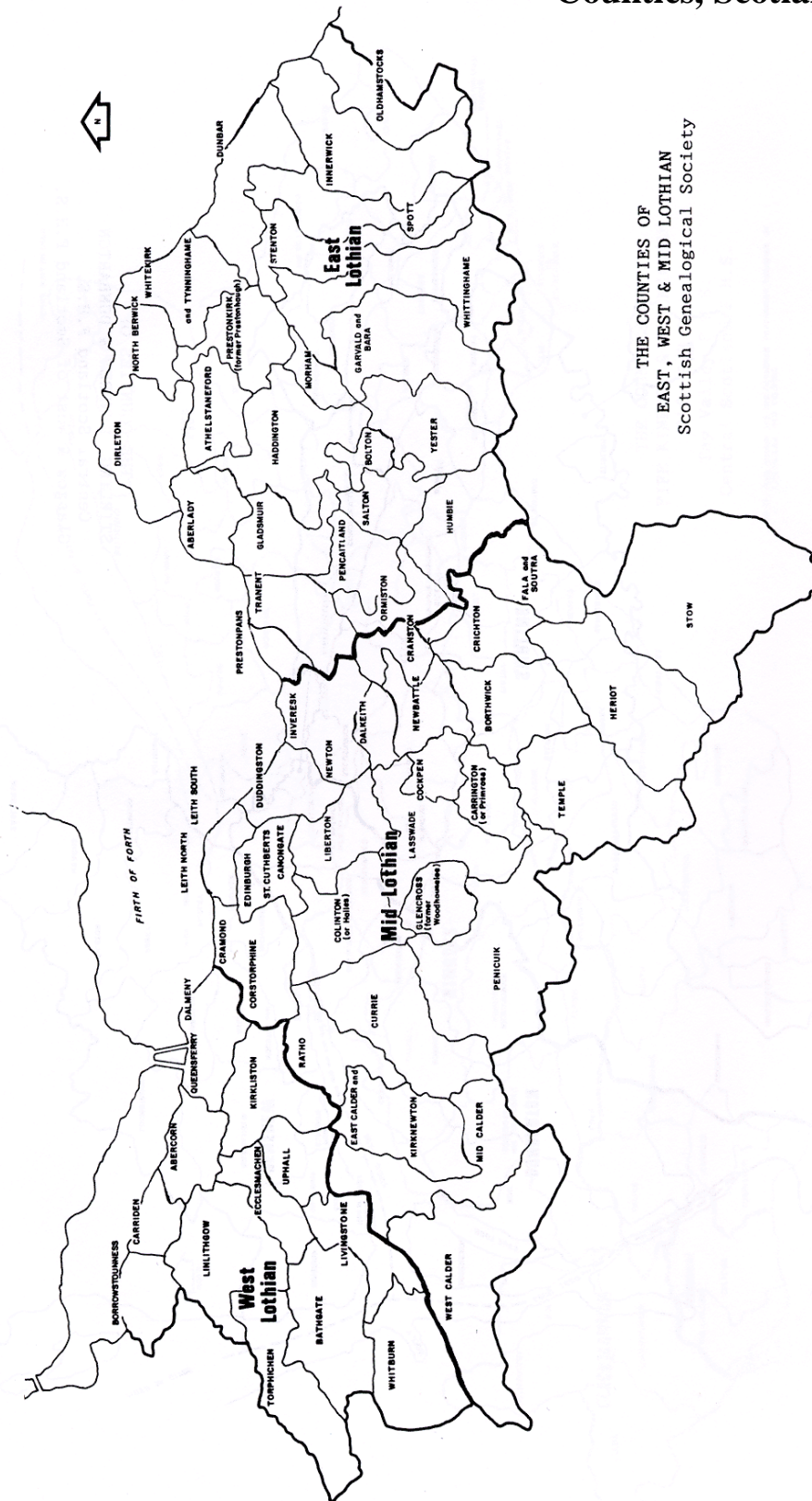


Appendix

Map of Parishes in West, Middle and East Lothian Counties in Scotland pg 2
Map of Clutha in New Zealand, and its parish boundaries pg 3
Death certificate for father James Archibald pg 4
Death certificate for son Thomas Archibald pg 5
Death certificate for son John Archibald pg 6
Application for Passage to Otago, New Zealand for Smaills and Agnes Archibald pg 7
Death record for mother Agnes Archibald pg 8
Death certificate for daughter Christian Archibald Smaill pg 9
Marriage record for daughter Mary Archibald to George Edwards pg 10
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 10 February 1849 pg 11 - 14
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 10 October 1849 pg 15 - 16
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 4 December 1849 pg 17 – 18
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 26 July 1850 pg 19 – 20
Letters from James and Agnes Archibald 16 December 1851 pg 21 – 23
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 20 April 1852 pg 24 – 25
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 8 June 1852 pg 26 – 27
Partial letter from James Archibald, probably written about Aug 1852 pg 28 - 29
Letter from James and Agnes Archibald 22 October 1852 pg 30 – 31
Letter from Andrew Smaill (& William Kerr) to sister-in-law Agnes Archibald Kerr
26 April 1855, pg 32 – 33
Letter from daughter Christian Archibald Smaill March – September 1872 pg 34 – 35
Portion of the transcription of son Robert Archibald's Journal pg 36 - 46
“*Strathallen Voyage*” journal kept by grandson William Smaill pg 47 - 57
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which includes “*Recollections*” by Agnes’ great-grandson Gordon Smaill
Strathallen Arrival in New Zealand – newspaper articles pg 96 – 98
Permission to use photos from Early Settlers Museum of Otago, New Zealand pg 99
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Campfire short-story version of James Archibald history – pg 100-102
Family Group Sheet for James & Agnes Archibald (3 pages)
Pedigree Chart (4 pages)

Parishes of West, Middle and East Lothian Counties, Scotland





NEW ZEALAND

Map of Clutha Wards
 Mayfield" was in the
 Kaitangata Matau Ward

APPENDIX pg 4

Whitburn parish. Linlithgowshire, Death Certificate for Thomas Archibald, iron miner.
 Married. Died 8 April 1857 of Typhus Fever Witness: Alex Russell, brother-in-law

Page 10.

DEATHS in the Parish of Whitburn in the County of Linlithgow

(1.) Surname and Name, Rank or Profession, and Condition, (Whether Married or Single, Widower or Widow.)	(2.) When and where Died, with Hour of Death.	(3.) Sex.	(4.) Age.	(5.) Parents' Names, Rank, Profession, or Occupation.	(6.) Cause of Death, and how long It lasted, continued, or Medical Attended by, name, rank, &c., and When the disease occurred.	(7.) Burial Place, Under-shrine or other Person, by whom certified.	(8.) Signature, Qualification, and Resi- dence of Informant, if out of the Parish in which the Death occurred.	(9.) When and where Registered, and Signature of Registrar.
27. <i>William Archibald</i>	1857 April 6 th 2 P.M.	M.	30 years	John Archibald (Iron Miner)	Consumption 1 year	Whitburn	James Archibald Whitburn	1857 April 22 nd at Whitburn
28. <i>James Archibald Glasgow</i>	1857 April 12 th 2 P.M.	M.	30 years	James Archibald (Iron Miner)	Consumption 1 year	Whitburn	James Archibald Whitburn	1857 April 22 nd at Whitburn
29. <i>Thomas Archibald</i>	1857 April 8 th 2 P.M.	M.	30 years	James Archibald (Iron Miner)	Consumption 1 year	Whitburn	James Archibald Whitburn	1857 April 22 nd at Whitburn
30. <i>Thomas Archibald</i>	1857 April 8 th 2 P.M.	M.	30 years	James Archibald (Iron Miner)	Consumption 1 year	Whitburn	James Archibald Whitburn	1857 April 22 nd at Whitburn

Slammanan in the county of Stirling. **Death record for John Archibald**, coal miner. Married to Agnes Heaps. Died 5 April 1861, age 49 years. Son of James Archibald and Agnes (maiden name) Archibald. Death caused by chronic bronchitis. Witness: James Archibald, son.

DEATHS in the parish of Slammanan in the county of Stirling						
(1.)	(2.)	(3.)	(4.)	(5.)	(6.)	(7.)
No.	Name and Surname. Rank or Profession, and whether Single, Married, or Widowed.	When and Where Died.	Sex.	Age.	Name, Surname, & Rank or Profession of Father. Name, and Maiden Surname of Mother.	Cause of Death, Duration of Disease, and Medical Attendant by whom certified.
16	Archibald	1861	M	14	Archibald John	Pericarditis
	Slammanan	April		days	Coal Miner	4 days
		April			Mary Slammanan	ascertained by
		4th			M. J. M. Slammanan	John Slammanan
17	John	1861	M	49	James Archibald	Chronic Bronchitis
	Archibald	April		years	Coal Miner	7 days
	Coal Miner	April			deceased	ascertained by
	Married to	April 5th			Agnes Archibald	ascertained by
18	Agnes Heaps	1861	F	9	M. J. Archibald	deceased April 5th
	Pericarditis	April		months	John Slammanan	ascertained by
	Slammanan	April			Coal Miner	3 days
		April			Agnes Slammanan	ascertained by
19	David	1861	M	9	John Slammanan	Pericarditis
	Slammanan	April		months	Coal Miner	3 days
		April			Agnes Slammanan	ascertained by
		April			M. J. Slammanan	ascertained by
20	John	1861	M	49	James Archibald	Chronic Bronchitis
	Archibald	April		years	Coal Miner	7 days
	Coal Miner	April			deceased	ascertained by
	Married to	April 5th			Agnes Archibald	ascertained by

Application for Assisted Passage to Otago, New Zealand for Andrew Smaill and family, Agnes Archibald, and sister Francis Smaill. Agness Archibald, age 67, born [28 or 29] Dec... Note: even though this was an "assisted passage" application, Andrew Smaill paid the full fare himself.

OTAGO-NEW ZEALAND.

ASSISTED EMIGRATION TO OTAGO.

ASSISTED PASSAGES to the Settlement of **Otago**, New Zealand, will be granted to a limited number of eligible persons, on an undertaking being given to pay to the Provincial Government within two or three years, according to circumstances, after arrival in the Colony, the amount of Passage Money, (which is advanced as a loan to the Emigrant,) without interest. Children between one and twelve years calculated at one-half.

The Applicants preferred will be AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS, SHEPHERDS, COUNTRY MECHANICS, as Carpenters, Joiners, Sawyers, Gardeners, &c. &c.; and DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

They must be sober, industrious, and of good moral character, of which unexceptionable. Certificates will be required. They must be in good health, and free from any bodily or mental defect, likely to impair their efficiency as labourers. They must be going out with the intention to work for wages in the Colony. None exceeding fifty years of age can be assisted, unless Parents accompanied by a family.

APPLICATION FOR AN ASSISTED PASSAGE TO THE SETTLEMENT OF OTAGO.

Name of the Applicant, and his Trade or Calling.	<i>Went to Agricultural & Dairy Man</i>						
Sum he is prepared to pay towards the Passage of himself and his Family.	<i>Exp. 100 to 150 lbs</i>						
Place of residence, and the nearest Post-Town.	<i>14 Charles St. Edin.</i>						
Married or Single; and state if Certificate of Marriage is in Applicant's possession.	<i>Married. Certificate all right</i>						
Name and Address of present or last Employer, with the time the Applicant has worked for him.	<i>Has been in the Prov. Trade for the last 12 yrs</i>						
Name and Address of the Minister whose Church the Applicant attends.	<i>Rev. Mr. Robertson of White in Newry since six weeks</i>						
State the earliest date at which the Applicant will be ready to sail.	<i>11th March 1885</i>						

Names of Applicant and his Family at full length.	race or given or each.	Age of each at last Birth-day.	Day and Year on which each was born.	Whether Vaccinated or not Small-Pox.	Whether and When or Not op. Not.
<i>Andrew Smaill</i>	<i>Newcastle</i>	<i>42</i>	<i>11th March 1843</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Agness Archibald</i>	<i>Newcastle</i>	<i>67</i>	<i>29 Dec 1817</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Francis Smaill</i>	<i>Newcastle</i>	<i>14</i>	<i>18 June 1870</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Andrew Smaill</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>5 April 1875</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>James Smaill</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>25 Sept 1872</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>William Smaill</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>21 Aug 1874</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Robert Smaill</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>12 Dec 1875</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Louise Smaill</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>16 Feb</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Agness Archibald</i>	<i>Newcastle</i>	<i>67</i>	<i>29 Dec</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>
<i>Francis Smaill</i>	<i>Edin.</i>	<i>14</i>	<i>18 June</i>	<i>Do</i>	<i>Do</i>

Person No.: 10

Enlargement:

Agness Archibald Newcastle 67 29 Dec

Death Record for Agnes Archibald

1 May 1875 at Inchclutha, Otago, New Zealand

Number	When Died and Where	Name and Surname	Sex	Age	Rank or Profession	Cause of Death	Signature, Description and Residence of Informant	When Reported
53	1st May 1875 Inch Clutha	Agnes Archibald	Female	87		Old Age and Paralysis	James Smellie Grandson, Mayfield Inch Clutha	3rd May 1875
54	28th May 1875 Kaitangata	Mary Connors	Female	7 mos.		Disase of spine	Michael Henney Father, Labourer Kaitangata	28th May 1875

Registrar-General
INSPECTION PURPOSES ONLY
This is Not a Certificate
23 JAN 1994
REGISTERED AT
66

ENLARGEMENT:

When Died and Where.	Name and Residence.	Sex.	Age.	Rank or Profession.	Cause of Death.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.
21 May 1873 Smith Blutha	Agnes Michael	Female	87.		Old Age and Paralysis	James Smalley Grandison, Mayfield Smith Blutha

1 May 1875 at Inchelutha, Agnes Archibald, female, age 87, died of old age and paralysis [stroke].

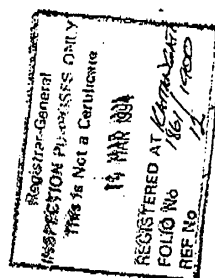
Witness at death was James Smaill, grandson of Mayfield, Inchclutha.

Death Certificate for Christian Archibald Smaill

13 June 1900 at Inchclutha, died Chritine Smaill, formerly Archibald, of senile decay 3 years.
 Daughter of James Archibald (miner) and Agnes Archibald. West Calder, Scotland. Married to
 Andrew Smaill in Edinburgh, Scotland. Issue; 6 sons, 1 daughter.

Death Certificate Christian Archibald Smaill 13 June 1900
 at Inayfield House, Otago, New Zealand

11	1900	Christian Smaill formerly Archibald	Senile decay 3 years. E. C. J. E. March 1897	James Archibald Agnes Archibald Miner	19 June 1897 West Calder	West Calder Edinburgh	6 June 1900 Inchclutha Edinburgh	John Smaill Archibald Smaill Katharine Smaill	Archibald Smaill 13 June 1900
12	1900	John Smaill formerly Archibald	Senile decay 3 years. E. C. J. E. March 1897	James Archibald Agnes Archibald Miner	19 June 1897 West Calder	West Calder Edinburgh	6 June 1900 Inchclutha Edinburgh	John Smaill Archibald Smaill Katharine Smaill	Archibald Smaill 13 June 1900



66/14220
30564 ECR
ED

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ED

MARRIAGES SOLEMNIZED IN THE PARISH OF BELFAST, PORT FAIRY
IN THE COUNTY OF VILLIERS IN THE YEAR 1853

No. 125. George EDWARDS of this Parish Bachelor and
Mary ARCHIBALD of this Parish Spinster were
married in this Church by Licence
this 29th day of June in the year 1853.

By me Thos. Hy. Braim.
Officiating Minister

This Marriage was { George x Edwards
solemnized between us { mark
(Mary Archibald

In the Presence of { John Smith of Belfast
{ Elizabeth Connell of Belfast

I, Hugh Thomas HERNAN..... a Registration Officer
of the State of Victoria, in the Commonwealth of Australia,
do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an Entry
in a Register kept in this Office.

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNMENT STATIST
MELBOURNE 29 APRIL 1958

Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

written to their daughter Agnes and her husband David Hamilton Kerr

copy received from Marloe Archibald of Wellsville, Utah

10 February 1849

Page 1

Original Transcription:

1849

Edinburgh 19 Charls St. 10 Febr

Dear Sons and Daughters

I tike the opertunety of Ritten to you
all and I hop thes will find you all will
and I am happay to Say that I am in
my ordinary Staet of halth and your
Mother is in her ordinary way of Liven
and Mary is in good health at presnt.
Andrew and Christon are both will
now Christon her Braests is much
better ago. The Children are g...and
Marget is....

