stonebreaking Contract and we were all sorrow enough that it was finished as we were all getting on well at it, and could have hoped to get two or three years work at it. However, we got measured up and paid, and made another start for Melbourne. My burned foot was not altogether right for walking all day, and at the evening of the first day I found it was very sore.

We camped by a water hole and there was a Horse Waggon camped at the same place. We made a contract with the driver that he should carry me and the swags into Geelong for the very modest sum of five shillings. I do not know the distance, but we got to Fyans Ford about 5 p.m. and Camped there in preference to going into a Hotel in Geelong. We had a very good camp considering it was so near to a Town. In the morning we went into Town and down to the Wharf, where we found two opposition Steamers ready to start for Melbourne. The usual fare was Five Shillings each way, but owing to this opposition the fare was considerably reduced. The two Captains were each on their own Poops calling out the merits of their several boats and one Capt. said he would carry Passengers for 3/- each; the other immediately under bid him at half a Crown. Not to be beat No. 1 came down to 2/-. No 2 directly dropped to 1/6. No 1 sang out Oh! I'll carry as many as care to come on board free! "So will I" cried No 2 "and give each man a glass of grog into the bargain"! Not to be beat No 1—who was hauling away from the Wharf sang out "Come along

as many as you like and I will give each of you a good Dinner and a good glass of grog to wash it down.”

However, by this time he was away from the Wharf and none could avail themselves of his generosity. But sometime before this we all got on board of No. 1 Boat and when the passage money was being collected, at about half-way to Melbourne, he made a general charge of One shilling per head, all round, which no one that I saw refused to give.

Chapter X

We got to Melbourne in good time, say 2 p.m. same day, and before night we had found my two Brothers. James was doing nothing—in fact could get nothing to do—times were bad, (this would be about August 1858). We found George a sort of Bar-man, or general Knockabout in a Public house in Collingwood. James was ready and willing to leave Town & go with us, but Georges employer would not let him go under one months notice. They were both heavily in debt. Georges debts we left for himself to pay, as he was in employment, but James we paid which took nearly all our good stone-breaking money. We did not even stop one night in Melbourne, this trip, as living in any town at this time was very expensive, so we started when it was nearly dark, from Melbourne, and headed in the Direction of Mount Macedon. We walked until it was dark and a good part into the night and then made a camp by the side of a Post and Rail fence. This was Jims first Camp out. The next day we made Jacksons Creek and Camped as usual and about 4 p.m. next afternoon we made a Cockatoos place, an old station mate of Fathers while he was with James Brock. The Farmer and my Father had a long talk together, about how each had prospered since they parted, and Thompson—for that was the Farmers name—heard that we had been so hard up, and was hard up still, his heart was moved and he begged of my Father to bring his three sons and himself into the house and have a months spell to recruit himself, but my Father objected to do that, but asked if he would give him a few Potatoes, and we would Camp down by the Creek. “Oh!” said Thompson, “if that is all you want, there is the Potatoe pit by the creek, go and camp alongside of it, and eat away, and if you finish that pit I have got a bigger one, in the next paddock.”

We pitched camp between the Creek and the Pit, and Chas. and I walked to Gisbourne—no great distance—and bought a quarter of mutton, and we lived like fighting cocks again, only last time we had the luck of good living, we had no vegetables of any kind, now we had potatoes, as much as ever we liked to eat, and we cooked them in all manner of ways and ate them at all manner of times. We also got Carrots Onions &c. &c. from Mr. Thompson, and we rested, I think pretty nearly a week by that unromantic potato pit.

Then we shouldered our swags again—remember, we carried all our worldly possessions on our backs—and steered first for Captain Gardiners Bolinda Vale Station, he did not want any hands just now, but would require some in about three weeks. We had a meal of Beef and bread and walked on towards Lancefield. We camped somewhere on the road, but there was nothing Particular in our Camp this night, and we reached Lancefield about 10 a.m. The first Farmer we asked employment from, said he wanted one hand. We said we would like better to be all together if possible, but he said we might travel the whole country over before we met with a man who required four hands at one time, which was quite true, so we asked him which one of the four he would choose, and he chose me at one pound per week and found in food, I finding my own bedding as is the universal custom. In parting with my father and two Brothers, they gave me half-a-crown, which represented, now, all the money I had, and they had not very much left either. I was left no time to mourn for my relations as I was put to work at once with an old “Lag” to crosscut logs preparatory to “burning off”. The Old Lag was old and seasoned to the work and I was fresh at it and it came hard on me, and he used to dodge me a great deal in the sawing, for instance, he would keep his hand low, consequently my hand high, therefore I was always pulling the saw up hill, while he was always pulling it down hill, which made a great difference. I was very glad when it came night for I was tired, and when I came to undress at night, Lo! I found that I had lost my half-crown, thus I was again Pennyless, but then on the other hand I had earned half a days wages and was sure of my Breakfast next morning.

I had rather hard times of it with this “Cockatoo”. There was only the Master himself, the Old Lag and myself. The Master drove the team of Bullocks, dragging the Logs to where they were to be burned. The Old Lag and I cross-cut the logs up, and rolled them in large piles during the daylight, then after dark we had to attend the

fires until about 10, 11, or 12 p.m. and up again by daylight and at it; and if we had no fires to attend to, we had to cut seed potatoes after dark. The only good point of the place was he fed us well, good food and plenty of it.

During this time my Father and two Brothers took a tour through the country looking for a job but found none, they made a circuit and arrived again at Captn. Gardiners about the promised time and all three were taken on, and I was promised a job too at a certain time, and they sent for me in time for me to give my weeks notice, which I did with good heart, and left Lancefield and arrived at Gardiners on the 23rd September 1858—and I may mention here that from this out my dates will be correct as I have got Memoranda of dates from that day to the prest 7th of June 1882.—The first thing I had to do at Bolinda was to attend the Woolshed with woolly sheep during the Shearing. I did not succeed very well the first week, but made up well for it afterwards, as the Captn. and the Shearers testified when the shearing was done. The weather was showery, but I saved many a shed-ful of sheep by rushing them in when I saw a shower coming.

We finished shearing the day before Christmas and I went to an out Station to cut Thistles, where there was my Father, James George and myself and Charles at the Home-Station milking and jobbing about, thus there were five of us now on the same Station and my two Sisters were still in their original places. Mary Ann with Mrs. James Brock—who was married again by this time and Ellen with Alexr. Brock, her first place.

We kept on cutting thistles until there were all cut, and then there was a general discharging of all surplus hands. George and I Painted and papered a couple of rooms for the Captn. and we had no Turpentine to mix the paint with and mixed it with Whisky. After the painting was done George and I had to go. George went to Melbourne to work at his trade, I went to a Store and Shanty on the Station as General Knockabout on the 2nd of May 1859, but I did not stay long for one of the managers of one of the Out Stations, K.S. Clarke, asked Woollett (the Store keeper) if he would let me go and help a shepherd to Lamb-down his flock for Six weeks. Woollett let me go on June 6th 1859 and I did not leave Bolinda again until Feby 1st 1862, and during that time I went through all grades from Butchers Shepherd boy to Boss of a Twinty five man gang, i.e. Looking after a gang of Twinty five men seeing that they worked their full time and

did their work properly. But the most of the time I was what might be called odd Shepherd. All the sheep were shepherded in flocks of about 2,000 each—and there was from 80,000 to 120,000 sheep according to the seasons. Each Shepherd got his number counted to him at Shearing time and he had to account for every sheep next Shearing. All the Shepherds were engaged by the year; and when their year was out they generally wanted to go to Melbourne, either to Bank or to “Knock down” their years wages, according to their dispositions, and it was always my job to go and attend to each flock while each shepherd was away, so in this way I shepherded every flock that was on the station and some twice and three times, and when there was no flocks to attend to I was then doing anything that happened to be wanted to be done, and I shepherded the Butchers flock for a long time, and it was while I was doing all this Shepherding that I taught myself to read and write. The Reading was the most difficult to get hold of, but I was for about three months in a hut with an Old Convict, who was a well educated man but old and unable to see to read himself, and he got me to read to him at night after we came home. I made very little progress the first night or two, but he encouraged me on and explained the pronouncing of the most difficult words, and I took the Book out with me every day and spelled and pored over what was to be read at night, and then after reading it to “Old Charlie” I would re-read it next morning again while out with my sheep, as well as reading my piece for the night, and by that way I could read very well considering, before I left him. The writing was the next thing, and I managed it this way.—There was an old Pensioner named Portingale who had a family growing up around him, a good decent sort of a man, and he was teaching all of his children who were old enough, to read and write, at home; and after they were done with the old Copy books, they were put into the Water closet and I used to go into his closet and tear off the Copperplate headings to learn from, and my apparatus for learning consisted of a small board about eight inches long and five inches broad and a piece of Window glass, ground rough on one side and about the same size as the board, and both were small enough to go into my jumper pocket—and in Writing I laid the board on my Knee and the Copper plate heading on the board and the glass on the top with the roughened side up, then I would trace on the glass with a lead pencil, over the Copperplate, two or three times, then I would write it by simply looking at it, and in a very short time I could write a

far better hand than what I can do now. This used to be my amusement day after day until I could write with my eyes shut just as well as with them open, then I practised writing on one side of the glass so as to make it readable on the other side and sent a letter, so written, to my Father which puzzled him so much that he gave it up without being able to read it; he showed it to Brother Jim, who immediately held it up before the looking glass and read it at once. By the time I left Gardiners I could read, and understand any book I could lay my hands on, and could write a splendid, plain hand. There was one book I read at this time of which I must make Honourable Mention as I give that book the credit of starting me to Think. And that was "Dr Brewers Guide to Science". I never see that book yet but what I take off my hat to it. That book created such a thirst for Knowledge in me that has never yet been satisfied and never will be while I live or retain my reason.

On November 21st 1860 I was sent with a young, wild, Sailor-Saloon-singer—(who could not keep steady where he could get anything to make him unsteady) to keep a boundary on the Saltwater River or Deep creek. He was a most splendid singer, and would never have had to do harder work than singing if he could have kept himself from drinking ardent spirits. If there was any jollification going on anywhere near, this Billy Haywood was always asked, as he could sing a good song, or give a recitation, &c. &c. and I remember the Christmas eve of 1860, he and I was invited to a place where there was to be about twenty people to a Christening, I think it was, and Billy bought a new pair of Moleskins for the occasion, and he washed them in the afternoon to take the stiffening out of them, and he rigged a sort of a triangle by the fire, which was outside and put his trousers on this thing to dry while he and I went into the Tent to have something to eat. When the meal was about half over Billy went out to see how his Trousers were, and he came back holding a fragment of the Waist band in his hands (all that was left of his new trousers), singing "The unfortunate man". I have heard the song a good many times, but I never heard it so appropriate before. I laughed until my side was sore, particularly when he came to the part "Oh! D—n it, ain't I an unfortunate man." He sung the song through and had a good laugh himself—it was his only presentable trousers too, but I lent him a pair of mine and we both went to the Christening, where he sung again "The Unfortunate Man" and other songs.

We were camped low down by the Creek surrounded on three sides by precipices of about 200 feet high, and it was Billys delight in a quiet evening to awaken the echos of those cliffs with “The Bonnie Hills of Scotland”, “Kathleen Mavorneen” or “The Ship of Fire” his three favourites.

Just before we went to the Deep creek I was one of five who was cutting thistles, and one day we were cutting stragglers, or odd ones growing out on the plains, the day was very hot and we all got very thirsty. It was a Welsman who was in charge of the gang, and we all gathered together to have a consutation where we could go to get a drink. We argued the Pros and Cons of the thing, thus: the nearest water to us was five miles, and it was brackish, the next nearest and best was seven miles, so we unanimously agreed that it was by far the best to go the seven miles and get a drink of good water, than to go five and only get Brackish, so we went Seven miles expressly to get a drink of Water. When we got to the creek we plunged in bodily, clothes and all, had a good drink, came out and took our clothes off & spread them out to dry, went into the creek again and had a bathe, and when we came out our clothes was dry, but we did not leave the Creek for about four hours.

While I was here I attended a Wedding between a very old Couple. I should say their united ages would be about 120 years. It was the second marriage for the man and the fifth for the Woman. The Womans first husband was hanged for Murder. Her second drowned himself in Delirium Tremens. The third got killed in a Prize fight and the fourth ran away from her and never came back. I do not know if she survived her fifth or not, but some two years after they were married she went to Donnybrook (in Victoria) to sell her Butter which she did, and brought the proceeds home in the shape of Groceries & Spirits. She had partaken freely of the latter, and near her home she had to cross a creek on a Log thrown across, but not being very steady she fell off this log on to the shingle-bed of the creek and broke one of her legs, and in the fall her only bottle of Grog—did not break but—rolled away from her. She was unable to crawl after it and had to lay all night in that predicament and in sight of her dearly loved bottle and could not reach it. When found in the morning she said she would not have cared a fig if her bottle had not rolled away. She got better of her broken leg so far as to walk with crutches, but I do not think she would ever properly recover the use of her leg.

I left the Saltwater River on 22nd April 1861 and went again to Clarkes on the 23rd this time to take charge of a Scabby flock of lambing Ewes, which I fairly cured simply by “Spotting”, the only time I ever knew such a thing to be done.²⁴ This place was what might be called on Outer Home Station. It consisted of the Manager, K.S. Clarke (who died in Poverty Bay, N.Z. about 2 years ago), a married couple (the man a shepherd and the wife cooking for us), a young Irish Man named Con Cregan and myself. This same Con was a general hand, carrying rations to the several huts under Clarkes care, and keeping the place supplied with wood and water. He was a simple, broad-spoken man, and gave us all many a good laugh. If his life was written it would rival Handy Andy,²⁵ but I only know a couple of incidents which I think worth mentioning, *viz*:

One day he was cutting firewood in the bush, and to save himself from splitting it at home he was splitting it pretty small as he fell it, and I was attending to my sheep somewhere between where he was at work and home. Presently I heard him yelling at the top of his voice. I made over towards where he was and saw him coming towards me with good sized stick of firewood dragging it between his legs. He was yelling for me to come and I thought he must have got bitten with a Snake, but when I got up to him I found that he had got both his Thumbs jammed in a split in the log he was dragging. I introduced a stick into the split and relieved his Thumbs, and when he recovered breath he told me he was trying and trying to split the log and had it very nearly split, but could not get it asunder, he jammed the axe into it, and then turned the stick over and leaned one end of it on a log and tried to tear it asunder with his hands, but he only just was able to move it sufficient to let the Axe drop out when it closed on his Thumbs and in that state I found him.

This Con was a Roman Catholic (he was none the worse for that) and he said his prayers night and morning and was also remarkably fond of his bed. I have seen him go to bed on Saturday-nights at 7 p.m. and sleep, without intermission until 10 a.m. the next morning. He and I and sometimes another slept in a small hut just behind Mr Clarkes hut, near enough that Clarke could call Con from his own bed, which he had to do every morning. It was very amusing

24 Scabby mouth is a highly contagious viral disease of the skin which usually affects lambs and kids in their first year.

25 *Handy Andy* written by Samuel Lover 1797 Dublin–1868, an Anglo-Irish novelist.

to hear Mr Clarke call—Con—Con—Con—Con—Con. Con would answer—always “I am a getting up Sur”. Clarke would say “Why did you not answer sooner, then” “I was a saying my Prayers, Sur,” was always Cons answer. There was a very stormy, windy and wet night in the depth of the Winter 1861, and Clarke had a sheep bitch tied in the corner of the Chimney outside. This Bitch was howling and whining very much during the night and Clarke wanted Con to get up and see whether she was tied on the Weather side or lee side of the Chimney. So he began calling—Con—Con—Con—Con. “I am a getting up, Sur,” cried Con. “The D—l you are,” said Clarke “Well, just go and see where that bitch is tied.” Con got his trousers on, muttering to himself and went outside in the wet and howling wind, he fumbled a while about the bitch and sung out to Clarke “She is tied around the neck Sur.” I could hear Clarke bursting with laughter and as soon as he could he asked “Is she tied at the lee-side or weather-side of the Chimney”. Con paused for a minute and answered “Yes Sur.” “D—n it” said Clarke “go to bed” and fairly burst out Laughing. I could not retain myself any longer and I burst out too. Con came in and threw off his trousers and into bed and was asleep in less time than it takes me to write so. But not so with Clarke and I. If I was quiet for a few minutes, Clarke would start me, and if Clarke was quiet, I was sure to start him and thus we kept laughing to each other till morning and the poor Bitch was left in the rain all night.

This Clarke was given to spreeing occasionally, and when he would be the worse for drink, he was very quarrelsome, and one time he came home and there was no one about the place but myself and the Shepherds wife and he began on me something awful, calling me all the names he could think on and wanting me to fight. Now I never did fight before or yet since but he kept on at me and called (me) a low Scotch crawler and a Coward and other provocative terms, and the shepherds wife was by all the time. She said to me frequently “Why don’t you give him a hammering and quieten him down”—I did not like to strike him, he struck me once, and then I did not touch him when he struck me a second time and called me a Coward. I could not stand it any longer, but hit out at him, and he at me, and we fought nine rounds and each time I had the best of it, then he gave in and said he never got such a beating all his live and never deserved it more. He gave me a certificate as under to go and give it to Capt’n.

Gardiner so that he pay me off as he said he would never keep a better man than himself on the Place.

24th August 1861

The bearer David Balfour is a better man than myself.

(signed)

K. S. Clarke

Capt. Gardiner

I was going next morning to take this certificate to the head station, but through the night he cooled down and begged me not to go, and I did not, but rather hinted the creeks to get leeches to put to his eyes. I still have the above certificate. We were splendid friends after that, and when I was leaving him to come to New Zealand, he gave me a Book inscribed with his name and shed tears when he Parted from me, and we corresponded in after years, right up to his death, but altho we were often within thirty miles of each other while in N.Z. we never met.

On the 31st December 1861, Captn. Gardiners lease of Bolinda expired and he was going to retire to a smaller Place where he did not require so many hands, and New Zealand Gold fields had just been discovered; about Twenty hands left the place for New Zealand and I among the rest. I left behind me on the station, my Father, Brother James and his wife and two children, Sister Ellen (now Mrs. Isaac Wilson) and three children. Charles had left, but I forget where he was at this time. George was in Melbourne and Mary Ann (now Mrs. Sheedy) was at Colac.

Among others which came from Bolinda to N.Z. was a Neil Ross, his wife and (I think) Nine of a family, one of his Daughters afterwards became the famous "Sleeping Girl" of Otago. She Slept for some years, sometimes nine months on one stretch, and for what I know may be sleeping (off and on) yet. Ross himself bought a farm on the Tairae plains, under Maungatua and I believe did very well as did several of the others which came over.

Chapter XI

I left Clarkes for New Zealand on the 1st February 1862. I took Train from Sunbury to Melbourne, and in the same Carriage was a party of three—Alexr. McDonald (a brother of one of the Bolinda shepherds), John McVicar & Hugh Cameron—all Highlanders as their names may

testify—and we arranged in the train that we should all go Mates on the Diggings when we landed. In the same carriage was a Mr. McLean who was just about starting for N.Z. with a cargo of sheep, and he asked McDonald if he knew of anyone who would be adapted and willing to assist to attend to the sheep, from the shipping to the landing of them and McDonald recommended him to me and we made as much arrangement as the rattling of the Train would allow. But I saw him in Melbourne and made arrangements that I should be first hand, under him, that I would get my passage free and a bonus on the sheep landed alive, and that he was going to Port Chalmers. So all was arranged satisfactorily, and we was to—and did—sail on the 7th Feby 1862.

I then went and found out my Brother George and found him in a very bad way too, he was over head and Ears in debt, and had no work, and wanted badly to go to New Zealand. I made arrangement with Mr. McLean for him to come and to assist with the sheep, for his passage money only. Then I paid all his debts and took him with me.

We got all on Board the “Indus” and hauled away from the Wharf on the 7th and sailed down the Bay on 8th but it was blowing too hard—ahead—and the Sea was too rough that altho we tried nearly half a day to get through the Rip, we could not do it and had to go back and anchor.

We lay about 48 hours and tried it again. I had to work with the Sailors as well as to attend to the sheep, and it was hard work tacking about every four or five minutes. However, we got out side, and it was blowing pretty hard—ahead—till about Sunrise next morning when it fell Calm and remained Calm all day till Sundown when it began to blow and blew a gale the whole night till sunrise when it fell Calm and remained so till night and then blew a gale till Sunrise and we had that weather without hardly any exception till we landed at Port Chalmers on the 6th of March being just a Month in doing a Voyage we ought to have done in a week or nine days at the most.

When we were about a week at Sea, the Sheep began to die at a fearful rate. They were fat Wethers for the Digging Markets and out of 2,200 that was put on Board we landed a little over 600, thus we lost about 1600. It was an awful job to go down in the hold the first thing in the morning and pull out the dead sheep.

Sometimes we would throw over board nearly Three hundred in a day, and when we landed the survivors they were nothing but skin and bone with a little wool on the outside. I went ashore with the first



Otago sites Balfour visited.

Boat load, and the first man I met was Neil Ross. He was nearly distracted about his family. He had had word that they left Melbourne somewhere about the 12th of February, and when I could get him to reason that I left on the 7th and they left on the 12th there

was yet five days before they would have as long a voyage as I had, it gave the poor man a ray of hope, and he got a little more cheerful, and to show they must have had something like the same weather they were four days behind me in landing and my three mates was in the same vessel. When we landed the sheep I watched them in Yard in Port Chalmers all night for which I was to get a Pound note. I watched the sheep, but I did not get the Note. In the "Indus" we brought two Cab horses and a cab, some goats, some Fowels, besides the sheep. And as I gave the Captain my money to keep, and would not get my Note from McLean, I could not Pay my fare to Dunedin, 3/- or 4/- so the Cabby asked me if I would ride one of his horses over the ridges—9 miles—I saw no other help for it but ride—bare backed—or walk. I chose to Ride but better for me had walked, the track led through the bush among roots stumps and bog holes. I was tired enough—and Hungry—when I got to Dunedin about three o'clock in the Afternoon. I was awfully hungry but I happened to see the Captain by chance, and asked him for my money; he immediately gave me a Cheque for it, and I cashed it and went direct to an eating house, and on the way met my Brother George who had got up from Port Chalmers by some means, and we both entered the Eating-house and called for Dinner for two. I ate both lots and returned both plates, and ate both lots again, then both lots of Pudding and would have returned the Plates but George advised me not to, as I might hurt myself in eating too much. I had just been Twenty seven hours without food.

This was on 6th of March 1862, and on the next day—7th—my mates and the Ross family arrived and us four, viz Peter McDonald, Hugh Cameron, John McVicar and myself—started for Gabriels Gully and camped first night just under Maungatua Range.

8th. Had breakfast and started up the Range and it was a most fearful climb to all of us. First, through having no hills of any consequence to climb in Australia and Second, to our just coming off a four weeks voyage. However we climbed and spelled and climbed again and every now and then as we saw a steeper knob ahead we thought that must be the top. We met several people coming down and we always asked how far it was to the top, and finally we met two men and they asked us how far they were from the Top, and we said we were just about asking the same question, so we—both parties—had got to the top and did not know it. However we all sat down and had a good spell, and received very poor accounts of the Diggings, but we

had made up our minds for that and meant to go and see for ourselves, so it in no way damped our spirits, after we had walked about another hundred yards we came fairly on the top and got a Magnificent view of the Country in the direction we were going, but it was only magnificent in point of expanse only, for to our notions there never was a more desolate prospect laid before any one as the present. As far as the Eye could reach there was nothing but a succession of ridges (or Ranges in our notions) one after the other, some such appearance as if the whole country had once been Sea, and the sea agitated into a tremendous Storm, and just while the Storm was at the highest, for the sea to be suddenly transformed into Land, with not a stick of timber of any kind visible, not even so thick as a pipe-stem, and all the country covered with a Brown, barren-looking, Tussock principally of two kinds—Snow grass and Silver tussocks and Speargrass, the latter proved very troublesome to us as we were always sitting down on it, or putting our hands on it, and the prick from it was very painful, it was so strong that I afterwards have seen it penetrate the strongest leather that Watertight boots are made from.

When night came on, we camped by the side of a small creek, of course it was impossible to pitch the tent as we had nothing to pitch it with, but someone had camped at the same creek before and had left us their mode of boiling the Billy. We found several small excavations by the side of the Creek something like Lime Kilns in Miniature with a lot of charred grass in them and we saw that the Billy had to be fixed into one of those Kilns and grasses fed under it until it boiled so we set to work cutting the grass we despised so much, and fixed the Billy and in about twenty minutes we had a smoking Billy of Tea and some fried Bacon and bread, all of which we carried with us.

9th March 1862. Cooked our Breakfast in the same way as we cooked our Supper last night, packed up our Swags and started. We had the same monotonous walking all day as we had yesterday afternoon up and down up and down, without any variation, till in the evening we approached Gabriels Gully. When we saw the tents we made a short-cut to them, but found it rather deceiving to leave a track and go across country as I have frequently experienced since.

However we got down to the Tents just as it was getting dark, and rigged up—not pitched—our tent by an old sod chimney and a party in a tent close by kindly gave us enough wood to Boil our Billy and fry some Bacon and we were just making ourselves comfortable

for the night, when the Newspaper man came shouting the contents of his Paper up the Gully. Amongst other items of interest was the Burial of Prince Albert. "What," I said to a man alongside of me, "is the Prince dead?" "Well, he is buried at any rate, whether he is dead or not," he very gruffly said. During my months voyage from Melbourne I had fallen a little behind.

Next morning we bought out a party of four men for £4 pounds. We got Tent poles, Long Tom, Cradle²⁶, Picks, Shovels, Dish and claim for the £4 pounds which was very little money for what we got. We then went to the Commissioner and got each a "Miners Right" at a cost of one Pound Stg. We then made a start to Dig—two of us Digging and two pitching the tent. We found a little Gold in the Claim we bought but we soon worked it out. We had a dispute with one of our neighbours about the ground we were occupying and called in the Commissioner (Major Croker) who gave a very fair decision, & we had him another time & he also gave a very fair decision. We worked in Gabriels Gully all the Winter, and we did not make much altho we did not lose much money. I think we left it much in the same state of funds as we went to it.

Chapter XII

Towards the end of July 1862 there was a Rumour of a "Rush" at Coromandel in the Frith of Thames on the North Island and it took very little to decide us to pack up our "traps" and try our luck at Coromandel. We therefore sold out and left Gabriels Gully on the 31st July and arrived at Dunedin on the 3rd Aug after a very very wet journey as it rained from the time we left Gabriels until we arrived at Dunedin and for at least a week after, for we just arrived at Dunedin on the evening of the day that a Steamer left for Auckland and there was no other vessel to sail before the 11th and we had to wait as patiently as we could until that time. Our principal amusement was watching the people crossing the Streets (if streets they could be called) in the Mud. Sometimes they got actually stuck fast in the tough, clayie mud and pull their feet out minus the boots, it was rare fun (to us) to see them grappling up to the shoulder in the mud for their lost "Understandings".

26 The cradle and long tom were devices to separate alluvial gold from gravel.

I caught a most awful cold in the wet and slushy streets which gave me two or three days amusement to get rid of.

At last the day appointed to sail came and we all four embarked in the "Rebecca" and got to the Port Chalmers Heads where we found a strong gale blowing right in, consequently we could not go out, and had to lay nearly another week before the Wind shifted, but we got out at last and made a very good passage through Cooks Straits. Arriving at Onehunga on the 25th August early in the Morning, we got a dray to take all our Swags across the Isthmus to Auckland and we walked. It is only about six miles and I do not think I ever enjoyed a walk so much as I did that one. The country on both sides of the Road was laid out in small farms and divided up in smaller paddocks generally with gorse hedges all well trimmed. It had really a "Homely" look about it, reminding me very much of the Old Country. I found that nearly all the settlers here were Old Soldiers (Pensioners) and they seemed to be very Comfortable.

I was rather disappointed with the Town of Auckland, it was very dull, the only stir there was about the place was Soldiers, as there were even a good many quartered in Auckland at that time. We heard little or nothing about the Rush when we got into Town. In fact, there was no Gold found, more than had been found for some years before, and the Rush was a got-up-thing with a few Captains at a dull time to cause a temporary passenger traffic. However we were not to be beaten, we would go to Coromandel when we had come so far, so we made our way down the Grass grown Queen street to the Wharf where we found a Cutter just about to sail who would take us to our destination for five Shillings, so we went on board and started almost at once, and reached the Grand Kauri Covered country of Coromandel next morning as the Eastern Sun was gilding the tree tops. We caught some N.Z. salmon going up the frith of Thames, and we took them on shore, and cooked & ate them for Breakfast. We found provisions (i.e. Fish, Wild Pork & Potatoes) very cheap, supplied by Maoris, and we stopped only till the 31st August.

During that time we walked over a good deal of the surrounding country, visiting the different places where they were digging for Gold, but we never tried our luck. It was magnificent timber country, the Kauri trees beat everything I had seen in Australia. One party of three pitched their tent on a Stump that had been sawn off at about four feet from the ground, and another tree that I measured took me thirteen times with outstretched arms before I could embrace it, but it

was not a good specimen of **Kauri**, as it forked and branced about twinty feet from the ground, whereas a good tree would go 60, 80 or over 100 feet without knot or branch and the head would be smaller compared to the size of the bole. I enjoyed myself very much indeed in the Coromandel forests, and would have liked to prolong my stay but we got news that **Hartley** and **Riely** had returned from the **Dunstan** with Ninety-seven pounds weight of **Gold**, which threw the Digging community of New Zealand into quite a fever. So, much as I would have liked to stay another week in the forest, my mates wanted to be off. So I bade adieu to the forest and got back to Auckland on the 31st of August, and when we got there, we found to our chagrin that there was no vessel for the South for a week, so we set about to find a Lodging, but as another vessel load of passangers had arrived while we were at Coromandel, we found all the best class houses full. Amongst other house we tried the “Governor Brown” kept by **David Sheenan**, father of **John Sheenan**, Late Native Minister &c. and we had to be contented with what appeared to be a third rate house, altho, it turned out to be very good indeed, it was called the “Rock of Gibraltar” in off **Queen Street** where for 20/- per week we got very good board and lodging, better than ever I got before or since for the same money, but it was very slow work to stay in a dull town like what Auckland was at that time. I used often to go for long walks into the country but as the land seemed poor just arround the town I never got intised far from it.

We left Auckland on board the steam ship “Queen” on the 7th September 1862, with splendid weather. We had a good view of the **White Island** in passing, the volcanos was smoking and steaming beautiful and we were some hours in view of it. We called in to **Napier** on the 9th Sept.

I went on shore with some others and walked from the Spit to Town and along the Beach to about where the **Caledonian Hotel** now is, and with the dismal swamp on one side—the surf on the other and the loose shingle under foot, and nothing particular immediately in front, we turned and went back to the Spit, and spent the time until the tide suited talking with Soldiers, which seemed to be more numirious than civilians. We went out to the “Queen” in the dusk of evening and lay at anchor all night. In the morning there was a row and free-fight amongst the Sailors and passangers, which luckily died out before the Police left shore as the Police-flag was hoisted from the

start. It began through a dispute between some passengers & Boatmen.

We sailed again from Napier on the 10th (I little thought then that I would return to it and make it my permanent home). We had splendid weather down to Wellington at which place we arrived on the 12th. It seems a grand harbour this but I am afraid it must have got sadly marred by the earthquake of 1856 (?)²⁷ which must have raised the bottom of it some eight or ten feet.

We went ashore here also and had a stroll through the Town and Suburbs, but if we thought Napier was surrounded by swamp we also thought Wellington was hemmed in by hills. We did not stop very long in Wellington for we called in at Lyttleton on the 15th and in Dunedin on the 16th. But just after we left Lyttleton²⁸ & while abreast of the Kaikoras, the Old "Queen" caught fire, in the Fore hold. The smell was discovered by a very Deaf painter, the smoke began suddenly pouring out of the hold and causing quite a panic among the passengers. The Sailors fixed the Hose on to the Steam pumps, but it (the Hose) kept bursting, as soon as they fixed one burst, another broke out, then we formed two lines of men and handed buckets from the pump to the fore hold and soon reduced the smoke so that some men went into the hold and got out an old Sail and two or three sacks of Cotton Waste, which was all that was on fire and they caused far more smoke than flame. It was caused by throwing a live match under the table where there was a small man-hole covered by a loose board.

We got into Dunedin without further accident on the 16th Sept. and we there dissolved partnership McVicar and Cameron went to try their luck further on the Digging, and I never heard of them afterwards. Peter Mc Donald went, like me, on the Wallaby,²⁹ first going to Tairai and then up the Waitaki where the last I heard of him he and his brother, Angus, had bought a good piece of good land near Mother Frickers accommodation house and were doing remarkably well, and I expect they are there still.

27 The last major earthquake occurred on 23 January 1855 and measured 8.2 on the Richter scale.

28 Corrected to "Wellington" in another hand.

29 The term "wallaby track" first described the path worn by a wallaby but by the late 1840s was used for the route followed by a person journeying through the country, especially in search of seasonal work; it is often abbreviated to "on the wallaby".

Chapter XIII

I left Dunedin—and Digging as well—on the 18th Sept 1862,—I was not nearly so good in pocket when I left of Digging as when I began, but I gained some experience which more than compensated for any little loss I sustained. I started with the intention of getting work on a Sheep station, if possible, but still I was not Particular.

I put my Swag on my back, which with about Six pounds in my pocket, constituted the whole of my Worldly Possessions. My heart was light my legs were good and I was not penniless, so I trudged gaily along the road and got as far as Blueskin by dusk in the evening, there was only one accomodation house, kept by a Scotch farmer. It was the first house I had seen built of clay, and it did not in the least look like an accomodation house. I asked the owener if it was such and he gave me an affirmative answer, and said he could put me up for the night. So I went in, and he took charge of my Swag, there was there other travellers besides myself and we got an excelent supper, after which we sat round a good fire enjoying a pipe with the Landlord, when a knock came to the door. Host—"Who is there?" Visitor "Me" Host (recognizing the voice) "Well, why don't you come in" Visitor "I can't" Host "Why" Visitor "Come & see."

The Host went, candle in hand, to the door, opened it and bust out in a loud laugh. We heard some whispering, and the Host asking the Hostess for a complete change of clothes. The Host wished the Visitor to come in, but he objected, saying he would go to some out-house and change; which he did, and afterwards came into the same room where we were and joined us. The Host then asked him how he got so dirty. "Well" he said "They told me I could come along the new road all the way and I tried it; I got along all right until it got dark, and for some distance after, until I got to So&so swamp where I walked over the bank right up to the chin in the Swamp. I hung on to a Maori-head and considered what I had best do. I knew that if I turned back I would have a mile to go to head the swamp, and then as I was wet I had better try and go through. I tried to wade it, but it was too deep. I then tried to swim it, but it was too thick, so I threw myself on my belly and stretching my arms out to their full length, caught at Maori-heads or Raupo and dragged my self right through the swamp on my belly, trying every now and again to get soundings with my feet, and so dragged myself to this side, and that accounts for my being so dirty."

Next morning when I was putting on my Napoleon Boots the stiffening of the heel of one of them gave way and I could not put it on. I asked my host if he could come to my relief. He did so with Awl, Wax and thread and I set to work & sewed in the stiffening and started about 10 am to pursue the "Wallaby track". I passed through Waikoauatiti, and whither I had anything to eat during the day I do not remember as it had been no punishment for some years past to go with two meals per day, but at night I drew towards Mr. John Joneses place (Goodwood). I had picked up a companion on the "Wallaby" and he had got the information that it was no use to go to Johnny Jones and ask for a night lodging as we would not get it, but nothing daunted I went up to the place and asked for Mr. Jones who came and I asked him if he could give us any work. He said he had as many men on as he had work for, and I then asked him if I could stay for the night, fully expecting him to say "No" as I had been led to believe, but to our surprise he said "Yes" and not only that but came 200 or 300 yards to shew us where the Whare was and treated us very kindly, forcibly reminding me never to pay any heed to any bad reports about any employer of labour, until you can find out for yourself.

Next Morning after a good Breakfast at Mr Joneses expence we started along the North road. We came to the Shag River, a very broad and apparently deep River. The man that was with me did not like the look of it, and was for turning back, but I said I would try it, and took off my trousers and got a long stick and walked cautiously in. The water was shallow, not up to the knee but slightly dirty. I felt my way right across, always expecting it to get deeper until to my surprise I landed on the grass at the other side. I then came back for my swag and both crossed, of course in safety, immediately on the other side was a high range called the Horse Range, and neither of us put our trousers on until we got to the top, when we had a rest and put them on, and decended to Trotters Flat on the North side of the Range.

My travelling companion got very hungry as we neared Riches Station and he wondered if they would offer us anything to eat, it being about 1 p.m. We went to the house and asked for work, there were only two Ladies there, Mrs. Rich and her sister, they said Mr. Rich required no men, so we turned away. My mate said to me "Oh! I wish I had something to eat." I said Would you go back and ask for some, but he at first would not hear of asking for food. He was

something like what I was myself 6 or 8 years ago. He did not like to ask for Food, he said he could ask for anything else, but not for food. However I went back and had about half-an-hours argument with Mrs. Rich before I could persuade her to my way of thinking,—it was the first, and I happy to say—the last time I was ever refused food when I had asked for it,—she gave me some Bread and Milk and I took it out to my Companion and he thanked me for it, and said he would sooner die than persist as I did. We did not eat much. I took the balance back and thanked Mrs. Rich and we shouldered our Swags and went on Northward.

Some three or four miles more we came on two Carpenters building a Cottage, and we asked them how far we were from Hampden. “Hampden” one of them said “Why, you are in Hampden.” I opened my eyes at the information and went on some distance further, when we came to a Store and a little further to a Public house, kept by — Murcott. We decided to stop the night at Murcotts which we did and there I first tasted the New Zealand Wild Pork. It happened to be Saturday night and I thought we might hear from anyone who may drop in, where we might have a chance for work, but it was very quiet, no one dropped in, and on Sunday Morning we were no wiser than we were on Saturday-night. So, after Breakfast we again shouldered our swags and headed north. About a Mile and a half we came upon the Moraki Station, and went down asked for the Master, and was shewn a very large, but handsome well built man, 6 feet 2 in high and weighing 16 stone, Named Michael Sherlock Gleeson. I asked him if he wanted any hands. He gruffly said, with a slight stutter “Co-come back. Tomorrow”. I thanked him and made up my mind at once to go back to Hampden and call on him in the Morning. My Mate, as we were going away, said “I will not stay there. They are all Irish there! I will go on.” I said he could go on but as for myself I never would go away from what I was looking for, i.e. Work in any form. So we parted, he going North. I went back to Hampden and stopped there for the day and found the place rather dull.

Chapter XIV

On the morning of the 22nd of September 1862 I presented myself again to Mr Gleeson, and we made arrangements that I was to sink a well at so much (I forget the figure) per foot and that I was to take the

first suitable man who came along as my mate, in the meantime I was to go on at any station work. I was perfectly agreeable and I asked him what he would give me for the General station work. "I-I don' 'no" said he "I-I m-must see what you are worth first" "All right," says I. "I will give you a week and you can tell in that time if I am worth anything or not." So I went on digging in the garden, fencing and "Spotting" (i.e. dressing scabbed patches on) sheep and the first mob I had anything to do with was—strange to say the same sheep I had brought from Melbourne in the Indus.

At the expiration of the week I was digging in the garden and Mr. Gleeson came out to see how we were doing and I leaned on my spade and said to him, "Now Mr. Gleeson I have been a week with you what am I worth" "I-I w-will give you Si-Sixty-pound a year same as I give my other men." I thanked him and said I was satisfied. But I ought to have mentioned before, that I had only been two days there when Two men came along looking for work and they took the contract of sinking the well, with my consent, in fact I was very glad to get out of it. So that now I was fairly shipped as a station hand and as my mate remarked they were all Irish, I was the only exception among the General hands, altho most of the Shepherds were Scotch but did not live at the Home Station.

There was the Master, Mr. Gleeson, the Overseer Mr. William Trench Guinness a Married couple and their Children; a Governess and not forgetting the young Misses Katie & Ellie (and strange to say, Miss Ellen is at present my guest (18/11/1882) and Miss Kate, now Mrs. Arthur Shield, is one of my nearest Neighbours and has been since her Marriage, i.e. six years next January) and there was generally from six to ten men, of course at shearing time there would be 4 or 5 times that amount, and, except the extra hands for shearing washing &c. all were Irish, but I was very comfortable amongst them. Nationality never once cropped up all the time I was there, and after I left I went to a Scotch Station where All were Scotch and I hope I may never be on another place where all are Scotch. Give me a Mixed Nationality in preference to one of any particular Nation, but more of this anon.

I left Moreaki on 4th October 1864 so that I was just a little over two years with him. Gleeson himself was as I said before a big but well built man. He was a Widower with two daughters and was rather eccentric in some things. His Wife had died in Childbed about 2 years or so before I went to him, and before she died she made him

promise to bury her in Consecrated ground and, if possible, to bury her in Sidney Cemetery. There was no consecrated (Roman Catholic) ground at that time nearer than Auckland (?) and he got her put in three Coffins—first a common shell, second a Lead coffin, well solderd down, third a Cedar coffin outside and he kept her and her baby boy in a small room off his own Bedroom, and I had not been there many weeks when he sent his late wifes niece—Miss Mary Walsh—since Mrs. Thos. Reid—to me and a man who was working with me to give a lift in the House. We went into his Bedroom and after waiting for a few minutes Mr. Gleeson opened the small room door and took us in, and when I saw the huge coffin on two tressels and the small one on the top of it I was struck with amazement. We had to carry it through the door into the bedroom and put it into a large Packing case to be ready for shipment and while going through the doorway all the weight of the head end fell to me, and it was more than I could bear. I called out “I have too much weight! Oh!—I can’t hold”. I felt the whole weight go off my hands at once—Mr. Gleeson himself gave a lift, ’twas he took all the weight off me. We got it into the large case without any further hitch. When all the blank places were filled with straw and the top nailed on, her baby was put in a similiar case and laid on the top of the Mother. Both cases remained like that in the corner of Mr. Gs bedroom until the 27th of July 1864 when I also assisted to put them both on a Bullock dray which took them to the shipping place at Moeraki where they were put on board the Steamer for Dunedin and what became of them after that I do not know, neither have I the delicacy to ask her Daughter, now a guest in my house as I said before.

All the time I was at Moeraki, Mrs. Gleesons name never would be mentioned except in a whisper. Altho some of the Station hands knew that she was in the house, others might be a year on the place and go away & never know anything about it, and there must have been at least ten men assisting to put her on the dray and out of lot there was only another man and myself knew what was in the boxes.

It was Capt. Robertson (Marine Painter, Inspector of Steamers, &c) who I believe persuaded Mr. G to let her go and it was he who superintended the getting it on the dray. Mr. G had been remarkably fond of his wife when she was alive, and could never mention her name—even up to the time of his death—without the tears running down his face, and everyone who knew him respected his grief, hence the ignorance of all the men on the place regarding Mrs. G.

I may as well mention here that Mr. Gleeson, shortly after I left him, sold his share of Moeraki to his Partner, Mathew Holmes and bought Hill-Grove close to the landing place at Moeraki, but he was not many years there when he Married his daughters Governess, a Miss De Laney, who was governess for the daughters while I was there. Then he sold Hill Grove and went to Oamaru where he practised his profession of Medical Doctor,—and he was a very good Doctor too—until his death which happend about 1873.

He was a very intelligent, clever and upright man in all his dealings, was a splendid hand among stock and wool; it was from him I learned a deal that I know.

The Overseers name was William Trench Guinness, a cousin of Sir Guinness, the great Dublin brewer, he did not know much about stock when he came to Moeraki, he left before I did, being about two years there but what he was deficient in knowledge of stock he made up with sense, and if any thing required to be done among the sheep, he used to go to a fine, inteligent old Scotch shepherd, Walter Watson & ask his advice which never was refused. If it was anything in Scab, he would come to me, and as Scab was comparatively new there, and I had just had 5 or 6 years good practice in Victoria, I was all “At home” in Scab dressing, and we three got on well together and things—as a rule—went smoothly.

I had been some 6 or 7 weeks there and we were washing sheep. Mr. Gleeson was sitting on the bank behind me and he stuttered out “Da-David” “Yes Sir” I said “I-I-I have raised your wages, T-Ten Pounds—R-Raised them by the Books” “Thank you Sir” said I. “What is that for” “B-Because you are worth it.” I thanked him again and there was no more about it.

I stopped with Mr. Gleeson until the 4th of October 1864. During that time I gave every satisfaction to my employer and my Co employees, But formed no permenant friendships except with Mr. Guinness the Overseer of whom more anon.

On the 18th July 1864 I went to a night School at Hampden kept by a very young but very intelligent man named Munro from whom I leared a good deal. I was just 100 Hours with him when each night two hours or 2¼ or sometimes 2½ were all added up. I shall never forget his Kindness, and the very inteligent way he had of explaining difficult things. And our first conversation is worth recording, too.

At this time I was just 23 years of age with a very strong heavy beard and at first glance could easily be taken for a man of 40. I had

been to the Township for something or other & heard a Night School had been opened. I went up to the School and found light in it, knocked at the door, & Mr. Munro came to it. I told him I had heard he had opened a Night School (Yes). Had he any room for more pupils (Yes) "What are the terms" "It depends," he says "upon how many you send".

How many I send? I said "How do you mean"?

"How many Children are you going to Send"? he said

"Children!!" I said. "I have no children. I want to come myself."

The look of astonishment on his face was well worth seeing. I, to all appearance looked quite old enough to be his father, especially in the dim light at the door. When his astonishment wore off he told me his term, viz:— Two Shillings per week and find my own Candles and copy books, he finding all reading books, pens ink, &c. Hours—6½ to 8½ p.m.

I went the first night alone—there were only about 7 or 8 boys besides me—but the second night the Bullock driver came with me, then another one then another till finally there were seven of us from Gleasons. Then some of us induced some young Bushmen to go and before a fortnight he had something over 20, which would give him a clear income of over £2 per week above his regular Salary and he deserved it.

My Father came over from Victoria some-time in 1863 and was some few months along with me at Mr. Gleasons. He left on 9th Decr. 1863 (the last time I saw him) but did not go back to Melbourne until the beginning of October 1864, about three days before I got into Dunedin after leaving Moeraki.

On the 17th of March 1864 I had a very bad bout of Colic, the first I ever had, but I have had three more since—one at Springfield about 1868, one on Longfellow in 1874 & one while burning Curry border in 1881.

On the 3rd Oct 1863 I began to keep a diary, and from that day to this day, I have got each day's incidents written down. Unfortunately for other people, if ever anyone should take the trouble to read it, the first 6 or 7 years are written in Hieroglyphics, which no one can understand but myself, but there is nothing lost to posterity in that.

About the End of September 1864 I got a letter from my Father, who was living at the "Auld Scotland" Hotel in Dunedin, telling me he was very hard up and that he would like to go over to Victoria

again and asked me to send him down a few pounds. I went to M.S.G and asked him for a few pounds to send to my Father; he said he would not give me any. I told him I would like some if only £5. He said I must take All or None and as I wanted some badly I had no other shift but take the lot some £90 odd. I got it in two cheques, one for £80 and one for the balance, this was on the Saturday night, 2nd Oct. On the Sunday I prepared my things and on Monday the 4th I turned my back on Moeraki and many friends I was loth to leave, I cashed my small cheque in Hampden and trudged on, on foot of course, carrying all my worldly possessions on my back except one sheep dog which I did not carry (Sandy was his name & he died in Hawkes Bay). I slept at Waikouaiti that night and got into Dunedin next night (5th) and when I got to the "Auld Scotland" I found my Father had just sailed for Melbourne a day or so before.

Now comes an incident which will shew how little it sometimes takes to change the whole course of a man's life. I there and then made up my mind that I would follow my Father to Melbourne and next day waited on Mr. Mathew Holmes to get my £80 cheque cashed—as it was an order on him, not a cheque on the Bank. I waited nearly all day for him and he did not shew up at his office till past noon. I presented my Order and he gave me a Cheque on the Union Bank for the amount, chating away all the time he was writing it. I took the Cheque and went over to the Union Bank with it and presented it for payment. After 4 or 5 minutes one of the Clerks came to me with the Cheque in his hand and asked me what I wanted to do with it. I told him I wanted it cashed & I wanted it in Gold as I was going to Melbourne. He said it could not be cashed it must be lodged in the Bank as it was crossed and sure enough when he shewed it to me it was crossed. I said I would take it back to Mr. Holmes and get another. I went back to the office but Mr. H. was gone, and the Clerk told me he would not be back for some days.

Here was I in a fine fix, there was a Vessel going to sail for Melbourne that night—I had not taken out my passage but was just going to do it after I got my cheque cashed. I took my cheque back to the Bank and asked what I could do with it. They asked if I had an account there (No). Well, then, the best thing to do was to open one; they put me through the performance of opening an account, gave me a Cheque book and told me to draw a cheque at any time and to any amt. up to the £80 and so I came away & left my money there But if I

had known as much then as I know now I would have written out a cheque for the amt. & got the cash and been off to Melbourne.

But as it is I have no reason to complain that I got that crossed cheque, for if I had got the money when I first presented the Cheque, I would have gone to Melbourne & very likely settled there. But whither I would have been better off now remains, of course a Mystery.

I may add here that that £80 was my "Nest Egg" and that I have never been without an a/c at the (Same) Bank from that day out to the present and who knows but if I had gone to Melbourne I might never have had an account in any Bank.

Chapter XV

I left Dunedin on the 13th Oct 1864 for Highly Station. Somehow or other I came to hear that a Shepherd was wanted for that place, and applied to Douglas Alderson & Co. and presented my Certificate of Character which I got from Mr. Gleeson when I left him, and Mr. Douglas gave me a note to Mr. Donald Stronach, the Manager of Highly and I started (as above) and took the Tairae Road and called on my old friend and Station mate, Neil Ross, who had settled with his family on a very good piece of Land at the foot of Maungatua Range, and he seemed to be doing very well. His daughter at this time had not gone to Sleep, as I mentioned before. She used to sleep 3-4-6 or 8 months on a Stretch. I saw her then, but of course she was all right. I stopped there one night and started next morning over Maungatua, the same route I took when going to Gabriels Gully, but I did not find the hill half as bad to get up as I did the first time and I expect now I would think it nothing. I went off my road a little to visit a sheep Station and the overseer shewed me a near cut which I took but which enabled me to reach my destination at 8 o'clock p.m. instead of 4 p.m. if I had kept the Main Road, a clear gain of 4 hours on the wrong side. Moral: never take a short cut until you know every inch of the ground you have to travel over.

I got to a public house on the Lee³⁰ Stream, there being only the Landlord and myself, his Wife was in Dunedin, he had no servant and no traveller but myself. So after Tea we spent a quite evening till

30 Footnote: "Deep?"

bed time. Next morning he was going to boil me some eggs. I asked if they were for me (Yes). I told him he need not boil them as I had just had a Sickening of them. He said he had nothing else in the house except preserved fish—Sardines, Salmon, &c. I told him to give me Sardines and he told me his general customers Diggers, Carters &c would not eat fish if they could get Eggs. After Breakfast I struck off the road for Highly Station. About noon I came to a very rapid running creek with a hut on its right bank, and a station away in the distance on the left bank. I examined the hut, saw it was inhabited but could not find the Key, waited until I saw I would just have time to reach the Station by dark—I was afraid to cross this creek—it was so rapid. However, I took my sox off, put my Boots on and went in. It was Snow water, just tumbling down from the Rock & Pillar range and it felt just like liquid ice. I could not feel my legs they got so chilled, with the Water running past them so quickly. However, I got across all right, but the heat did not come into my legs for two hours after.

I then went to this Station—about a Mile from the creek. It was called the Dip-Hut, and I think it belonged to Campbell Thompson. I asked for work (no work). I asked for a Shake-down (Oh yes come in). I was made very comfortable there was about 12 or 14 men, Sheep dippers. It was Sunday night and it was spent quietly.

Next morning (17th Oct 1864) after Breakfast I steered up Strath Tairae in the direction of Highly. I was now on the Right-bank of the Tairae River & Highly was on the Left. I saw a Station on the Left—Dr. Purvis' I think and bore over towards it & when I got to the River side there was a boat belonging to the Station coming over with three men in it, two remained on my side & I asked the third one if he would take me across (Oh yes, pull the boat upstream a bit & jump in). I got taken across. I asked the fare (nothing for men carrying a Swag). I got directed on towards Highley, and made the place just as it was getting dusk. I presented my note from Mr. Douglas and very much against my expectations I got taken on at £65 per annum, engaged for Six Months. I introduced myself to the whare & found the Station in a transition state, going from Saxons hands into Douglas Alderson & Co. and just in the heat of delivery. I was about a week Mustering drafting Docking and then went to live in Tent and keep a boundry. But I ought to have mentioned that getting on in the evening of the 17th and before I reached Highly Station I found that the crossing of the very cold water had so shrunk the sinews in the front of my right shin bone that I could not point my toe downwards.

I could walk up hill all right, but not down. When I wanted to go down a hill I had to turn round and go down it backwards. Was that an omen that I was to go up hill (to prosper) from that time to the present? I think not, I think it was only the front Sinewes that got shrunk with the Cold water.

On the 22nd Francis Manson and I went out to the Boundry between Highly and Dr Purvis' Runs to keep the sheep from crossing. We had to live in a Dugout Tent, i.e. a hole dug out of the side of a hill to the depth of about four feet and then a Calico roof put over this hole—Rather a miserable place to live in in bad weather, but all right in fine.

I had very little to do at this place, in fact I had nothing to do. Certainly I walked my boundry regularly every day, but sometimes I would be weeks without seeing a sheep. But I was of a nature that could not be idle. There was no books to read. I sent to Dunedin for Colensos Algebra and I spent many a pleasant hour trying to master the problems in it.

And this was the time, above all times that I lamented my ignorance in all things, and I regularly Prayed to GOD to give me knowledge—I prayed that I did not want riches, but knowledge and I worked away at Algebra and Triginometry generally in a hole in a rock, using a piece of a Sheep-skin for Calculating on, and before many Months I could work out any problem in Simple Equations, and extract the Square & Cube roots and in Trigonometry I could work the problem from—from each end of a base line of a given length on to any object I could calculate its distance.

I had not one Kindred spirit on the whole place. There was about Twinty shepherds on the place and all Scotch and a more ignorant, bigoted, Money-grubbing lot, it never was my misfortune to be amongst before and I hope I may never be amongst such another lot again. When two or more of them got together, their whole conversation was Money. Money how to get it, and all the mean petty dodges and plans would be laid to take some poor unsuspecting fellow in—with a Horse perhaps or a Dog or some useless Telescope—those were three things that all of them had. I had no horse, neither would I buy one, but did all my walking on foot. There was not one in the whole lot who could talk on any other subject but money, and as it was a subject I did not care to be always talking about, I got but very little conversation out of any of them. There was

a neighbour Shepherd on Dr Purvis run that I sometimes visited and got a conversation on different subjects with.

This Highly Station was a great place for Moa remains, all along the top of Highly range the bones were laying in heaps every 40 or 50 yards and I often amused myself trying to collect a complete skeleton but my knowledge of comparative anatomy was too limited and I never succeeded. Counting the gizzard stones was more successful. I often counted as many as 300 and some of them was as big as a goose egg.

When I was about nine months at Highly Mr. Stronach gave instructions that all hands should be put on Weighed Rations, viz:—10 lbs Flour 12 lbs Mutton 2 lbs Sugar ¼lb Tea, each man per week. A meeting of the Shepherds was called and 18 of us met at Stag Station on the 6th July 1865. It was unanimously agreed that we would not take the Rations. We would all rather go first, and the declaration was written down and sent next day to Mr. Stronach and he accepted our decision and appointed the 10th as the settling day. There was only one Single man and one Married Man who did not come to the meeting or who did not send in their resignation, and when those 18 men were gathered together, I do not think I ever saw such a good looking lot of men together belonging to one place—even altho they were all Scotch and a disagreeable lot to be amongst—The oldest was 35, and the youngest was 22 and it was estimated that if all their cash in hand was put together it would be over £2000 so there were none of us very hard-up.