Corrected Transcription:

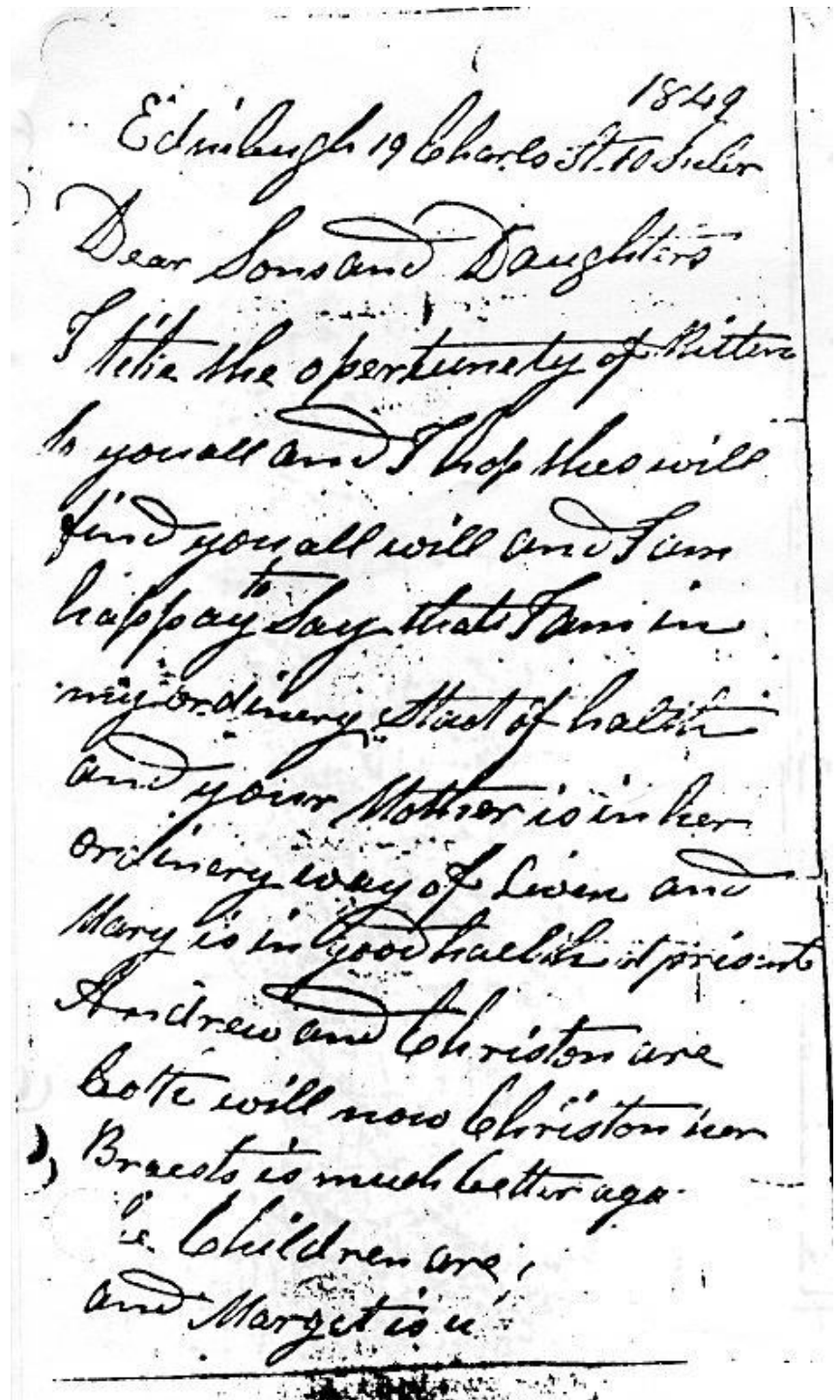
Edinburgh [Scotland]

19 Charles Street

10 February 1849

Dear Sons and Daughters:

I take the opportunity of writing to you
all and I hope this will find you all
well, and I am happy to say that I am
in my ordinary state of health, and
your Mother is in her ordinary way of
living and Mary is in good health at
present. Andrew and Christian are
both well now. Christian, her breasts
is much better [than it was] ago.
The children are...and Margaret is...



1849
Edinburgh 19 Charles St. 10 Febr
Dear Sons and Daughters
I tike the opertunety of Ritten
to you all and I hop thes will
find you all will and I am
happay to Say that I am in
my ordinary Staet of halth
and your Mother is in her
ordinary way of Liven and
Mary is in good health at presnt.
Andrew and Christon are
both will now Christon her
Braests is much better ago.
The Children are
and Marget is....

Original Transcription:

I had a Litter from John last week. thay are all will. I was out at Mussilburgh on FreDay week at Auncel Alexandr. Robertsons Fundrel and I Saw a Number of our frinds. thay are all will but thay wer much perplexed about New Craghall work being to Stand on Saturday last. _O may the Lord provide for them poor things. there are many one ther that will not get work any other plice being dun from work with old age and Infirmiety but ...Lords a rich provieder

Corrected Transcription:

I had a letter from John last week. They are all well. I was out at Musselburgh on Friday week at Uncle Alexander Robertson's funeral and I saw a number of our friends. They are all well, but they were much perplexed about New Craighall work being to stand [halted] on Saturday last. Oh, may the Lord provide for them poor things; there are many one there that will not get work any other place, being done from work with old age and infirmity. But [our] Lord is a rich provider.

Historical Note:

"Uncle Alexander Robertson" was married to James's sister Isabel. He died 5 January 1849.

I had a Litter from John last² week thay are all will I was out at Mussilburgh on Fine Day week at Auncel Alexandr Robertsons Fundrel and I Saw a Number of our frinds thay are all will but thay wer much perplexed about New Craghall work being to Stand on Saturday last O may the Lord provide for them poor things ther are many one ther that will not get work any other plice being dun from work with old age and Infirmiety but ...Lords a rich provieder

Original Transcription:

Agnes your Mother wishes David and you to let her know if you wish her to be with you when you may be confined and if you both wish her please write and let her know when she will come and we hope that Mrs. Thomas Archibald is got safe home by this time and if she is give our kind Love to them both please give our kind Love to Mr. and Mrs. Murray let her know that I was much obliged to her for the information she gave me how I was to have come to see you all but the time is past for this season.

Corrected Transcription:

Agnes, your Mother wishes David and you to let her know if you wish her to be with you when you may be confined [childbirth] and if you both wish her, please write and let her know when she will come. And we hope that Mrs. Thomas Archibald [Elizabeth Russell] is got safe home by this time and, if she is, give our kind love to them both. Please give our kind love to Mr. and Mrs. Murray [Robert and Jessie]. Let her know that I was much obliged to her for the information she gave me, how I was to have come to see you all, but the time is past for this season.

Agnes your Mother wishes
David and you to let her know
if you wish her to be with you
when you may be confined
And if you both wish her please
write and let her know when
she will come and we hope that
Mrs Thomas Archibald is got safe
home by this time and if she is
give our kind Love to them both
please give our kind Love to
Mr and Mrs Murray let her
know that I was much obliged
to her for the Information she
gave me how I was to have
come to see you all but the
time is past for this season

Original Transcription:

we have hard no word from Robert and William this long time. I think I have given you all the partickelers so I will bed you all faerwill and may the Blissing of the Lord be with us all and may the Love of God roul in every Haert to God and to Man.

We Reman your

Loving Father & Mother

James and Agnes

Archibald

Corrected Transcription:

we have heard no word from Robert and William this long time. I think I have given you all the particulars, so I will bid you all farewell, and may the blessing of the Lord be with us all, and may the love of God rule in every heart to God and to man.

We remain your loving

Father & Mother,

James and Agnes Archibald

we have hard no word from
Robert and William this long
time I think I have given you
all the partickelers so I will
bed you all faerwill and
may the Blissing of the Lord
be with us all and may the
Love of God roul in every
Haert to God and to Man
We Reman your
Loving Father & Mother
James and Agnes Archibald

Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

to their daughter and son-in-law, Agnes and David Kerr

10 October 1849

Transcription: On outside: To Mr. David Kerr

Scotland G...ston[?] Sec 3 1/2 -- this information probably written in later by someone else

Edinburgh 19 Charles St. 10 Octer 1849

Dear Son and Daughter we Received your Latter and was happay to her that you was all in good halth and when you wish, your Mother is in halth, She will be willing to come to be with you and may it Plaes God to grant you a Sife Deliveray when her time is com. Agnes you Spock about 5/6 that you was to Sind in with Mr. Gaddes. I Saw him but he Said he hand no word about it. So you will know wither you Sind it or no Agnes I am happay to let you Both know that the ...

Edinburgh 19 Charles St 10 Octer 1849
 Dear Son and Daughter we
 your Latter and was happay to
 her that you was all in good halth
 And when you wish your Mother
 if in halth she will be willing to
 com to be with you and may it
 plaes God to grant you a Sife
 Deliveray when her time is com
 Agnes you Spock about 5/6 that
 you was to Sind in with
 Mr Gaddes I Saw him but he
 Said he hand no word about it
 So you will know wither you Sind it
 or no Agnes I am happay to let you
 Both know that the ...

To Mr David Kerr

Page two, letter from James and Agnes Archibald 10 Oct 1849

Lives Me in my ordinary Stiet of halth your Mother his many complints [has many complaints] now. Mary is will Andrew and Christon and the children are all will and Let Thomas and Elisbeth know that Margret is will and thinks be to God for it for is a bountyful giver of every blessin and Every Comfort all commith from God. be plised to give our kind Love to Robert Murray and wife, to Thomas and wife. Let Jassea know that Ralway oping on the New Years Day will not anser Me So if it plaes God to Spaer us all till then She will not louk for Me then. So I will bed you all faerwill and may the Blissing of the Lord be with us all.

We Reman your

Loving

Father and Mother

James and Agnes Archibald

Lives Me in my ordinary Stiet of halth
your Mother his many complints now
Mary is will Andrew and Christon
and the children are all will
and Let Thomas and Elisbeth know
that Margret is will and thinks
be to God for it for is a bountyful
giver of every blessin and Every
Comfort all commith from God
be plised to give our kind
Love to Robert Murray and wife
to Thomas and wife
Let Jassea know that Ralway
oping on the New Years Day
will not anser Me So if it plaes
God to Spaer us all till then She will
not louk for Me then

So I will bed you all
faerwill and ^{may} the Blissing
of the Lord be with us all
We Reman your
Loving
Father and Mother
James and Agnes Archibald

Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

to some of their daughters [Agnes and Jesse]

4 December 1849

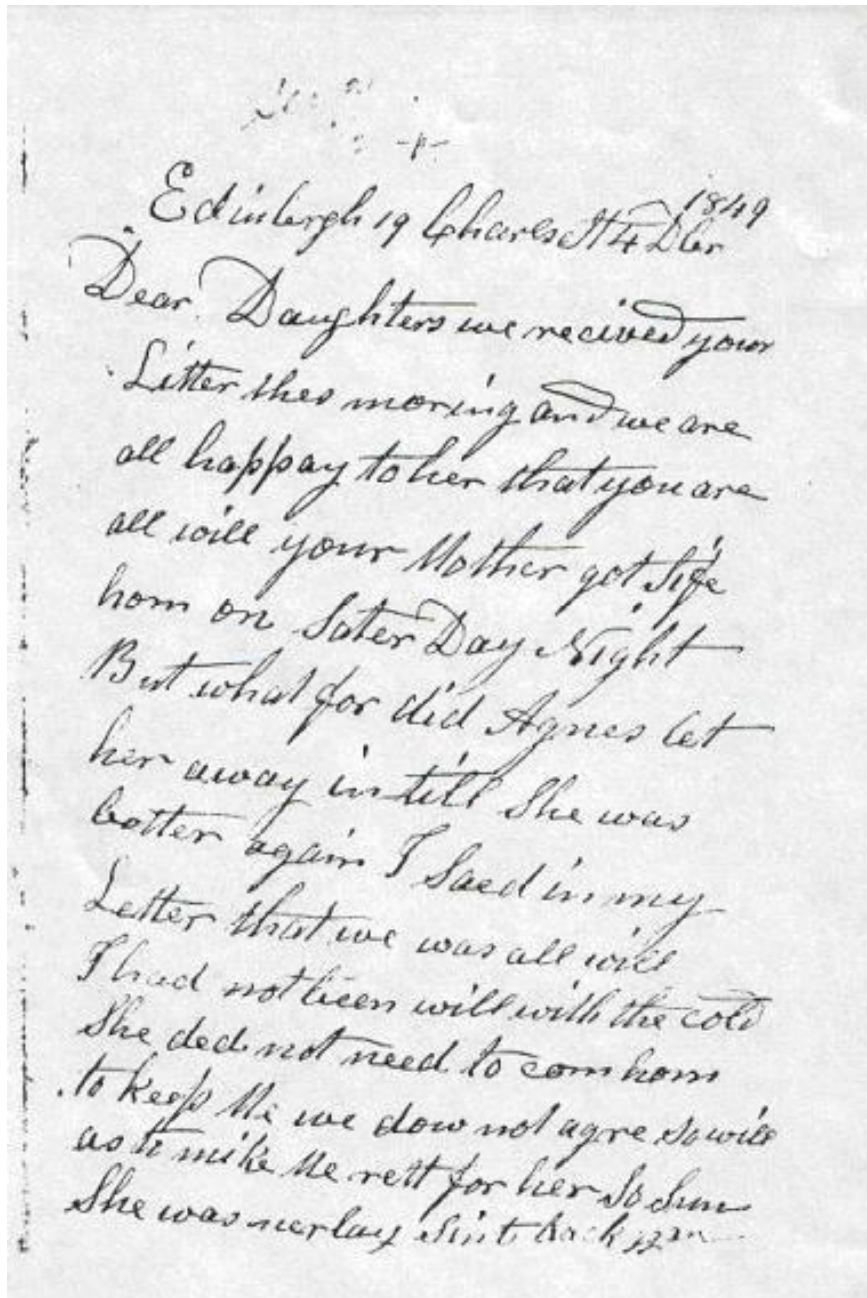
original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho

Original Transcription:

Edinburgh 19 Charls St 4 Dber. 1849

Dear Daughters we recived your Litter thes moring and we are all happay to her that you are all will

your Mother got Sife hom on SaterDay Night But what for did Agnes let her away intill She was better again I said in my Letter that we was all will. I had not been will with the cold. She ded not need to com home to keep Me. We dow not agre So will as to mike Me rett for her So sun. She was nearly Sint back agan...



Corrected Transcription:

Edinburgh [Scotland]

19 Charles Street

4 December 1849

Dear Daughters,

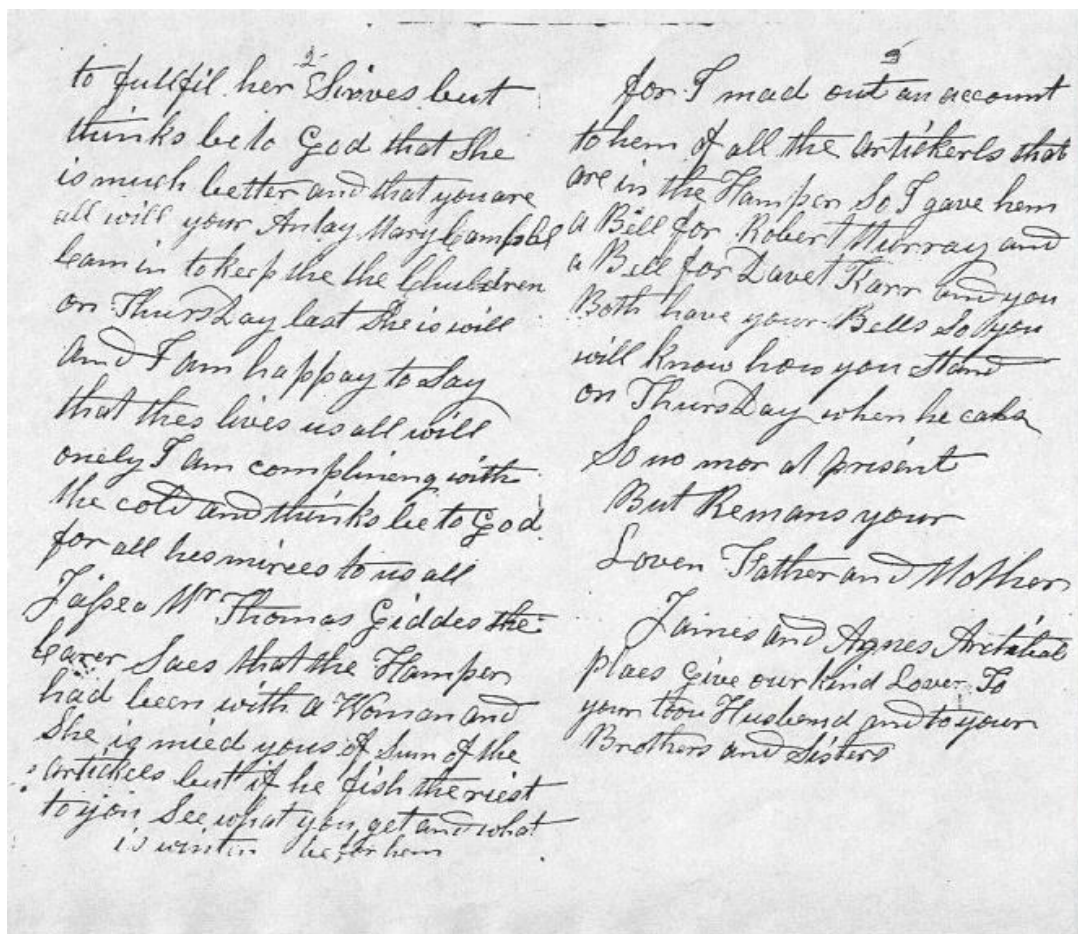
We received your letter this morning and we are all happy to hear that you are all well. Your Mother got safe home on Saturday night, but what for did Agnes let her away [leave] until she was better again? I said in my letter that we was all well. I had not been well with cold. She did not need to come home to keep me. We do not agree so well as to make me write for her so soon. She was nearly sent back again.

Original Transcription:

to fullfil her Sirves but thinks be to God that she is much better and that you are all will your Antay Mary Campbl Cam in to keep the the Children on Thursday last. She is will and I am happay to Say that thes lives us all will onely I am complining with the cold and thinks be to God for all hes mirces to us all. Jassea Mr. Thomas Giddes the Carerr Saes that the Hamper had been with a Woman and She is mied yous of Sum of the Artickles but if he fish the riest to you See what you get and what is wint... befor hem for I mad out an account to hem of all the artickerls that are in the Hamper So I gave hem a Bill for Robert Murray and a Bill for David Karr and you Both have your Bills So you will know how you Stand on Thursday when he cals. So no more at present. But remans your Loven Father and Mother. James and Agnes Archibald. plaes give our kind loven to your tooo Husband and to your Brothers and Sisters.

Corrected Transcription:

to fulfill her services, but thanks be to God that she is much better and that you are all well. Your Aunty Mary Campbell came to keep the children on Thursday last. She is well and I am happy to say that this leaves us all well. Only I am complaining with the cold, and thanks be to God for all his mercies to us all. Jessie, Mr. Thomas Geddes, the carrier, says that the hamper had been with a woman and she has made use of some of the articles, but if he fish [brings] the rest to you, see what you get and what is before him, for I made out an account to him of all the articles that are in the hamper. So I gave him a bill for Robert Murray and a bill for David Kerr, and you both have your bills, so you will know how you stand on Thursday when he calls. So no more at present, but [we] remain your loving Father and Mother, James and Agnes Archibald. Please give our kind love to your two husbands and to your brothers and sisters.