On the 10th July 1865 we all drew in to Homestation and each man got his cheque without any further bother and scattered all over the country, never to all meet again.

I went that night to an old station mate that I had at Moeraki, Alexr. McHardy—who killed himself with hard drinking some 8 or 10 years later, at the Hogburn (Naseby) leaving a Widow & 4 or 5 of a family—a Married Man who was living with Mr. Joseph Preston. We had some good talk about old Moeraki times that night & he told me one of their Shepherds (a broken down swell) was wanting to leave. I interviewed Mr. Preston on the subject. He did not know anything about it. I then interviewed the Shepherd himself; he said he wanted to leave but he did not know if Mr. Preston would let him go before his year was up. However, we both went to Mr. Preston and he was willing to exchange Shepherds. So on the 22nd July 1865 I signed agreement for one year.

Chapter XVI

On the Same day 22/7/65 I got directed over to my hut—about 4 miles from the Homestation and the Overseer (Hugh Cameron) was to come behind me & shew me the Boundry. I got to the Hut first, and by all the places I ever say, with filth, for any human being to live it it beat all. I opened the door and the Stench was enough to knock me down. I drew back. I did not care to enter. The man who was leaving—I forget his name—had been about nine months in the place and he had never swept it out and he kept his dogs inside and fed them inside, the old bones, gnawed by the dogs were laying all around & the Rats had burrowed all under the foundation and floor of the place. I did not care to go in, but I inspected the outside, all round, it was a Cob (i.e. clay) house of two good rooms, and well thatched with Snow grass. I intended to decline the Billet and go elsewhere, but when I examined the place both outside and inside, I found it to be a perfectly good and comfortable house and well situated, and came to the conclusion that if it were once cleaned out it would be all right.

So I set to work at once and began cleaning it out, and while I was about the middle of the Muck the overseer came. I told him how near I was to jibbing, until I came to examine the house & found it so good. He said he would assist me in any way to make it habitable. I told him I would like some disenfectant if he had anything that would answer the purpose. He said he thought Tar was the only thing he had that would be likely to do any good, and he rode to the Homestation at once and got me some 4 or 5 bottles of it which I smeared all round the (stone) foundations. Then I got some green Manuka and lit a fire in a Camp-oven in the Middle of the floor and kept this smoking till the smoke came through the thatch as if the place was on fire. Next day Mr. Cameron brought me a Cat—a good Ratter, and I got some good Papa clay and white-washed the walls afresh and put in a new floor, and before I was in it a week, it was as clean and as comfortable a House as I ever lived in. It was 26' x 14' inside Measure divided into two rooms—kitchen 16 x 14 and bedroom 14 x 10, a large Window in each room—in two sashes hinged at the sides, so that they opened like French Windows and in fine weather I always kept them open.

I was very comfortable at Prestons and was very well liked. When Mr Preston was at the Station himself—he lived at Goodwood, Wakouaiti—he and Mrs. P and some of his family very frequently

would come over to me on a Sunday and would stop 2 or 3 hours with me chating on different subjects and when I went to the HomeStation—either on business or pleasure they made me almost one of themselves, I certainly did not eat at the same table, but if I slept there they always gave me a bed in the House, never in the Mens hut, and what I value most, they placed their Library at my disposal, and always took me in to the Parlor and told me to select what books I wished. I remember, the first I took was “Johnstones Agricultural Chemistry”. The Sons and Daughters rather laughed at my choice, but Mr. P. said I made a good selection, as he said it was worth half what was in the Library. I was never now without books, and books to my liking, and plenty of time to study them, altho I always made it a rule to go to bed at 9 p.m. and never to read in bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston had somewhere about a Bakers dozen of a family ranging from 24 down to 4, there was always one Son, John (poor fellow he got drowned about 3 or 4 years ago, bathing in one of the Creeks on the Run), about 14 years of age and 1 or more daughters of 18 to 24 always on the Station and Mr. Cameron was Courting one of them while I was there and he married her very soon after I left.

There was also on the Station—a sort of a Cadet—a young American named Seely, a very intelligent young fellow and very well educated. He and I were also great friends and we both liked when he could stop for the night at my hut, which he often did. He very often helped me with the more difficult problems in Algebra. He was very Short sighted—had to wear Specticles which he was always breaking, and he had one false tooth in front which would not stay in its place, and he was always making fun of these two things. I saw very little of McHardy and his wife, they lived on the other side of the Station about 10 or 15 miles away. My work was to keep boundry along a creek between Prestons and Barton & McMaster’s and there was also a Shepherd of B & Ms on the same creek (Wm. Fallows) and we got along very well together.

On the 17th of April 1866 I got a letter from Mr. Wm. Trench Guinness (that was overseer for M.S. Gleeson) who had bought a small sheep run in Hawkes Bay—Moeangiangi—asking if I would come to him as head Shepherd, or Working Overseer, and I decided to go to him and went to the Homestation and told them there. They said they were very sorry to part with me, and they looked sorry too, but they said it was a step in the right direction and that instead of trying

to stop me from going they would do all in their power to help me along. They wanted to find a man to fill my place at once and let me go, but I told them there was no hurry. I would stay my year out, and from that out till I left, the whole of the Preston family & Mr Cameron too, were if possible more kind to me than before, and they often talked the thing over with me.

My year was out on the 21st July/1866 but I stopped until the 24th till they got another man for the Boundry, and the parting from the Preston family was only a degree milder, on both sides, than the parting from the Robertsons family when I was leaving Home (ante). Hitherto I had never been at a place (Belaty excepted) where I found myself so thoroughly at home as with Mr. Preston and his family. I never saw any of the family after, but I saw a Brother of Camerons here in 1879, who was managing the next Station to me (Owhoko).

The last night I was at Preston's I slept at McHardy's.

Chapter XVII

On the morning of the 25th July 1866 I left Prestons Station en route for Hawkes Bay. I had left my Swag to follow per Coach and as I was well seasoned to walk—could walk 40 miles per day without fatigue—I started for Dunedin; about 70 miles, I enjoyed the walk; I had left on good terms, I knew where I was going, I was rising in the struggle of life, my heart was light and my purse was heavy, I had no enemys and I had many friends, and who under all these circumstances could not enjoy a good walk in clear hard frosty weather, the roads as hard as ice could make them. The roads were good and not too hilly, neither too flat and I trudged along gaily followed by my two dogs “Sandy” and “Waite”.

As “Waite” turned out to be an extraordinary dog I ought here to say something about him. In the shearing of 1865-6, in December 1865, I went into the shearers whare before 5 a.m. to get a drink of Tea. Two travels were there, and the day before my old dog “Sandy” was very tired and did not follow me to the House as usual. I asked if any one had seen my Dog. No one had seen him, one of these travels said there was a Yellow pup that had followed them all day yesterday and said I could take him as he could not follow them for another day. I thanked the man, and went up to the Shed, found “Sandy” and also saw the Yellow Pup, a pretty looking thing with a fine small nose

and a kindly expression. I noticed he had lazy Dew-claws³¹, I caught him and cut them off by way of taking possession of him. As he grew older he grew to be a fine dog. I broke him in at Moeangiangi and he turned out to be by far the best dog in the district. Twice I refused £20 for him. He lived till the middle of 1879 when he lay down and went to Sleep under the Verandah at Mangawhare and I buried him under an Arch of Poplar trees in the garden—aged 14 years. His progeny are now all over Hawkes Bay. He got Nick-named “Daddy” therefore “Daddy” bred.

After this digression I will trudge along again. I called at a Roadside shanty and had some Dinner and as I would not drink spirits I got some Coffee and went on. I made Waikouaiti comfortably, and stoped with a Widow who kept an Accomodation House. There was some six or eight other travels and as she was a jolly sort of a woman, she with her stories and songs kept us laughing till bed-time.

Next morning after Breakfast I made another start, not a bit tired or stiff and walked on towards Dunedin enjoying the scenery about Blueskin very much—since leaving Moeraki I had been in a timberless country. I had never seen a tree much thicker than my Thumb, so I could enjoy the Timber clad Ranges near Dunedin. On the evening of the 26th I drew towards the Water-of-Leith and a Cabby hailed me for Town. I asked him if he would take the dogs, too. (Oh yes) so we three got in and rode into Dunedin about 1½ miles. I was not tired, but the Dogs were.

I found there was no vessel of any kind going to Napier before the 5th August—10 days—so I put up at the “Auld Scotland” again with Mr. and Mrs. Fiddler, and was made comfortable for old acquaintance sake (and also for the sake of my money). I found an old Moeraki acquaintance and his wife with whom I sometimes walked about, but I spent the most of my time walking about the Suburbs.

The vessel was to sail on the 5th and on the 4th I arranged that my money: somewhere about £150 should be sent through the Bank, reserving only about 30/- for my owen use on the passage. I forget the vessel’s name now, or the Company, but however they Booked me through to Napier, and I left Dunedin on the 5th and called in at Lyttelton on the 6th and while on shore I saw a Lady fellow passenger, who with her child was going to meet her

31 Vestigial digits or claws not reaching the ground.

husband at Christchurch and had Telegraphed to him, but had received no answer, and she said if she could get someone to carry her child up the hill she would walk across to ChCh. I volunteered to carry it for her and we both walked to the top of the range when I left her and had to run down to be able to catch the last boat going off to the Steamer. It was a very near chance of losing my passage.

I had previously inspected the Tunnel³² as far as I could safely go, as notices were posted up that no one was allowed in except they had a pass and as I had no pass and did not know how to get one, I could not go in, which I regretted as it was under construction.

We arrived in Wellington on the 7th and stayed 24 hours. I went on shore and had a look round and came back again to the Vessel and when it came to within an hour or so of sailing I found that we were not going to Napier at all but going round the West Coast to Wainganui, Taranaki & Manakau, and I made enquiries from the Captn. and he told me that was his rout. I asked what I should do and he advised me to see the Agents, and I went on Shore and saw them, and they told me I would have to wait a fortnight for the next steamer, and as there was no help for it, I had to do it, but I asked who was to pay my expenses and the Agent said I would have to pay my own, but I told him No, that I would not pay them. They had booked me Through and if they could not take me through they should keep me until they could fulfil their contract, and he saw the fairness of the thing and asked what sum per day I would require. I named 10/- per day but he said it was too much, that 7/6d ought to be enough. So I took the 7/6d and went every morning to the Office and got my money and signed about four receipts for it. But I did not have to wait the fortnight for on the 12th the Govt. Steamer "Sturt," Capn. Fairchild was leaving for Napier, with some Govt. Officials and the Agent got me a passage in her, so that I was only five days in Wellington and about the third day I discovered the Museum and spent the most of my time in it. I there saw the Moas egg for the first time and the skeleton of the Moa and a great many other things.

In the same vessel, and booked through from Lyttleton, was a Mr. Minchin, a Brother-in-law of Mr. Guinness' and he was delayed also in Wellington but he did not claim his expenses, but got his passage with the Sturt also. We were to have left Wellington on the night of the 11th August 1866 but it blew too heavy for the Sturt and

32 The Lyttelton Rail Tunnel, completed in 1867, links Christchurch with Lyttelton.

we lay by the wharf all night and sail'd about 4 a.m. on the 12th. Capt'n. Fairchild had engaged a Mate in Wellington and when it was decided not to sail on the 11th the Mate asked leave to go on Shore again for an hour or two and got it, and came back about 1 a.m. rather the worse for Liquor so much so that when he came on board insted of walking down the Companion ladder he fell down it, and lay helpless at the bottom till day-light at which time we were out at Sea. The Capt'n. disrated the mate and sent him Forward.

One of the Cabin passengers said to Fairchild "You ought to give the man another chance" "Oh! yes" said F "I will give him two more chances. I will put him on Shore at Napier, and give him a chance to live and a chance to die" Which he did, and I never saw either after.

Chapter XVIII

I landed in Napier, for the second (and last?) time on the 14th of August 1866 at about 9 a.m. I walked up to Town to arrange my money matters with the Bank, and met Mr. Guinness at the Saddle at the Old Bank, and I fixed up what I had to do and then walked down to the far end of the Town, which would be about as far as where the Union Bank is now, or perhaps Holts, and then walked back to the Spit and crossed the ferry to the Western Spit, and shouldered my Swag (a very heavy one too, and I may mention here, that that was the last time I carried my Swag and I hope I may never have to carry it again). I reached Villers early in the Afternoon and wanted to stop there, but for some unexplained reason, he advised me to go on to Tongoi, saying I had plenty of time. I took his advice and went on, but I was very sorry I did so, for about three Miles beyond Villers' I came on to noted Tongoi Beach, a stretch of soft Shingle, about two miles long, where one sinks up to the knees at every step, and my Swag was beginning to feel heavy, and darkness came on just as I got to the end of it but yet I had another good mile to go to Tongoi and in trudging along I saw lights to my left and I stumbled along through the Flax towards the lights but came to a River which stopped me. I Coooeed, and a Maori came to the other bank. I could not speak Maori and he could not speak English, so we stood one on each side of the River very much like two fools I being the greater because I had forgotten the name of Tongoi, but had a letter in my pocket with Tongoi written on it; and I took out the letter and struck and Match to try and find the name, which I did and sung out "Tongoi". The

Maori said something which I did not understand, and I called again "Tongoi. Where is Tongoi" "Oh! Higher up" I thought he said. I thanked him and turned round & floundered through the Flax again to the road and went Higher up as the Maori told me to do, and found the place all right; but on telling my adventures I found the Maori did not tell me to go higher up but said "Haere" i.e. Go away

I found a Mr. Willis (of Duncan & Willis) there and he made me very comfortable indeed. I slept there all night and started after Breakfast, and called at McKinnons at Arapawanui and went on and arrived at Moeangiangi in time for a late Dinner in the Afternoon of the 15th of August & I have found that I have done (or begun) a good many things on that day.

I found two men at Moeangiangi and I asked if I could stay for the night, Guinness not being there. Oh yes I could stay and they made me comfortable and I did not tell them who I was till about 9 p.m.

I found the Country I had come through remarkably rough and wondered how it was possible to get Sheep out of it, the Fern being far higher than the Sheep & I thought I would not like it but I came to like it very well.

I stopped at Moeangiangi till the 5th of April 1868, at which date my Hyroglyphic Diary ends and my Diary in ordinary writing begins so that all I can write from this date is only a condensation of my Diarys.

On the 29th Sept 1866, I bought some Ewes (79 I think) from Wm. Hubbard for £80, which was fair value for them at that time, and that was my first attempt at Sheep farming.

And there came a shepherd to Moeangiangi, George Farrow, and he had some Sheep also, on the next Station, and we together bought an unstocked sheep run of about 10,000 acres, from Philip Dolbel—now my Uncle-in-law, and Guinness getting into difficlies through a fearful depression, he had to make a composition with his creditors, and being unable to pay me all my wages, he sold me some Sheep, which Farrow and I took to this place we bought—Kakariki—and made a Start on our owen account under the firm of Farrow & Balfour and we arrived at Kakariki on 8th April 1868.



Hawke's Bay sites.

The Moeangiāngi speculation turned out a failure for poor Mr. Guinness, he left it without a penny, and I was awfully sorry for him. He stopped about 6 mos. in Hawkes Bay until he eareened enough to pay his passage Home where he got a small start and went to America and started cattle, sometimes doing well and sometimes very bad, and eventually he lost his all again and went off Shepherding in lower California, but I have not heard from him for four or five years, but at present (7/4/85) his Brother-in-law, Captain Barlow, is in Napier with

his Vessel, the "Tainui" 5200 tons 5000 HP and if he is still there for another week I intend to see him. (Did not see him).

Moeangiangi was a very rough and scrubby place, and small, only about 3000 Sheep, and an awful place to Muster, and as a rule there was only Farrow and I to muster it, and one Season we Mustered for Seven Months, right out, almost every day, mustering over and over again, the same ground, and always got Woolly sheep. It was here I broke in my famous dog "Waite" or Daddy, which I brought from Prestons, and owing to the practice I had I made him a most splendid dog, and his breed has spread all over Hawkes Bay, altho' I have never seen one equal to him yet. I have still a Grandson of his, and if it had not been for the Old Dog I never would have been able to work Kakariki, particularly after Farrow left.

Chapter XIX

I mentioned before, that I (or rather We Farrow & I) arrived at Kakariki on the 8th of April 1868 and found it a perfect wilderness of Bush, Manuka & fern and we had plenty of work cut out for us. We began fencing a small Paddock with posts and rails and clearing a Garden, big enough to grow all we should require, Wheat for grinding into Flour with a hand mill, and potatoes, Pumpkins &c. &c. We cleared about 1½ acres and put in an Acre of Wheat, and worked almost night and day till Shearing came on, when I went to help Tait Bros. to Muster and one night in coming home James Tait and I called into a neighbours place and heard the news that Te Kooti and his gang had made a Raid on Poverty Bay and had killed some 140 Whites and Maoris which put everybody in fear of their lives.

This Massacre happened on the 10th November 1868 and from that time for about Four Years I very rarely lay down at night without a loaded Rifle for my Bedmate.

But my pen entirely fails me now to paint the fears, troubles and anxieties that I (and all others in the district) had during these next four years, principally through undefined dangers. Actual danger, there was often none, but undefined danger was always present, and in my case, as I was often alone, imagination would often conjure up something to be afraid off and render me truly miserable.

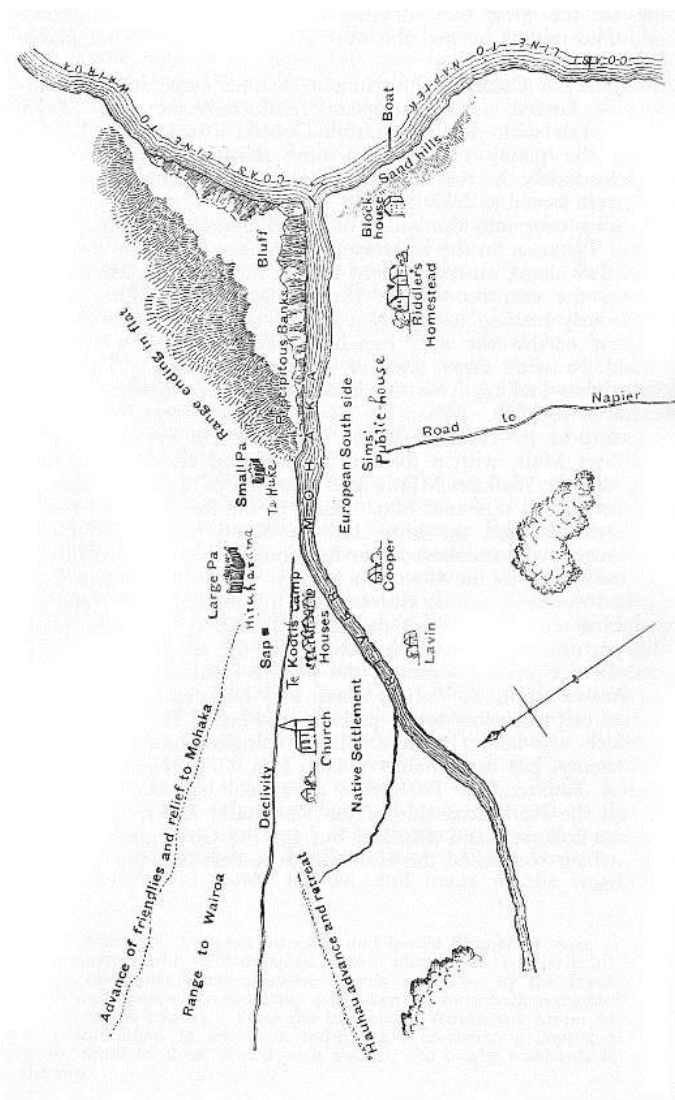
But at this time I was not so bad as I was after the Mohaka Massacre, which happened some 5 months after Poverty Bay.

On Decr. 7th 1868 I was put on the Intelligence Troop which formed a solid line of Communication from the Upper Mohaka crossing (where the Taupo Road is now), and I am not sure if it did not reach as far South as Kuripapango, up to Opotiki, and if that line had been kept on I do not see how the Hauhaus could have got to Mohaka. But they were all disbanded on the 27th January 1869.

By this time we had finished our Shearing and sold the Wool for Threepence per pound, which was its Market price that year, & both Farrow and I spent most of the Summer Mustering for our neighbours. I musted for Tait in February and for Guinness in March and was still there in April when I got the news of the Massacre of the People of Mohaka, and the very thought of which almost makes me sick even at this distance of time (11/4/85). We were all out on the Run, Moeangiangi, when a man brought us the news, and the thing was. How to get from where we were, if we went one way we might run on to the Hauhaus, and if we went another way we might do the same. However, we did get to the Moeangiangi house & each took turns to keep guard while some others were packing up the things most valuable and others getting Horses, so that in about two hours we all—Guinness Campbell and 3 others, start in direction of Napier, Willie Campbell and I in front. Guinness and another bringing up the rear, with the Pack horses and Charlotte—Maori Woman—in the middle, and on the North hill of Arapawanui we saw a troop of men coming down the South hill. Each took the other for Hauhaus, but I had a splendid Telescope & I recognized McKinnon & Murdock McIver, and the Troop turned out to be Towgood going up to the relief of the Mohaka Pa.

Guinness Campbell and I decided to turn back with them but got only as far as Moeangiangi again, and next day only got as far as Taits and we did not arrive at the Pa till early in the morning of the 13th, after Te Kooti had been gone two days.

But I never saw a more sickening Sight than was to be seen around the Pa, particularly the Pa Huki, which was taken and its defenders massacred.



The Mohaka river mouth showing the two pa (Hiruharama and Te Huke) sacked by Te Kooti, as well as Sims' public house and Lavin's and Cooper's houses.

Balfour's Kakariki was half a day's ride upstream.

(Plan from Cowan J 1956. *The New Zealand wars*. RE Owen, Wellington).

The dead were laying as they fell. Augh!! Tis sickning to think of it, let alone write of it; suffice to say the Friends were buried and the enemies left to rot where they lay, provided they were not too close to the Pa for the smell to cause a Nuisance, in that case they were dragged, with a rope, generally tied to one leg only, with every imaginable insult possible to heap on to a dead body, and thrown into the River over a very high cliff (where two of them lay for at least six months till a big flood washed them out to Sea).

Now all this time I was very anxious about my partner Farrow. No one knew whither he was killed or not. On the 15th I joined a party to go up the River to bury the dead. We found Lavins three dear little Boys aged about 8, 6 and 4 years by appearance they had been sailing a toy boat in the River (as it was laying by one of them) when they took the alarum at seeing the Hauhaus and run for home, the youngest was about 60 yards from the River, the next about 70 and the eldest about 80 yards and all Tomahawked, leading me to believe that they all had a fair Start and the eldest—and strongest out run the weaker ones by the distance there was between them.

Cooper—it is surmised—suspected something wrong & run to alarum Lavin. But Lavin had prevsily been alarumed & had got into the Scrub, and while Cooper was runing from Lavins house towards the Scrub he got Shot through the neck and fell dead. Lavin and his wife—it is surmised—had got some alarum and run for some thick Manuka Scrub on the flat above their house, & it is a well known fact that a Half caste Hauhau, who knew Lavin well and just after their Children and Cooper had been killed called out “Lavin, Come and take your Children with you.” They (the Lavins) thinking it was some friend, as the Halfcaste spoke good English, Shewed themselves and was instantly Shot dead and died in each others arms.

After burying the above, or rather covering them with earth, I saw my Partner who had just come up from Napier and he gave me the following account. On the morning of the 10th he and a half-caste, were going out on the Run early in the morning—a fine quiet morning it was too,—and they heard a termendous firing of Rifles down the River, they turned back to the House and got their horses and rode down with the intention of going to Mohaka and in one certain part of the road Lavins house could be seen, and when they were at that exact spot they saw Lavins house burst out in flame, they then knew it was Hauhaus, and put Spurs to their horses back to Kakariki.

Hurriedly removed some things from the house and planted them in the Bush and rode off to Maungaharuru and alarmed the people there, and they all rode into Napier alarming all the Settlers on their way, then when Farrow got to Town, he began to get anxious about me, and came right back to see if I was dead or alive, and we met by the grave of our friends the Lavins and Cooper and he there and then wanted me to buy him out as he would not stay another night in the Country if he could help it. But I told him I would not like to buy him out until I knew if the house (Kakariki) was burned or not. We told our plans to Messrs Guinness & Wm. Campbell—who were there—and asked them if they would accompany us to the top of Kakariki hill where we could look down on the House. They agreed to go with us, and we had to pass another burned home Home stead, Mautaua—and on to Kakariki hill and saw that the house was not burned. Farrow and I wanted to turn back, but Guinness & Campbell wanted to go down, as there was good feed for Horses, and since they had come so far with us, it was but fair we should go further with them, and we went down, and found nobody had been at the place. We formed ourselves into two partys of two each, one party to keep “Sentry go” while the other was cooking & eating. Then about 10 p.m. Campbell proposed that he & Guinness went to bed leaving Farrow and I to square up our accounts till 2 a.m. when they would get up & Farrow & I go to bed, and it was carried out. Farrow and I squared our accounts and agreed as to the sum I was to give him for his Share (I often wished after that, that I had let the place be put up to Auction and fetch what it would and let us both get out of it) and I could only buy provided Mr. Dolbel would renew a bill he held for part of the original purchase money. At 2 a.m. Guinness & Campbell got up and we went to bed. Farrow did not lie 20 minutes when he got up again and walked “Sentry go” outside till daylight. I slept very well till wakened for Breakfast and when I got up I found it a Wet Morning, steady light rain. Campbell & Guinness proposed staing all day, Farrow would not hear of it. But C. & G. said they were to stop there for the day and Farrow could go if he liked, but he was too frightened to go by himself and I did not care to go with him so we all stopped all day and next night Farrow not sleeping a wink either night, and in the utmost terror.

We all left Kakariki on the morning of the 17 April and made very easy stages so that I reached Dolbels by my self on the 20th April 1869. And that was the first time I had been there or seen any of the

family, and they made me at home at once. I remained there until the 27th. Philip Dolbel at once promised to renew my bill, and renew it as often as I liked till it was convenient for me to pay it. So I bought Farrow out, and dissolved the Partnership, Farrow starting right away the same day for Auckland en route for England and I never saw him more; he was a very hard-working man, very "Money grubbing", and as a neighbour remarked "He tried to catch the World by the speed of Feet". He was a big powerful man, but in any sort of danger was as helpless as a child, with fear. I am happy to say that I was able to pay off Farrows bills as they became due and also Dolbels after the first renewal—I worked out the greater part of his in Mustering and shearing &c.

[Balfour and Farrow advertised their breakup in the *Hawke's Bay Herald*]

NOTICE.

THE Partnership hitherto existing between us, George Farrow and David Paton Balfour, Sheepfarmers, Mohaka, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, as witnesses our signatures.

GEORGE FARROW
D. P. BALFOUR,

Witness—MILES HUDSON.
April 26, 1869.

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NOTICE.

I DAVID PATON BALFOUR, exonerate GEORGE FARROW from all debts contracted by us up to this date, as I have no further claim against him.

D. P. BALFOUR.

Witness to above signature—
John Stead,
Napier, April 27, 1869.

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On the 28th I left Napier and got to the Mohaka Pa on the night of the 30th. And next day I rode up to Kakariki by myself, and I may say here that from to-day I became a desperate man. I had Contracted a lot of Debts, and had promised to pay them in a certain time. I could not possibly pay them in any other way than by the sheep, and I regularly went up and went round the sheep about once a week, but often went in thorough despairation. I seldom did

anything in shape of improvement, simply gathered in the outside sheep to keep them from Straying too far, always Slept outside, and away in the middle of the Run. My general mode was to leave Mohaka just after Breakfast, ride up to the house, leave my horse there, take a small Blanket and start round the sheep, go until it got dark, lie down in the fern till daylight and next morning continue round, come to house, get my horse, take some stores—i.e. wheat, potatoes, onions &c, start for Mohaka & get down about 4 or 5 p.m. The people at the mouth of the River used to tell me I was Mad to tempt Providence the way I did, But I had made up my mind. I had to clear off this debt, or die in the attempt. I made up my mind never to go through the Insolvent Court, while God gave me health and strength and as I said above, I did clear off the Debt by the given time, but it was by a Desperate Struggle.

When I look back on it now, I think to myself “I would rather go through Fifty Insolvent Courts, than go through what I did. But possibly if I were placed in the same predicament as I was then I would do now as I did then. I hope I won’t have to try.

When the time came for Sowing the Seed Wheat, (June 1869) I went up for a longer stay than usual, and to put in some Wheat for next year. I lay in the Bush during the day, and dug the ground by Moonlight, and I intended to cook some Pork, Potatoes, &c. in the Bush, when it got dark, and I waited patiently for darkness to set in, and when I thought it was dark enough I lit the fire, but it Shewed too much. The glare I thought would just lead any Hauhau right up to me and I put the fire out at once, and lived there days on Raw green Indian corn and raw onions and Peach jam and water, did not dare to light a fire either night or day, but got the Wheat in, and just when it was beautifully out in Ear and promising to be a splendid crop, the Wild Cattle broke down my fence and Totally destroyed the whole lot. I thought it hard luck, but still I stuck to it.

When Shearing time came on, I went up and Musted and Sheared all the sheep I could get, and all by myself and packed the Wool to Mohaka, Sent it to Napier, had it Scoured at Meanee and sent it Home, where it averaged Ten pence per Pound, with about Threepence per pound to be deducted for freight to Napier & to Home, Carryer Scouring &c. leaving me Seven pence per pound Nett, or equal to about what I got the last year, viz: 3d per lb in the grease. Still I stuck to it.

I ought to have mentioned just before this paragraph that I knew of some of my neighbours who did not pay their Govt. Rent and yet were allowed to retain their Runs and as I was Very Short of Cash I did not pay my Rent, about £40 and the Consequence was that my Run and Four other Runs were all Confiscated at once and were to be sold to the highest bidder on the 14th July 1869. I started down to Napier with 12/6 (all the Cash I could have raised as I thought in this world at the time) in my pocket to go and buy a 10,000 acre Run!! Through getting delayed on the Road by not finding the crossing of the Petene River, I reached the Land Office just as they were reading the Conditions of Sale. Mine I think was the last to be put up and I bid for it and it was knocked down to me at One Farthing per acre for Fourteen years, one of the conditions were that £5 had to be paid down on the fall of the hammer. I had now only 11/6 having had to pay 1/- for the ferry at the Spit. I saw Mr. Kinross there—he had just bought Moutaua³³—and there was still a small balance due to me from Guinness’ estate with a very poor chance of me ever getting it, but I asked him if there was any chance, he being a Trustee of my getting it and he said the chance was very remote. I told him the fix I was in, about the £5 for the Licence. “Oh!” said he “I’ll advance you the £5.” Right off, at once without any hesitation. I believe I grew nine inches taller at once, what a load off my mind, he gave me the £5 and I gave him a Receipt for it, to be paid in one year with 5% interest added—it was nearer to two years before I paid it but he only charged the one years interest, and it is to him and that £5 that I owed my ability to pay off the Debts, and I often and often think about that £5, not for the money only but for the way in which it was given. But even if he had not come to my relief there was another man, or rather two men waiting for me at the door to see if I had or could rise the £5. Those men were Philip Dolbel and Sam Parson, the latter I had only once seen at that time; he was married to a Niece of Dolbels, and eventually, became my Brother-in-law.³⁴

Ten years later William Colenso, acting on behalf of land agent Andrew Luff (who was schooling his sons in London) wrote, “P. Dolbel is at Wgn., w. his Petition, *re Carter’s mistake* in letting the Mohaka Run. I drew it up for him—or, rather, *them*,—himself,

33 Mautaua, part of Springhill station where the Lavins were killed by Hauhau.

34 Samuel Parsons married Annie Roberts on 2 April 1868 at Philip Dolbel’s house, Springfield, Taradale. She was the sister of Elizabeth Roberts, Balfour’s future wife. *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 11 April 1868.

Balfour, Eust Fannin. Bee, are in it.—Well, I can say no more, & have striven to do that”³⁵.



Philip Dolbel in later life

[The petition is preserved in the Hawke's Bay Museums Trust collection in Napier. It is in Colenso's writing.]

When I came out Dolbel asked me how I was to get on about the £5 and if I had not got it, that he would pay it for me, and Sam said if Philip had not the amt. on him that he had. Tears comes in my eyes even now, while I write, to see how strangers were flocking to help me. May God prosper them as he has prospered me.

Chapter XX

I had now started on a fresh lease of Kakariki and got back to the Pa of Mohaka on the 16th July 1869.

My First winter and first Shearing is already mentioned. I was now living in the Pa among the Maoris, but finding, Cooking & eating my own food. Simply sleeping in the Pa, and along with me was the man who was looking out for Moutaua Run, a North-of-Ireland-man, well educated and a Splend Companion and Neighbour. A man that gives me pleasure to write his name in full. John Jackson Power. He and I were fast friends while I remained at Mohaka and we are so still.

I found I could not do the Sheep fair play by only going up once a week and on the 19th July/69 I went up to stop, and only coming down about once a week. I built myself a small but in the Bush and lived in it, But was not Satisfied with the first one. I built a Second

35 Colenso to Luff 19 September 1876. ATL MS-Copy-Micro-0485-4.

one, and there was always undefined rumours about where the Hauhaus were and I lived in a constant dread of some undefined danger, always sleeping with my loaded rifle in the back of the bed, and at the end of the First year I find this entry in my Diary, "Sunday 10th (April 1870). This is the anniversary of the Mohaka Massacre, and what a year I have spent to be sure! Had any one told me I could have done it I would not have believed it. I have lived alone the greater part of the year with my life in danger, not only every day but every hour of the day and no apperance of things mending."

I was gradually getting more accustomed to the undefined danger, or rather—I think—getting more desperate for I find I began to work again on the 2nd May/70. I find this entry, "1870. May 2nd. Commenced to finish the fence round the Grub ground (i.e. garden) that was commenced first on the 5th January 1869. Sixteen months ago, and to-day I struck the first blow (towards doing any improvement) that has been struck since the 10th March 1869 (nearly 14 months) and all this time I have been dormant, with regard to improvements. But oh! what a 14 months it has been. I do not think I could stand a repetition of it, and it is to be hoped I will not have to try, for the country seems to be in a better state now, than it has been since September 1868."

And under date 11th May 1870, I find "Altho' I have commenced to work, yet I often pause and consider if it is yet Safe...." And under June 6th I find . . "That leaves me the outsider, there being no living soul now between me and the Hauhaus." And under July 24th I find, aluding to the death of Lamplough,³⁶ . . "Truly my neighbours and acquaintances are being removed with Surprising rapidity, there being first, Allen, then Murry, then the five Lavins & Cooper and C Wilkinson & 40 or 50 Natives—acquaintances—and now Lamplough all within two years, and none died from natural causes, except Murry—Awful Contemplation!"

Under date 29th July/70 I find, aluding to the Drowning of James Tait . . "If accidental deaths and murders continue at the same ratio for the next two years as they have done for the last two years, really there will not be a living Soul left in the Mohaka district and I cannot be too thankful for my own miraculs escape in the beginning of this prest year."

36 The inquest found the cause of death was drowning however family tradition believes Edmund Lamplough was ambushed and the mail stolen.

The above miraculis escape happened thus. Under date 4th January 1870, "I started for home (firm Moutaua) feeling very low spirited. When I came to the Creek it looked pretty high but I thought I would try it and try it I did, and got about half-way up (the crossing) when the water took the feet from under the Mare. She slewed broadside onto the Current which fairly took her feet away. She rolled over—up the Stream—with me under her, but clear of the (Pack) Saddle. I was a long time before I could get from underneath, but by a mighty effort I managed it, and found myself in the middle of a roaring, surging torrent, and sank twice, but still retained my prescence of mind to a remarkable degree. I struck boldly for the Shore and just as I was giving myself up, I said Oh God give me strength for a few more strokes and directly my feet touched bottom; but the current was too strong. I could do nothing but run with it, and cling to the bank. At last I got into an eddy and scrambled up the slippery Papa rock. How fervently I thanked God for saving my poor life once more. The poor mare was carried down the Stream nearly a Mile and found bottom in the centre of the River beyond the reach of man." I may add she stood there till dark and in the morning she was gone and I did not find her till the 7th. The pack saddle belonged to George Bee and I had to walk 60 miles! to get it and carry it 15 miles on my back.

The 60 miles were made up of 15 from Kakariki to the Mouth of the River—the only place I could cross—15 up to where the Mare was, 15 down with the Saddle & 15 more home again.

On the last day of 1870 I find written, "Another year of uncertainty has passed and gone. Confidence has not fully returned yet. The Hauhaus are often reported at the Lake (Waikaremoana) and sometimes at Putere, and altho I have slept in the House since the 29th October, yet I never feel myself comfortable. I close this this year with a hope that confidence may soon be restored."

January 20th 1871 Extract

"Since the 2nd May/70 I have gradually brought my tools home and to-day I have brought in the last—the Cross cut Saw—which shews confidence is slowly returning. But I have not fired off my Rifle yet. Still have it for a Bed mate yet; and still loaded."

I got over my Shearing this year very well, and sent the Wool Home in the Grease and got a very fair Price for it, and went Musting for my neighbours and getting on very well Financially, able to meet any bills as they became due.

I went to Maungaharuru to Muster for Mr. Dolbel on the 25th Jan'y 1871 and did not get back again to Kakariki till the 28th March when I found traces of Maoris at the House which frightened me a good deal. But found next day they were two Friendly Maoris that had got Outlawed—a man and a woman—for purience. They lived about a fortnight with me and I was rather sorry when their friends came and took them away—for “Bad company is (in my case) better than none.”

I passed through the winter of 1871 very much the same as I did 1870, if anything I was getting more hardened to my lot, or more disperate, but one thing I can remember, I never made any unnecessary Noise. I remember one day washing out a large tin dish, and I looked at the bottom of it and said “I wish I could play the Tamborine on you” but I didn't I was afraid some Hauhau might perhaps hear me. But under date 31st December 1871 I find . . . “And so finished another year, but I am happy to note down that confidence is all but restored again, and that Kereopa³⁷ is caught, tried and condemed and lies in Napier awaiting execution. But Te Kooti is not yet caught, but is hunted about to that degree that he is perfectly harmless. The River (i.e. the Settlement) has improved wonderfully this last year and there is more inhabitants now than before the Massacre, viz:—Mr. & Mrs. Stack and 3 children, Mr. and Mrs. Bee and 7 of a family, Mr. and Mrs. W Sim and child, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. J Sim and 6 family, D Berry, N McReedy, N Wallace, J McBurney, J J Power, J Vaunt, G Dugan and myself, making a total of 35, about twice as many as before the Massacre. “May it increase.”

That was the finish of 1871. See what the entry of 13th January 1872, says. “After dark Mr. Dolbel, G Dugan, Joe Vaunt—and Ropata came and told me the Hauhaus had burned down Maungaharuru, five buildings and one of them contained £100 worth of wool.”

Now that entry, coming as it does only 13 days after the entry saying that Confidence was all but restored shews the dreadful uncertainty under which I lived.

Jan'y 27th (Extract) “I went in a fit of desperation and burned a lot of the Run for feed for the Sheep. I feel very uncomfortable indeed, nearly as bad as I did 2½ years ago but I intend going to Mohaka

37 Kereopa Te Rau was tried and hanged on 5 January 1872 for the murder of missionary informant Carl Volkner. See Peter Wells' 2016 *Journey to a hanging*.

tomorrow and if possible not come back here again till next Shearing, l'Hom propose, et Dieu dispose.”

May 17th 1872. The Sheep Inspector sent in the Sheep returns to be filled up in the usual form, but I filled it up as under

17th May 1872

Being driven from my home by fear of the Hauhaus when they burned down my neighbours (Mr. Dolbel) Homestead, I am unable to say whither I had any sheep in my possession on the 1st May 1872. But if I happen to muster courage to go up and have a look I shall let you know if I have any and their marks &c.

I hereby declare the above return to be true to the best of my belief.

D.P. Balfour.

and I never heard anything more about it, and never paid the rate.

In a note at the end of the second Volume of Diary I find under date 12th July 1872

“When I commenced this Volume (13th May 1870) I was fencing in the garden which the (wild) pigs drove me out of, and was living in daily & Hourly dread of Hauhaus. But by degrees I gained confidence and left the Whare in the bush on the 29th Oct 1870 (sic) and slept in the House any time I was at home and by the end of 1871 confidence was all but restored. I was living in the House quite comfortable and in fact was thinking of finishing the house and dividing it up into rooms and going into improvements, when Behold! on the night of the 13th January 1872, after dark P Dolbel came and told me that Te Kooti had burned down Mangaharuru. I Thanked God I had escaped another time. On the 28th I left Kakariki with the determination of not coming back to it again until next Shearing. But I came back again to it on the 17th May/72 but was so most Awfully frightened that I could not stop upon any consideration and went down to Mohaka and stay the most of my time there, only coming up now and then for a night or so. And I am very unsettled—do not know what to do. And the rumour is now that Te Kooti has joined forces to those of Tetokowaru and preparing for another Raid.

I believe if they come into this district and I escape again, I shall never tempt providence more, but go somewhere where life is safe.

God grant peace may be restored ere I finish another volume.”

The thing which frightened me so awfully on the 17th May (as above) was this. On the 17th Feby 1872, while I was catching my horse to go to Maungaharuru to Muster, I found a small hole scraped in the water cress in a creek close to the House (at Kakariki) and some fresh twigs of green scrub laid by its side, as if some one had been washing something, and laying it on the scrub to keep it clean. I did not think so much of it, as I thought perhaps it might have been Power. I left a note in the House for him to go and have a look at the place and see if it was he had done it, and then I rode off to Maungaharuru and did not come back again till the 17th May when I saw some pigs close to the House and I killed three just around the doors, let my horse go in the paddock and went inside and found a note from Power saying he had examined the place (I told him of) and came to the conclusion that it must have been a Hauhau and that he had selected that Place as being the most convenient place for getting a Shot at me. Now I had often been “gallied”³⁸ or “finikie”³⁹ but I never was frightened before.

Here I was with the note in one hand and my Rifle in the other outside the house, in the dusk of the evening. My Horse gone to the other end of the Paddock, the Paddock surrounded on two sides by heavy Bush, on the third side by dense Manuka Scrub and the House on the fourth side.

Now the question arose in my mind. Is he here still? is he still looking out for a shot at me? If he is I cannot go and recatch my horse, he may be just ready to “pop me off”, and my killing the three pigs has just let him know I am here, and what am I to do? If I go this way, I may run right on to him, and if I go that way I may do the same. The Bush was quite close to the house—not 100 yards. I went into the Bush and stood my back against a large Matai tree and stood there at bay till it was dark and then laid myself down by a log and lay there all night.

In the Morning when daylight came in the whole flat was covered by a thick white Mist, a thing I never saw before, so thick I could scarcely see twenty feet. Bad luck upon bad luck. He might be

38 Hurried, vexed, over-fatigued, perhaps like a galley slave.

39 Fussy

standing within 20 feet of me and I not know it. However, the fog cleared in about an hour and I could see the horse. I went and caught him, loaded him up with provisions and started for Mohaka, not caring much whither I ever saw the place again, or not.

Now all this time there was no Real danger, it was only a danger that was undefined. If I could have seen that Hauhau I would have exchanged Shots with him with Pleasure, but I could not see him and could not tell where to look for the danger.

The end, and explanation, is this: After Te Kooti had burned Maungaharuru, one of his followers left him with the intention of giving himself up. He had followed Dolbel and I for two days, and then followed Joe Vaunt and I to Kakariki and was going to give himself up to us, but was afraid as we always carried our Rifles, and when Joe and I started to Mohaka, he would not follow us any longer. Neither would he come to Mohaka to give himself up because he was at the Massacre there, but crossed the River and went and gave himself up at the Wairou.

All this I heard, but of course, long after the information was of any use in preventing me from getting frightened.

July 7th 1872 Extract:

“I feel very uncomfortable. If Power do not come tomorrow as he promised I shall go down. For I cannot stand this.”

The Sheep Inspector, Mr. Peacock (—George Bee’s Brother-in-law) asked George if he knew of any steady man who knew Scab on Sheep, as he wanted such a man to keep the Provincial Boundry between Hawkes Bay and Wellington, and George recommended me. This was on the 26th July 1872 and on the 6th of August I decided to take the Boundry keeping and on the 7th I leased Kakariki to George Bee, and on the 8th I received a letter offering me the Management of Major Carlyon’s Station, Gwavas. On the 10th I left Mohaka, oh! with what a light heart I turned my horses head towards civilization, not caring altho I never saw Mohaka again, in fact I have only seen it twice since and I do not care if I never see it again.

On the 12th I got into Napier and saw Mr. Peacock, and altho he wanted me badly to take the Boundry, yet as he said for my own good he would advise me to take Carlyons, but I asked him if it would not put him out: me promising to take the place and then not taking it, but he said he had three other applicants and he advise me to take Carlyons.



Major George Gwavas Carlyon

And I met a man in Greys Hotel named Angus McMaster, and we got talking together, and I found him a most extraordinary man, for solid sense and anactote I have not met his equal. I told him how I had been situated for the last four years and what I was about to do, the two chances I had, and he knowing both places, advised me, without hesitation to take Carlyons, which on the 13th I did and arrived at Gwavas on the 15th August 1872.

I found it to be very poor soil, very cold climate, a very bad class of sheep, and been very badly conducted, and worked very short-handed. There was about 30,000 acres, 12,000 sheep, about 200 head of Cattle and 120 Horses/ponys, all in about the last stages of Starvation, so I was not very favorably impressed with my new home and never was favorably impressed with it, and another thing I never will. For the first nine months it was one continual growel, growel, Row, Row, Row, quarrel, quarrel. But I had signed agreement for one year (before seeing the Place) and one year I intended to stay, even as they say in Scotland "Even if the Divil sat on the bridge of his nose the whole time" and according to this agreement I was to give Three Months notice, or if I faild, it woud be rickoned as equivelant to signing for another year. But I took care to give my notice in due time and then from that out I never could have been more comfortable. I could do nothing wrong; I had £100 (by agreement) for the first year. I was offered £170 of a rise or £270 if I would stay another year, but I would not stay. I would rather have gone Shepherding for £65 or £70 a year than stay.

But there was not much fear of me having to go Shepherding for I gave the notice and made it known that I was to leave, on the 15th May and on the 3rd June I received a letter from Robert D. McDougall asking if I was open for an engagement as Overseer and under June 4th I find, "Spent a very pleasant night with Mr. Burnett & Mr. Condie, the latter is very keen to get hold of me almost by any

means, he tells me not to be afraid, nor yet be in a hurry (to take a place) as he wants me for Wool-classing next Shearing and wants to recomend me to the Hon the Defence Minister as Manager of the Aketio Station, but tells me H W P Smith wants to get me to mange Olig. (He wrote to me twice about the same), so all this coming after McDougalls letter and the four others (Kennedy Merritt and two others) that wanted to get me while in Napier almost turns my head, for I cannot see what there is in Me to make people run after me in this way. I have no idea where it is going to end for the Major will never let me go, unless I fairly kick up a row with him which I do not want to do."

20th June 1873. Got a letter from a sheepfarmer offering me £100 per annum as overseer for Him (H.W.P. Smith).

About the end of July (29th) Gussy Carlyon (the Major not being at Home) got all the men on the Spree, and kept them at it for about ten days. About the middle of it the Woolshed was burned down (3rd August 73). The Major being in Napier, he came home on the 21st, nearly a week after my time expired, and sent me off all over the country to find the best shed I could get, for him to build a new one on the best model. I saw several and fixed on Gollans, made plans and specifications of it and pegged out the ground for it, by the 4th September.

Extract from Diary 9th Sept. 1873

Told the Major I must make a stand somewhere, told him I would give him to-day and no more.

Extract 10th Sept.

Did some business at Hampden & back to Gwavas 11 a.m., had something to eat, settled up with the Major, who settled in a very Gentlemanly way, namely giving me a considerable present in Money over and above what was due to me. Had a parting glass and started with the Major & Mr. Bryson, examined Double crossing (for a Bridge), laid off a cutting at **V** where and down the Road made a Contract with Sommerville to split 20,000 shingles (all on the Majors behalf). Parted with the Major not far from Captn. McLean, where he told me that his house should always be open to me any time I liked to call that way, and I thanked him and told him I was sorry I could not stay with him, he said he could not ask a dog to stay and be treated as I had been treated and so we parted.

Chapter XXI

On the 13th September 1873, I agreed with Mr. R D McDougall to take the mangement of Mangawhare for £125 per annum, just £145 less than I would have got from the Carlyons, but I soon got it voluntarily raised to more than Carlyon offered. I liked the place (and the owenes too, Messrs Kinross & McDougall, but McD. sold out of it six months after I went) and from a note at the close of 1873 I find . . . “I heard Maungawhare was very rough but I thought if it was rougher than Maungaharuru or Mocangiangi, it must be bad.” (and I did not decide until I saw it) “I find things far more to my fancy than Carlyons, for none of the parties concerned are of the Penny-wise & Pound-foolish race, but open handed and liberal. The Neighbours are good and the Climate is even better than that at Carlyons. In fact on the whole I am Satisfied with myself, therefore I am satisfied with everything around. So all that remains for me to do now is to wish myself many returns of the Season, in the same humour.
D.P. Balfour”

and I have now had 11 of them.

Extract 11th February 1874

“Mr H A Duff told me H W P Smith wanted me to manage Olig, as he had heard I was leaving (a false report). Mr. Kinross told me, he and all concerned wished me to stay.”

I never did intend leaving, and I do not know how the report originated.

Note at close of 3rd Vol of Diary

May 31st 1874. *I can only close this volume with a wish that I may never be worse off, nor less satisfied with myself and with everyone else.*
D P Balfour”

And at Commencement of Vol IV I find, “*I commence this volume under more favorable circumstances than I did Vol III, far from being a poor Sheep farmer, haunted day and night by a dread of I am now a well-to-do Manager of Station of 16,000 sheep, and able to give myself satisfaction, which was not always the case during the writing of Vol III, and as far as I can make out, I am giving satisfaction to my employer.*”

And I may add here that up to the present date (21st April 1885) Mr. Kinross has never either by word or deed shewed any sign that he was dissatisfied with me or with my managing of the place, and has only told me to do two things while I have been with him, viz:—to put



John Gibson Kinross

Spouting round the house & paint the old Shed, both while I was at Mangawhare,⁴⁰ and during the time I have been with him I have paid away (on the 4th March 1885) no less than £16,164..12..9½ in orders only on Mr. Kinross besides ordering stores, goods, seed, fencing, &c &c, and all without a challenge, and my Books and accounts have never yet been examined, showing that he places unbounded confidence in me, and he was up seeing me only a fortnight ago, and told me and others that he was highly pleased with what I had done. So much for Self praise.

On the 17th December 1875, I was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Roberts at Springfield, a Niece of the Messrs Dolbel and after a Short Courtship and a Shorter Engagement we were Married on the 18th Novr. 1876, Mr. Kinross being highly pleased with me doing so and invited himself to the Wedding and enjoyed himself very much.

And according to the most books which are written I ought to stop here. But I will say just a few words more yet.

We have now been married nearly nine years. They have not been unalloyed happiness but very near it. The only drawback was during the first three or four months until my wife got settled to the place, her main objection was that she was So far from her friends—four hours ride—but she gradually got used to the distance and more resigned to her fate and I can only say that with the above exception we have been very comfortable together and then the children helped to amuse her while I was away and we had three children very quick after we were married. Arthur was born just under ten months after we were married Edith 13 months after Arthur and Ernest 13 months after Edith, so that by the time we were three years and four days married we had three children and since then we have had no more,

40 See Appendix C

but Mrs. B. got some mysterious affliction in her Throat just after Ernest was born which defies all the Doctors in New Zealand to cure or even say what it is, and it is not cured yet, but does not give sufficient trouble now to cause anxiety.⁴¹

On the 4th June 1875, Miss Goudy (Mr. Kinross's niece) asked me to get her some Ferns, and some few days after I started to gather some for her, and after I had got 10 or 12 in my Kit and found another one I had to lay all I had out and examine what I had so as not take too many of one kind, and the more I got the more I had to examine and compare, and the more beauty I saw in them and the more I studied them, the more I saw which had escaped my notice before, and after I studied them as far as the naked eye would go, I then took magnifying glasses to them and the more I magnified them the more I saw in them to admire & I took such a liking to them, and also to other vegetables, that I spend a deal of my spare time looking for them and at them, and I have already found three that are new to Science, 1 orchid, 1 Hepaticia and 1 Fungi. Besides 2 Mosses and two orchids which as yet doubtful, and I am and have been for some years in constant correspondance with Mr. Wm. Colenso, F.L.S. of Napier, one of the best—if not the best Botanists in New Zealand and have done a great deal of good to myself. What a beautiful field of amusement and intelectual recreation I have opened out for myself! and the more I study nature the more I see to admire, and I have now got so far as to be able to see how awfully ignorant I am⁴² (which is a good deal further than the generality of working men has gone).

Extract fm diary 16th July 1875 “It is in such places, where, alone, I can meet and talk to my Creator face to face undisturbed by any sub-lunary considerations whatever. I wandered about the place for some hours, as if I were in Heaven and only left it as darkness was coming on.”

Chapter XXII

As I have written the foregoing entirely for you, my Children, (~~as I do not intend anyone else to read it~~⁴³), I intend to conclude it with a few

41 A fourth child, Grace, was born in 1889 and died a few days later. Dulcie Grace was born on 25 March 1890.

42 See Appendix D

43 He must have changed his mind about his potential audience.

words of advice, and the first and most important advice I can give you is To Fear God. Consider that He always sees you and that He is always with you and often protects you from dangers of which you know nothing, and the best Book I can recomend you to read on the Subject is The Bible.

Then I would recommend you to Be Sober. By that I do not mean that you are to abstain from Spirituous Liquors only, but I mean Sober in the light that William Cobbett puts it in his "Advice to Young Men" page 101 where he says "By the word Sobriety I mean a great deal more than even a rigid abstainance from that love of drink.... I mean Sobriety of Conduct, which expresses Steadiness, seriousness, Carefulness & Scrupulous Propriety of Conduct." Of course, I also mean abstainance from Spirituous Liquors. Beware of Drink, it is a treacherous thing it coaxes its victims on and on and on until they arrive at a stage, when, with their health destroyed their living disapated their few friends left them and they stand in dispair, longing for another glass which supposing they got it and was told that if they drank it they would be pitched into Eternal Hell, and if they did not drink it they would be as certain of attaining eternal Heaven, they would drink it, with Hell before their eyes, open to receive them, and all through beginning perhaps with a Social glass, perhaps before going to bed, then extended to a glass with a few friends & so, on & on as above.

So, my Children I would have you to Beware of Spiritious Liquors, and also beware of the common saying "Oh! I know when I have enough, and then Stop." It is all very well, for a time, you will be able to stop, but the time comes when you know very well that you have had enough, but have not the Power to Stop.

Now to one who does not understand such thing, the above seems absurd, That a man has not the power to Stop from drinking another glass of Spirits when he has it in his hand. Don't you think it would be easier for a man to throw it away, than to drink it? But, No! if he has gone a certain distance (in drink) he would drink it, as I said above, on the Brink of Hell. There are many good books written on the subject. Amonst others I would recomend Cobbitts Advice quoted from above, and by being sober you will not have so much difficulty in following my other advices. And to give you an idea of the importance of the above subject, in my eyes, I was very nearly putting in as the First & Primary Consideration both for this world and for the next.