Letter from James and Agnes Archibald in Scotland

to his son-in-law, David Hamilton Kerr (husband of daughter Agnes)

26 July 1850

original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho

Original Transcription:

Edinburgh 19 Charls St. July 26, 1850

Dear David I am Sorrow to enform you that Agnes is much wors thes last Night in her Liegs thay are Sor Swilled and full of Inflameshon Christon is to See and get Doctr Aillison to See them to Day and we will her what he think must be dun with them. So we think that She will have to reman a few Days

mor in Edinburgh entell we See what is to be dun with them every thing is douing for her good that can be thought of for the bast and I troust in God that he will Bless the mins yoused for her Recoviray I riett thes in hast for you not to com ...

Corrected Transcription:

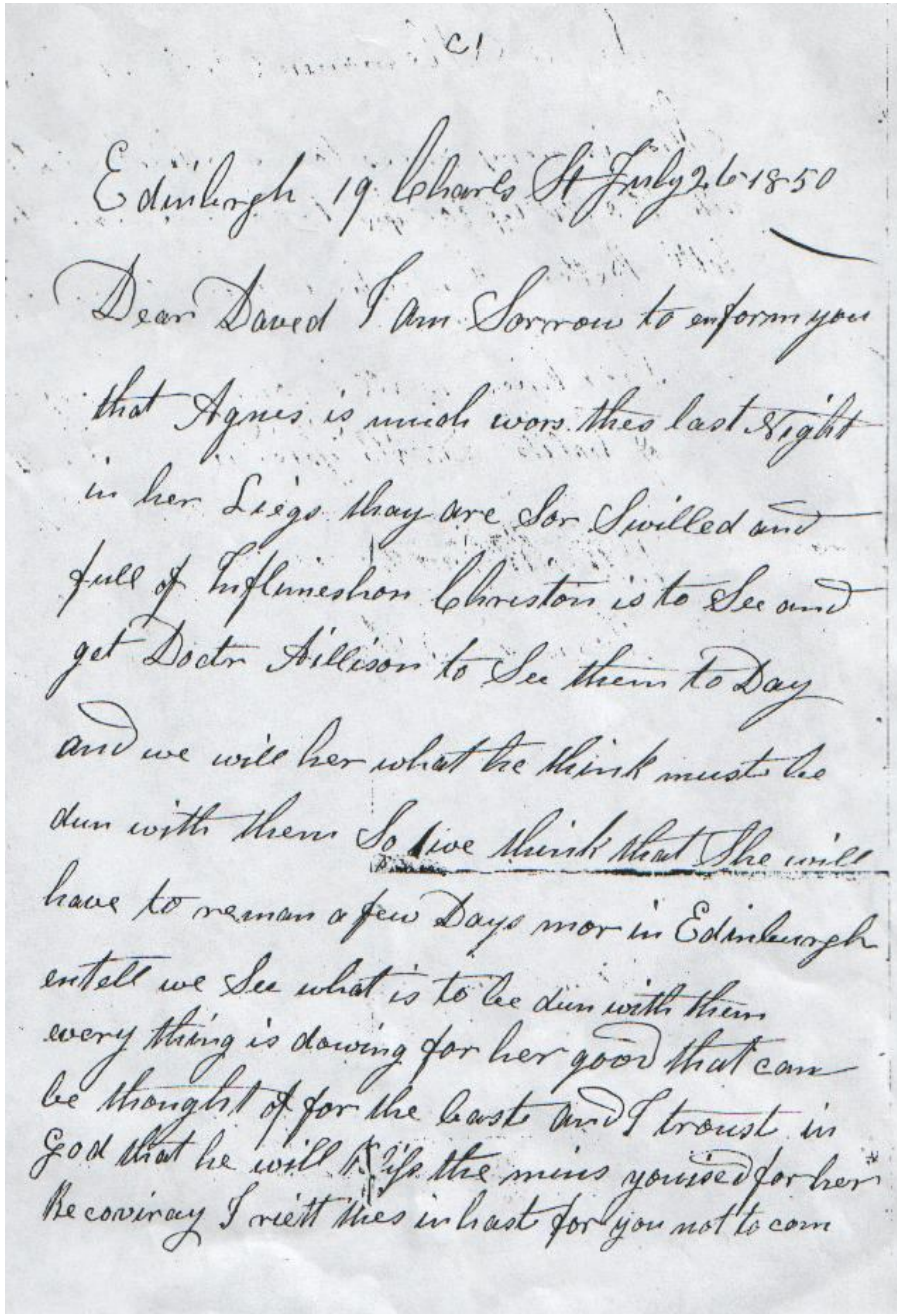
Edinburgh [Scotland]

19 Charles Street

July 26, 1850

Dear David:

I am sorry to inform you that Agnes is much worse this last night, in her legs. They are sore swelled and full of inflammation. Christian is to see and get Doctor Aillison to see them today and we will hear what he thinks must be done with them. Se we think that she will have to remain a few days more in Edinburgh until we see what is to be done with them. Everything is doing for her good that can be thought of for the best, and I trust in God that He will bless the means used for her recovery. I write this in haste for you not to come...

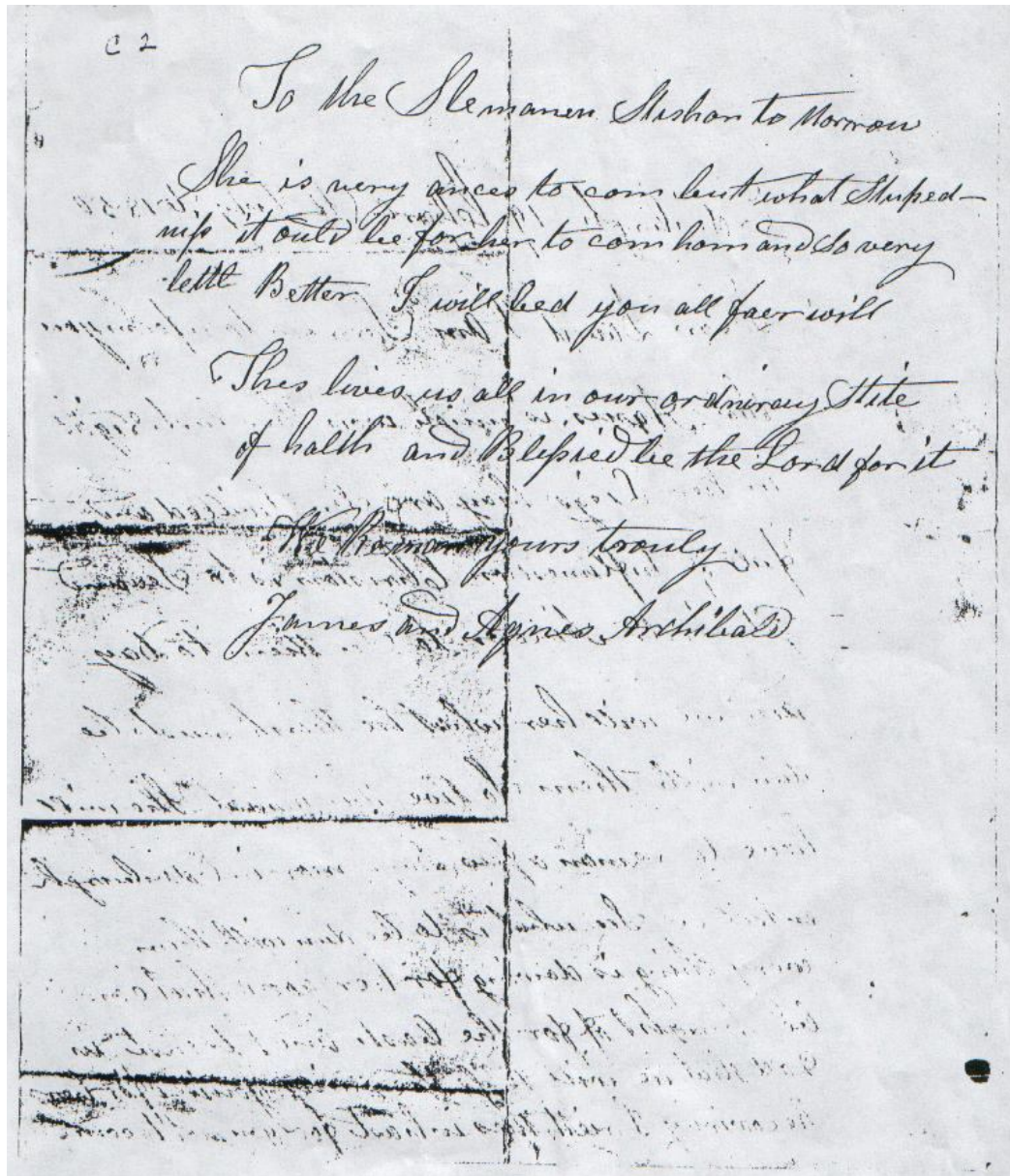


Original Transcription:

...To the Slemanen Steshon to Morrow. She is very ances to com but what Stuped niss it would be for her to com home and So very lettlt Better. I will bed you all faer will. Thes lives us all in our ordinary Stite of halth and Blessed be the Lord for it. We Reman yours trouly. James and Agnes Archibald

Corrected Transcription:

...to the Slammanan station tomorrow. She is very anxious to come but what stupidity it would be for her to come home and so very little better [when she is not much better]. I will bid you all farewell. This leaves us all in our ordinary state of health and blessed be the Lord for it. We remain yours truly, James and Agnes Archibald



Three Letters from James and Agnes Archibald

to their sons and daughters (probably living near each other)

December 16, 1851

Letter in possession of Ida Nielsen Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho (2003)

Literal Transcription:

Edinburgh 19 Charles St. Dec. 16 1851

Dear Son and Daughters

To you Thomas is anser to your litter we was all Sorrow taken that your Son James was so bad with the Cold and we was hapay to her that he was enibled to by at his work again and I hop by this time your are all right again and you wished to know if Margret had gotten a plice. She was too Days last week intell Mrs. Rustilon Sinvent [?] got better and at the time you wanted Margret to com home. She was very poorly with a Sor Throat and haed the Sam way that you Said James was in when you rott to Me. and I am happay to Say She is much better again thinks be to God for it and She is liven with Anty Mary intell we See if a plice cast up So Dow not weray to have her hom yet. So farwell and may the Blissing of God be with you all

Edinburgh 19 Charles St. Dec 16 1851

Dear Son and Daughters

I like the blertay of kitter's few less
To you Thomas is ^{anser} to your
Litter we was all Sorrow taken
that your Son James was so bad
with the cold and we was hapay
to her that he was enibled to by
at his work again and I hop by this
time you are all right again and
you wished to know if Margret had
gotten a plice She was too Days
last week intell Mrs. Rustilon Sinvent
got better and at the time you wanted

Margret to com home She was
very poorly with a Sor throat and haed
the Sam way that you Said
James was in when you rott to Me
and I am happay to Say She is much
better again thinks be to God for it
and She is liven with Anty Mary
intell we See if a plice cast up So
Dow not weray to have her hom yet
So farwell and may the Blissing
of God be with you all

Dear Son and Daughter
we hop by this time that you will
have gotten a House of your own for
you must be sor put about with
tooo Timely in one of thes houses
and I hop you are all in good health
and may the Blissing of God be with

Transcription with corrected spelling:

Edinburgh 19 Charles Street, December 16, 1851

Dear Son and Daughters [Thomas and Elizabeth Archibald]:

To you Thomas, in answer to your letter, we was all sorrow taken that your son James was so bad with the cold and we was happy to hear that he was enabled to be at his work again. We hope by this time you are all right again. You wished to know if Margret had gotten a place [as a domestic servant]. She was two days last week, until Mrs. Rustilon's Servant got better, and at the time you wanted Margret to come home. She was very poorly with a sore throat and had the same way that you said James was in when you wrote to me. I am happy to say she is much better again, thanks be to God for it, and she is living with Aunty Mary until we see if a place cast up [comes up]. So do not worry to have her home yet. So farewell and may the blessing of God be with you all.

~~~~~  
**Literal Transcription:**

Dear Son and Daughter

we hop by thes time that you will have gotten a Hous of your own for you most be Sor put about with toou Fimelys in one of thos howses and I hop you are all in good halth and may the Blissin of God be with all. Jassae I hop that you have another way of redding the word of God then you had when you was in her last when you Siad to Me that I most be Born of [Wa]tter or I could not be Saved louk your Book again Jassae My Siver is not in the watter no the Blood of Jesus Christ alon can tik away Sen and I think upon the pour egrint way that you are all folling O may the Lord give you grace to enlighton you and Santifay all your Harts and not tell then will you know how you are accten therfor pray anncestely to God for parden Mreay and Santifaen grice to halp at all time and may the Lord inibel you all So faer will and may the Blissing of the Lord be with you all.

**Transcription with corrected spelling:**

Dear Son and Daughter [Robert and Jesse Murray]:

We hope by this time that you will have gotten a house of your own, for you must be sore put about with two families in one of those houses, and I hope you are all in good health and may the blessing of God be with [you] all. Jesse, I hope that you have another way of reading the word of God than you had when you was here last, when you said to me that I must be born of water or I could not be saved. Look [in] your book again, Jesse. My Savior is not in the water. No, the blood of Christ alone can take away sin. And I think upon the poor, ignorant way you are all following. O, may the Lord give you grace to enlighten you and sanctify all your hearts, and not until then will you know how you are acting. Therefore, pray unceasingly to God for pardon, mercy and sanctifying grace to help at all times, and may the Lord enable you all. So farewell, and may the blessing of the Lord be with you all.

~~~~~  
Literal Transcription:

Dear Son and Daughter

I hop thes will find you all will both in your Temprel and Spiretiou[ral] Stite and I hop that you are both gin regelr to the Hous of God and all will go will with you if you Set the Lord be for you in all things. Agnes your Mother is willing to and be with you when it plises God that you need her So faer will and may the Lord be with you and all of you for ever Amen. We Reman your Loven

Father and Mother

James And Agnes Archibald

you all I hope that that
 you have a mother way of reading
 the word of God when you had
 when you was in her last when you
 said to me that I must be born of
 water or I could not be saved. Look
 your book again I hope my sister
 is not in the water in the blood
 of Jesus Christ alone can take away sin
 and I think upon the power of Christ
 way that you are all following.
 O may the Lord give you grace
 to enlighten you and sanctify
 all your hearts and not let them
 will you know how you are acting
 therefor pray incessantly to God for
 pardon mercy and sanctification
 grace to help at all times and may
 the Lord visit you all so
 far will and may the blessing
 of the Lord be with you all

Dear Son and Daughter
 I hope this will find you all well
 both in your Temporal and Spiritual
 State and I hope that you are both
 going regular to the House of God and
 all will go well with you if you set the
 Lord be for you in all things
 Agnes your Mother is willing to
 and be with you when it pleases God
 that you need her so far will
 and may the Lord be with you
 and all of you for ever Amen
 We remain your Loving
 Father and Mother
 James and Agnes Archibald

Transcription with corrected spelling:

Dear Son and Daughter [David and Agnes Kerr]:

I hope this will find you all well, both in your temporal and spiritual state, and I hope that you are both going regular to the house of God and all will go well with you if you set [let] the Lord be for you in all things. Agnes, your Mother is willing to [come] and be with you when it pleases God that you need her [Agnes must be expecting a baby]. So, farewell and may the Lord be with you, and all of you, forever. Amen. We remain your loving,