Next I would advise you to Be Honest. By that I do not mean you to abstain only from Stealing, or from Robbery or from anything which the laws of the land you live in would recognize as Felony. I would wish you to go far, far beyond that. To be Honest in Thought Word Deed and Action, for instance in Selling anything. Don't say that the thing is good, if you know, or have the slightest doubt, that it is not; nor never take an advantage over any one, even if you knew that it could never be discovered, the simple self-knowledge of not having taken the advantage being ample compensation in such a case.

Burns says:—

*“The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hand the wretch in order;
But where you feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.”*

You may see how men that are honest get trusted, and how they get along in this world compared with those who try every scheme to take advantage of their fellow men, and see how I myself have been trusted. You can see how—a few pages back—how Mr. Kinross has trusted me with over £16,000 in Money, uncounted; besides twice or thrice that amount in goods.

Now if I had not been Sober the chances would have been that I would not have been honest either, and certainly would not have got trusted with that amount of money &c. Therefore try by all means to become trustworthy, if you promise a thing perform it; even at your own loss, altho it might be a great loss, but you will not loose by it in the end.

Next, Avoid running into Debt and live always within your means. Chas. Dickens wrote in “David Copperfield” about a Mr. Macawber, who, altho he well knew the consequences of being in debt, always managed to get in somehow, and he says—to this effect, If a man has an income of one pound a day and spent Twinty Shillings and six pence, the result is Perfect Misery, but if a man with the same income spends Nineteen Shillings & six pence, the result is perfect bliss.

Now to avoid runing into debt you must be Sober, a Drunkard or a horse racer, or Gambler, never yet remained long so without getting into debt, and once you are in—if you still remain honest which I pray God you will, you will have a struggle to get out of it. See how I had to struggle, with a millstone—as the saying is—round my neck. But Thank God, I remained Sober and honest and worked my way out of it with a great many things against me.

One great source of debt is trying to appear bigger, better or Richer than you really are. Now I would wish you to avoid that. If you live beyond your means, you cannot do so without running into debt, and you may be able to keep up appearances for a time—by running deeper into debt—But I would rather see you, my children running your head into a halter than see you keep up apperances by runing into debt, for the day will come—must come when your creditors will walk in, take possession of everything and turn you, and perhaps a wife & family, out like so many dogs, then where are your apperances. Therefore let apperances go to the dogs and pay your way as you go, then you can be independant, and look every man in the face, and go with your head erect.

Next. If anyone should ask your advice on any matter, Give it freely, and give the best advice you can, and do not be disapointed or offended if your advice is not followed, but give the same person your advice again and again, and if he does not follow your advice, it is none of your business, but perhaps his own loss.

And if you should be so unfortunate as to have a disagreement with anyone, as you most likely will have and even if you get the worst of it, Never bear Malice, but make it up—apologise if nessisary—as soon as possible, for life is too short to be imbittered by bearing Malice and if you take the advice that Hugh Millers Uncle gave him, page 245 of “My Schools & Schoolmasters”, which is the advice I also give you: “In all your dealings, give your neighbour the cast of the bank (i.e. the turn of the scale—good measure heaped up and running over,)—and you will not loose by it in the end.” Which is a fact.

If you follow that out, it will go a great way to keep off the cause bearing malice, and also—Speak bad of no one nor yet listen to any one being spoken bad of, always speak of the absent as if they were present, and if you should hear anyone spoken bad of just think what they would say if they were present. And remember this if you should happen to know any one who is in the habit of running people down to you, remember that as soon as you leave them & they meet

someone else, they will back bite you as they do other people, therefore never trust or make a companion of any one who runs people down to you.

Do not be stubborn or bigoted in your opinions, for altho you may have formed an opinion on some certain subject, and found afterwards that your opinion was wrong, never stick to it simply because it was your opinion, give in at once, when you are convinced, and be not too hard to be convinced either particularly if proof is given. At the same time do not change your mind lightly when once you have formed an opinion stick to it until you are convinced otherwise, but beware of the things I often have heard, of each Country man thinking his own Country men better than the men from some other country. Thus an English man thinks Englishmen are better than any other, an Irishman thinks Irishmen are best and so on with Scotch, French, German or any other country, but there never was a greater mistake.

There is good and bad from every country, I have met very good Negroes, Chinamen, Maoris Russians Frenchmen, German Dutch, Swedes Americans, English Irish & Scotch and I would sooner trust a good one of any of the above than I would trust a bad Scotchman, simply because he is a country-man of my own.

Next:—Never do Nothing which, at first sight may appear rather a bad advice, but never-the-less it is a very good one, altho I may have put it different. I might have said Always do Something, never be idle, occupy the whole of your time, and what time you have after working, sleeping and eating. I would earnestly advise you to occupy it in Studying Nature, it does not much matter what branch you may take up, it may be Astronomy, Geology, Botany or any of the others, but one who has not tried either can form no idea of the enjoyment to be derived from studying any branch of Nature. You might see (ante) how, even I with the limited knowledge which I possess, how I can feel that my Creator is talking to me face to face while I am studying and admiring his works. And I will conclude with a quotation from Burns:

*An' if thou be what I wad hae thee
An' take the Council I shall gie thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee
If thou be spared
Through a' thy childish years I'll s'e thee*

An' think 't weel wor'd.

*Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's Spirit,
Without his failins,
'Twill please me mair to hear & see it
Than stockit mailins.*

Appendix

A. I heard from my Uncle James through a David Anderson and wrote to him 11th February 1883 and had one letter from him. He had a Son, David an Engineer on board one of the large steamers, and was Run down in the Channel & with his Wife & Child drown'd.

He has one daughter alive, the Eldest Jessie. Married to Mr. Sturrock, Blacksmith and has 3 or 4 of a family. Uncle James Aunt Ellen & Aunt May (Mrs. Nichol) and her husband are all still alive. George & David are both dead some time ago 23/4/1885

B Saw Election Posters printed at the "Telegraph" Office on 18th July 1884 and I saw the Telegraph printed on the 19th August 1884.

C. About June 1878 Mr. Kinross began to try and sell Mangawhare or part of it, and on the 15th May 1879, negotiations were concluded with Messrs F and J Waterhouse, that they take all the Run with the exception of about 30,000 acres and that I was to stay with them until the end of the year.⁴⁴ But I had no Say in it whatever, and on the 26th July 1879 Lizzie Arthur & Edith went down intending to stay about 3 weeks or a month, and we tried to come up on the 17th August, but the River was too high, and she never came back to Mangawhare, but came to Glenross on the Annaversay of the sale of Mangawhare viz:— 16th. May 1880.

But on the 21st Sept. 1879, Mr. Kinross came up to select a Site for the New Station, and selected the present one and Called it Glenross, the name originating from his Motto of "Rosam ne Rode"—

⁴⁴ Miriam McGregor records that Kinross sold 38,500 acres to Hon. GM Waterhouse for £30,000, retaining 30,000 acres which he called Glenross; the land included 15,200 acres of the Omahaki Block, 7,562 of the Kohurau and 7,500 of the Otamauri Block.

do not chew—or Gnaw—the Rose.⁴⁵ I shifted all my goods and myself from Mangawhare to Glenross on the 19th Jany 1880 and have been here ever since, reclaiming the Wilderness of Fern and am now beginning to get it into good working order (25/4/85), having sown between 4000 and 5000 acres of grass, and ploughed about 300 acres and built Six dwelling houses 5 outhouses Woolshed yards Dip, Shower Bath (for Sheep), &c. &c. and put up about 12 miles of fencing & planted & planted about 15 acres of trees, and made about ten miles of Dray Roads, and am living very Happy, comfortable and Contented, and enjoying, as a rule very good health.



Glenross. Collection of Hawke's Bay Museums Trust Ruawharo Tā-ū-rangi 12606.

D About the end of 1872 and while I was at Carlyons I began to form a Library for myself and in about Four years I bought books to the value of nearly £200 for my own private use. And after I had been at Mangawhare about Five years, one of the men came to me and told me that eight of the men had each contributed 10/- wherewith to buy Books for their own Winters reading, and asked me if I would take care of them, and give them out to be read, which I very willingly promised to do, adding at the same time 20/- to the general fund, making £5, and with the £5 I bought in Napier 52 Volumes and

45 The Ross family motto—*Do not speak ill of the rose.*

started the Library with the above books, on the 15th June 1878, and after a while I advised throwing them open to the Public, at a subscription of Two Pence per week, and the thing gradually grew, larger and larger until at present (25/4/85) we have no less than 752 Volumes and a sum of £25 on the way to Mudie & Co. London for more books, so that with the Public Library and the Private one I have no less than a Thousand Books in the House!!

What a difference from the time Mr. Preston put his Library at my disposal as described.

[Balfour's autobiography ends there (25 April 1885, when he was aged 44). He lived another nine years. He continued to keep an extraordinarily comprehensive set of diaries: station diary, personal diary, stockbooks, weather graph books, ledgers. Thirty one volumes have survived—none of his 1863–1868 ones with the “hieroglyphic” script (“which no one can understand but myself, but there is nothing lost to posterity in that”), though there are odd groups of words written with unusual characters, some Greek, some made up, usually seeming to refer to secret matters of the heart.

Transcribed, Balfour's writing would fill volumes. What follows is a tiny sampling from his diaries and newspaper clippings].

He had referred in his autobiography to several bouts of “colic”—possibly from kidney stones—and described one in detail,

Wednesday 27th January 1875. I was very bad with Colic. I do not remember being so bad before. In fact I was something like what is described as being in the Horrors. At one time I could see Eternity staring me in the face and I did not like the look of it at all. Certainly it was not such a bad place if once I could get on it, but the difficulty seems to be the getting on.

I thought I was walking over some rolling ground and was impelled forward by some unseen power, and directly in front of me was a Termendious cliff rizing away out of sight— it was all chambered out in very nice doorways & and nice Gothic windows and at every door & window there were people beckoning me to come & making signs to me to jump when Behold! I found that I was impelled towards the brink of an enormous chasm over which I had to jump & if I were to miss my hold I would fall down down down— possibly for ever. I could see that the farther down the doors &c looked were as farther up the looked the better.

I thought I was not able to jump across the chasm & by a superhuman effort I shore off the nasty sensation & thanked my stars it was not just now I had to jump.

Later he mentioned obtaining a supply of opium for his colic and one wonders how much of this curious account is an opiate dream rather than anything caused by the pain alone—severe though that undoubtedly was.

In 1879 Balfour purchased several Hastings rural and town sections in the Longlands area, and advertised them for lease.⁴⁶ He sent a “silicified stem of a fern tree, taken from a petrifying creek at Glenross” to the museum: it was exhibited at the Hawke’s Bay Philosophical Society’s meeting on 15 October.⁴⁷

⁴⁶ *Daily Telegraph* 5 September 1888.

⁴⁷ *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 16 October 1888.

PART 2

CHAPTER 2: AFTER GLENROSS

Fellow Scotsman John Gibson Kinross was the owner of Glenross and Balfour's employer; he was a merchant, financier and landowner, involved in many Hawke's Bay businesses, many of them with the assistance of the City of Glasgow Bank. In 1878 the bank failed and Kinross, in increasing difficulty during the economic downturn of the 1880s, was finally declared bankrupt in 1889.

In January a meeting of creditors in the Kinross estate was held in Napier. The *Daily telegraph* listed them: Balfour was an unsecured creditor and was owed £1050.⁸⁸ On 4 July he was given one month's notice to leave Glenross.

From July until late August this advertisement appeared in every issue of the *Hawke's Bay Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*,

STATION MANAGER.

D.P. BALFOUR, who has been Manager of Mangawhare and Glenross for the last 16 years, is open for re-engagement. Address, D.P. Balfour, Glenross, Puketapu.

Colenso wrote to him on 6 September,

... I had no thought of your having to leave Glenross! at all events not soon—not perhaps till after shearing.... Then I saw your own advt. in papers, & this I have watched closely, thinking it would have been stopped before this time. But I suppose the present is a bad time of the year to enter on fresh engagements. I sincerely hope you may succeed to your heart's desire and gain a good situation in every sense—for yourself and family.

He left Glenross in August and his diary in September is a sad and desolate thing compared to the busy-ness and excitement of his earlier times,

48 Daily Telegraph 21 January 1889.

Friday 6th Sept 1889. A Showery sort of a day. We did not go out much nor do very much....

Saturday 7th. A very wet day, too wet to do anything out side....

Sunday 8th. Another showery sort of a day. All went for a walk except Lizzie and I, who would not risk it.

Monday 9th. Was dodging round, cutting up wood &c. &c.

Tuesday 10th. Started after Breakfast on an expedition looking for work. Called at Spfld. & rode on to Clive. Called on Mrs Hollis, and on to Tomoana. Did not see Mr. Nelson himself, but got no hopes held out. Went on to Hastings, had lunch with Charlotte, then hunted up Mr. Wellwood (I find he has ploughed up all my Paddocks at Craig lee and planted Fifty Willow trees along the Road side). WW at his brothers, he promises to do all he can for me. Had Tea at Charlottes & came on home 9 p.m. without much luck.

Wednesday 11th. Did not do much....

Thursday 12th. Rode into Town partly to see Mr. Bennett, which I did but he had nothing he could recommend. Wrote to Uncle Phil in Sidney & sent him a paper. Saw Mr. Colenso about his road and laid it off for him, and had a good lazy talk with him. Went to Mrs. Harding, found her baby bad with purpura. Saw Aunt Mary Ann bad with Neuralgic Rheumatism. Came home after the moon rose.

Later in the month he secured the position of Clerk of the Puketapu Road Board.⁴⁹

In 1890 he was returning officer for elections to the Road Board, reported unregistered dogs to the Resident Magistrate⁵⁰ and was appointed returning officer for Puketapu for the County Council elections.⁵¹

In January 1891 his horse strayed while he was in Napier,⁵²

49 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 13 June 1890.

50 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 5 August 1890.

51 *Daily Telegraph* 20 October 1890.

52 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 14 January 1891.

ESCAPED from Napier Paddock
Dark Brown Filly (Pony), White Star
in forehead, snip on nose, branded BL
(conjoined) on off shoulder. Anyone
giving information which will lead to
recovery will be rewarded.

D.P. BALFOUR, Puketapu.
ROBERT DOBSON, Napier.

He was listed among those licensed to kill game during the shooting season.⁵³

In October 1892 Balfour was a member of the jury in a divorce court hearing.⁵⁴

In 1893 he was appointed Napier hospital subscription collector in the country in February,⁵⁵ summonsed one TP Peddle for failing to register five dogs in April,⁵⁶ certified one WE Rose to be “a person of good fame and reputation, and fit and proper to have granted him a Publican’s Licence” for the Puketapu Hotel⁵⁷ and was returning officer for the Puketapu Riding for the Hawke’s Bay County election in October.⁵⁸

FOR LEASE BY TENDER.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned till 20th June for the Lease of 100 Acres (more or less) in one or two lots for a term of 7 or more years.

Land now in occupation of Mr THOS. M'COUSARE, Hastings.

Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

D. P. BALFOUR,
Mangatainoka, Woodville.

53 *Daily Telegraph* 9 May 1891.

54 *Daily Telegraph* 17 October 1892.

55 *Daily Telegraph* 13 February 1893?

56 *Daily Telegraph* 10 April 1893.

57 *Daily Telegraph* 9 May 1893.

58 *Daily Telegraph* 19 October 1893.

In 1894 Balfour was appointed overseer to the Pahiatua County Council in March,⁵⁹ and in May invited tenders for the lease of his land at Hastings, giving his address as “Mangatainoka, Woodville”.⁶⁰

It seems unlikely he ever lived there, for it was on 12 July of that year that he died.

CHAPTER 3: THE NATURALIST

In Central Otago he had tried to gather the plentiful moa bones together into a complete skeleton, but 1874 is the first public record of Balfour’s activities as a naturalist. He was admitted a member of the Hawke’s Bay Philosophical Society in that year.

Copies of the *Hawke’s Bay Herald* for 1874 are not available but the *Wellington Independent* reported in April,

Mr D. P. Balfour, of Mangawhare, has sent to the “Hawke’s Bay Herald” office a number of fragments of moa bones found near his homestead. Mr Balfour states that along with each deposit of bones there was a heap of pebbles—apparently the contents of the bird’s gizzard. He had often found similar heaps of pebbles, but no bones.⁶¹

He was soon broadening his naturalist interests and his excitement almost outpaces itself:

“On the 4th June 1875, Miss Goudy (Mr. Kinross’s niece) asked me to get her some Ferns, and some few days after I started to gather some for her, and after I had got 10 or 12 in my Kit and found another one I had to lay all I had out and examine what I had so as not take too many of one kind, and the more I got the more I had to examine and compare, and the more beauty I saw in them and the more I studied them, the more I saw which had escaped my notice before, and after I studied them as far as the naked eye would go, I then took magnifying glasses to them and the more I magnified them the more I saw in them to admire & I took such a liking to

59 *Daily Telegraph* 29 March 1894.

60 *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 5 May 1894.

61 *Wellington Independent* 18 April 1874.

them, and also to other vegetables, that I spend a deal of my spare time looking for them and at them, and I have already (1885) found three that are new to Science, 1 orchid, 1 Hepaticia and 1 Fungi. Besides 2 Mosses and two orchids which as yet doubtful, and I am and have been for some years in constant correspondance with Mr. Wm. Colenso, F.L.S. of Napier, one of the best—if not the best Botanists in New Zealand and have done a great deal of good to myself. What a beautiful field of amusement and intelectual recreation I have opened out for myself! and the more I study nature the more I see to admire, and I have now got so far as to be able to see how awfully ignorant I am⁶² (which is a good deal further than the generality of working men has gone).”

Actually he sought botanical advice first from a horticulturalist of German origin, Frederick Sturm, who had an orchard and nursery in West Clive. He noted in his diary (11 January 1875), “Mr. Sturm and his son came in the evening on a Botanical Expedition. I find him a very intelligent & instructive old Gentleman. He proposes to get me elected member of the Philosophical Institute”. And on 12 January 1875, “Mr. Sturm & son left. I was in hopes it was to be a wet day to Weather Bind them”.

Sturm wrote to Balfour,

West Clive August 23 1875.

D.P. Balfour Esqr

Dear Sir

the enclosed Fern is Gleichenia circinata, Swartz or G. semivestita, Labillardiere, is common, at the foot of the Kaweka, and over the Ruahina Mountain quiet common, wi have several varieties of Gleichenias in N.Z. Our Philosophical Society has made no progress, up to now, wi are triing to get a peace of Land to Build a Museum prehasst when that is accomplished wi may than be able to have meetings and discourse on various topics. I send you a few tru Seeds if you will get them sowed as now is the time—during the early part of this Summer I intend to visit the Kaweka ones more, when I probable may have the pleasure of seeking you again should you

62 See Appendix D

come in my vicinity, pray give me a call I shall be most happy to see you

Belive me Dear Sir

Yours very truly

*F.W.C. Sturm.*⁶³

Colenso, Secretary of the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Society wrote to him in 1875⁶⁴ and so began a productive correspondence between the two men.

Balfour had written,

Extract fm diary 16th July 1875 "It is in such places, where, alone, I can meet and talk to my Creator face to face undisturbed by any sub-lunary considerations whatever. I wandered about the place for some hours, as if I were in Heaven and only left it as darkness was coming on."

He must have intimated something similar to Colenso, who recognised the sentiment,

*You say "I miss all those nice meetings, through being so far away. But still I often have my own meetings all by myself in some solitary gulley, where I can meet and converse with my Maker far from the busy haunts of men".—Now this is admirable, and I thank you for it. It cheered me last night (dull) to read it, & had I never had a line from you besides,—I should have concluded you to be a true brother-mind. Such, I, too have often done, & hope to do again".*⁶⁵

William Colenso was invited to the Balfours' wedding in 1876. Most of Balfour's letters to Colenso are lost, but Balfour kept 110 letters from Colenso, from 17 March 1875 to 6 September 1889.⁶⁶ The originals are in the collection of the Hawke's Bay Museums Trust at MTG Hawke's Bay and are full of botanical discussion, local gossip, news of Hawke's Bay Philosophical Society meetings, New Zealand Institute affairs, newspaper items. Balfour's "uncle-in-law" Philip

63 Booklet of letters, object no. 67861, Collection of Hawke's Bay Museums Trust, Ruawharo Tā-ū-rangi at MTG Hawke's Bay.

64 ATL 88-103-1/07. Original at MTG HB 67861.

65 Colenso to Balfour 31 August 1886.

66 Hawke's Bay Museums Trust collection, MTG HB 67861. Copies at ATL 88-103-1/07.

Dolbel was a friend and visitor to Colenso and is mentioned often. Colenso sent his various booklets to Balfour for the Glenross library.

The annual meeting of subscribers to the Auckland Institute for 1877 listed donations, among them green lizards from "D.B. Balfour".⁶⁷

Colenso wrote in 1878,

1. I have seen in the Auckland papers—that a Mr. Balfour of Mangawhare, had sent some specimens of the "Vegetable Caterpillar" to the Museum there, and it occurred to me to ask you if you could not send a few to our (your) Museum here also.—Besides, they are scarcely wanted (I fancy) at Auckland; where they are very common, & where (40 years ago) I used to get them by the scores!

2. Have you any ferns near you? in "Bush".—Mr Nairne, has lately sent me some; and I have also had a lot sent me by Mr Petrie of Dunedin,—and have promises of some from Christchurch. Now if you can gather & put me up a few roughly (not laid out as if for ladies)—you would do me a favour; as I wish to compare some from various localities. I only want a few sorts, which I could point out to you—if you have them handy.

Balfour replied,

*Mangawhare
31st. August 1878.*

Wm. Colenso Esqr

Yours of 20th. inst is to hand, along with the Vol. of "The Transactions". I turned up page 131 at once and read the account of the Haggis: and altho I am very fond of Haggis, I do not think I could relish that one: I have not had time to look over the book yet, but if it is anything like the others I will enjoy it very much.

With regard to the "Vegetable Caterpillars" that it is supposed I sent to the Auckland Museum there must be some mistake, as it was a bottle containing two (or three) "Green Lizards". And as I have a few more bottles of them left, I could easily spare them.

I have also a small case of Geological specimens, Moa bones &c. &c. and also spiders. Walking stick (Phasma) &c. in Spirits. All waiting for Our Museum, as soon as I know of anyone who would take charge of them. I have often been going to write to you to see

⁶⁷ New Zealand Herald 20 February 1877. Cheeseman's letter of acknowledgement to Balfour is at Hawke's Bay Museums Trust collection, MTG HB 67861.

whither you could do anything with them, as they are utterly useless here.

I have gathered a few ferns and if the weather had only been a little more reasonable I would have got about as many more. I am very glad to be able to comply with at least one of your requests, i.e. To do them up Roughly and I will be very glad at any time to make any collection of Ferns, Geological specimens, Seeds &c. to the best of my poor abilities— and they are poor indeed, for I do not know the name of a single Fern, Plant, or Insect, but I naturally like collecting, and seldom returned home empty handed.

Hoping that you will not hesitate in making use of me in any way for the benefit of Science, I beg to remain

Dear Sir

Yours truly

D.P. Balfour

*P.S. I never have found "Vegetable Caterpillars" in this quarter.
D.P.B.*

He sent plants, stones, lizards, insects, mud, fish, fungi—anything that roused his curiosity—and Colenso identified them for him, showed them at the Philosophical Society meetings in Napier or, if they were new, described them in the *Transactions*, acknowledging Balfour's part.

On 1 January 1880, for instance, Colenso wrote,

... my auld wifie here stifled my young Lizards (2) in my absence; & I am almost inclined to let the poor disconsolate male go,—but I have thought that you might find me one or two adult ones, in your rounds, if you can, please do so.

Balfour replied,

Glenross, Puketapu

2^d. August 1880

W. Colenso Esqr

Dear Sir

I am in receipt of your kind note of 23^d ult. I received it last Monday—this day week—along with the parcel of Books all safe and many thanks to you for your expidion. I have read with pleasure a good many of the papers especially yours on the Moa, as I take an interest in its remains, and have got a few Bones, one Femur, entire, not quite so large as the one in your plate, and the

middle of a large Tibia, besides lots of fragments. All waiting Our Museum. I may here mention to you, and perhaps you may be able to make use of it, that I picked up a moa bone from out of a heap (15-20 bones) of Bones on the Highly Range in a Otago in 1863, with the gristly coating on the ball of the Femur joint still quite fresh-looking on the under side of the bone, the upper side being worn off by the action of the Weather. And I also read with delight your Paper on the Nautlinus. And on the noise kata I am glad to be able to say that I have heard it under the following circumstances.

It was in the beginning of 67, 68 (I think in January) I was coming down the Moeangiangi hill, on the cutting, my Dog a few yards before me, when I heard a peculiar horse barking (ventriloqual) laugh. My dog stopped and looked up in the Scrub. I stopped and saw a beautiful Green Lizard (I think it must have been N. elegans) on the road-way (But I thought from the sound it was on the other side from where the Dog looked at) about 8-10 feet from me. I gave my foot a slight stamp on the ground, and it Laughed again opening its mouth very wide and partially erecting the end of its Tail, it made a gurgling kind of motion in its throat when it Laughed. I could see right into its mouth (as far as it would be possible under any circumstances) which was a kind of Brownish red. I stamped my foot again in hopes of hearing at Laugh a third time but it turned tail and down over the cutting into the scrub. My dog stood looking at it but did not try to go after it. It gave from 15 to 20 Barks each time and light enough to be heard at a distance of 50 feet. I must have stood looking at it for about 4 or 5 minutes before it went off. Will

Colenso replied on 6 August, "P.S. Had I known, what you write about your hearing & seeing the Green Lizards laugh,—I should have gladly inserted it."

On 25 November 1881 Colenso thanked Balfour "for the green lizard" and went on,

The Lizard; its arrival surprised me; My man came in with a bottle, saying, "Heres another bairn (or wean) for you"; It is a different species from those I had (very likely Nautlinus elegans the com. green one, but a very fine one)—I also lament over it, as I fear I must kill it. You ask about the others!!! Surely you have forgotten, or have I forgotten? they all came to grief, one after another, through the extreme carelessness of my people in my various absences; also

another very pretty spotted one, kindly sent me from Wellington—all have perished.

On 19 August 1884,

Your Lizard (last one) is still alive in his Crystal Palace; I cannot get him to eat anything; flies he won't look at—that is to eat them. It is exactly similar (tho smaller) to 2 I brought from "Bush" in Autumn—one of which got loose here in the house; but has not turned up since. I take this out, on the table for a run sometimes, when he amuses me,—if not himself; he comes up into my hands, & looks about, & jumps; & sometimes hangs to my fingers by one tiny nail, or by his tail—but then his tail is like that of a Chinaman,—must not be touched. As the season comes on, and I at home, send me as many as you can living,—in Moss, or leaves, but not in earth.

On 24 March 1885,

Your kind & welcome of the 20th I duly received, together with a tin containing a live Green Lizard.... The Green Lizard is a very fine & lively one; on taking him out carefully on my table he very nearly got away through his nimbleness & activity. It is a handsome reptile, but I would he were away in his native woods enjoying himself among his family (if any) or friends, for I don't know what to do with him. I purpose going to the Bush next week, and I always take the other with me, to save its life, as I have lost too many (indeed all) through my careless folks, who, I fancy, dislike them as being uncanny beasts; I was obliged to kill one last year, and did not forget it, as it took nearly 1 hour to die, though immersed in spirits. I cannot bear to see, or think of, anything lingering in dying through me. I shall try to keep this one alive, if I can possibly do so, to show at one of our meetings in the winter.

On 13 July 1886,

...the green Lizard wants rest & quiet—naturally it spends the winter months in a state of seclusion & torpor; I have 2 here that have not eaten for 2 months or more.

On 11 August 1886,

Our meeting was really a good one, & well attended, and kept up till 10.30. I could wish you (as a lover of Nature) had been there. A large number of good, pleasing & interesting natural objects, and several unique Maori ones. In reading my paper on G(reen) Lizards, I added a short supplement on yours—as communicated by you.

On 31 August,

I have had another birth of Green Lizards, and, again, unexpectedly. Last week, a fine spotted one I had here gave birth to 2; both little beauties like the dam, one was alive and free, tother was wrapped up partly, in its fetal membranes. 2-3 days passed, and still the same, at last I put a little water into their bottle, & then much of those skinny bits came off—no doubt such is an easy job while fresh among mosses & grass etc.—However the dam is now dead; ditto no 2 calf. No 1 is still active, but a whole week from birth without eating. The mother was starved—4 months or so; I have flies, but no.

On 15 September 1886,

I do not think I shall be inclined to rear, or keep, any more living Lizards. I have really not the time to spare to attend to them, besides, mine, (in fact) have died from starvation, and to me it is distressing so to keep a poor animal. My fine spotted mother died, a short time ago, & (strange to say) its pretty little bairney has not yet eaten anything (though 3-4 weeks old) & must follow its dam. I have given it flies but they are too large, & are not the proper food,—I have no little ones—with willing hearts and sharp eyes and willing hands—to aid, and assist.

And on 1 March 1887, “I think you did right in setting your captive (G. Lizard) at liberty...”.

This protracted correspondence resulted in two published papers by Colenso, acknowledging Balfour’s assistance, the first a formal “Description of a small Lizard, a Species of *Naultinus*, supposed to be new to Science” in 1884 and the second, “Further Notes and Observations on the Gestation, Birth, and Young of a Lizard, a Species of *Naultinus*” in 1886. The green New Zealand lizard is now known as *Mokopirirakau granulatus*. Colenso would describe 21 new species of plants and animals sent by Balfour in the *Transactions* between 1881 and 1888 (see below).

Balfour must have asked about the seed head of a greenhood orchid (*Pterostylis*) for on 5 March 1884 Colenso wrote,

You have raised my curiosity respecting your new "find"—a plant about a foot high, "with a lattice beacon on the top of the stem"; You also say you have 2, & kindly offer me one. & so I am writing asking you to let me have it, say, by Thursday mail next week; (I hope to leave early Friday morning). I leave it to you to pack, &c, I have a fancy, that it is similar to one I found last month, but I was too late for it, flowers were all withered, and it appeared as though it had been trodden on by a cow, or something, when young.

You think that yours had a bulbous root; I hope you have marked the spot, so as to know it again, &c, &c.

Balfour responded quickly and Colenso wrote on 12 March,

Last night I received your kind letter of the 9th, and with it, no less than 3 small parcels; and when my man returned from P.O. (which he regularly does at VIII pm) & placed them on the table,—I, seeing at a glance, who they were from, anticipated a feast.

When I last wrote to you, I did not expect to hear from you in reply before Thursday night; and then I feared I should not be able to write again to you before I left for the Bush; but now, through your prompt kindness, I am able to do so;—and I hope to tell you all (or nearly so) about your plant.

*First, then, it is an Orchid. 2nd of the genus *Pterostylis*;—3rd it may turn out to be a new spn, *Pt emarginata*, (Trans. N.Z. Inst, Vol. XV. P.328) but scarcely I think it is, from what little remains of the withered plant sent, or, it may turn out to be *Pt Banksii*, (Handbook, P.268,) but this must remain in doubt until we see its flower—next early summer, or say Xmas, that is its flowering season,—or, it may prove to be a new species. I found one—a beautiful specimen; in flower & perfection on 20th Dec in the Bush, on a hill top, where, in all my years there, I had never seen one before. *Pt Banksii* was very common at the North, & so some other species; they are sometimes met with, a lot together!!!. Harvey found several at Hampden, and so did Winkleman at Te Aute. W. sent me a lot of good fine specimens, but in his packing, crushed the flowers (and saved the roots. One of the roots I put into a pot, and it flowered very well here this summer). I have been making another coloured drawing of another spn (there are several, both in N.Z. & Australia), and they have all, in the flower,*

a great family likeness; but *Pt emarginata* & *Pt. Banksii*, are very much larger than this drawing, & with longer & finer red tails. I have planted the 2 little roots, in my Orchid Pot (with others), and I hope they may grow, &c. *Winklemannis* were 3-4 times the size of yours. I may add, I was led to make the drawing partly on account of your little son, who, when the season comes round again, with his sharp eyes, and keen scent (or desire), will be sure to detect, & recognise it.⁶⁸

The remnant of the elegant little fragile moth, was just sufficient to allow of its recognition. It is a marvellous creature; so finely formed, and a winged creature too, & a night flyer. One would almost suppose, that it must perish during its first 5 minutes flight.—But species, or genera, like it, are also found in several parts of the globe.

On 23 November Colenso would write,

I left here on the 28th Oct, & returned last Wednesday night, Nov 19th—and found a rare lot of letters, papers, Books, &c, awaiting me—among them your letter of 15th inst,—a bottle, a box, and a book:—aye, & a small thin packet!!! Well done Glenross; and I may add that I opened all of yours among the very first,—and now to your letter. The 2 “Lattice” Orchids complete (in 3 lots—blossoms, leaves, & roots), are just what I supposed the plant to be—a *Pterostylis*,⁶⁹ & very near a *Pt. Banksii*, but may be a diffit. species,—this I cannot say until I examine & dissect the hidden inner & fine column of the flower; it seems to be a new one I reared here, (of which I suppose I must have told you in my last)—I cut off the flower (unwillingly) & put it into spirits the day of my leaving; it is much larger than these 2 of yours. I fear the roots (tubers) you so carefully sent, will be of no service—as to growing again—because it is the wee new white one that is the tuber for next season, and this, I think, has been taken up too early; but I will try it.

On 22 December, “I am pleased at your finding that *Pterostylis* with tails *reflexed*—just as mine here was”.

On 16 November 1885,

68 A watercolour sketch of *Pterostylis trullifolia* accompanied this letter—the only surviving orchid sketch by Colenso. He was engaged in a rather difficult correspondence with TF Cheeseman about a number of new greenhood orchids he had described but which Cheeseman would not recognise.

69 *Pterostylis patens* Col.

If you should have any more of this Pterostylis—that you can spare, I could take them for preserving in spirits for England; this Pt is Pt patens, Col. (my description drawn up last year & I suppose, will be published with the other plants, in Vol XVIII.

It was so published in 1885—*Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 18: 256–287. (See below).

Specimens collected by Balfour and described by Colenso

1881 A Description of a few new Plants from our New Zealand Forests. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 14: 329–341.

Sarcophilus brevicaulis. “High up in forks of large pine trees (*Podocarpus dacrydioides* and *P. totara*), ‘Seventy Mile Bush’ (1878–80), and at Glenross (1881, *D. P. Balfour*), Hawke’s Bay; flowering in September.” (= *Drymoanthus adversus*).

1883 A further Contribution towards making known the Botany of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 16: 325–363. “And here I may also observe that, to the elucidation of this genus in particular I devoted a very large amount of time—labour in seeking and collecting at various seasons, and close microscopical study and examination; having been also cheerfully and zealously aided by some of our members, especially Mr. A. Hamilton, Mr. D. P. Balfour, and Mr. C. P. Winkelmann, to all of whom (as well as to others) my best thanks are due.”

Corysanthes papillosa. “In various parts of Hawke’s Bay, among mosses in ravines, shaded woods in the interior, 1850–1880: *W.C.* Glenross, near Napier, 1883: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.” (= *Corybas papillosus*).

Symphogyna rubricaulis. “On shaded clayey banks, Seventy-mile Bush, near Norsewood, County of Waipawa, 1880–3: *W.C.* Glenross, near Napier, 1883: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*; fruiting in September.”

S. prolifera. “In rich black mould, wet shady woods, Seventy-mile Bush, near Norsewood, 1879–1882 (rarely in fruit): *W.C.*; and at Glenross, 1883 (fruiting plentifully): *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.”

Fimbriaria pallide-virens. “Among and creeping over mosses, Hawke’s Bay; Glenross, *Mr. D. P. Balfour*, growing densely: Petane, *Mr. A. Hamilton*.” (= *Asterella tenera*).

Geaster affinis. "On ground, elevated woods, at Glenross, 1883: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*; and other places near Napier, 1883: *W.C.*" (= *Geastrum affinis*).

1884 Description of a small Lizard, a Species of *Naultinus*, supposed to be new to Science. *Trans* 17: 149–151.

Naultinus versicolor. "In forests near Norsewood, County of Waipawa; 1883: *W.C.* Also at Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; 1884: *Mr. D. P. Balfour.*" (= *Mokopirirakau granulatus*)

1884 A Description of some newly-discovered and rare Indigenous Plants; being a further Contribution towards the making known the Botany of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 17: 237–265.

Xylaria polytricha. "On the earth among mosses, etc., at Glenross, near Napier; 1884: *Mr. D. P. Balfour.*"

1884. A List of Fungi recently discovered in New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 17: 265–269.

Tilmadoche nutans. "... growing in small patches among *Hepaticæ*, etc., on rotten logs, open skirts of woods near Norsewood; 1882: *W.C.* Glenross 1883: *Mr. D. P. Balfour.*"

Xylaria filiformis. "... originally found on west flank of Ruahine mountain range, emerging from dead leaves of *Coriaria ruscifolia*, but barren; 1850: *W.C.*; and in fruit at Glenross; 1883: *Mr. D. P. Balfour.*"

1885 A Description of some newly-discovered Cryptogamic Plants, being a further Contribution towards the making known the Botany of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 18: 219–255.

Mnium novæ-zealandiæ. "Low wet open spots in the interior, 1879–80, but always barren; wet shaded spots, sides of the River Mangata-whaiti, Seventy-mile Bush, County of Waipawa, 1884: *W.C.* Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay, 1885: *Mr. D. P. Balfour.*"

1885 A Description of some newly-discovered and rare Indigenous Plants; being a further Contribution towards the making known the Botany of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 18: 256–287.

Pterostylis patens. "Forests, hilly country, near Norsewood, County of Waipawa; 1883-84: *W.C. Glenross*, County of Hawke's Bay; 1884: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*."

Thelymitra alba. "Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; 1885: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*." (= *T. longifolia*).

Orthoceras rubrum. "Open grounds among fern, high clayey hills between Napier and Mohaka, Hawke's Bay; 1870-76: *W.C. Glenross*; 1885: *Mr. D. P. Balfour* (a single specimen only)." (= *O. novae zeelandiae*).

Scirpus novae-zelandiae. "Sandy flats, low margins of rivers, Hawke's Bay; *W.C. Near Puketapu*; 1885: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*."

1886 Further Notes and Observations on the Gestation, Birth, and Young of a Lizard, a Species of *Naultinus*. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 19: 147-150. "... very recently, I have received a letter from Mr. D. P. Balfour, of Glenross, a member of this Society, dated 16th July, 1886, informing me of a green lizard, a species of *Naultinus*, and believed by him to be of the same species as *N. pentagonalis*, Col., which he had in confinement, having produced two young ones on the 14th of July. One of them was born alive, and the other dead, and then only after some considerable difficulty, Mr. Balfour largely assisting the mother; for when he saw her on this occasion, this second young one was half expelled, tail foremost, the other having been first born. Mr. Balfour also says that the living one measured 3 inches at its birth. This is the *third* known instance of the birth of these green lizards, and all of them happened about mid-winter, (a strange season !) when they should be in their natural semi-torpid hibernating state. This additional circumstance, now confirmed, seems very peculiar, and is worthy of being noted. The living young lizard, mentioned by Mr Balfour, seems to be of an extraordinary large size, "3 inches long when born:" those four born here with me, in 1878, were only a little over 1 inch in length when first seen, and those described in this paper (although still uncoiled in their fetal membranes), cannot be much more."

1886 A Description of some newly-discovered Cryptogamic Plants, being a further Contribution towards the making known the Botany of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 19: 271-301. "On this occasion, the last night of ordinary meeting of our Society for this year, I am again permitted to bring you our usual annual botanical offering, in a

small basket of Cryptogamic plants obtained from our inland woods and glens. I have called it '*our*' offering; and this may require a few words in explanation. This plural pronoun is here used in a double sense: (1) To let you know that I have again been largely assisted by kind and liberal, hearty and active, coworkers in this part of the botanical field, who all work *con amore* in this matter: among them I would particularly mention with thanks three of our active members—Messrs. H. Hill, A. Hamilton, and D. P. Balfour—to whom not only myself and our local branch auxiliary Society, but the New Zealand Institute as a scientific body, are largely indebted....”

Jungermannia pygmaea. “On wet sides of clayey and sandstone cuttings, closely intermixed with a minute *Fissidens*, and forming one compact and spreading mass; Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; 1886: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.”

Madotheca amoena. “On trunks of trees, hilly forests, Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; 1886: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.”

Frullania novæ-zealandicæ. “On bark of trees, intermixed with other *Hepaticæ* and mosses; forests, Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; 1886: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.”

1887 On new Phœnogamic Plants of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 20: 188–211.

Prasophyllum variegatum. “Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; 1887: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.” (= *Genoplesium pumilum*).

1887 On new Indigenous Cryptogams, of the Orders *Lycopodiaceæ*, *Musci*, and *Hepaticæ*. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 20: 234–254.

Trichocolea elegans. “On rotten logs, wet shaded woods, Norsewood, County of Waipawa; 1886; and also near Danneverke, same county; May, 1887; *W.C.* Glenross, County of Hawke's Bay; October, 1887: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.” (= *Trichocolea hatcheri*).

1888 A Description of some newly-discovered Phœnogamic Plants; being a further Contribution towards the making known the Botany of New Zealand. *Trans. N.Z. Inst.* 21: 80–108.

Pernettya macrostigma. “Open grounds on dry hills in the interior, Glenross Station, County of Hawke's Bay; December, 1887: *Mr. D. P. Balfour*.” (= *Gaultheria macrostigma*).



Pterostylis patens



William Colenso



CHAPTER 4: THE INVENTOR

As a twelve year old Balfour worked for

Peter Bell, the inventor of the Mowing Machine but altho' everyone, almost, hears daily of Mowing Machines, very few people ever hear of Peter Bell now-a-days. Such is generally the fate of Inventors.

As a 14 year old he too was inventive,

Invented a Dew-Plough.... I used to find the long grass while wet with dew in the mornings, would wet me from mid-thigh down, and so I went to work and made a sort of plough which I pushed before me that knocked nearly all the wet of the grass and I would remain almost dry until the Sun came out to dry off the dew.

He designed a "sheep dipping gangway" when he was a 17 year old in Australia, as he wrote to the *Hawke's Bay Herald* in April 1884.

SIR, —I see in your paper of the 31st ult. an extract from the *Lyttelton Times* describing a sheep-dipping gangway *invented* and patented by Mr C. P. Hayward, which was spoken very highly of. But, sir, as I may claim to be the inventor of the above-named machine or dipping gangway, you will oblige me very much by publishing the following facts, which will show that the gangway was known some years ago, but not patented.

In the year 1858 I was on Messrs Clarke and Gardiner's Bolinda Vale station, near Sunbury, Victoria. There were from 80,000 to 90,000 sheep on the station, all scabby, and consequently a deal of dipping had to be done. I was then a boy, 16 or 17 years old, and I invented a travelling gangway as the extract describes Mr Hayward to have invented, with this extra advantage—that when the sheep ran well, and the travelling floor moved fast, it would automatically engage a pump, and so the sheep would pump the water required for dipping. (Mr Hayward is welcome to that idea also.) I made a rude (very rude) model of it, and submitted it to Mr K. S. Clarke, overseer for Messrs Clarke and Gardiner, and to several others, and, as is often the case with inventors, I only got laughed at, and no one would back me. But, although years passed, I did not forget it, and I never had cause to wish for one till I was dipping in

February, 1883, and I decided then to have one before next dipping season. Accordingly, in August last I made a plan of it, and early in September I gave instructions to Messrs Dolbel and Co., Port Ahuriri, to make one according to the plans, which was done, and the machine was exhibited at the H.B. A. and P. Society's show at Hastings on the 10th and 11th of October, 1883. The only difference I can see between Mr Hayward's machine and the one I exhibited is that in Mr Hayward's there is an octagonal drum at each end for the floor to run round on, and I use a sexagonal one, and Mr Hayward tightens his "web" with a screw while I tighten mine with a wedge. Mr Hayward's is also a little longer than mine; but I had to be guided by my yards or I would have had mine at least 10 feet long. Now, sir, if Mr Hayward invented his dipping gangway previous to 1858, the time I made mine known, why has he kept his candle so long under the bushel, seeing that he is so intimately connected with dips and dipping material? I may add that I used my machine this season, and although the sheep had been through the dip several times before and know the smell of the dip well, yet I dipped on an average 600 per hour, including stoppages for filling dip, Smoko Ho! &c, &c. I never had a full day's dipping, but several times I dipped 400 in six hours.

Hoping you will allow me space for the above in your valuable paper,— I am, &c,

D. P. BALFOUR.

Glenross, 2nd April, 1884.

Balfour was not going to be gazumped the next time. He had invented a "furrow extender" to be fitted to a horse drawn plough. He applied for a patent on 6 October 1884, his amid some very strange devices—the *NZ Times* of 10 October 1884 reported,

The following applications for patents appear in yesterday's Gazette : For a Pianoforte Hopper Roller and Circular Hammer (W. F. Jones, Ponsonby, Auckland) ; for the "Excelsior Hemorrhoid Support" (H. J. Turner, Davenport, Auckland) ; for an invention for destroying plant Vermin, namely, the whole tribe of Aphides, including the Phylloxera vastatrix, and other vermin destructive to the products of the farm and garden, and also for cleansing and disinfecting soil infested with such vermin, to be called "Aickin's Universal Insecticide and Plant-Vermin Exterminator" (T. Aickin, Ponsonby-road, Auckland, Doctor of Medicine) ; for a machine to control the "froth," which arises through rapid boiling, in jam manufacturers', soap-boilers', and brewers' coppers, from overflowing (J. P. Miller and J. S. Scott, Nelson) ; for an improvement in blast-smelting furnaces (T. Gillespie, Sydney) ; for improvements in gas-engines (M. I. Jones, Melbourne) ; for a hillside reversible plough (G. McHattie, Palmerston, Otago) ; for an invention for blasting and boring purposes, entitled "The Torpedo Blast Depositor" (J. Ritchie, Kaikorai, Dunedin) ; for an improved method of fastening wires to iron fencing standards in such a manner that they are readily secured and readily removed (E. S. Lees, Oamaru) ; for the furrow extender (D. P. Balfour, Glenroae, Hawke's Bay) ; for the Coventry mechanical swimming instructor (J. Coventry, Wellington).

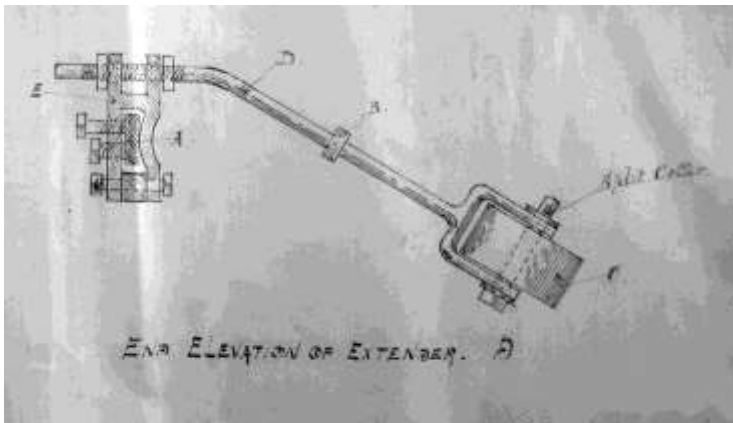
He must have sent the application for comment to Colenso for on 2 September 1884 Colenso wrote, "The description of your *patent* for the plough has pleased me much. You have described it so well that I have easily comprehended it, & see its great utility..."

The "Object" of his application (the schedule is preserved in the NZ National Archives, reference ABPJ W3835 7396 Box 20, record No. 1250) reads,

An Instrument auxiliary to the mould board or mould boards of a plough, acting upon the furrow as it is turned over by and leaves the mould board, and causing the furrow to turn over on the surface of the ground and to prevent the furrow from falling back, especially in ploughing on hill sides where it is

required or desired to turn such furrow in a direction upwards from the plough on each hill side.

The application is accompanied by neat plans that appear to have been drawn by a draughtsman.



In about 1874 Balfour constructed a wool scouring plant at Waiwhare, powered by a water wheel and known as the Willowford woolwash. He would rent it to neighbours, as he wrote in his diary in 1875,

Oct 1—... John Beetson came about wool scouring. I let it to him at 1d per lb (on the scoured weight), 3d per lb for skin wool, 25/- per 1,000 for classing and 5/- per day for

cresting his boxes, and funding all provisions and appliances for scouring....

Oct 2—Examining scouring place and drying green with Beetson. Draining green and repairing shed.

Oct 3—Finished draining drying green and began to repair road to wash.



The Willowford wool scouring plant, showing the scouring shed at upper left, drying green at upper right and water race at lower left to the water wheel.



The Willowford waterwheel in about 1970.

CHAPTER 5: THE LIBRARIAN

David Balfour's childhood was spent learning at work, not in any kind of formal education at school. It seems extraordinary that this almost illiterate boy should later start a public library. His attempts at educating himself are worth reviewing.

At 3½ or 4 years of age the scholarship legacy of his great uncle became vacant and

... it was decided that I should go to school more to keep possession of the Scholarship than anything I could possibly learn.... (but) when the school was let out at noon I thought all was over for the day and came home and for some reason or other I never went back.

At 7 years in Arbroath,

... they made another attempt to put me to School.... but before I got to the school I had rubbed a hole right through my good dress and through the stuff of the pocket and also through the point of my three fingers. Whither I got a beating when I came home or not I forget now, but next day I was taken sick with Feaver, which put an end to my second attempt to go to School.

At about age 11,

I remember I tried twice more to go to School, once with a dominie named Simpson. How long I stopped I do not remember but I at least knew my letters before I left him, and after a long spell of sickness I went to School with an old Man-o-wars man named Hastings, who had lost his Right hand at the wrist. I was generally one week with him and two months away from him, consequently when we left Grimsby St. I hardly knew more than my letters. "It was tacitly admitted by both father and mother that it was no use trying to put me to school any more, but rather to find me some light and airy employment at which I might gather strength....

At age 14 he told his employer he might leave their employment "if I could get a chance to go to School—for remember at this time I knew one letter from another and that was about all"; instead they kept him on, with the promise of three months' schooling in the winter. Then

suddenly his plans were upset by his father's insistence that he accompany the rest of the family to Australia.

I represented to him how comfortable I was and what good I was likely to derive from getting to school... but it was all to no purpose. He had his plans laid and I believe the passage monies paid, and I must go with him.

On the ship,

There was a School started on board for the benefit of any who wished to go to it; but it was knocked in the head in less than a week. I went to it but of course I learned nothing. After I saw there was to be no more school I got my Father sometimes and a young man named Strachan to teach me a little and I began to make some progress but not very much....

In Melbourne at age 16 he

bought a slate and some Childrens books and with the help of my Sister tried to learn to read and write, but while in the Kitchen there was no time....

At Bolinda in Victoria, at about age 19,

it was while I was doing all this Shepherding that I taught myself to read and write. The Reading was the most difficult to get hold of, but I was for about three months in a hut with an Old Convict, who was a well educated man but old and unable to see to read himself, and he got me to read to him at night after we came home. I made very little progress the first night or two, but he encouraged me on and explained the pronouncing of the most difficult words, and I took the Book out with me every day and spelled and pored over what was to be read at night, and then after reading it to "Old Charlie" I would re-read it next morning again while out with my sheep, as well as reading my piece for the night, and by that way I could read very well considering, before I left him. The writing was the next thing, and I managed it this way.—There was an old Pensioner named Portingale who had a family growing up around him, a good decent sort of a man, and he was teaching all of his children who were old enough, to read and write, at home; and after they were done with the old Copy books, they

were put into the Water closet and I used to go into his closet and tear off the Copperplate headings to learn from, and my apparatus for learning consisted of a small board about eight inches long and five inches broad and a piece of Window glass, ground rough on one side and about the same size as the board, and both were small enough to go into my jumper pocket—and in Writing I laid the board on my Knee and the Copper plate heading on the board and the glass on the top with the roughened side up, then I would trace on the glass with a lead pencil, over the Copperplate, two or three times, then I would write it by simply looking at it, and in a very short time I could write a far better hand than what I can do now. This used to be my amusement day after day until I could write with my eyes shut just as well as with them open, then I practised writing on one side of the glass so as to make it readable on the other side and sent a letter, so written, to my Father which puzzled him so much that he gave it up without being able to read it; he showed it to Brother Jim, who immediately held it up before the looking glass and read it at once. By the time I left Gardiners I could read, and understand any book I could lay my hands on, and could write a splendid, plain hand. There was one book I read at this time of which I must make Honourable Mention as I give that book the credit of starting me to Think. And that was “Dr Brewers Guide to Science”. I never see that book yet but what I take off my hat to it. That book created such a thirst for Knowledge in me that has never yet been satisfied and never will be while I live or retain my reason.

At age 23 years in Otago,

On the 18th July 1864 I went to a night School at Hampden kept by a very young but very intelligent man named Munro from whom I learned a good deal. I was just 100 Hours with him when each night two hours or $2\frac{1}{4}$ or sometimes $2\frac{1}{2}$ were all added up. I shall never forget his Kindness, and the very intelligent way he had of explaining difficult things.

As a 24 year old at Waikouaiti in 1865 and 1866,

I was very comfortable at Prestons and was very well liked... and what I value most, they placed their Library at my

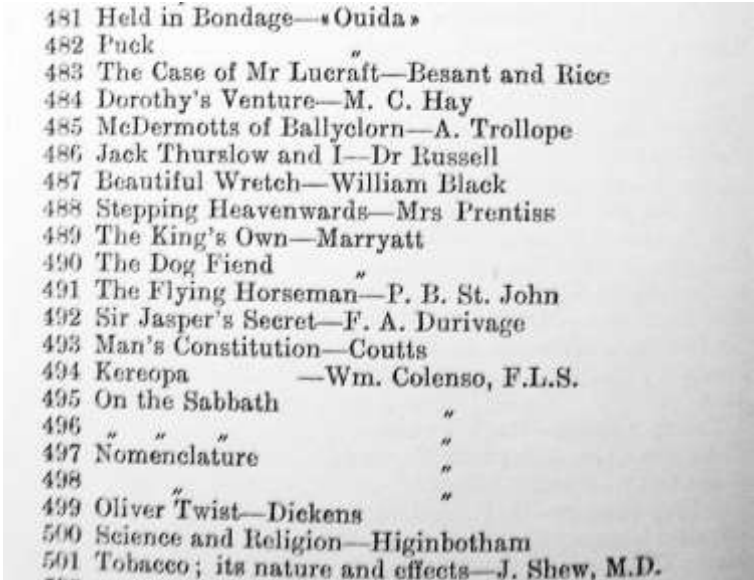
disposal, and always took me in to the Parlor and told me to select what books I wished. I remember, the first I took was “Johnstones Agricultural Chemistry”. The Sons and Daughters rather laughed at my choice, but Mr. P. said I made a good selection, as he said it was worth half what was in the Library. I was never now without books, and books to my liking, and plenty of time to study them, altho I always made it a rule to go to bed at 9 p.m. and never to read in bed.

He wrote in Appendix D to his autobiography that, when he was 31,

About the end of 1872 and while I was at Carlyons I began to form a Library for myself and in about Four years I bought books to the value of nearly £200 for my own private use. And after I had been at Mangawhare about Five years, one of the men came to me and told me that eight of the men had each contributed 10/- wherewith to buy Books for their own Winters reading, and asked me if I would take care of them, and give them out to be read, which I very willingly promised to do, adding at the same time 20/- to the general fund, making £5, and with the £5 I bought in Napier 52 Volumes and started the Library with the above books, on the 15th June 1878, and after a while I advised throwing them open to the Public, at a subscription of Two Pence per week, and the thing gradually grew, larger and larger until at present (25/4/85) we have no less than 752 Volumes and a sum of £25 on the way to Mudie & Co. London for more books, so that with the Public Library and the Private one I have no less than a Thousand Books in the House!! “What a difference from the time Mr Preston put his library at my disposal as described.”