Father and Mother

James and Agnes Archibald

~~~~~  
**Historical Note from Lana Archibald:** It was about this time period that missionaries had come to England and Scotland, preaching and baptizing people into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints or "Mormon" Church. Some of Agnes and James Archibald's children were converted, including Agnes and David Kerr, Jesse and Robert Murray, and Thomas and Elizabeth Archibald. Some were not. This caused a philosophical rift in the family, but not a rift in their love for each other. After the death of Father James in 1855, some of the children went to America, to join with the rest of the LDS Church members there. Other family members went to New Zealand, and some later to Australia. Mother Agnes went to New Zealand with her daughter Christian Archibald Smaill and her husband and family.



# Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

from Edinburgh, Scotland to some of their sons and daughters [also in Scotland]

20 April 1852

original in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho. March 2003.

## Literal Transcription (left half here, and right half on page two):

Dear Sons and Daughters

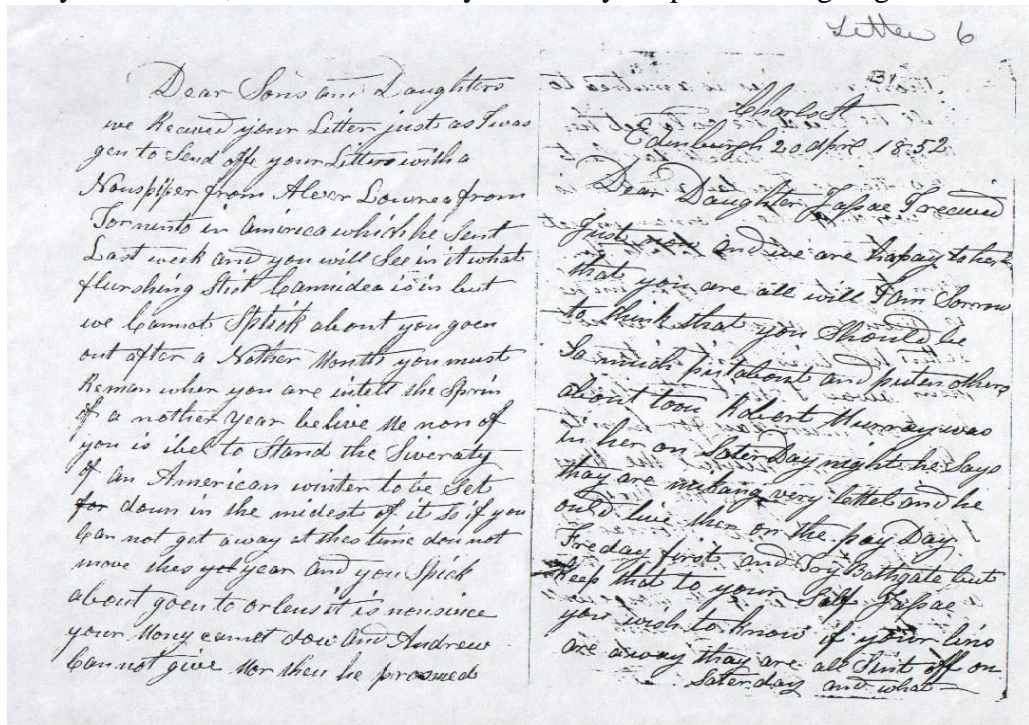
we Recived your Letter just as I was gen to Send offe your Litters with a Nowspiper from Alexr Lownes from Tornento in Amirica which he Sent Last week and you will See in it what flurshing Stiet Camidea is in but we Cannot Splick about you goen out after a Nother Month you must Reman wher you are intell the Sprin of a nother year belive Me non of you is ibel to Stand the Siveraty of an American winter to be Set for down in the midst of it So if you can not get away at thes time don not move thes yet year and you Spick about about goen to orlens it is nonsince your Mony cannot dow and Andrew Can not give Mor then he prosmed Agnes Bumes her Father and Brother are both Ingencyers and thay are goen out to Camdeay to a Ralway that is begun it is to be 700 Mills long and you will See a Nother to go from Quebick out to the Antliok See Mr. Johnston and Son we think ould be very happay to have you for ther will be many Tunnel in that Line and you might get a good Bargen if you are willing to Ecicpet of it rett Rett and let us know and we ould let his Sisters know and thay ould Rett to hem he Lives at Liverpool and her what he Saes about it. So faer will o may The Lord be with us all

## Corrected Transcription (left half this page, and right half on page two):

Dear Sons and Daughters

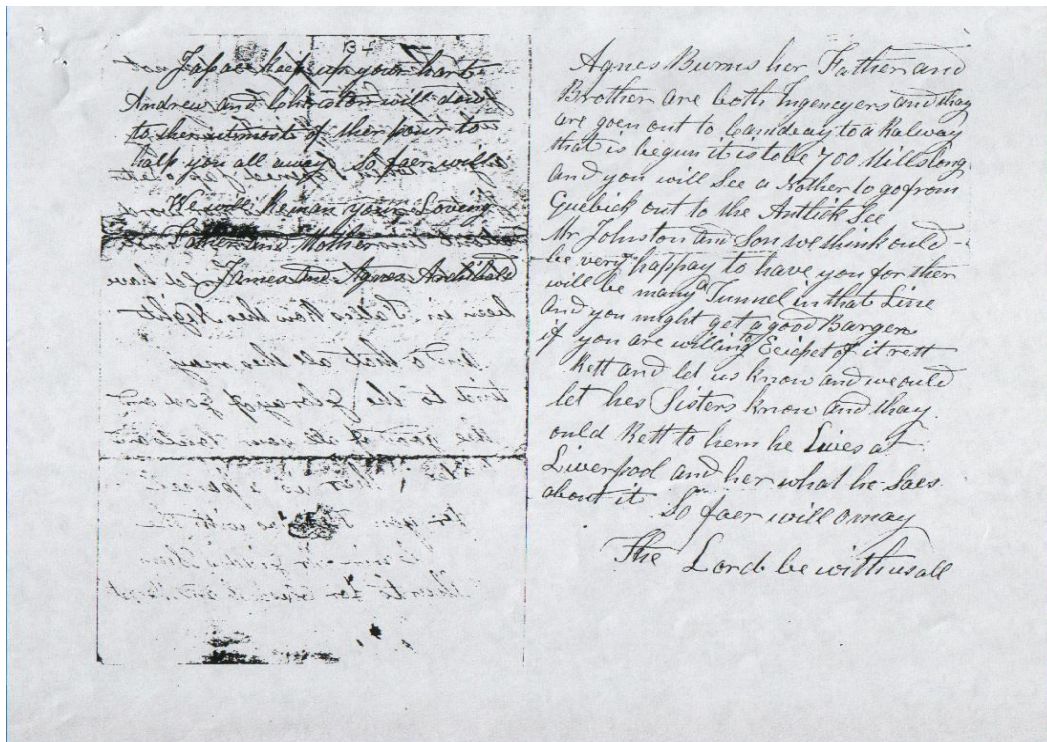
We received your letter just as I was going to send off your letters with a newspaper from Alexander Lownes, from Toronto in America, which he sent last week, and you will see in it what a flourishing state Canada is in. But we cannot [explain/understand?] about you going out [to America] after another month. You must remain where you are until the Spring of another year. Believe me, none of you is able to stand the severity of an American winter, to be set down in the midst of it. So if you cannot get away at this time, do not move this year. And you speak about going to Orleans. It is nonsense. Your

money cannot do [won't be enough] and Andrew cannot give more than he promised. Agnes Bumes [?], her father and brother are both engineers and they are going out to Canada to a railway that is begun. It is 700 miles long and you will see another to go from Quebec out to the Atlantic Sea. Mr. Johnston and son, we would think, would be very happy to have you,





for there will be many tunnels in that line, and you might get a good bargain [pay for work] if you are willing to [expect?] of it right. Write and let us know and we would let his sisters know, and they would write to him. He lives at Liverpool, and hear what he says about it. So, farewell. O, may the Lord be with us all.



**Literal Transcription (right half on first page and left half on second page):**

Charles St.

Edinburgh 20 April 1852

Dear Daughter Jassae I recived Just now and we are hapay to her that you are all will I am Sorrow to think that you Should be So much put about and putten others about too Robert Murray was in her on Saterday night he Says thay are mikang very lettell and he ould live ther on the pay Day Freday first and Toy Bathgate but keep that to your Self Jassae you with to if your lins are away thay are all Sint off on Saterday and what Jassae keep up your hart Andrew and Christon will dou to ther utmost of ther power to halp you all ways So faer will. We will Reman your Loving Father and Mother. James and Agnes Archibald

**Corrected Translation:**

[Letter 6 – filing note from someone else] Edinburgh [Scotland] 20 April 1852

Dear Daughter Jesse:

*I received [your letter] just now and we are happy to hear that you are all well. I am sorry to think that you should be so much put about and putting others about you too [upset or agitated and agitating others]. Robert Murray was in here on Saturday night. He says they are making very little [money] and he would leave there on the pay day, Friday, first [first of May?] and try Bathgate, but keep that to yourself Jesse [don't tell anyone else]. You wished to [know] if your lines [papers] are away, but they are all sent off on Saturday and what/ wait ... [there seem to be some missing pages, which you can see showing through from the other side of the paper]. Jesse, keep up your heart [keep courage]. Andrew [Smaill] and Christian will do to their utmost of their power to help you always. So, farewell. We will remain your loving Father and Mother – James and Agnes Archibald*

# Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

to some of their sons and daughters

8 June 1852

*original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho*

## Literal Transcription:

Edinburgh 19 Charls St. June 8, 1852

Dear Sons and Daughters

I am dericted to Rett to you by Mary to let you know that She has a parcel coman tomorrow with the Carriar if you will Send for it as She will not be foret intell the Eving She will live her with the 5 o clock tran and her parcel will be befor her. I hop the ching of the Ear will dou her good befor She tike her long jurnay and See that She is not out laet at Night for the night aer will dou her hurt.

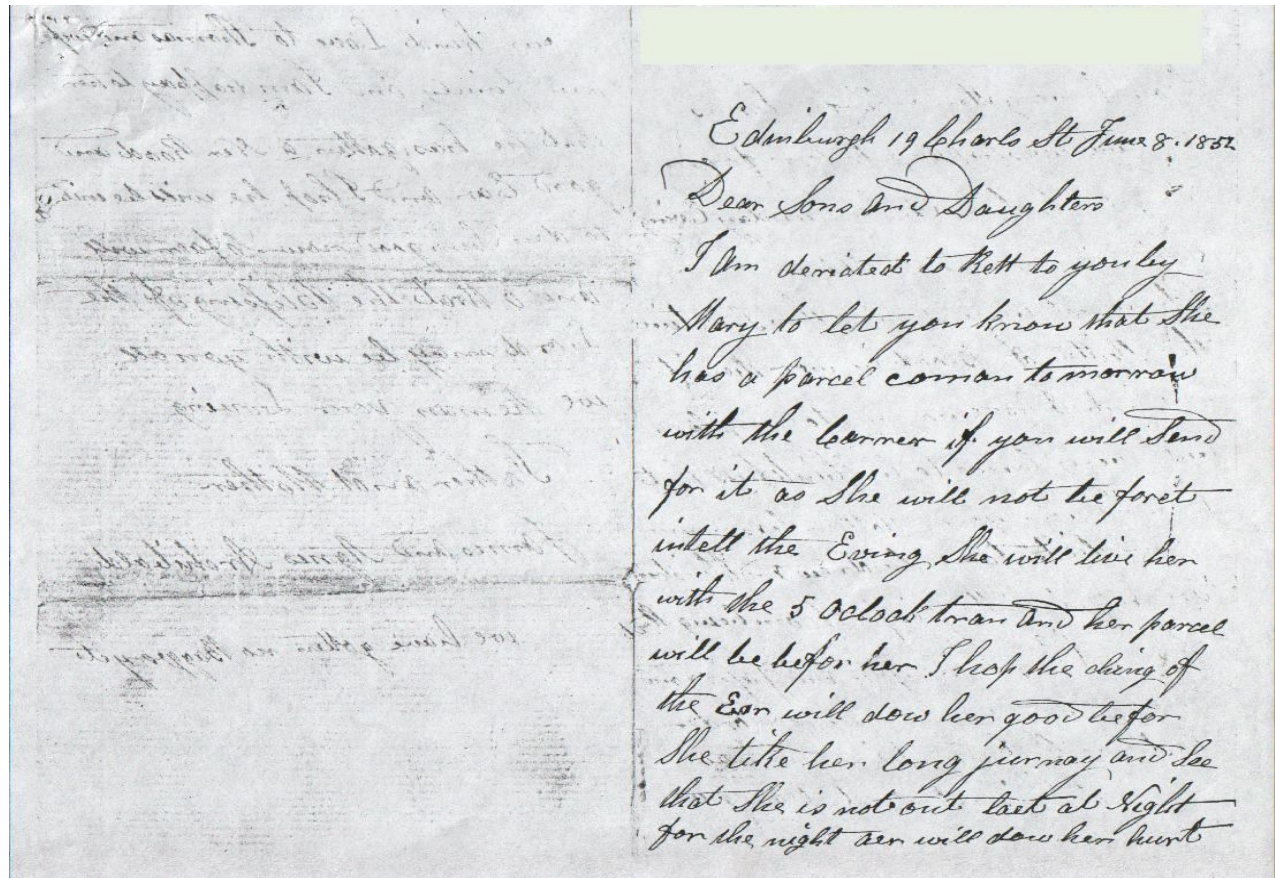
## Corrected Transcription:

Edinburgh [Scotland]

19 Charles Street June 8, 1852

Dear Sons and Daughters:

I am directed to write to you by Mary, to let you know that she has a parcel coming tomorrow with the carrier if you will send for it as she will not be for it until the evening. She will leave here with the 5 o'clock train and her parcel will be before her. I hope the change of the air will do her good before she takes her long journey, and see that she is not out late at night, for the night air will do her hurt.



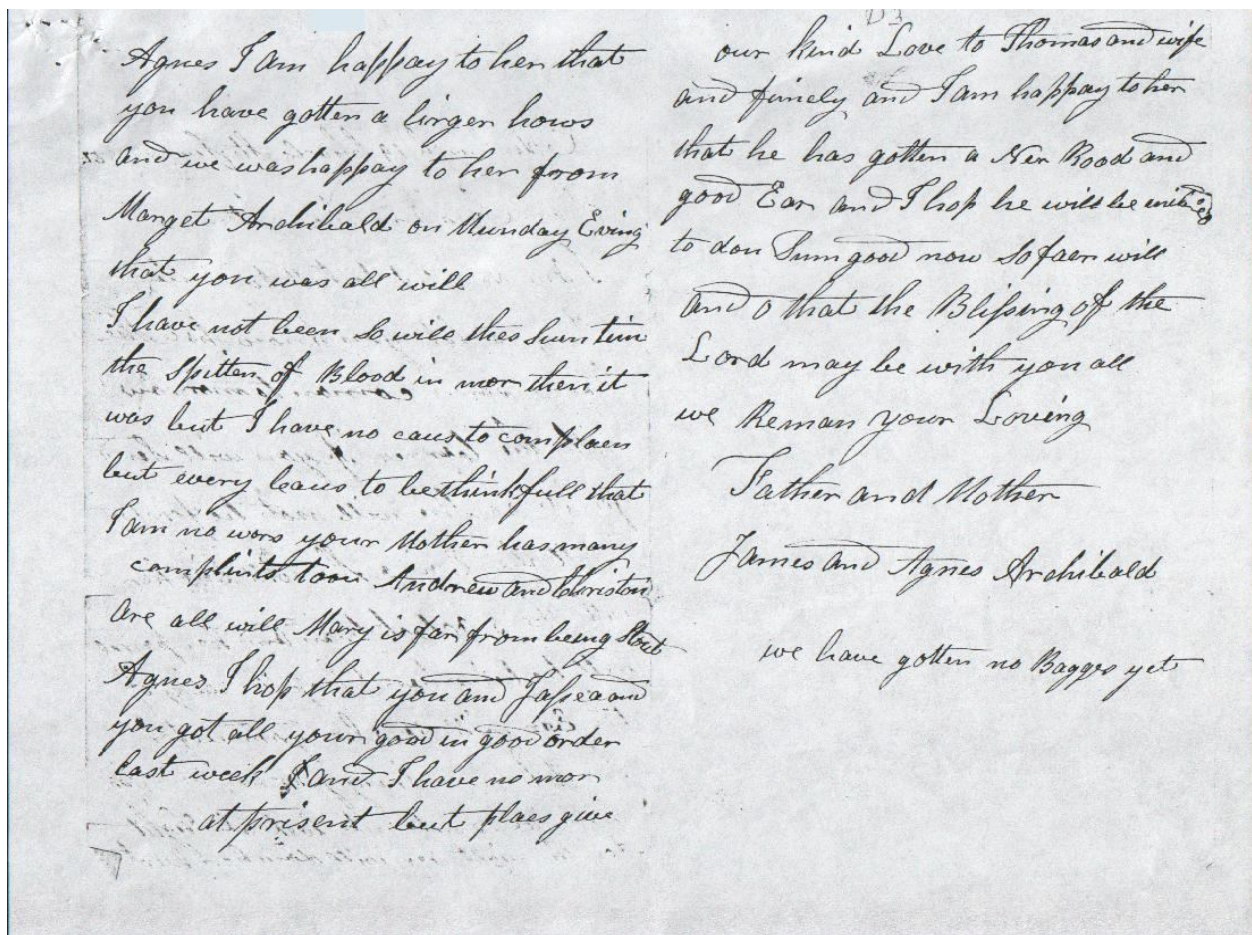


Literal Transcription:

Agnes I am happay to her that you have gotten a linger hows and we was happay to her from Marget Archibald on Munday Eving that you was all will. I have not been So will thes sum tim. the Spitten of Blood is mor then it was but I have no caus to complaen but every Caus to be thinkfull that I am no wors. your Mother has many complints too. Andrew and Christon are all will. Mary is far from being Stout. Agnes I hop that you and Jassea and you got all your good in good order last week -and I have no mor at prisent but plaes give our kind Love to Thomas and wife and family and I am happay to her that he has gotten a Ner Rood and good Ear and I hop he will be enibled to dou Sum good now. So faer will and o that the Blissing of the Lord may be with you all. we Reman you Loving Father and Mother. James and Agnes Archibald. we have gotten no Bagges yet.

Corrected Transcription:

Agnes, I am happy to hear that you have gotten a longer house, and we was happy to hear from Margaret Archibald on Monday evening that you was all well. I have not been so well this some time. The spitting of blood is more than it was, but I have no cause to complain, but every cause to be thankful that I am no worse. Your mother has many complaints, too. Andrew and Christian [Smail] are all well. Mary is far from being stout. Agnes, I hope that you and Jessie and you got all your goods [belongings, or supplies for the trip] in good order last week. I have no more at present, but please give our kind love to Thomas and wife and family, and I am happy to hear that he has gotten a New Rood [new roof?] and good air, and I hope that he will be enabled to do some good now. So farewell and, oh, that the blessing of the Lord may be with you all. We remain your loving Father and Mother. James and Agnes Archibald. P.S. we have gotten no bags yet.



Agnes I am happay to her that  
you have gotten a linger hows  
and we was happay to her from  
Marget Archibald on Munday Eving  
that you was all will  
I have not been so will thes sum tim  
the Spitten of Blood is mor then it  
was but I have no caus to complaen  
but every leaus to be thinkfull that  
I am no wors your Mother has many  
complints too Andrew and Christon  
are all will Mary is far from being Stout  
Agnes I hop that you and Jassea and  
you got all your good in good order  
last week I have no mor  
at prisent but plaes give  
our kind Love to Thomas and wife  
and finely and I am happay to her  
that he has gotten a Ner Rood and  
good Ear and I hop he will be enibled  
to dou Sum good now So faer will  
and o that the Blissing of the  
Lord may be with you all  
we Reman your Loving  
Father and Mother  
James and Agnes Archibald  
we have gotten no Bagges yet



# Partial Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

Date and person going to are missing, but it was about October 1852.

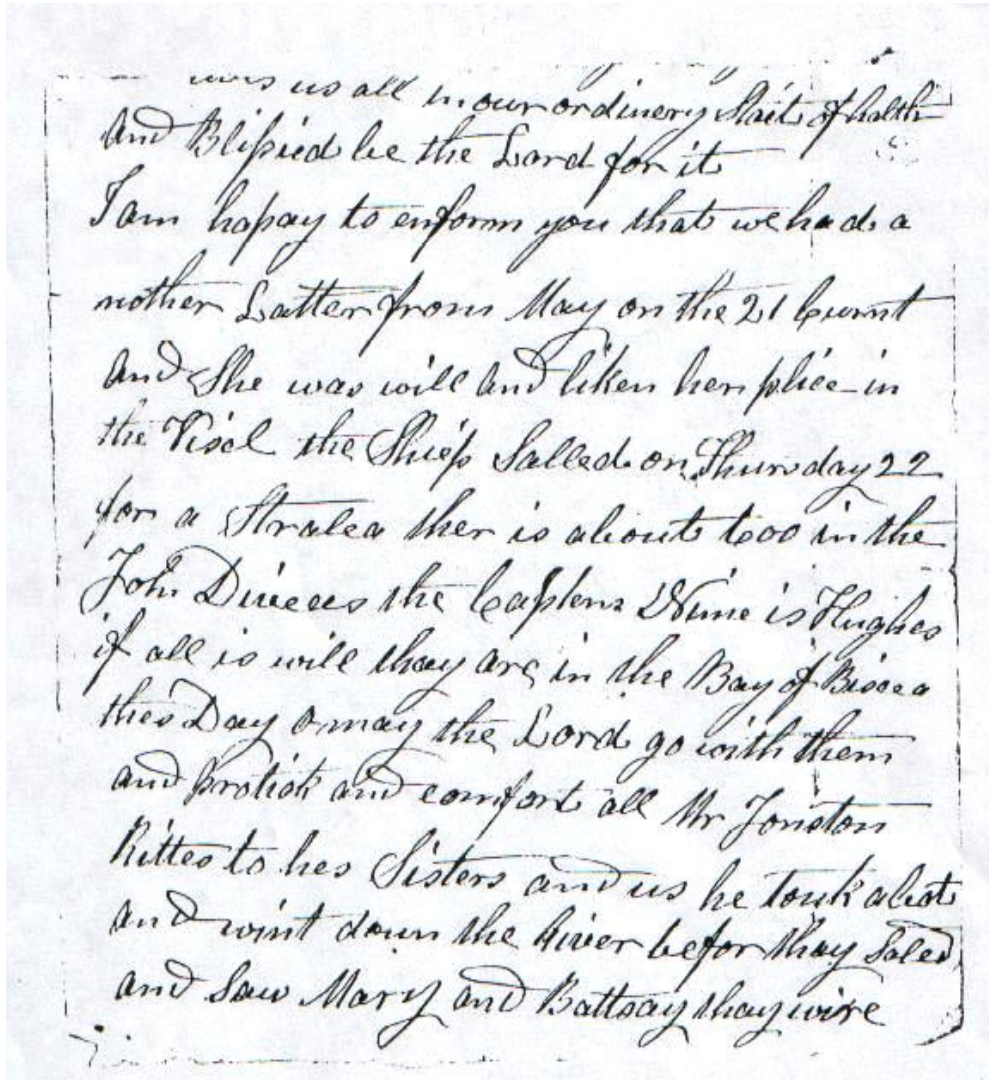
*original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho*

## Original Transcription:

...us all in our ordinary  
Stait of halth and  
Blissied be the Lord for  
it. I am hapay to enform  
you that we had a nother  
Latter from May on the  
21 Curnt and She was  
will and liken her plice  
in the Visel the Shiep  
Salled on Thursday 22  
for a Stralia ther is about  
600 in the John Diveees  
the Captens Nim is  
Hughes if all is will thay  
are in the Bay of Biscea  
thes Day o may the Lord  
go with them and  
protick and comfort all.  
Mr Jonston Rittes to hes  
Sisters and us he touk  
abot and wint down the  
River befor thay Saled  
and Saw Mary and  
Battsay they wire

## Corrected Transcription:

...us all in our ordinary  
state of health, and  
blessed be the Lord for it. I am happy to inform you that we had another letter from Mary on the 21  
current, and she was well and liking her place on the vessel. The ship sailed on Thursday 22 [July] for  
Australia. There is about 600 in the John Davies. The Captain's name is Hughes. If all is well, they  
are in the Bay of Biscay this day. O, may the Lord go with them and protect and comfort all. Mr.  
Johnston writes to his sisters and us. He took about [turned around] and went down the river before  
they sailed, and saw Mary and Betsey. They were...



## Partial Letter from James and Agnes Archibald

### Date and person going to are missing

*original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho*

#### Original Transcription:

...nsray me Lord derrick all our Hart to Seek grice for without grice all the world ould be Vinety but Life in God's fiver is Life Ever Laston therfor I desir the Love of God befor all things

I will bed you all faerwill We Reman your Loving Father and Mother James and Agnes Archibald

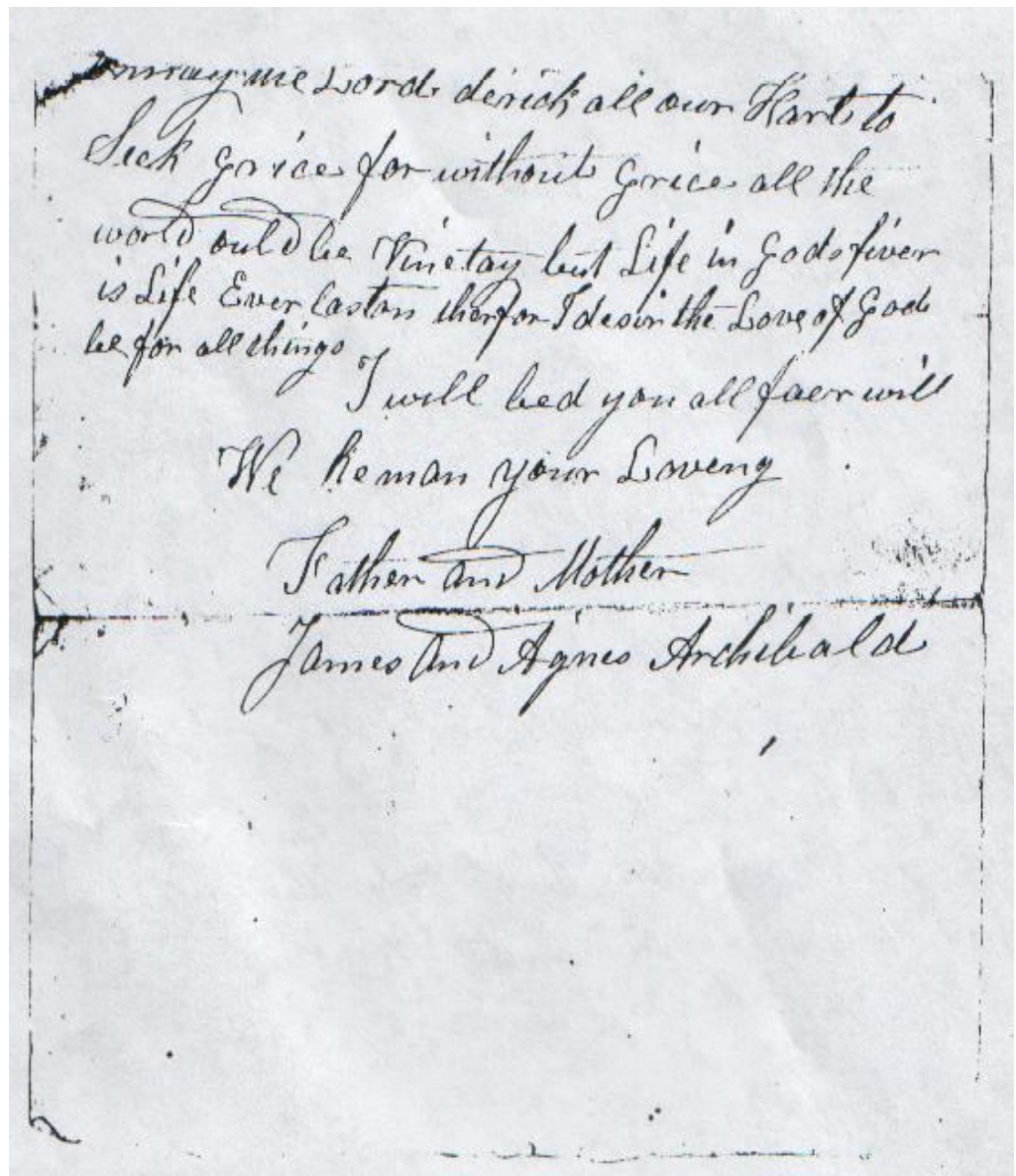
#### Corrected

#### Transcription:

...nsray [?] me. Lord direct all our hearts to seek grace, for without grace all the world would be vanity. But life in God's favor is Life Everlasting.

Therefore, I desire the love of God before all things.

I will bid you all farewell. We remain your loving Father and Mother, James and Agnes Archibald





# Letter from James and Agnes Archibald in Scotland

## to some of their sons and daughters

### 22 October 1852

*original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho*

#### Original Transcription:

Edinburgh 19 Charls St 22 Octbr 1852

My Dear Children we Recived your Litter this Day and we was happy to her that you was all will, o may it please God to keep you all in good halth and enibel you all for your long and Dengres undertaken jurnay o louk to Juses in all your ways ask hes councel ask hes halp in all things o may Juse be formed in all our harts the hop of Glory. O when I think we will niver mor meet in this world how my hart eaks but when I think that all is douing for good and that I hop to her good accounts yet from you all thes is hop. Jassae you Say that the Ship is to Sall on the 25 Thursday is the 25 Curnt it must other be at might or on th. 26. I have Red your litter to Robert Murray and he will be in Roberts on Sabeth day

[margin:] Andrew and Christon [Smaill] has sent 2 pounds - " - " one to each of your [accounts?]

#### Corrected Transcript:

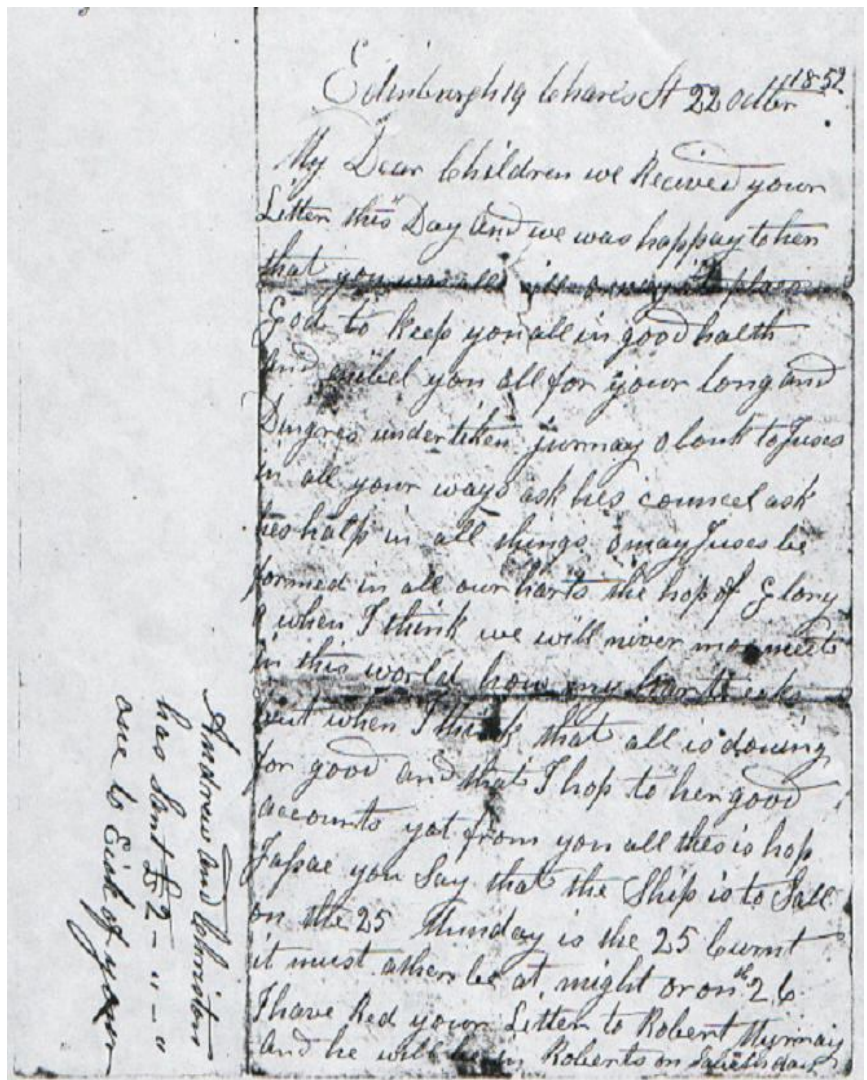
Edinburgh [Scotland]

19 Charles Street

22 October 1852

My Dear Children:

We received your letter this day and we was happy to hear that you was all well. Oh, may it please God to keep you all in good health and enable you all for your long and dangerous undertaken journey. Oh, look to Jesus. In all your ways ask his counsel. Ask his help in all things. Oh, may Jesus be formed in all our hearts, the hope of Glory. Oh, when I think we will never more meet in this world, how my heart aches, but when I think that all is doing for good and that I hope to hear good accounts yet from you all, this is hope. Jesse, you say that the ship is to sail on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Thursday is the 25<sup>th</sup> current [next week]. It must either be at night or on the 26<sup>th</sup>. I have read your letter to Robert Murray and he will be in Roberts on Sabbath Day.



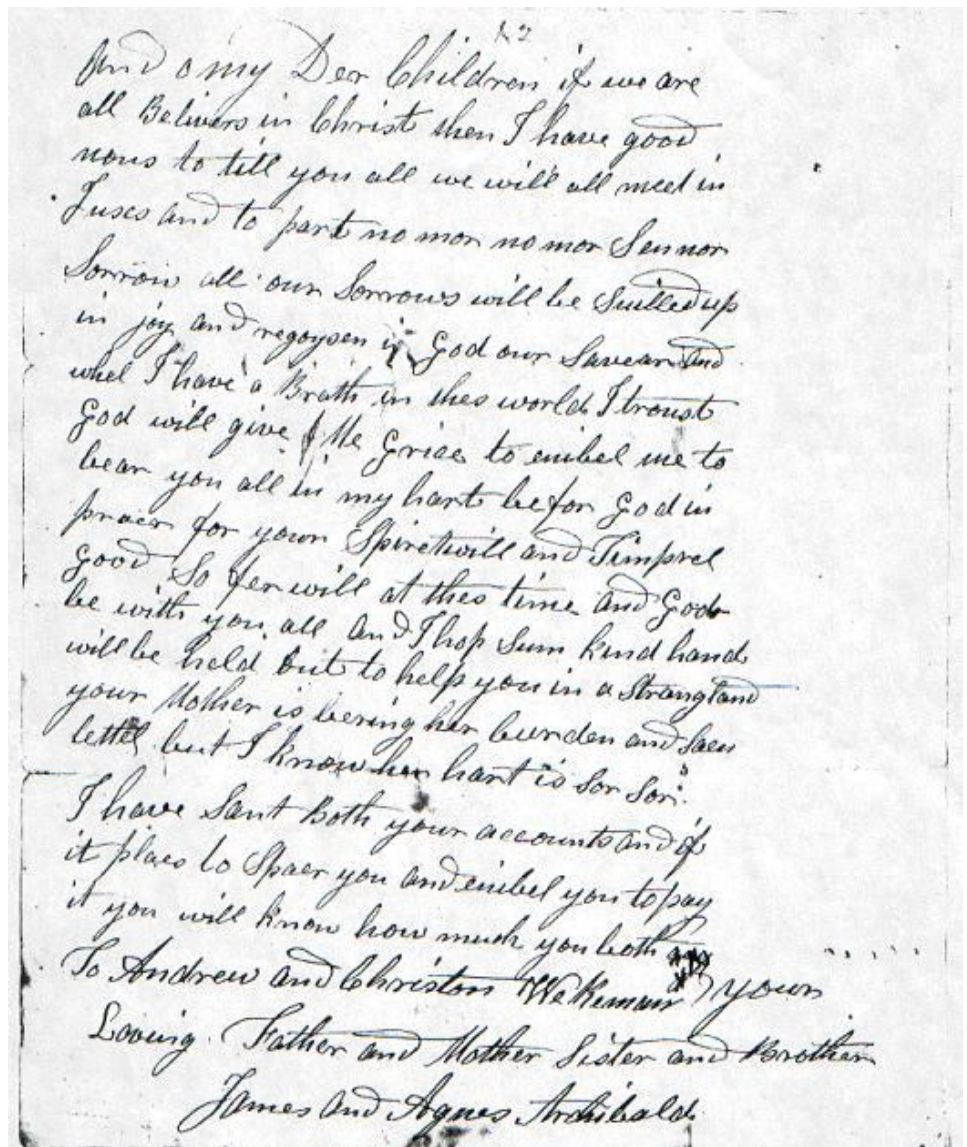


Original Transcript:

and o my Der Children if we are all Belivers in Christ then I have good nous to till yuou all we will all meet in Juses and to part no mor no mor Sen nor Sorrow all our Sorrows will be suilled up in joy and regoyesen in God our Savear and whel I have a Brath in thes world I troust God will give Me Grice to enibel me to bear you all in my hart before God in praer for your Spiretwill and Timprel good. So fer will at thes time and God be with you all and I hop Sum kind hand will be held out to help you in a Strangland. your Mother is bering her burden and Sain lettell but I know her hart is Sor Sor. I have Sant Both your accounts and if it plaes to Spaer you and enible you to pay it you will know how much you both ~~oe~~ [three x's drawn over] to Andrew and Christon. We Remain your Loving Father and Mother Sister and Brother James and Agnes Archibald.

Corrected Transcript – page two:

And, oh my dear children, if we are all believers in Christ, then I have good news to tell you all. We will all meet in Jesus and to part no more. Nor more sin nor sorrow. All our sorrows will be swallowed up in joy and rejoicing in God our Savior, and while I have a breath in this world, I trust God will give me grace to enable me to bear you all in my heart before God in prayer for your spiritual and temporal good. So farewell at this time and God be with you all. And I hope some kind hand will be held out to help you in a strange land. Your mother is bearing her burden and saying little, but I know her heart is sore, sore. I have sent you both your accounts and if it please to spare you and enable you to pay it, you will know how much you both owe [3 x's] to Andrew and Christian [Smail]. We remain your loving Father and Mother, Sister and Brother. James and Agnes Archibald.

A photograph of the original handwritten letter on aged, slightly stained paper. The handwriting is in a cursive script, characteristic of the mid-19th century. The text is written in dark ink and matches the 'Original Transcript' provided on the left. There are some corrections and additions visible in the original, such as the 'oe' crossed out and replaced with three 'x's, and the names 'Andrew and Christian' written in a different hand or later. The signature 'James and Agnes Archibald' is at the bottom.

And o my Dear Children if we are  
all Belivers in Christ then I have good  
news to tell you all we will all meet in  
Juses and to part no mor no mor Sen nor  
Sorrow all our Sorrows will be Swilled up  
in joy and regoyesen in God our Savear and  
whel I have a Brath in thes world I troust  
God will give Me Grice to enibel me to  
bear you all in my hart before God in  
praer for your Spiretwill and Timprel  
good So fer will at thes time and God  
be with you all and I hop Sum kind hand  
will be held out to help you in a Strangland  
your Mother is bering her burden and Sain  
lettell but I know her hart is Sor Sor.  
I have Sant Both your accounts and if  
it plaes to Spaer you and enibel you to pay  
it you will know how much you both  
owe [3 x's] to Andrew and Christian [Smail].  
We Remain your Loving Father and Mother  
Sister and Brother  
James and Agnes Archibald.

# Letter from Andrew Smail (and William Kerr) in Edinburgh, Scotland

to sister-in-law Agnes Archibald Kerr in Pennsylvania (USA)

26 April 1855

*original letter in possession of Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho*



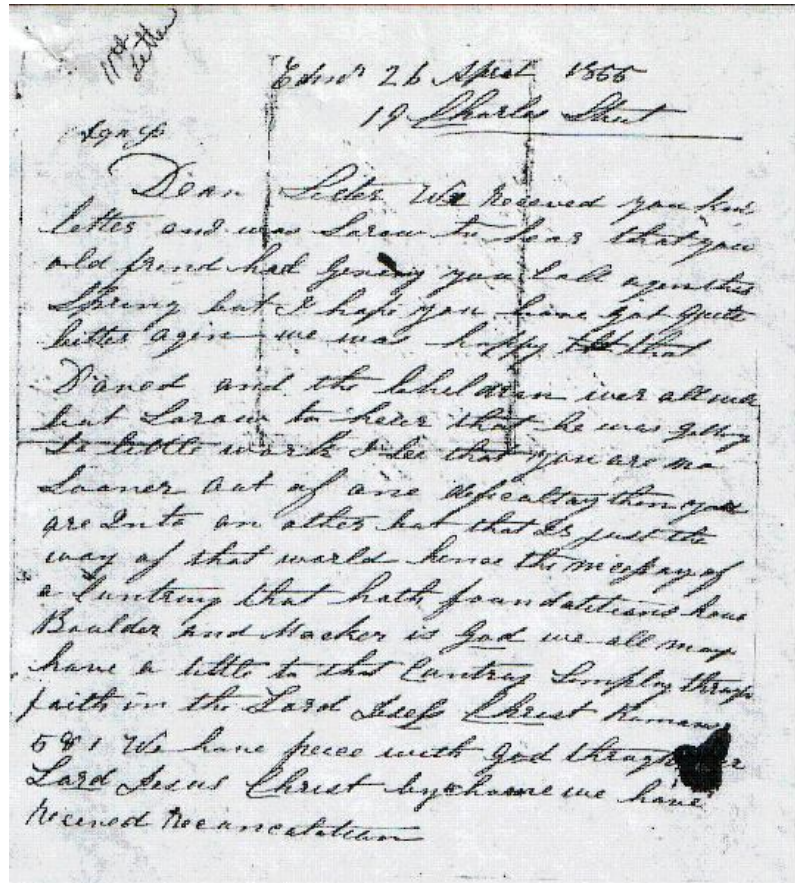
## Original Transcription:

Edinr. 26 April 1855

19 Charles Street

Agness

Dear Sester We received your kind letter and was Sorow to hear that you old friend had geving you call agen thes Spring but I hope you have got quite better agin we was happy tht that Daved and the Children wer all well but Sorow to hear that he was getting So little work. I See that you are no Sooner out of one deficultay than you are Into an other but that Is just the way of that world hence the nicessay of a Cuntray that hath foundations hous Boulder and Macker is God we all may have a little to that Cuntray Simply through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ Romans 5 & 1 We have peice with God thugh our Lord Jesus Christ by whume we have received recancellation.



## Corrected Transcription on above page:

Edinburgh [Scotland] 26 April 1855

19 Charles Street

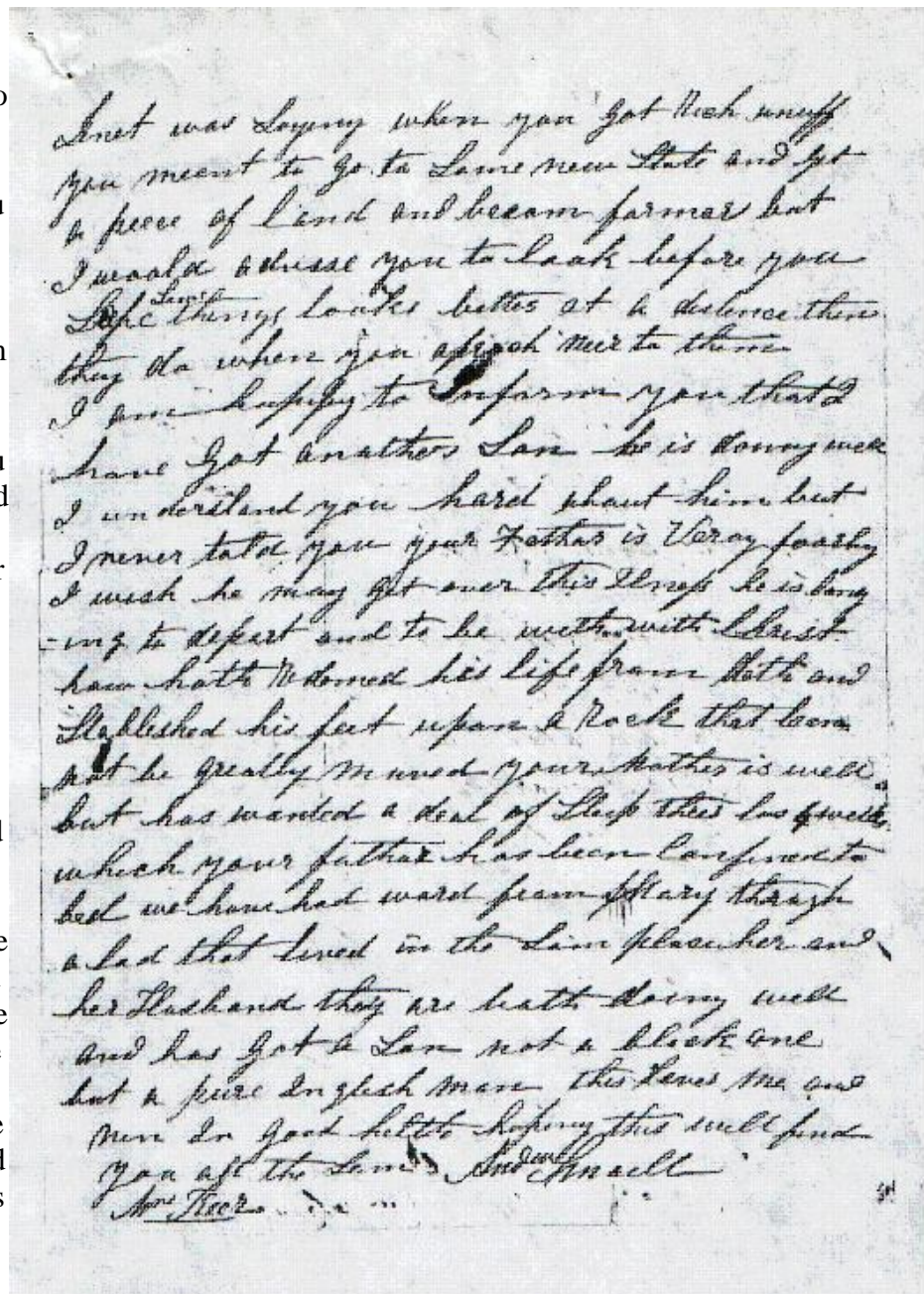
Dear Sister [Agness]:

We received your kind letter and was sorry to hear that your old friend [some recurring illness] had given you call again this spring, but I hope you have got quite better again. We was happy that David and the children were all well, but sorry to hear that he was getting so little work. I see that you are no sooner out of one difficulty than you are into another, but that is just the way of this world; hence the necessity of a country [heaven] that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. We all may have a little of that country simply through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ Romans 5 & 1. We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ by whom we have received reconciliation.



Original Transcription:

Janet was Saying when you get Rich enuff you meent to go to Some new State and get a piece of land and becom farmar but I would advsse you to look before you Leepe Some things looks better at a distance then they do when you aproch neer to them. I am hapipy to Inform you that I have got another Son. he is douing well. I understand you hard about him but I never told you your Father is Veray poorly. I wish he may get over this Illness he is longing to depart and to be with with Christ how hath redeemed his life from deth and Stablished his feet upon a rock that Can not be greatly muved your Mother is well but has wanted a deal of Sleep these las 4 weeks which your fathar has been confined to bed. we have had word from Mary thugh a lad that lived in the Sam place her and her Husband they are both doing well and has got a Son not a black one but a pure Inglesh man thes leves me and Wm. in good helth hoping this will find you all the Sam Andw Smaill / Wm. Keer



Janet was saying when you got Rich enuff  
you meent to go to Some new State and get  
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I never told you your Father is Veray poorly.  
I wish he may get over this Illness he is long-  
ing to depart and to be with with Christ  
how hath redeemed his life from deth and  
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Corrected Transcription on above page:

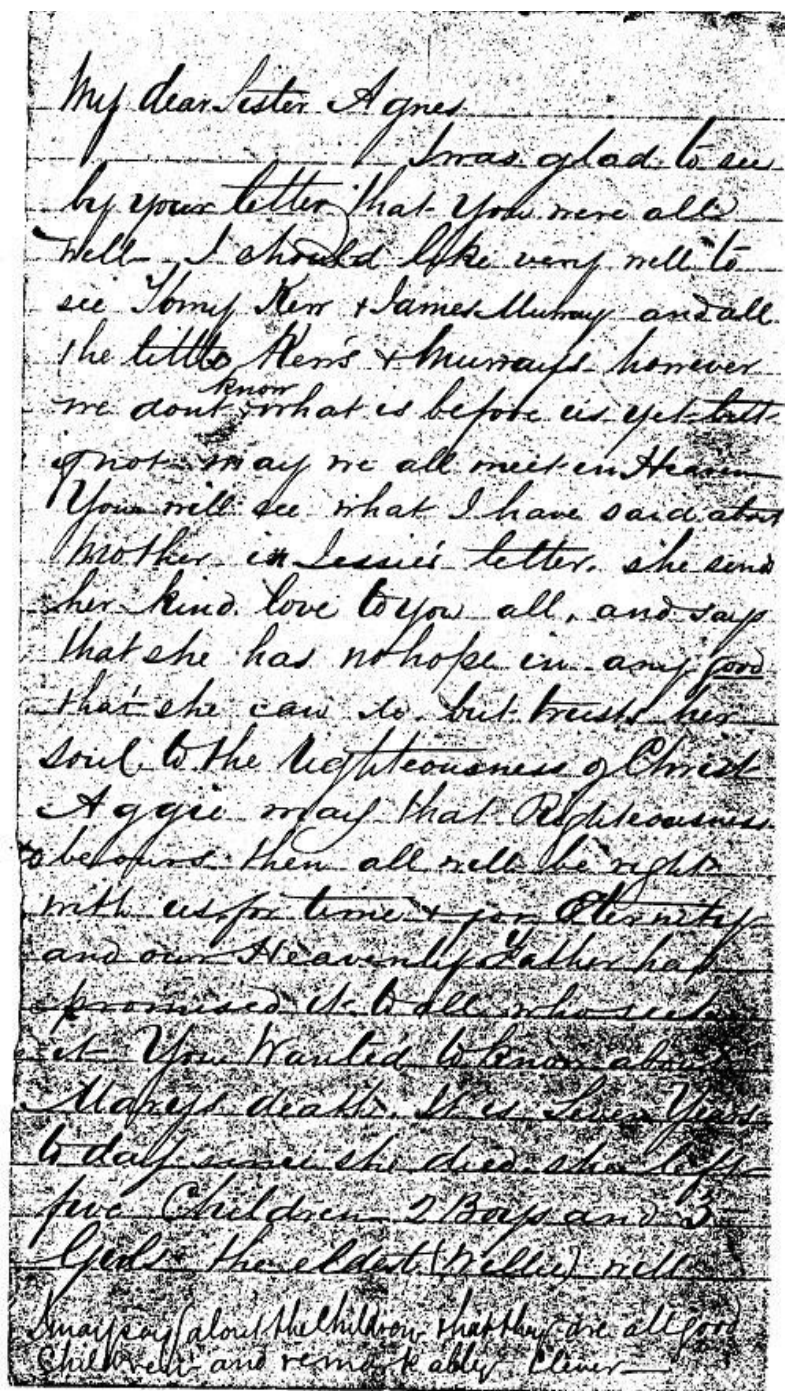
Janet was saying when you get rich enough, you mean to go to some new state [probably Utah] and get a piece of land and become farmers, but would advise you to look before you leap. Some things look better at a distance than they do when you approach near to them. I am happy to inform you that I have got another son. He is doing well. I understand you heard about him, but I never told you your Father is very poorly. I wish he may get over this illness. He is longing to depart and to be with Christ, who hath redeemed his life from death and established his feet upon a rock that cannot be moved. Your Mother is well but has wanted a great deal of sleep this last 4 weeks, which your father has been confined to bed. We have had word from Mary through a lad that lived in the same place. Her and her husband, they are both doing well and has got a son, not a black one but a pure English man. This leaves me and William in good health, hoping this will find you all the same.



# Letter from Christian Archibald Smaill in New Zealand

to her sister Agnes Archibald Kerr in the USA  
mentions the death of their sister Mary Archibald Edwards.

*Christian Archibald Smaill's mother was still alive and living with Christian [in New Zealand] at the time this was sent. Mary's daughter Cary/Caroline was just past 12 years of age the past February, and her son Frank was just coming on 9 years of age, so the date of this letter is estimated to be between March and September 1872.*



My dear Sister Agnes  
I was glad to see  
by your letter that you were all  
well. I should like very well to  
see Thomy Kerr & James Murray and all  
the little Kerrs & Murrays however  
we don't <sup>know</sup> what is before us yet but  
if not may we all meet in Heaven  
You will see what I have said about  
Mother in Jessie's letter. she sends  
her kind love to you all, and says  
that she has no hope in any good  
that she can do. but trusts her  
soul to the righteousness of Christ  
Aggie says that Righteousness  
to be found then all will be right  
with us for time & for Eternity  
and our Heavenly Father has  
promised it to all who seek it - You  
wanted to know about  
Mary's death. It is Seven  
Years today since she died. she left  
five Children - 2 Boys and 3  
Girls the eldest (Nellie) well  
I may say about the children that they are all good  
children and remarkably clever

Ida Holmgren of Idaho Falls, Idaho  
sent me this copy March 7, 2003.