Colenso wrote, on 29 June 1883, “I did not know until now, that you had a library at Glenross; Capital, I am greatly pleased at this, & think how those round you are indebted to you”; on 16 January 1884, “... in the Book packet, a ‘Kereopa’ for yourself, & a double supply of all those 3 Tracts for your pub Library”; on 23 November 1884, “Your ‘Catalogue’ surprised me; took away my breath!! so many books, & such a rare lot of *good* ones, too; and then to put W.C. (or his wee bairnies) into it. However since you have done so, I must add thereto—have you a copy of Vol I ‘Trans N.Z. Inst’? I think not; that contains two of my larger essays—one being *the prize one* (according

to your Countrymen at Otago); *be sure, you let me know*. Also; have you a copy of the Parliamentary Paper (of 1875), about the Maori Lexicon? let me know"; on 28 April 1886, "I am both pleased and interested in the rapid and solid growth of your library—it surely beats all Country Town Libraries! all I can hope additional, is, that you (all) do make good use of your stores otherwise books are much as misers gold".



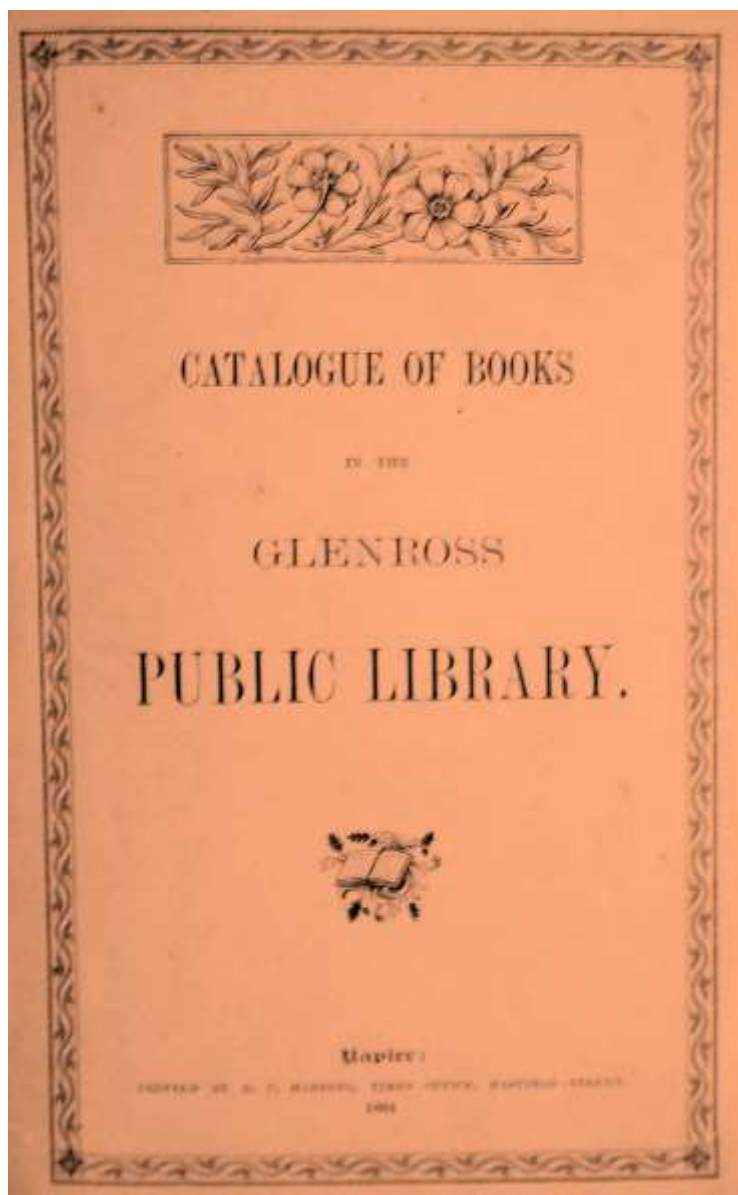
481 Held in Bondage—«Ouida»
 482 Puck
 483 The Case of Mr Lucraft—Besant and Rice
 484 Dorothy's Venture—M. C. Hay
 485 McDermotts of Ballyclorn—A. Trollope
 486 Jack Thurslow and I—Dr Russell
 487 Beautiful Wretch—William Black
 488 Stepping Heavenwards—Mrs Prentiss
 489 The King's Own—Marryatt
 490 The Dog Fiend
 491 The Flying Horseman—P. B. St. John
 492 Sir Jasper's Secret—F. A. Durivage
 493 Man's Constitution—Coutts
 494 Kereopa —Wm. Colenso, F.L.S.
 495 On the Sabbath
 496 " " "
 497 Nomenclature "
 498 "
 499 Oliver Twist—Dickens "
 500 Science and Religion—Higinbotham
 501 Tobacco; its nature and effects—J. Shew, M.D.

Colenso's "wee bairnies" in the Glenross Library Catalogue, 1888.

Coupland Harding printed attractive little catalogues of the Glenross Library in 1884 (744 books) and 1888 (1108 books).⁷⁰ The inside front cover published the

Terms: Entrance fee 2/6, and 2d per week subscription, payable in advance. Shearers at Glenross and Mangawhare can get books throughout the shearing time, by paying 2/- in advance, without entrance fee or subscription. **Hours:** Week-days—6.30 to 7 o'clock p.m. Sundays—1.30 to 2 p.m., and 6.30 to 7 p.m.

⁷⁰ Harding also published a *Catalogue and rules of the Waipukurau Library* in 1887.



When Balfour was forced to leave Glenross, the *Hawke's Bay Herald* reported (7 August 1889),

Our Puketapu correspondent writes under yesterday's date:— There was a large attendance at the meeting last week of the Glenross public library, about nine-tenths or the subscribers being present. The occasion of the meeting was the retirement of Mr D. P. Balfour from the office of secretary and treasurer. Mt F. S. Waterhouse was appointed secretary and treasurer, and took over the keys, books, and library funds from Mr Balfour. On the motion of Mr Waterhouse, Mr Balfour was appointed a life member of the library. Mt Waterhouse then, in an appropriate speech, presented Mr Balfour with a purse of sovereigns and the following letter:— "Dear Mr. Balfour,—On behalf of the members, of the Glenross library, and of some of your friends and neighbors, I have been asked to write to you, on the eve of your departure from Glenross, and to convey to you our thanks for the time and attention you have devoted to the welfare of the library since its foundation. We are aware that this district owes to you, and to your perseverance and attention, the boon of possessing a public library; and as long as the library exists, the name of its founder will be gratefully associated with it. On behalf of your neighbors, friends, and employés, I should like to take this opportunity of expressing our regret at your departure from the district, and our best wishes for further prosperity and happiness to yourself, Mrs Balfour, and family. As a slight token of our gratitude to you in connection with your devotion to the Interests of the Glenross Library, and a mark of our esteem as a friend and neighbor, we ask you to accept a purse containing twenty-five sovereigns, which have been contributed by the undermentioned members of the library, neighbors, and friends." The letter bore the signature of F.S. Waterhouse and nineteen other names. At the conclusion of the business meeting a social gathering was held, which did not break up till nearly midnight.

A handwritten catalogue from 1900–1901 lists 1921 books. In July 1964 Hawke's Bay historian Alice Woodhouse spoke about the Glenross Library on the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation's "Bookshop". She ended with,

About 1905 or 1906 Glenross was bought by T. Sanderson and W. Duncan, with Mr. Sanderson as manager, and I have lately been talking with Mrs. Sanderson, an old lady now in her nineties, with vivid memories of Glenross, which she loved. She said the library was carried on by some of the men on Mangawhare, especially a man called Harrison, and when he died about 1920 she looked after it herself for ten or twelve years, until she found that the then owners of Mangawhare were letting all and sundry have the key whenever they wanted it, and the books were getting lost and destroyed. So she refused to take any more responsibility for it.

Just recently there was sent to the Hawke's Bay Museum a small wooden box containing the last remains of the Glenross Library. There were a few books, mostly about 40 or 50 years old, another catalogue dated 1915 listing just over three thousand books, and a balance sheet for the year 1900. From this we learn that there were then 45 subscribers....

A note in Woodhouse's hand is appended, recording the death of Mrs Sanderson at age 95 in July 1964—the last link with Balfour's extraordinary Glenross Library.

CHAPTER 6: PHRENOLOGY

Balfour made several references to phrenology, that 19th century amalgam of racism and quackery that interpreted the normal variations in irregularities of the skull as signifying various mental qualities. Twice in his autobiography he referred to “bumps”—“locality” and “progenitiveness”. His diary suggests the origin,

Friday 5 March 1875. I was forcibly struck with a passage in Andrew Combes *Principals of Physiology*. 15th ed. p250.

Combes was a phrenologist. The passage Balfour so much admired is this,

It ought never to be forgotten that in education it is the brain, or organ of mind, and not the abstract immaterial principle, which requires cultivation, and that hence *education operates*

invariably in subjection to the laws of organization. In improving the *external* senses, we admit this principle readily enough; but whenever we come to the *internal* faculties of thought and feeling, it is either denied or neglected. With gross inconsistency, we admit that the superior quickness of touch, sight, and hearing, consequent upon judicious exercise, is always referable to increased facility of action in their appropriate organs; but when we explain, on the same principle, the superior development of the reasoning powers, or the greater warmth of feeling produced by similar exercise in these and other internal faculties, few are inclined to listen to our proposition, or allow to it half the weight or attention which its importance requires, although every fact in philosophy and experience concurs in supporting it.⁷¹

He wrote in his diary,

Tuesday 3rd August 1875. Had my head examined by Dr Carr, he asked me if I was married, I told him “no”. “Well you may consider it a private calamity” said he “but I don’t, I consider it a public calamity”. I asked him why and he said I was capable of shewing nine men out of every ten how to respect and treat a wife. He did not say much more as he is to write it out....

Wednesday August 11th 1875. The Mailman came & brought my chart from Dr. Carr. He gives me a very good reading. He says “Sir the greatest measurement in the circumference around the base of the brain is only moderate. The other measurements over the dome of the head, over the reflective organs & perceptive regions are really all that could be desired and illustrate a well formed Brain of moderate size but of superior moral & mental structure. That is the organ is important to a good moral character, to a sensible understanding and a well regulated character are very well balanced & better than average in size and “influence”.

Then he goes on to say that I often try to do more than

71 Combe A 1854. *The principles of physiology applied to the preservation of health and the improvement of physical and mental education*. 15th edition. Fowlers and Wells, New York, p250. George and Andrew Combe were renowned phrenologists.

I ought and as it is impossible to do it I often fuss over it; which I can't say is altogether correct. But he goes on to say "your conscientiousness is large—your Fidelity unquestionable—your energetic powers commendable.

"Your occupation and isolation from perfect female society is against the higher perfection of your character, it is contrary to the finer instincts of your nature to be single, to be without a good kind wife, to be without offspring—your nature longs for domestic society; you ought by all means to avail yourself of it &c &c

"Marry that is my advice to you" (under lined by the Dr)

"You are capable of being an industrious and painstaking manager & a successful Farmer of sheep &c you are practicable & thoroughly in earnest, sensible, cautious and pushing. To all concerned you will do your duty whatever pursuit you may be engaged in.

"To render this chart of value I have to urge the one thing that will balance your nature, seek a helpmate and find that spiritual solace for which your nature craves.

"See other particulars and chart
(Signed) T. Guthrie Carr".

He also mentions to beware of Intemperance but I fancy there is not very much danger for I have been drinking spirits over 20 years now, and never felt any liking for them, but I am thankful for the hint, and I give him great credit as a Phrenologist.

That credit was somewhat reduced when on

Friday Oct 1st 1875.... CL Barnes came at Dusk and we compared our Charts from Dr Carr and strange to say they are almost exactly alike which rather surprised me unless indeed the Dr makes them all alike.

CHAPTER 7: LIZZIE BALFOUR

Balfour's friend and benefactor Philip Dolbel 1827–1901 was born in Jersey, Channel Islands, came with his brother Richard to New Zealand from Melbourne in 1855. Charles Dolbel arrived on the *Spray of the Ocean* from Glasgow 1 September 1859. In the late 1850s the three brothers leased a property called Mangaharuru of about 20,000 acres in the Mohaka, torched by the Hauhau in 1872.⁷² About 1865 they bought a station of 24,000 acres at Petane and 900 acres at Springfield, Taradale, later adding the adjoining Redclyffe Station.⁷³ Philip never married but lived at Redclyffe until he died in 1901. Richard was married with children. Charles, also married with children, left the partnership to enter business in Napier.⁷⁴ Their sister Nancy stayed in Jersey, married to Pierre Robert.

Philip Dolbel had sold “Kakariki”, part of the Mangaharuru run, to Balfour in 1868, lending Balfour part of the purchase money. They became friends when the Dolbels were living at Springfield and Balfour at Mangawhare.



Philip Dolbel's house at Puketapu, photo Samuel Carnell, date unknown.
MTG Hawke's Bay, Hawke's Bay Museums Trust/ Ruawharo Ta-u-rangi collection.
Collection of Hawke's Bay Museums Trust, Ruawharo Tā-ū-rangi, 1624.

⁷² *The Cyclopedia of New Zealand (Taranaki, Hawke's Bay & Wellington Provincial Districts*. The Cyclopedia Co, Christchurch, 1908.

⁷³ Redclyffe and Springfield were both street names in St Helier in Jersey.

⁷⁴ *Press* 20 July 1918.

Balfour wrote in his autobiography,

On the 17th December 1875, I was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Roberts at Springfield, a Niece of the Messrs Dolbel and after a Short Courtship and a Shorter Engagement we were Married on the 18th Novr. 1876, Mr. Kinross being highly pleased with me doing so and invited himself to the Wedding and enjoyed himself very much.

On 14 November 1876 William Colenso wrote to Andrew Luff in London, "There is to be another wedding at his (Philip Dolbel's) house on Saturday next—one of his Jersey nieces to Balfour,—Kinross' overseer: I have been warmly invited—but cannot go." He did, however, give the young couple a suite of furniture, which was treasured by the family for many years.

There were five Robert sisters, Jersey-born nieces of the Dolbel brothers; in the 1861 Channel Islands Census fisherman Pierre and wife Nancy (Dolbel) Robert of 78 Roseville St, St Helier, Jersey listed their children as Ann aged 13, Elizabeth 9, Philip 5, Jane 4 and Charlotte 1; their servant was Esther Larre.

By 1871 Ann, Elizabeth and Jane had gone, Philip was the eldest at 15, followed by Charlotte 11, Ellen 9, George 7 and a new Jane 5.

By 1881 only George, now a 17 year old fisherman, was at home with his 64 year old father and 58 year old mother. Ten years later Pierre 75 and Nancy 68 were alone and in 1901 they had gone.⁷⁵

Banking collapses and subsequent bankruptcies led to a major economic downturn in Jersey in the middle to late nineteenth century. Emigration to Canada, Australia and New Zealand was encouraged by advertisements offering incentives. Islanders were given free passage to New Zealand and lectures were given in St Helier on the benefits of moving to Canada. Over 6,000 people left the Island in the 1870s and 1880s.⁷⁶

Primogeniture was the rule and daughters would not inherit property.

⁷⁵ Channel Islands Census Reports, via Ancestry.com.

⁷⁶ <https://www.jerseyheritage.org/family-history/jersey-emigration> accessed 25 July 2017.

I can find no record of when Anne Roberts (the surname anglicised in New Zealand) came to New Zealand but it was certainly before 1868. Elizabeth arrived in Wellington as a second class passenger on the *Commissary* in December 1875. Eighteen year old Charlotte and 12 year old Jane arrived at Napier in 1877 on the *Mataura* from Jersey as “single women assisted immigrants”.⁷⁷ Their occupations were each entered as “General Servant”—cost to the NZ government, £27.3.0 the pair. Ellen, two years younger than Charlotte, may have arrived later.

The older Jane may have died and the second Jane may have been a “replacement child”—or the older Jane may also have come to New Zealand with Anne and Elizabeth: I can find no trace of her. Nor is there any public record of a sixth sister, Mary Ann.

The Roberts sisters married in turn. Samuel Parsons and Annie Roberts on 2 April 1868 at Dolbels’ house, Springfield, Taradale.⁷⁸ Mary Ann Roberts and John B Hollis were married there on Christmas Day 1875.⁷⁹ David Balfour and Elizabeth Roberts in 1876. In 1878 David Simon of Jersey and Charlotte Roberts were married at Springfield.⁸⁰ In 1883 Walter Newbould married Ellen Mary Roberts.⁸¹ In 1886 James Nichol married Jane Roberts.⁸²



Of all the wives only Mary Hollis signed the Women’s Suffrage Petition in 1893.

⁷⁷ <https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/3:1:33HT-DYLC-KDL?i=17&cc=1609792> accessed 22 July 2017.

⁷⁸ *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 11 April 1868.

⁷⁹ Balfour’s diaries.

⁸⁰ *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 27 December 1878.

⁸¹ *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 11 April 1883.

⁸² *Daily Telegraph* 14 May 1886.

Charles Codd, Puketapu sheepfarmer married Jane Lydia Queree of Jersey, another Dolbel niece, in 1884. Richard Dolbel's son Richard married her sister, his cousin Ann Queree in 1889.⁸³

As Balfour's diaries tell it, the Dolbels' home at Springfield was the social centre of the district. Clearly they were hospitable people and they had unmarried nieces in numbers.

We know little of Elizabeth (Roberts) Balfour except from her future husband's "personal" diaries. Until 1874 they are full of the relentless chores of farm work with the expected notes on weather, fencing, shearing, scouring wool, business transactions, sheep, cattle, horses, dogs, crops, scrub cutting, farm supplies, hiring and firing, income and expenditure.

In 1874 a softer, more human tone creeps in as the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love—with, of course, his boy-girl banter, his awkwardness and his embarrassments. It is a time of widening friendships, of exploring new ideas, of learning social graces—learning to dance, learning to flirt. His secret thoughts and actions are written in his "hieroglyphic" code...

The following are excerpts, culled from among many other diary entries,

Sunday November 1st. Rode over to Dolbel's to pass the day as I expected the Patea Mailman. Saw Dolbels sister & her husband H Ridgway & family.⁸⁴ Saw Mrs. Bennett with another child. I wanted to bet Mrs. D that Mrs B would beat her 2 to 1 but she would not take. Saw G Condie & was made very comfortable as usual.

Sunday 28th. February 1875. Cold day—Kawek covered.... got to Dolbels before sundown. Saw Philip fair time since he came back from Europe.

Monday March 1st 1875. Rode to Meanee left mare to get shod and took coach to Napier, was very busy all day. Bought a silk Dress for Mrs. D. (I had great difficulty in selecting one & I am afraid the one I did select is not right) came with coach to Meanee. Rode to Taradale, had tea & on to D's. Presented Mrs D with a stereoscope and some

⁸³ *Daily Telegraph* 9 September 1889.

⁸⁴ Henry Ridgeway married Marie Dolbel.

views. Had a very pleasant evening with the Dolbels and their relations from Jersey.

Tuesday 2nd. Presented Mrs. D with the Dress & rode home....

Sunday 21st.... I seem to myself to be a very Heterogeneous Mass. I am very Comfortable, yet very miserable. I have all the necessaries of life & some of the Luxrys, yet I am not satisfied. I have plenty of company around me yet I am very lonely.

Sunday 9th May.... Went down to G Bees (at Mohaka) & saw a goodly collection of youth & beauty, the younger portion of them had grown termendious since I left.

Wednesday 9th (June). Rode to Springfield & got Fits from Mrs. D. rode back to Taradale & walked into Town....

Saturday 26th. 3pm Dr Peacock came down & told me that Mrs. Scott was safely delivered of a daughter last night. She (the child) being the highest born Beauty in Hawke's Bay, as B.H. is the highest inhabited place in the province. Gave Dr P a nip of Rum which made him drunk so that he was not able to go back.

Thursday July 1st 1875.... "Their smiles would fall upon me like the Sun beams on polar ice, very bright but unable to melt"

Friday 14th. Exploring the Bush found some fair timber, saw some very wonderful places. I was walking up a spur in hopes of finding a road out at the top, when suddenly the spur terminated in a point of rock & I looked down on a scene that I will not forget in a hurry, it was like looking down on some fairy land with enchanted Castles & Gardens &c. I went down to the bottom (about 80 yds) and found myself in a place that is utterly indescribable (at least to me). It looked like what I often imagined the bottom of the Sea would look like, huge rocks tumbled about in all fantastical positions imaginable, intertwined with straight alleyways and all covered by a bright green moss & trees, shrubs, vines &c all nicely covered with the same, and the subdued light of the Bush gave the whole a sombre appearance. It is in such places, when, alone, I can meet, and talk to my Creator face-to-face undisturbed by any sublunary considerations whatever. I wandered about the

place for some hours as if I were in Heaven and only left it as darkness was coming on.

On 3 August he had his “head read” by the phrenologist, Dr Carr, and

Came out by the coach got my horse & rode to Dolbels, spent a very pleasant evening. Miss Roberts sighed very much which caused a deal of merriment.

Saturday August 7th. 1875. Send a letter to Ph. Dolbell about transfer of Deeds, but the letter contained this passage, “... tell Miss Roberts that I hope she will get what she was sighing for”

Tuesday 17th. Walked up to Blowhard & walked amongst the men. Was thinking frequently about my relations in Victoria, if there are any of them alive. My poor old Father & my sisters. Tis strange that I stand here alone, no one to care much whether I live or die, prosper or go to ruin. But I may hear from them yet, or someone may care what becomes of me yet.

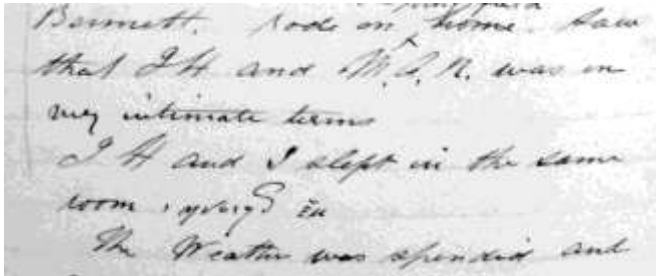
Wednesday August 18th 1875.... Capt Birch called on his way to Town, it is the first time I have seen him. I found him to be a very intelligent young man, nothing like what I pictured him to be. We had some very earnest & sometimes animated conversation, we touched upon Geology, Botany, Anatomy, Electricity, Mesmerism, Phrenology, Odic force,⁸⁵ Politics &c &c and I spent a very enjoyable evening.

Sunday 3rd (October).... Studying Astronomy & Navigation Amidie Guillimen the former and Norrie & Beeton the latter, find them very interesting studies.

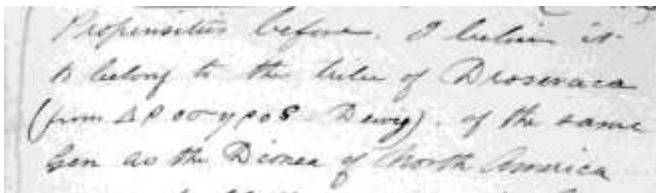
Sunday 10th. Trying to learn the Swedish language from Mrs. T. & I find it not so hard after all but I am not in a Language humour. Measured a tube for glasses for a kalidescope, got it to within 1/500th part of an inch and I think that is nigh enough for my purpose.

85 A hypothetical vital energy or life force popularised in the mid19th century by Baron Carl von Reichenbach. Rather like Ch'i in traditional Chinese medicine.

Thursday 14th Oct. 1875.... Rode on to Springfield. Saw that JH and M.A.R.⁸⁶ was on very intimate terms. JH and I slept in the same room.



Detail from Balfour's diary, 14 October 1875, showing an example of his "hieroglyphics".



Clearly he understood the Greek alphabet

Tuesday 19th.... There is 24 people here tonight & I am alone in fact I feel alone.

Saturday 27th. Started down & got to Taradale 11 a.m. fed my horse & self & went on to Meanee to see about press. Saw JC Speedy, tried at Meanee to get shearers but could not. Came back to Taradale and tried for shearers there with like success. Saw D & we had a glass together he invited me home had to wait for my saddle & when it was finished I rode over, and was astonished to find that J.B.H. & M.A.R is to be M.A.R.ried at Christmas if the "Comasery" arrives by that time.⁸⁷ Had some very very good fun & got turned into the Double bed.

86 John Hollis and Mary Ann Roberts (the Miss Roberts who had been sighing).

87 The *Commissary* arrived in Wellington on 11 Decembr 1875, from London; among the passengers were Mr L Hollis and Dolbel nieces Miss E Roberts and Miss J Queree.

Sunday 28th. Mrs D had often been wanting to get me to go to Church & would have me stop & go so I stopped & went to hear the Rev. P.C.A.⁸⁸ but for all the benefit I derived from him I might as well have remained at home. Mr & Mrs R.D., Masters Ph & R.⁸⁹ Miss Lucy Kare & I rode there in the carriage—Mrs. B rode past us on horseback & did not look the way we were in. She is nettled about the Marriage.

Had some good fun after coming home, amongst other things I tied my beard round Miss——s neck and blundering like tied it with a “Granny” knot and neither her nor I could untie it again and we had to get Mrs. D to untie us amid thundering applause.

P.D. came after dinner & as it was very wet I was very easily persuaded to stop all night. J.B.H came also & I thought if she had only been adapted for my style of life or I for hers I would not have congratulated him in so friendly a manner as I did. They are well matched & I am well pleased.

Spent the time very comfortable.

Tuesday 30th. Attending shearing with 3 shepherds to help me. Laughed frequently at the fix I got in with my beard the other day.

Wednesday Decr. 1st. 1875.... I often think about the “Comaserry” and the Passengers she is to bring....⁹⁰

Friday 17th... I found that the shearers had very nearly set the shed on fire last night and I felt so very uncomfortable about it that I went right down to Napier to get it Insured and while I was at it I insured my Books, Microscope, Kaleidoscope, Telescope, Mathematical Instruments, Watch, clothing &c &c for £100, and then went to Dinwiddies & got £3 worth of Xmas boxes then walked to Taradale got my horse, but it being very very hot I drank 2 glasses of Shandy-Gall⁹¹ which rendered me very stupid. I rode to Dolbels, had a cup of Tea, and Philip & I went into his room to examine the ?boxes. One was an Album,

88 Rev. P.C. Anderson, who would later marry David Balfour and Elizabeth Roberts.

89 Mr and Mrs Richard Dolbel, masters Philip and Richard.

90 The *Commissary* would bring Elizabeth Roberts, his future wife.

91 Beer mixed with ginger ale.

which required no examining, the other was a Kaleidoscope & a magnet and after I had examined them for some time so that I perfectly understood them I came out to the sitting room but my head was very far from being clear. I saw C.D. & his Mrs. and got introduced to Miss E Roberts and after talking for some time I presented Mrs R.D. with the Album for her X box, and presented Miss Robert with the Kaleidoscope but told her that I wished to tell her why I should make her the present of so useless thing as that for a Wedding gift, and she told me she should be very glad to hear what I had to say on the subject, but I am afraid I cannot remember now what I told her but it was something to this effect that altho it was a very nice looking thing both outside & in, I hoped that through life she would not resemble it, and I said it was a very fitting emblem of the young ladies of the present age, ie everlastingly changing and never twice alike and told her to put it away & I would show her rather how she could guide her future husband. So we put it away and I told RD to get me a saucer (a Clive saucer ie a large meat dish) and a neddle, & when I got them I poured some water in the dish and told her we would suppose that to represent the "Ocean of Life" then I took the neddle—a small sewing one—and told her we would suppose it to represent Johny.⁹² I said that it resembled him in several things, but the main resemblance it had to him was that it was sharp and to prove it I guarded the point with my finger & suddenly gave her a slight prick in the arm, which made her jump, and all the company was convulsed with laughter (Mrs. D here begged of me to stop as she was afraid of going in Hysterics and I eased off a little) and I continued something after this style, "Now as Johny is about to go afloat on the Ocean of Life—Tomorrow-week—we will just see how he gets on, and I tried to float the neddle, but at the first attempt at sank, & some one remarked "Oh! what a pity," but I treated it quite cool and said, "Now, sometimes a young man cannot succeed in getting afloat on the Ocean of Life at the first attempt and the best thing

92 John Hollis, about to marry Mary Ann Roberts.

he can do is to try it again” and I lifted the neddle from the bottom, dried it and tried it again and it floated splendid. Well said I there he is afloat at the second attempt. I have known some I said who tried five or six times before he succeeded (I know that this is his second attempt, so did 9/10ths of those present which caused great merriment). Now then he is afloat at last (alluded to next Saturday) and I will just show you how you can guide him on the Ocean of Life any way you like and it is very easy, and very simple. She asked how. I said “Very simple” but don’t try to Bounce him or else the chances are you will sink, but you can guide him by this (and I put my arm around her neck & was going to Kiss her, but suddenly stoped and said “No! the rules of Society forbid me to shew you in reality how to guide him but it is simply this” (and I kissed my hand insted of kissing her) and you can guide him anywhere you like by that. And now to shew you that what I say is true, you will only point to any parts of the Ocean of Life (the dish) I will bring him, the neddle, to it, & she pointed to a part of the dish, & I again kissed hand & said softly, “Come along Johny” and he came beautifully (I had a strong Magnet concealed in the sleve of my coat). I made her point to several places in the dish, and I would kiss my hand and he would come very docilely, which caused a deal of amusement. But I suddenly stoped and said, “now you can see how easy you can guide him, but on the other hand, supposing you wanted to sink him in the “Ocean of Life,” it is just as easy, in fact it is very easy for you to sink him and the only thing you have to do is to undermine him (and I put my hand under the table and gave it a smart tap beneath and what with the concussion & the Power of the Magnet he (the neddle) sank at once. There he is I said at the bottom of the “Ocean of Life” and he is done for (pause). “But,” I said “Supposing that on the other hand someone else had undermined and sunk him, Oh! here is where your power shows to most advantage. You have only to give him a Kiss (I kissed my coat sleve by an intentional mistake) and say come up again Johny and up he comes as bright as ever (I touched the water with my coat sleve & the neddle adhered to it). I dried it again &

floated it and called for another neddle to represent herself, but in reality I had another neddle attached to the Magnet all the time, I pretended to dry the neddle in the sleeve of my coat but in reality I abstract the other one from the Magnet and told her I intended this one to represent her and see how they would act when both were floated on the Ocean of Life and by good chance she floated at the first attempt & the part of the magnetised neddle very soon shewed its self and by their mutual attraction they very soon came into collision amid deafening applause and I said to the company present, "Well Ladies & Gentlemen they seem very comfortable as they are both afloat on the Ocean of Life. Supposing we leave them there which was unanimously agreed to. I took the Magnet from my sleeve & present it to her amid great merriment & universal satisfaction.