~~~~~

My dear Sister Agnes:

I was glad to see by your letter that you were all well. I should like very well to see ... [Thomy?] Kerr & James Murray and all the little Kerrs & Murrays, however we don't know what is before us yet, but if not may we all meet in Heaven. You will see what I have said about Mother in Jessie's letter. She sends her kind love to you all and says that she has no hope in any good that she [can / cares??] to, but trusts her soul to the righteousness of Christ. Aggie may that Righteousness to be ours then all will be right with us for time & for Eternity and our Heavenly Father has promised it to all who seek it - You wanted to know about Mary's death. It is Seven Years today since she died. she left five Children - 2 Boys and 3 Girls the eldest (Nellie). Nellie will... (I may say about the children, happily, they are all good children and remarkably clever)

Letter from Christian Archibald Smaill in New Zealand to her sister Agnes Archibald Kerr in America. continued...

be 19 come December. Emily she ^{will be} 17 come November. Agnes she will be 14 come Christmas. Caroline she will be 12. Frank on 1st July then Frank will be 9. next birthday. Emily and Millie are both in places in this province but a good distance from us. Agnes is with my daughter Agnes & Carry is with me. and has been for the last 4 years. Little Frank is at school. Their Father kept house with ^{them} until about 2 years ago when he sold off every thing but did not give the children anything. But they are all pretty well up now except little Frank. Mary died very suddenly she was only one night ill. I had seen her only one month before she was lively and in good spirits but she had been working hard & had hurt herself some way. You must write oftener & soon. Kind love to Lizzy & Robert family also kind love to Mary Kerr & Robert & all the Children and not forgetting yourself. Yours truly dear Sister C. Smaill

Transcript

be 19, come December. Emily, she will be 17 come November. Agnes, she will be 14 come Christmas. Caroline, she will be 12 ... past on Febry. Then Frank will be 9 next birthday. Emily and Millie are both in places in this province but a good distance from us. Agnes is with my daughter Agnes and Carry is with me, and has been for the last 4 years. Little Frank is at school. Their Father kept house with them til about 2 years ago when he sold off every thing but did not give the children anything. but they are all pretty well up now except little Frank. Mary died very suddenly; she was only one night ill. I had seen her only a month before. she was lovely and in good spirits, but she had been work --ing hard & had hurt herself some way. You must write oftener & soon. My kind love to Lizzy & Roberts family also kind love to David Kerr & Robert Murray & all the Children and not forgetting you Agnes....truly dear Sister

C. Smaill

Transcription of the Journal kept by Robert Archibald - first section

transcribed by Lana Archibald

10

Harthill 2 May 1856

Preface

The following embracing a biographical sketch of the Genealogy of James Archibald, my father and mother and their family.

My father James Archibald was born in the parish of Inveresk Colpits County Edinburgh Scotland 10 August 1789

[&?] **Aganes Archibald my mother**, was born in the parish of Inveresk,

Colpits County, Edinburgh, Scotland, 28 December 1789, & was

Married on 14 April 1809 at Colpits parish of Inveresk County Edinburgh Scotland. & my father James Archibald died at Edinburgh, May 15 1855 at Charles Street no 19, and was buried at the Grange Cemetery 23 May Edinburgh 1855.

And my mother and Mr and Mrs Smaill and family left Edinburgh

Charles St No. 19 on the First of October 1857 for New Zealand and landed all safe on the first of February 1858. We have got no more word from them, yet they say that they had bought some land and gave 10 pounds the taker for it, and that everything was very dear, and that they had commenced to build a fence on this land, but how they would fare, they could not say then.

[page 2]

& I Robert Archibald their oldest son was born in the parish of Inveresk Colpits County Edinburgh Scotland on the 13 March 1810, and was at Colpits along with the rest of the family till my father left the place and came to Craighall, & there I barely escaped with the life indeed.

[Page 3]

18??

1820

I went down the side of the river and began to crawl? / cave? under a large fall of sand. The same fell over me and buried me up all together but my feet, and I lay in this state. I was speechless, but often did I cry to God to spare my life a little longer if it was his Holy Will and deliver me from this. Well the Lord heard my prayer and sent two of my brothers, namely John and Thomas who rolled the sand off the top of me and found me quite insensible, and blind and could not speak to them. They taked the sand out of my mouth and ears and eyes, and poured a little water on my face and washed my hands, and I began to move, but could not speak to them. Well I got better again in a short time, and then I had a severe fever, and thought not to live. But the Lord brought me through that too, and in a short time all was well again.

About this time my Father took me to work in the pit to help my mother. A year or two rolled on and nothing of any in particular occurred in the family till one morning that my father and two brothers and me were going down the pit of 60 fathoms deep. I would be 12 years old and brother John 10 and brother Thomas 8 or 9. A man went down the hutch before us and took down with him a very heavy carriage of 2 1/2 hundred weight. He could not take it out of the basket, but broke two wheels out of the basket and two in and there it came away broad side on. When it came to the [??] that is right opposite. my father said God have mercy on us my children for we are yours[?]. Keep Clasp to the

chains for that will fall away above us. We did not go very many fathoms further and away it came and a way,

[page 4]

13

1828

but did not strike any of us – this again the Lord delivered us all.

In and about this time my wife's mother lost her life with water underground. She was 6 days in the pit after she lost her life, till she was gotten. My wife Christan Kinghorn was 11 years old when this happened in 1822. This left Christan motherless and to be a mother of three brothers, David John and Abraham, and he Abraham just 15 months old (& a thoughtless Father of his Children he Was). My father left Craighall and went to Stobs Hill 6 miles distant, then went to Tranent 8 miles distant and stopped there one year and commenced a stand 21 weeks then left for the West Country 30 miles distant. **My brother Henery Archibald died the next day after my father flitted to Greenriggs in the parish of Whitburn, Linlithgowshire 20 April 1828 and was buried in Whitburn churchyard 23 April 1828.** [*This information differs from the dates we have brother Henry was born 20 April 1827, recorded in Tranent paris FH #1067862; and Henry died Dec. 1827 at Greenrigg, Whitburn parish, Midlothian, Scotland, age 8 mos.*].

My father and family stopped at Greenrigg over seven years, and then my father and family went back to New Craighall 30 miles East to the parish Esk County of Edinburgh, and thence returned to the West again after one year stopping in New Craighall. My father and family came to Greenrigg. It was in New Craighall that I got acquainted with George Kinghorn and family whose sister **Christan Kinghorn I married, and she became my wife on 22 November 1835 in the parish of Whitburn** Linlithgowshire, Scotland. Graeme Michael minister of the day. Samuel Green Shiels [??] we [went] to set up house in Harthill parish of the of Shotts Lanarkshire Scotland 22 November 1835 and lived happy together. (as with regard to the gospel we

[Page 5]

1836

14

knew nothing of it, but still wished to serve God and [??]

About this time on the 23 December 1836 a great stir got up about religion. 16 miles north from us they got so full of it that they held prayer meetings at their works, but still they were full of the spirit of delight? For in a very short time a number of these leaders got some of these young Tranent converts with child which slakned / slackened their growth at the time for they were taking [talking?] all be for shame in & about the height of this religious frenzy my **son James was born unto me by my wife Christan Archibald on 4 April 1836 in Harthill, Lanarkshire, Scotland.** Time passed on and religion became all the frenzy everywhere. In the year 1837 there was no harvest and thousands were dying for want. Everything had a gloomy appearance and [a] fearful light was seen in the heavens in England. A red Haze was seen in the middle of the night, it was light as daylight and the haze disappeared and ar... a period and carried each other till the closing xmas[?] Was hard in the year 1838; there was no harvest in the [?????] of Lithgow and Lanark shires. At the New Years time they were cutting their harvest in the midst of snow and ice. The year of 183? was a little better. Things were very dear and many families were very bad off for want of bread and no tuber (potato) to be had. About this time my

(Robert Archibald Journal con...)

daughter Betsy H Archibald was born 4 February 1838, in Harthill parish, Shotts, Lanarkshire, Scotland. I then left Harthill because of a difference between my ??foreman??

[Page 6]

15 1838	
1839	& went to Crofthead Iron Works, but could not do [work] at the time. My father and family went too and my brother Thomas and family went too, but could not do at the time, and we all, my father and family, went to Bathgate. Thomas and his family went to Prestongrange, and me and my family went to the same place that is 30 miles east from Harthill, and we stopped there and came back to Greenrigg again and stopped there 7 weeks and a strike commenced & we left there and went to Bathgate 7 miles distant, stopped there 5 weeks and then came back to Greenrigg again. In this year my daughter Agness Archibald was born 20 Dec 1839, Greenrigg parish Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, Scotland. Stopped there one year and moved 10 miles west to a place called Whitegreen and stopped there 14 days and came back to Greenrigg again and stopped over one year. George Archibald my son were born 22 Nov 1841 Greenrigg parish Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, Scotland. About this time I again went to Crofthead 5 miles distant and stopped there 7 years. My daughter Christan Archibald was born 12 Dec 1843 (<i>this again differs from our date</i>) BackCroft parish, Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, and it was in the year 1843. She died July 6 1843 (should be 1844) and was buried in Whitburn Church burial ground, and it was in this year we heard the sound of the Everlasting gospel from Brother John Kinghorn brother of Sister Archibald, wife of Robert Archibald, at Backcroft in 1844, and in the year 1845 my daughter Christian Archibald was born 9 May 1845 at Bakecroft parish, Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, and I, Robert Archibald, was baptized by Robert Deans, priest at Crofthead 9 March 1845 and confirmed at Crofthead by Elder
1841	
1843	
1845	
1839	[Page 7]
July 6, 1845	<div>16</div> <div>1845</div> <p>Henry Mc??? 28 March 1845 and Christan Archibald my spouse was baptized at Crofthead by Elder Robert Deans, and confirmed by Elder John Banks president of the Edinburgh Conference at Crofthead July10, 1845 and blessed my daughter Christian Archibald at the same time. & Elder Peter Moffet blessed my children James Archibald and Betsy H Archibald, & Agness Archibald & George Archibald at Crofthead, Back Croft on 1 October 1845, Linlithgowshire, Scotland. & I, Robert Archibald, was called to the office of teacher by Robert Deans</p>

March 19, 1846	<p>president Elder of the Crofthead Branch of the Edinburgh Conference 20 March 1846, Henry McQuiry mouth <i>[meaning he spoke the blessing]</i> Crofthead & James Archibald & Betsey H Archibald my son & daughter were baptized at Crofthead by Elder William McKay & confirmed at Crofthead 28 March 1846 Edinburgh Conference Lithlithgowshire Scotland, & I, Robert Archibald, was called to the office of a Priest at Crofthead by Elder Robert Deans and seconded by Elder William Gibson president of the Edinburgh Conference 30 March 1847 at Crofthead.</p> <p>& I, Robert Archibald, & family removed from Crofthead to Harthill 4 miles north and commenced preaching the Gospel and baptizing under president Robert Deans of the Crofthead Branch of the Edinburgh Conference. & then I, Robert Archibald, was called to the office a Elder by Robert Deans and seconded by William Gibson High Priest of the Edinburgh Conference 18 June 1847 and received my ordinance and appointment at the Edinburgh under the hands of William Gibson, High Priest, and Elder Crandel Doun?</p> <p>[Page 8]</p> <p>17 1847</p> <p>appointment [motion or decision] that Harthill [be] reorganized into a branch and Elder Robert Archibald preside over the Harthill Branch, moved by William Gibson and seconded [by] Robert Deans, carried unanimously.</p>
August 13, 1850	<p>Gessy [Jessie] Archibald my daughter bornWest Calder parish Edinburgh county Scotland 25 May 1847 & blessed by Elder Robert Deans [at] Crofthead 25 June 1847, & Robert Archibald my son was born [at] Harthill parish Shotts, Lanarkshire, Scotland 6 April 1849 and blessed by Elder Abram Kinghorn [at] Harthill 29 Apr 1849 and Agness Archibald and George Archibald were baptized by Elder Alan Adams at Harthill and confirmed by Elder Alan Adams at Harthill</p>
August 13, 1850	<p>& Mary Archibald my daughter was born at Harthill parish Shotts, Lanarkshire, Scotland 11 July 1851, and blessed by Elder Abram Kinghorn, [at] Harthill 10 August 1851. And Genet [Janet] Archibald baptized by Elder Robert Archibald 19 July 1856 [at] Harthill & confirmed by Elder Robert Archibald 20 July 1856 [at] Branch, Edinburgh Conference, Lanarkshire, Scotland.</p>
1856	
1853	<p>James Archibald, my son, was called to the office of teacher at Crofthead by F. W. Brewrton,</p> <p><i>[Robert and Christian could not afford to take their whole family to America to join the LDS Saints in Utah, so they took what money they had and sent their 17-year-old son, James, who...]</i></p> <p>19 October 1853 & Emigrated to Great</p>

1855	<p>[Page 9]</p> <p style="text-align: right;">18</p>
1855	<p>1854 Salt Lake City 25 February 1854 & landed in Great Salt Lake City 3 October 1854. & Rate there <i>[committed to work for]</i> to Elder E. F. Benson [taking tatyo?] & hauling out from the mountains over one month and then started off for Pilmore [Fillmore], 60 miles south from Great Salt Lake City and rate there till the Spring of 1855 with a man of the name of ..., from Aberdene, a blacksmith. I got one dollar & half a day for wages of him for he's [an] honest man but were too long of coming up to the city to get work on the public works. All hands were full then. He stopped up to Brother Young to see what he would say. He said there were wanted 100 & 50 <i>[150]</i> hands at Cedar City, Iron county, so I put down my name and started for Iron County and called at Ephraim Thompsens and gave him your note but he said that he said not know you at all. After feeding him and clothing and giving him money and lodging him, he said he did not ... us at all. So I pursued my journey again and rate in the Blacksmith shop at Iron County at \$2.00 a day. & Brother Hite? said to me if [I] would not like to be at BlackSmith? I said I could think about it, so I thought night and day of it and thought it best to bind myself for a Blacksmith. So I bound myself to the Deseret Iron Company on 10 October 1855, the articles of agreement is this between James Archibald & the Deseret Iron Company for three years one year hammer man and the other 2 years to work at the fire. Early in</p>
1856	<p>[Page 10]</p> <p>19 1856 Stanton? to him while working the 2 years at the fire and if failing to fulfill their agreement, pay me 300 & 50 dollars the first year and 300 and 40 the second year and 300 & 40 the third year, & if [I] run away, I pay the same to the company. So this my wages is for the first year 300 & 50 dollars & for the second year 400 & 40 and for the third year 500 & 50 dollars, and they get me Board & Bedding. Dear Father, this is the best settlement <i>[place to live]</i>. It is very hot in the morning till three in the afternoon, then a cold breeze rises off the mountains and lasts till next morning, which makes it very cool in the night time. Dear Father, I am staying with old Sister Stodert. Her two sons are both married and She was married this last week by George A. Smith and she has consecrated her all to the Lord. My daughter Betsy H Archibald went away with a man and was married to him, I & her mother knowing nothing of, though all against our counsel. The man's name is John Orrock. They were married on 24 March 1856 at Chapel.</p>

	<p>Tithing was commenced to be paid by all in the Edinburgh Conference 12 August 1856. The Perpetual Emigration Fund Company takes out the Brothers from England and Scotland and Ireland to Great Salt Lake City in the year 1856 with wheel barrows and hand carts & did first rate with one tent to 20 persons and one hand cart too.</p> <p><i>[Page 11]</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">20</p>
1857 January 4	<p>1857</p> <p>I wrote to Betsy and John Orrock on the 17 December 1856 to come and fulfill their agreement to pay me the money they owed me for the goods they got on my name. But they have not thought it worth their while to write to me any way.</p> <p>Our Conference was held on the 20 Dec 1856. We had a fine time of it. Pastor Park was there for the last time and Elder House[?] was there His disciples in office from the Great Salt Lake City and Pastor Parl was gone home to the valley [<i>Salt Lake Valley</i>] after 5 years of a mission in the British Isles. Emigration is stopped by the P.P. Fund for two years, that is from the years 1856 till 1859. We were in great hope in getting a way in the year 1857 but all was stopped. But all is right. Brother Orson Pratt is president of the British Isles and a Tusent[?] nation & [name?] first councilor, Brother James Little, second councilor to Brother Pratt.</p>
1856 October 30, 1856	<p>Letter from President Brigham Young, exhortations to the Saints in Europe to humble themselves, get the spirit of God, lay aside vain philosophy, pride, the first principles of the gospel and warn the inhabitants of judgments to come.</p>
1857 February 28	<p>Presidents office, Great Salt Lake City, October 30 1856.</p> <p>- - - - Reformation - - - - minutes of meetings held at 42 Islington, Liverpool on Wednesday and Thursday nights 4th and 5th February for the purpose of commencing the work of reformation in the Church in these lands Wednesday 4th 7 pm</p> <p><i>[Page 12]</i></p> <p>21 1857</p> <p>Presidents Orson Pratt and Esra F Benson, Elders James A. Little, John A Kay [McKay?] and Phineas H Young.</p> <p>President Orson Pratt opened the meeting with prayer.</p> <p>President Orson Pratt said the plan will be for the presidents to call together the Priests and point out to the officers their duties and they have covenanted that they will keep the commandments of God. Baptise them</p>

1856 March 6	<p>first, then let them take hold and pack / preach? to the saints the necessity of coming to the meetings, all that can... & not to have any cooking done on Sundays. This needs to be instilled into the minds of the saints. Get them to covenant to do as they are told, then baptize them. We have not been cutting off those who do not pay their tithing, but we cannot graft them in unless they agree to do so. We have felt it is not right to cut people off for not paying their tithing. It is wisdom if they will not covenant to pay tithing not to graft them in, thus they will cut themselves off. Seconded and unanimously carried. President Benson closed the meeting by prayer.</p>
1857 May 6	<p>Thus you see, my dear children, the veracity of keeping the commandments of God all the days of our lives and loving the priesthood of God Amen.</p> <p>[Page 13]</p> <p style="text-align: right;">22 1857</p> <p>This is the 8 month since we got any letter from our son James, hoping the Lord All Mighty will keep him, as it were in the hollow of His hand, from all ill and that he may become a mighty man before the Lord in all things pertaining to richness and true holiness. O that all my Children would fear the Lord and keep His commandments perfectly is the of my soul at all times.</p> <p>Brother Brigham Young ... speaking on emigration says it is fair to late, the last two companies consisting of over 900 souls have not yet arrived. There is snow in the mountains & on the plains... It is feared every soul will be perished in the snow....there has not been such a fall of snow on the mountains since the Church went ot <i>[to]</i> the mountains as this year 1856. <i>[the Willie and Martin Handcart companies met with tragedy on the plains of Wyoming during an early winter storm October 1856.]</i></p> <p>I was baptized for the remission of my sins this day by Elder Barns the traveling Elder of the Western District of the Edinburgh Conference according to the providence at Liverpool and I have found great blessing in the doing of the same.</p>
March 1857 March 17, 1857	<p>I was at our quarterly conference and had a good time of it. All the rest of my family would have been baptized by this time but George being badly with a sore arm, and he having the priesthood, I wished all the officers baptized first. His arm is a good deal better this day March 24, 1857. He has been almost 14 days off work with it. My mother is getting very poorly now she will [be] about 68 years old on 28 Dec 1858.</p> <p>[Page 14]</p> <p>23 1857</p>

<p>April 8, 1857</p>	<p>I baptized George Archibald my son and his mother this day 28 March 1857, and baptized Agnes and Janet Archibald 29 March, my daughters, and confirmed them all the same day 29 March 1857.</p> <p>Word has come that the saints got all safe home into the valley, but 85 died in the cold and many more with frosted hands and feet and all this for not giving strict heed to the counsel of the first presidency [<i>they were counseled not to leave Nebraska to cross the plains after August</i>]. It was the first of September before they left Florence [Nebraska] on the frontiers of America and then 1500 miles to travel in an American Winter and that, too, with hand carts. With all their luggage and tent and poles and vittles the most of the way... But if the first presence [<i>settlers</i>] in the valley had not went out timely [<i>quickly</i>] to them every soul of them would have died. The greater part of them their [??? <i>food rations – they didn't have mincemeat, just a little flour, and an occasional animal – could it be lamest animal?-- and some had resorted to eating leather from their saddles</i>], was eaten and nothing before them but death when the wagons drove in late from the valley, with clothing and shoes and stockings and vittels. When the saints with the hand carts first seen them they leaped and shouted “Houllay to the Lord, houllay to the Lord.”</p> <p>We have got no word from our son James this 9 months past. We are leaning very sore now for a letter from him, poor thing, hoping he is well. May the Lord bless and keep him from all ill, is my prayer. Amen</p> <p>Thomas Archibald my brother, died last night at Crofthead 8th April at seven o'clock, aged 43 and ten months. He was buried in Whitburn church burial ground on the 11 April 1857 at halfpast 5 o'clock, Linlithgowshire, Scotland. He has left a wife, 9 children and the two oldest married and in America.</p> <p>I am warned out of my house this day 4 April 1857 because he,</p> <p>[Page 15]</p> <p>1857</p> <p>Mr John White, says that I am not fit to work every day now, and because of this I must leave the house and [<i>die?</i>] if I choose for him, after I have wrote [<i>signed</i>] myself down to him ... the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. But blessed be God, he has provided a house for my family that very day I was warned out. & [<i>that / thought?</i>] to have liberty to hold the meetings every Sabbath Day in my house, as before, till found fault with. I am to get the kitchen and a room from Mr Thomson the [<i>gentle man? or School mstr ?</i>] of the Harthill School. He says that he could not think of us being put about and to leave the place at this time. May the Lord bless him for the same.</p>
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My wife is very poorly this day with the cold, and my youngest son Robert. But hoping they will soon get better again. My son George has been very bad with a sore arm, but with the blessing of God, and the anointing of oil by the Elders it is a great deal better. Thanks to God for all this day.