Slept there all night and was made very comfortable as usual.

Saturday 25th December 1875. Started for Springfield 5 a.m., got down by 9 a.m. on Patene. The Company began to gather to Witness the Marriage of Mary Ann Roberts with John Hollis. The ceremony took place in the Parlor of Springfield & there was 48 people present to witness it, but it is useless to try to describe the fun we had afterwards. Suffice it that I never did spend 18 hours so much to my satisfaction before. Amongst the several games we had was one called "the Post" in which I got caught by Miss de Gruchy and was named as the fine Old Gentleman with the large beard, & I in my turn caught the only one of the 48 that I would wish to catch (Blindfolded).

The Bride & Bridegroom left about 10 p.m. for their home at Clive, and 28 of us kept up the fun till day-light when I started home & arrived 7:10 a.m., thus riding 50 miles and enjoying myself to my utmost satisfaction for 18 hours and all with the span of 26 hours—Miss L.C.'s volatile spirits assisted wonderfully to pass the tedious hours between 2 a.m. & daylight.

I was very sorrow that I could not procure a Missetoe before going down & a very bright idea struck me to get Something that the company did not know very well &

pass it off as one and on Shields flat, I noticed some nice Wharengarara⁹³ with the berries ripe on it and I thought it would do, cut a bunch of it & wrapped it up carefully in a handkerchief, and just before all the company arrived, Miss de G. Remarked she was very sorrow they had no Miseltoe. I begged her pardon & told her I had brought some down, under which we had some fun (“hieroglyphics” follow). I never remember the journey up seeming so short. I have often felt the road to Shields (5 miles) seem as long. I felt their warm hand clasps on my hands & (“hieroglyphics”).

The Begg family came to stay at the farm at the end of shearing after Christmas and Balfour wrote,

Sunday 2nd January 1876. Walked to small gully in Old Pdk with Begg family excep Julie and spent a very pleasant day with them.

Monday 3rd. Got Miss Esobel to put a button on my coat & another on my shirt, when they begged of me to give them something more to do, so I gave them four Flannel shirts to make for me, so I will have something to remember them by when they leave. Mr Begg left 3½ p.m. I showed the others the microscope until 9 p.m. I spend the time very comfortable indeed considering that I have never been used to the like before.

Tuesday 4th. Wet day, with my guests amusing them to the best of my poor abilities with riddles tricks &c. J.W.

Morehouse came just after Tea, and we had together games of several kinds, and spent the time very pleasantly. Oh how different to what it was some five or six months ago.

Tuesday 25th.... (at Springfield) had some good fun. Miss L.C__ Dressed herself in men’s clothes & realy looked well. Miss R__ accompanied her as a man & wife they sung some good songs.

Friday 28th. Wrote vals⁹⁴ to Miss R = “after labour may you enjoy rest” with 1 hair. 1 to Miss J.B. = “give me any name

93 New Zealand daphne.

94 Valentines

you like” & “why not take mine” & signed “and run never”.
 I to Maggie C. Representing a man defending a woman
 from a pig mottod “let me protect you”.

Sunday Jan. 30th 1876.... Called at Spring, saw Ph but met a
 party on the Redclyffe cutting. I wonder why my fingers
 tingle while in contact with hers....

Wednesday 23rd February.... About 10 a.m. Mickie came with
 mail & I got a Vale-Vale and a proper Vale-Vale or rather
 a Vive-Vale.⁹⁵ The former came per post and the latter per
 public permit. Who sent the first I have no notion but the
 last is plain

If I had kenned t’at I ken noo

I wud ha banged her ----- tu.

10.45p.m. Who sent it? that’s the question!

For some like me & I like some

& when Doctors Differ who is to agree

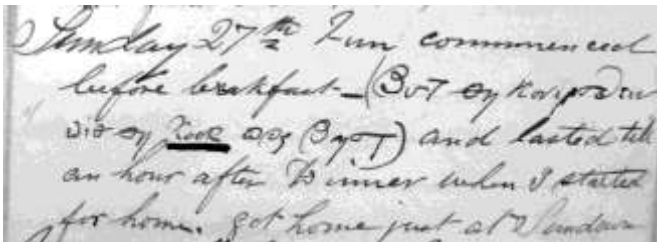
Thursday Feby 24th. 1876. I went to bed last night saying

“Who sent it” and I awoke this morning saying “Who sent
 it” and all day I kept saying to myself “Who sent it”.... went
 to bed saying “Who sent it”

Saturday Feb 26th Rode out again to D.’s but I am affraid to
 go back as the wrong one has buckled on—spent the
 evening very pleasantly but could not find out “Who sent
 it”.

Sunday 27th. Fun commenced before breakfast—

(“hieroglyphics”) and lasted till an hour after Dinner when
 I started for hom. Got home just at Sundown.



*Sunday 27th Fun commenced
 before breakfast—(But by correspondence
 did of live as (Byot) and lasted till
 an hour after Dinner when I started
 for home. Got home just at Sundown*

95 *Vive valeque* = live and be well.

Sunday 5th March. I have kept the (music) Box going pretty regular since I got it and seem to live in a new atmosphere all together, but what puzzles me now is the old cry "Who sent it". 10 p.m. The box going all day, and one of the tunes it plays is "The Hasel dell" one that I used to hear John Robertson of Bellaty play nearly 30 years ago, and have never heard the tune since and strange to say while it is playing that tune I can trace every incident no matter how trifling that happened during my stay with him and things come into my head which I know I have not thought of for at least 20 years....

Monday 6th Finished reading "the Mysteries of a Convent & Maria Monk". I read them with disgust & burned the book with the utmost satisfaction afterwards.

Wednesday 8th called at D, stopped about an hour. Miss R was at Clive....

Sunday March 12th 1876.... I am in a queer state Who sent it.

Monday 20th Who sent it?

Friday 31st Came by Dolbels & ("hieroglyphics") which kept my spirits up until I got home....

Friday 7th April.... Got to D.'s near dark, they persuaded me to stop, but I would have liked to get to Taradale, but I stopped & had some good fun & did not regret going to Taradale.

Monday May the First. Washing day at Springfield. Amused myself very well ... & they were dancing in the kitchen when the French dance of De Chapeau was introduced when Mrs. R.D. made me join in it. I did so & went through it very fair, when a Polka was mooted & Mrs. C.D. wished me to join in it but I declined through ignorance of dancing but then Miss Kare wished me to try & I could resist no longer & got up, and with the exception of treading on her toes a few times I rather surprised myself at the manner I stumbled through it— that being the first time I ever went on a floor to dance. We tried it twice & I have no doubt but what I will try it again now that the ice is broken. 9 p.m. ajourned to the parlor & had "A Ship from China" for some time & during the penalties of "forfeits" PD came home & acted like a "Wet Blanket". PD, GB & I "yarned" until 12.45 a.m.

Sunday 28th. Rode... on to D.'s got a very good reception indeed, got a nice Rose bud but unfortunately lost the bud & the thorny part stuck to me— bad omen— was started on a nice two-handed yarn in the kitchen when C.D. came in & spoiled all—favourable.

Saturday 17th June.... to D.'s. After Tea Misses R, Q & I commenced blacking & I asked PH (thinking it was R) whither I had not made a good job of it, spent a glorious night—Mrs. told us she could not sleep.

Sunday June 18th 1876.... About 11½ a.m. Mr. & Mrs. Polot came (married 10 days ago) had some good chaffing, dinner & a walk by Shirley's, but regretted that Mrs RD asked me to walk with them as I would have far rather stopped at home with LR & LQ,⁹⁶ and on the walk, from a hint I heard, I found that LR was going to C.⁹⁷ Which caused me some uncertainty & was truly uncomfortable.



Picked an everlasting Koromiko & had the pleasure of presenting it to LR. Drew a "wishing bone" with & gained I wished ("hieroglyphics") I would like to know what she wished. Time came for parting & she shook hands with

96 Lizzie Roberts and Lydia Queree.

97 Clive, where her sister Mary Ann Hollis lived.

all... when my turn came (which was last) I wished to follow the * * s & did so with ("hieroglyphics") which gave me a unbounded satisfaction....

- Wednesday June 21st.... Feel very uneasy about LR being at C.
- Sunday 2nd July.... CD did not know whither there was to be visitors from C. to Spfd so I am not so very anxious now to go down, & on second thoughts this rain would have stopped them at any rate....
- Sunday 9th.... a trap came from town with Mr & Mrs Polot and we all had a walk up over to top of the Govis & down to Lincolns. I had the pleasure of presenting Miss R with a rose leaf reward, but she did not understand it unfortunately. When we were going to bed I wished to get her to go on to the Verandah to explain but she would not go....
- Monday July 10th. 1876.... got Horse to Spfd. and after Tea we had dancing till 11 p.m. & singing till near 12 p.m. I presented Miss R with a note of Flowery Language & shewed her the meaning of the Leg * * * * and pressed her to give me one in return but she sorrowfully said she could not.... I was pronounced to be perfect in the Heel & toe Polka.
- Tuesday July 11th.... This morning I said to LR that "after labour she would enjoy rest" she told me she got a Val to the same effect 5 months ago
- Monday 17th. Rode down to Springfield. Miss R got me some dinner, I pressed her for a leaf but her only excuse was that there was none in the garden... Had dancing until about 11 p.m. & spent a very happy evening.
- Tuesday 18th. Had some good larks & started home. Got home early.
- Wednesday August 23rd.... got back to D.'s about Sundown. I am almost ashamed to go so often but I think they know the reason.
- I enjoyed dancing very much tonight and in one of the dances my partner & I kept up an interesting conversation all the time without breaking down.

Friday August 25th.... got my horse & rode to D's had some very good private talk & some good public fun.... I learned a new dance, a Schotisch I like it very much & I must give them great praise for their patience, but I feel myself to be a gone man.

Saturday 26th.... private conversation before breakfast... when I came to take leave the coast was made clear for me & I took advantage of it. The others know all what is the matter as well as I do but I like them clearing the coast.

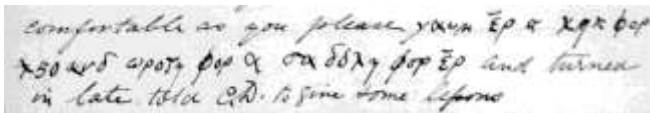
Saturday 9th. September.... I rode down... according to promise. She was a long time showing up & I was afraid she had gone to Clive.... Spent a quiet but pleasant evening....

Wednesday 4th October.... Mr. & Mrs. Hollis wants me to stand godfather for their Daughter along with E.R. which I shall be very glad to do....

Sunday 8th. P.D. and I rode across the Karamu plains to Clive. Saw Mrs Hollis & her daughter, saw others. Mrs H asked me to stand for her child along with E.R. and I told her she meant to make us stand before the Parson in some shape or other....

Saturday Oct. 21st.... After all the others had gone to bed we had a conversation in the kitchen and I went to bed late and happy.

Sunday 22nd.... I asked Mrs. R.D. if she was satisfied and she said she was in all points. About 9 p.m. I asked P.D. and he objected strongly at first and kept us in Purgatory for nearly 3 hours and smoothed every-thing over in the end as comfortable as you please. ("hieroglyphics") and turned in late....



comfortable as you please, you & X & R & P
 & S & R & P & S & R & P & S & R & P & S & R & P
 in late told R.D. to give some before

Monday Oct. 30th. 1876.... got to D.'s at dusk was very glad to find they had fixed the day & soon too. 18th. prox. Sat till past 12 p.m. laying plans and earnest conversation.

- Thursday 2nd Novr.... hung a curtain across my bedroom door: measured windows for curtains &c. &c.
- Friday 3rd.... told men about the 18th....
- Saturday 4th. Went to Horse Pdk & picked out three cows for milkers & then rode down to D.'s for the Christening tomorrow & the Cattle sale on Monday, got down about 4 p.m.... had some dancing at night but E.R. was sick. After the others went to bed we talked until 2 a.m.
- Sunday 5th. Turned in 2 a.m. & out 6½ a.m. Wet showery day, the Christening was put off until the 18th. and all parties seem glad that it is. Saw Mrs. Hollis, and talked again until past midnight.
- Monday 6th. Went to Anderson (Revd. P.C.) & gave him the papers & the time.... Rode out to D's no dancing but the talking after bed time is really pleasant.
- Saturday 11th. Novr. 1876. Rode... to Puketapu ... & When I was there I could not think of turning back, got to D's about 1 p.m., spent the time well, the ladies sewed until midnight and turned in shortly after.
- Tuesday 14th. Took "Waite" down to "Currie", tried to make a hinge for Desk, came home & cleaned out the store, unpacked crockery, Jones drays came up, unloaded them & put Mr Kinross Wedding present (wardrobe) into sitting-room....
- Friday 17th November 1876. Rode into Town, did a good deal of Private & Station business and found that I had to go to Springfield to get a paper signed and through my eccentric behaviour I gave several a fright and one in particular. I got the thing signed and rode back to Taradale, and in getting there I could have cried like a child for one I left behind. Spent a quite evening at Taradale and turned in early.
- Saturday 18th. Left Taradale about 9 a.m. over took Rev. P.C.A. at Redclyffe and walked my horse beside him all the way, he would not ride. Got there in good time & dressed, and in the presence of about Forty people I got married to Elizabeth Roberts at about 11½ a.m. so that from that time I have changed my condition, therefore I conclude this volume at that date & time.

MARRIAGE.

BALFOUR—ROBERTS.—At her uncle's residence, Springfield, on November 18, by the Rev. P. C. Anderson, Mr David Paton Balfour, of Forfarshire, Scotland, to Elizabeth Roberts, of St. Heliers, Jersey.

Volume VI of Balfour's personal diary continues his account of his wedding day,

Saturday Novr. 18th. 1876.

11½ a.m. Sauntering about waiting for the Dinner, which passed off very well, then some amusement in front of House, showery. After some time we adjourned to the Flax gully near Garden & had leap-frog. Lunch tip racing jumping &c. &c. & home again for Tea. After tea dancing in the kitchen. Mr J.G. Kinross danced several times with my wife & was in every dance, he seemed to enjoy himself very much & to surprise all who was there. We kept the fun up until daybreak, people seemed to enjoy themselves very well, there must have been over seventy people there.

Sunday 19th. 9 a.m. My wife, Miss Jane Queree & I started up home in one of Rymer's coaches, and we had some fearful jolting, and I had a deal of anxiety but eventually arrived home 4 p.m. safe and sound, the men gave us three cheers at the gate & had a Triumphal arch erected at the house.

Friday 8th. December.... After 5 p.m. and Lizzie & I rode down to Broken Ground Bush, but a shower came on and spoiled an otherwise pleasant ride. After coming home we had a dance on the Verandah, the first since our Wedding day.

Monday 11th.... had a good dance in front room.

Monday 18th. Parted with Lizzie about 10 a.m. & Charly and I rode home....

Friday 29th.... George Bee... brought a letter from my wife, the first I have received from her.

Monday January First 1877.

Spent a very miserable night last night, saw the Old Year out & the New Year in tumbling about on bed & reading, got up between 4 and 5. Started shearers 5 a.m.

I do not know what is the matter with me, but I cannot

eat or sleep! I feel no pain and no inclination to do anything.

At noon sent a letter to Mrs B, had a sleep p.m. attending shearing, generally fearful, long day.

Tuesday 9th. Did not do very much, both Lizzie & I were tired.

I was reading the History of Jersey nearly all day.

Thursday 11th. January 1877. Seeing the men to rights a.m. then Lizzie persuaded me to go down p.m. so I went. Got to Spfld at Tea, Auntie did not know that I was coming neither did she ask how Lizzie was. Spent the evening very quiet.

Lizzie and the Hollises (John and Mary Ann, Lizzie's sister) sailed on the *Rangatira* for Poverty Bay on 19 January.

Saturday Jany 20th 1877.... Spent a very lonely & miserable evening all by myself.

Sunday 21st. Spent the day and solitary grandure. I fancy I have spent happier days in solitary squalidness. My only consolation is that I hope E is enjoying herself. I do not think I have spoken a dozen words all day, tried to make my will but found I could not do it to my satisfaction....

The *Rangatira* returned with Lizzie on 18 February. Volume VI of Balfour's diary ended on 31 May 1878. He wrote a "retrospect" summary of 1875-1878,

I began this Volume just immediately after I was married, and fully expected to "Live happy ever after". But for the first three or four months Lizzie was far from being contented with the place, being so far from her relations, and through her being so unsatisfied, rendered me rather miserable, as she was (naturaly) more happy with her friends than with me alone. But as she got better used to the place she liked it better and towards the end of the Vol we were both as "happy as the day was long" and another thing which gave me a lot of trouble was the opening of a public-house at the Konini, the men were always getting on the spree and frightening Lizzie. But by degrees things got better, I parted with most of the drinking men, and got steady ones in their place, and Lizzie was making the acquaintance of the neighbours, viz:— Mrs Shield, Carswell & Mrs. Carswell & family, Cameron, Moorehouse and others

and then she had Arthur to amuse herself with while I was away.

The Cooks and Married couples also gave us a good deal of trouble, but on the whole, I would not wish to be more comfortable than I was towards the end of vol.

Life for the Balfours progressed, children came, the farm prospered, their social life was satisfactory and all seemed well.



Elizabeth (Robert) Balfour aged about 30. Napier Portrait Rooms early 1880s.

Photograph by T. Andrew, MTG Hawke's Bay, Hawke's Bay Museums Trust/
Ruawhoro Ta-u-rangi collection. Reference: 45/340, 181, 79070.



The photograph is said to show six Roberts sisters, Elizabeth at left rear. Hawley & Cole, Elite Studio, Napier. Undated, but the Elite Studio opened in 1892. The women have wedding rings and appear to be in mourning dress: is this taken at Balfour's funeral?

When he wrote his autobiography in 1885 David and Elizabeth Balfour had three children, Arthur born 1877, Edith 1878 and Ernest 1879.

Four years later, in 1889 their fourth child Grace died at three days old. Balfour related the events,

Sunday 17th Feby. 1889. Did not go far. Writing a.m. & p.m.

Lizzie and I went up to the Arbour when she was taken with "pains" & we spent an anxious time until 11 p.m. when we went to bed....

Monday 18th. About 2 a.m. Lizzie got worse & and sent McDonald for Mrs Howell, and Lizzie kept getting worse. Daylight came in and Mrs FSW came 6½ a.m. I sent Mr McNicol to Williams & the children to Mrs McDonald's for Breakfast and at 8:40 a.m. a Daughter was Born. Mrs FSW & Mrs McDonald only being present. Mrs Howell

came 11 a.m., and found everything right. Sent McD back again to Town for a nurse. Both doing well.

Tuesday 19th. Feby 1889. Lizzie spent a good night and has been very well all day and everything seems right....

Monday 20th.... Baby did not seem so right as she ought to be and Mrs H did not like to go. So after a while it was decided to send Mary down & we did so, and then it was thought advisable to send for Mr Tuke, sent Connon after coach which he overtook at Konini Hotel. Baby did not alter much from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and all that time we had little hopes of her. We took her away out of Lizzie's room into the parlor and about 7 p.m. she seemed a good deal worse & I was afraid she would die before Mr. Tuke arrived and I baptised her in presence of Mrs Howell & Mrs. McDonald, but she rallied again, and just at 9 p.m. Mr. Tuke arrived and Baptised her at once giving her the name of Grace Elizabeth, and just as we finished she gave a stronger breath than usual & we all saw she could not last much longer, and about 15 or 20 minutes after, she breathed her last, without the slightest struggle or effort of any kind.

Poor Grace she was not for this world, and has now gone to the Throne of Grace. She died of Jaundice, being born with it, and had not the strength to shake it off.

Lizzie bore the shock well, Mr. Tuke stayed with her till 10½. I stayed till 2 a.m. and then wrote till 4 a.m.

Thursday 21st. Feby 1889.

Got up at 6½ a.m. started McD & Connon to make a Coffin.... I was assisting with Coffin & we made a good one considering....

On 3 March Colenso wrote to Balfour,

Having a few spare minutes (and pretty well knowing I shall be very busy this week) I write a few lines to you—to thank you for your letter of 24th Feb., and to express my hopes that Mrs. Balfour is again quite well.

I had seen in the Papers the Birth & the Death, and while I knew the Mother would naturally feel it, I cannot say that I was grieved at it, (in burying many infants in past years, although at times, I have even shed a tear at their graves, I have always considered them better off,)

and in this particular case of the infant being diseased, I look on it as a great mercy & one that I feel thankful for.

Honest, yes, but not exactly sympathetic. Colenso was a pragmatist, but further than that he was an evangelistic Protestant, railing against Roman Catholicism and its English High Church imitators, as well as proponents of the new churches. He believed baptism was not for infants, but signified a commitment that only older people could make; he went on,

PRIVATE. In your letter you say:— “I sent for a Doctor and for Mr. Tukes. Mr. Tuke just arrived in time: we gave her the name of Grace Elizabeth, and 10 minutes after the Baptism the poor little thing left for the Throne of Grace: where we hope she now is”.

I cannot tell you how greatly—how very strangely, these words have affected me! Day & night they have been running in my mind. It is a long long time since I have heard of such a strange medley: and bearing in mind, that you are a good Scotchman & a man of sound mind & strong reasoning powers, I cannot help thinking that you wrote them down hastily, never once considering their real meanings, and correct inferences.

I look on them as containing most erroneous, most pernicious doctrine! Just what your brave Countrymen with John Knox at their head once drove out of Scotland. To think for a moment, that Mr. Tuke in sprinkling a few drops of water on an infant sends straight to glory!!! And, if without the water, What then? This is the Papist opus operatum with a vengeance! But there is also much more behind it. To me, there is something awful in the thought of it and therefore constrain myself unwillingly to write.

Rather than adopt such stuff I would join Mrs. Attenborrow, or even Daniells.

Rev. Charles Laurence Tuke was the vicar at Taradale and Puketapu; Mrs Attenborrow was a Spiritualist, Pastor Daniell an American Seventh Day Adventist.

Balfour was not offended and continued to send specimens to Colenso—though he was at the same time leaving his beloved Glenross. Colenso’s last letter to him (6 September 1889) ends with,

So my dear & good old & loving Botanical helper & Correspondent, Goodbye for the time, Kind regards to Mrs. Balfour, whom I hope, has not taken too much to heart your leaving the Old Nest.

1889 was a bad year for the Balfours, their home gone, their baby dead and he made redundant. After leaving their “old nest” at Glenross they lived at Puketapu while he was a public servant. A “replacement child”, Dulcie Grace, was born in 1890.

Balfour noted in his diary on 15 April 1891 (over two years after her death), “Finished Grace’s Tombstones & pedestal all except the painting.”

David Balfour would die in 1894 leaving his wife 42, his children Arthur 17, Edith 16, Ernest 15 and Dulcie 4.

Arthur David Balfour 1877–1952 never married. He gave his occupation as wheelwright; his nephew Tony Balfour Prentice remembers him as a kind man, blind in later life, living with his mother in Napier and buried with his parents.

Edith Ann (Balfour) Hampton 1878–1948 had six children, Dulcie Elizabeth (Hampton), James McHarge Hampton, Arthur Ernest Hampton, John Raymond Hampton, Adele Marie (Hampton) Butson, Gordon Douglas Hampton. They lived in Napier.

Ernest Balfour 1879–1956, a motor engineer, lived in Wairoa. He had two children.

Dulcie Grace (Balfour) Taylor 1890–1971 had three children.

- Her daughter Thelma Elizabeth Paton (Taylor) Prentice had two children, Anthony Balfour (Tony) Prentice and Catriona Elizabeth Leonie (Prentice) Fletcher, who have provided information for this book.
- Her son Ernest Paton Taylor had three children, the eldest Wayne Taylor who also provided information.

Elizabeth (Robert) Balfour (“Granny Balfour” as her great grandchildren knew Lizzie), lived on in her house at 11 Bay View Road, Napier until her death at age 96 in 1948.



Elizabeth Balfour at Bay View Road, Napier.



Elizabeth Balfour, Thelma Elizabeth Paton Taylor and Dulcie Grace Taylor.

EPILOGUE: AFTERTHOUGHTS

Balfour's own creed can be well summed up in his advice to his children: "Fear God; be sober; be honest; avoid debt; give advice; never bear malice; speak bad of no one; do not be bigoted; never do nothing; study nature".

He was a devout man, hard working and industrious, unschooled but bright, enquiring, articulate and ambitious.

He was largely self educated and self motivated. He taught himself to read and write—but amazingly he also taught himself to write in a code—he called it his "hieroglyphics" but it consisted largely of Greek characters, applied according to his own design.

His autobiography is a gem of the social history of Forfar, Victoria, Otago and colonial Hawke's Bay, his diaries a goldmine of information about life, love and farming.

I am grateful to his great grand daughter Catriona Fletcher for permission to publish his autobiography and to his great grandsons Tony Prentice and Wayne Taylor for useful information. My profound thanks go to Catriona's friend Louise Stewart who not only transcribed the autobiography but also scanned and emailed every page for me.

The Collection of Hawke's Bay Museums Trust, Ruawharo Tā-ū-rangi at MTG Hawke's Bay in Napier holds Colenso's letters to Balfour as well as Balfour's diaries. I thank Gail Pope and Cathy Dunn especially, but also staff at the Alexander Turnbull Library and the National Archives in Wellington.

Papers Past has again proved an extraordinary research tool.

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
 DAVID PATON BALFOUR
 BORN 12-7-1841, DIED 12-7-1894
 ALSO HIS WIFE ELIZABETH
 BORN 1-1-1852, DIED 19-3-1948
 AND DAUGHTER GRACE.
 DIED 1889. AGED 3 DAYS.
 ALSO HER SON
 ARTHUR DAVID
 5-9-1877 — 13-5-52
 FOREVER WITH THE LORD