May the 14, 1857 my son Robert is very poorly with the cold he has to be [home] from school these two days past. He is a little better this day. Again hoping he will soon get better again. My daughter Jessie Archibald went 6 months to [Larin thee in Brodern Videl?] work with two old lady madams and is doing very well and is liking it very well at present.

I read in the public newspapers of terrible plotting against the Mormons in Great Salt Lake, for what, they do not know. But at all accounts, they be must be killed off every one of them for something terrible and an army is going to be sent from the States for that

[Page 16]

25

1857

purpose to kill every one, & Brigham Young and Heber C., and ? C. Walls first. What for? Because they done the will of the Lord their God on this earth. But if the Saints would live to every word of the Lord through his servants Brigham and Heber and Brother Wells, all Hell and Earth might rage and foam like a boiling pot, but the Lord will preserve his Saints from all evil. If they love their God and their religion, all is right with them.

I see in the newspaper that a law passed at Congress at Washington that every State to be a slave state, and anyone freeing a slave or trying to get the slave away from the owner is a capital punishment not less than 2 years imprisonment and not to exceed 10 years imprisoned for the same. Again on the opposite side that is the State of New York and Ohio has passed a law that every slave male or female slave brought into their state shall be free and have the liberty of becoming a free citizen of this state. And every slave that will be brought in to this state with his master or mistress will be free, and if brought after this shall be guilty of a felony, and on conviction shall be confined in the state prison at hard labor for a term not less that 2 years and not more than 10 years at hard labor. This is in 7 May 1857... I think they will have plenty of fighting a man's fighting the Mormons

This day, **20 May 1857, I have got word that my brother Thomas now dead**, wrote in to Edinburgh to Mr & Mrs Smaill stopping at 19 and 21 Charles Street, Edinburgh.

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1857

and said that I wished the money sent to him and his brother-in-law from his son James Archibald in America to our Church and that because he, Alexander Russell, did not give it to the Church, I had I had spied out all the evil I could against Alexander Russell for not giving the 15 pounds to the Church. This is the falsehood they [blasé?] abroad about me, for all [after] I have done for him and his family; but I forgive him and his son William Archibald for writing so. But Alexander Russell I do not, for I do know they are the words of the [Late?] Russell, for he is a liar and known as such, and a drunkard, by all the brethren and sisters that know him...

I wrote to David Kinghorn on the 4 June 1857 to see if he had got any word from his mother-in-law or brother-in-law from America and if they say anything about my son James Archibald, if he has left Iron County, or if they say anything about him at all, to let me know, for it is 11 months past now since we got any letter from him now... and his mother thinks he is dead. But I think nothing of the kind. If I had word from David Kinghorn, my brother in law, I will then write to them about my son James Archibald -- that is the brothers Stodarts and sisters Stodarts in America...

There is a great cry at present of a comet coming in collision with the earth and to burn it in Europe and in [Tych..cray?] on the 13 Jun 1857. It is said in the public papers of the day that all the words of prophecy is ... of working for this thing. They say that the earth is going to be burnt up on the 13 June and that they will work no more, but live on what they have til then and die. It is said there is a number dead with

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Newspaper clipping about 86th birthday of Elizabeth Russell Archibald (widow of Thomas Archibald)

Mrs. Archibald.....has 329 Direct Line descendants

Special Correspondence.

Wellsville, Cache Co., Feb 12 – a birthday celebration of more than passing interest was held here yesterday when relatives from Canada, Oregon, Idaho and many place in Utah gathered to do honor to Mother Archibald on the occasion of the eight-sixth anniversary of her natal day. The reception was held in the commodious home of her daughter Mrs Margaret Hendry. The limits of space preclude any attempt to name all those who attended. Tables were laid for 100, and it was occupied several times. A fine program of choice musical selections was given by Prof. D. L. Walkers and Dr. Phillips, which with songs, recitation and addresses, entertained the large assemblage till a late hour.

The following data concerning Mrs. Archibald are very interesting reading:

Elizabeth Russell Archibald was born Feb. 11, 1818 in Sholts, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, her parents being small farmers. She married Thomas Archibald in 1835, being then but 17 years of age. Was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints in 1847. Her husband died in 1857. She is the mother of 10 children, six of whom are now living. Her oldest son, John, being now on a mission to Scotland, and her second Alexander, being a member of the Wellsville city council, Robert, another son, lives in Rexburg, Idaho; a daughter, Elizabeth in Teton, and a son, Andrew, in Cardston, Canada.

In addition to the children above mentioned, this truly grand old lady has 118 grandchildren, 207 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren, all of whom are living. In other words, this wonderful lady octogenarian has 329 living direct descendants, a record which is probably without parallel in the United States if not the entire earth.

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THE WANT COLUMNS of the Semi-Weekly News are read by from 100,000 to 150,000 people twice a week.

***Behind newspaper clipping:***

Mr. James Archibald  
Wades Town  
Near Wellington  
New Zealand

... Archibald  
Greenridge  
Mc Coupon [*Macoupon*] Co.  
Ill. [*Illinois*]

**[Page 19]**

5  
Spanish Fork November 15, 1864  
Christenay Angus born North Ridge June 28, 1859 Parish Shotts, Scotland.



**1858**  
**Agnes Archibald**  
wife of James Archibald  
**An Account of Her Passage to New Zealand**

After death of husband James in Scotland  
110 days on the sailing ship *Strathallan* 550 tons  
In company with her daughter Christian- wife of Andrew Smaill  
250 passengers sailing from Leith to Port Chalmers under Capt. Todd

**written by her grandson William Smaill in 1926**  
**a passenger (at the age of 8 years) with the group**

Re-typed by Marloe Leavitt Archibald of Wellsville, Utah, USA  
from a poor copy of a typed transcription received from Arlene Wood,  
with corrections and additions by Trish McWatters  
re-formatted by Lana Archibald

The original of these reminiscences (both the voyage and around Mayfield) is in  
the Otago Early Settler Museum, 220 Cumberland Street, Dunedin, New Zealand.

\*\*\*\*\*

New Zealand opened to pioneering families from Scotland. With two families traveling together, 'the Smaill's and the Darlings, Agnes then had this company to travel with and the record indicates she was well loved by the parties involved and was known to them as 'Grannie' Archibald.

This history is transcribed from a difficult-to-read, printed copy and is to be shared by descendants of this woman who gave birth to many children in the family of James Archibald and then pioneered on the Inchclutha River of Otago, New Zealand. There they built a house called the Mayfield House after living sometime in a Maori bowery. The details of the voyage are presented as they were written by her grandson William Smaill who was one of the members of the voyage.

This record is of two parts: The Voyage and The Pioneering, and was made available from cousins Aileen J. Wood and Pat McWatters of New Zealand and Australia. We are grateful to them for this account which has long been absent here in the Americas.

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# Part 1: The Voyage

*The departure of Agnes Achibald and the Smaill families was reported by Robert Archibald, Christina's brother, as being on the 1 of October 1857 and arriving safely on the 1 of February 1858. This arrival date was probably when they arrived at Inchclutha, some miles from Port Chalmers where the ship went into port. William Smaill gives the date of the ship's arrival as 8th of January 1858 and we now follow his account.*

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Strathallan, Captain Todd, 550 tons, 250 passengers  
Leith to Port Chalmers, 110 Days. Arrived 8<sup>th</sup> January 1858

I have long wished to set out in written form some of the things connected with the sea voyage, in the clipper ship *Strathallan*; of the landing in New Zealand; and the happenings up at the diggings; which changed, not only the conditions of those earlier days, but also the conceptions, so that those early days belong to a world which closed with the advent of the diggings.

As I was only eight years old on the ship, my personal recollections are such as would appeal to a boy of that age. But, as I had always a vivid imagination and a very retentive memory, most of the incidents are still wonderfully clear in my memory.

As a boy, I may say that all things outside lessons interested me, of all descriptions, but anything connected with reading aloud, spelling, and grammar, and, to a degree, counting, were anathema. This, I think, gave me a keener relish for all other things. I liked writing, drawing, and painting; and I can see now that I always had the artist's way of seeing things – that is, seeing the whole thing at once. The resolving comes afterwards. With these opening remarks, we will get to work with the opening at the voyage.

We sailed from Leith. The first stage was by tug, a paddle-wheel steamer, that towed us out to the Leith Roads, where we lay for a week. It must of been very early when we sailed, as we were down the English channel when I arrived on deck. I can remember the delightful sensation of the sailing motion. It was different than anything I had felt before or even imagined. Then the ship seemed to go so fast; a railway train seemed slow compared to it. The water and the waves seemed to be passing at such a rate. And then the formation of the white foam from the bow of the ship swirling away at such a beautiful and graceful angle. This was a delight that never paled and is still fascinating to me [William says he was eight years old when they sailed] and all through the voyage, it was a constant delight to watch the wonderful play of the waters. But that morning, the feeling of delight was simply intense, and I have always regarded those hours passing down the English Channel as the most delightful experience in my lifetime. There were others that came near, which I still notice, but not just equal. It was an ideal morning, and passing the White Cliffs of Dover was to me a dream of loveliness beyond anything, I had ever imagined. (It should be remembered that the adults were having these same experiences but more wonderful to an eight year old).

I am not certain where the pilot joined us, but I have an idea it was just after we passed Dover, from which port I think he came. I remember passing land's end and seeing it being left behind us some time in the afternoon. I remember the peculiar feeling of the growing immensity of the boundless ocean, the land receding slowly out of sight. Many, I remember, watched with tears. Such was my first day at sea.

That night we met a gale from the south, which lasted for about a week, in which passengers were not allowed on deck and, so as far as I remember, the most had other feelings to attend to. But, for

myself, I never was seasick, although when we got on deck after the storm, all us youngsters felt as groggy as drunks. We thought it great fun, much the time as waltzing.

As the pilot was still on board, I suppose he ran the ship northwards so that he could meet the steamer after the storm, which duly happened. The old folks said his parting words to the passengers were "have every confidence in your captain, as he is a first-class sailor."

Now as the ship is safely on her way we will have a look at the crew and the passengers. Taking the crew all around from captain to apprentices they were, with one or two exceptions, a good lot. I cannot give a detailed account of each member from memory, as only the outstanding personalities were remembered. Of the officers, Captain Todd, Mr. Grieve -- first officer, and Mr. Keeler -- second.

Mr. Grieve was the outstanding personality in every way. He was taller by inches, and a larger man in every way than the other two. The captain was rather below medium height, somewhat thickset, a most capable man and sailor when he left the drink alone. That was his one failing, which seemed to be caused more from weakness in nerve, when strain was pressing, than from appetite. This was shown noticeably twice. The first, when one of the young women passengers died and the doctor was much blamed. I forgot to mention Dr. King, he was really the captain's evil genius, as they spent most of their time together, and in this trouble, the captain seemed to think something of an epidemic. The doctor did not worry, but the captain did, and took too much liquor. But, bad weather did not effect the captain's nerve, and he was a quite kindly man, and was in goodwill with all, and most attentive to all complaints, and courteous to all.

But, Mr. Grieve was a tower of strength. Of course, he was a sailor's man. He was also a passenger's man. Any fear or trouble of any kind he was sure to be besieged by a band of questioners, and the quiet good mannered way he answered was well worth hearing. His answers were always hopeful and the best that could be said, and his word always went.

Mr. Keeler, the second, was a man of totally different type. He was just as firey as the first was cool. He was the only one of the officers which had the "gift" and that copiously. He and the bo'sun easily held their own in the profanity line, although the bo'sun was certainly the most profane, or rather blasphemous, especially if any of the passengers made any litter on the deck, when he was going his rounds coiling up the ropes. He might be described as a profanity pump-- it ran in such an easy stream. The second mate was more detached, but just as direct. But, they were both good sailors and brave to recklessness; both valuable men aloft at night and in a crisis the bos'sun was always given the wheel.

Among the sailors there were special favorites, and easily first was Little Joe, so named as there was a Bigger Joe, also a nice clever man and one of the best and most reliable in the crew. On a rush or a risky job, such as clewing up in a gale, he was mostly the farthest man out. On the other hand the crew took more care of Little Joe; he was kept mostly on inside jobs. He was of kindly nature, ready to help all and sundry, carry kids or jelly pots for the others, help the grannies to light their pipes, and had a good word for everybody. He was a married man, and one of the crew that returned with the ship and, I understand, he was drowned just before the ship reached home.

The next sailor that was in favor was Bob, a wild harum skarum, always up to mischief or a lark, but kindly with-all, and one of the most active sailors. He was Mr. Keeler's right-hand man, as Big Joe was the First's. These are the outstanding characters among the sailors who had their sleeping quarters under the fore-castle deck, a watch on each side.

Then there was the round house hands, the bo'sun, the two stewards, cabin and passenger, two cooks, the carpenter and the two apprentices.

Jack Allan, passenger steward, was another great favorite, running Little Joe very close for first place. Another kindly soul, but at the other end of the stick, was Duncan, passenger cook. He was a misfit in every way. He knew nothing about cooking, or of cleanliness, either of person or language. If



the bo'sun was blasphemous, his profanity was low and dirty and continuous. He cursed everybody, some more than others certainly, but he was heartily cursed by all and sundry. He was one black spot in the ship's life. He said that he was shipped as a sailor, but it was found that he was no good and he was dumped into the gulley, with wretched results to the passengers. His doings and sayings, and their opposites from the passengers, would fill a book; but that would have an interest all its own. My father and he were daggers all the way. Yet when he was ashore and dead broke, my father was the first to help him. So much for the cook.

Jamie Strathan, cabin steward, was another kindly soul and very good to others (when the cook was outrageous) in getting things for them, so was the cabin cook. So much for the ship's company.

There were five cabin passengers: the doctor; the minister, Rev. McNichol, Highland to the bone and I expect more at home in the Gaelic than in English, but a kindly soul withal, if easy going. He had Sunday Service every fine Sunday; Dr. King and a Mr. Johnston (son-in-law of Captain Cargill's); and a Mr. and Mrs. Curry.

Of the other passengers there was a goodly crowd, somewhere about three hundred, at least a hundred too many for the size of the ship. The accommodation was primitive — two rows of bunks, one above the other, ran pretty well all around the ship on the main deck: young unmarried on the fore-hatch, the married and children under twelve years in the main hatch, and unmarried women in the after hatch. Two or three families messed, or drew rations together, according to numbers and relationship.

Considering their being so closely packed together, they all agreed wonderfully well, and many close friendships were formed.

They were rather a superior lot and have put up a good record in New Zealand. To go into any descriptions would lead too far from my intentions, as happenings and things interested so much more than persons. What I have given will give an idea of the atmosphere and conditions of the voyage.

One person I have forgotten, that is the purser. I am not sure if he was first or second cabin, but I think the latter. He was not a very efficient officer, but he had the knack of getting others to do his work while he stood around, or to be more accurate, sat, as that was what he mostly did. His duties were to serve out rations once a week, which of course, was a kind of market day; weather, of course, had a say in the matter, but it had to be got through somehow.

What we will call the market was held on the main deck, just in front of the quarter deck, that was the largest open space on the main deck.; but in bad weather it was on the quarter-deck, or the poop as it was called. Jack Allan, passenger steward, was the leading workman with a team of assistants. The stuff was brought on deck and arranged in rows around the purser, who sat on a cask with his notebook and called out the passengers' mess numbers. He again had a lot of assistants who served out the biscuits, sugar, butter, raisins, bully beef, pork (this last was put in a net for boiling), rice, split peas for soup, sometimes potatoes preserved, tea and coffee.

The provisions were both good and plentiful, but the cooking was wretched. For example, Jack Duncan was short of soda for dissolving the peas for soup, so one of the sailors, I expect Bob, said "soap and soda always go together, try soap," and he did. Of course the whole lot had to go to the captain, and then overboard. Again the pork was generally boiled in the pea soup. One day some of the pork had maggots, he must have known, however in it went and that day there was fresh meat in the soup, but it all went overboard.

So much for market day, but there was the daily parade three times a day. One or two at the galley for each mess, and the general row with the cook. Such then was the daily routine, very much as in a military camp without the orderly in charge.

A little description of the vessel will help towards a glimpse of the conditions of life on deck. Between the fore-castle and the quarter-deck was a close bulwark eight feet high which it was impossible to see over while standing on the deck, but all around were spare spars lashed about half

way up. While standing on them, I could see comfortably over without fear of over balancing, and in fine weather, it was nearly always lined with children looking over.

On the fore-castle, just in front of the capstan, was a favorite meeting place for a number of the older men to smoke and yarn, but there were four who were nearly constantly there and, of the four, two who were always there, if allowed by weather, which means orders, for only orders would stop them. They were old shepherd's and they never seemed to tire of watching the sea. And it was really worth watching. Sometimes it would be a great flight of flying-fish spurring from a wave-top to skim along and land on another and off again. Or it might be porpoises, sometimes only a few, but sometimes in hundred's and thousands.

Such were some of the interests of the fore-castle which made a deep impression on my mind on the few times I had the pleasure of being up there with my father, as it was not considered safe for children by themselves, as there was only an open rope railing round the fore-castle, so that was forbidden ground to children.

But if forbidden the fore-castle, we had free run of the quarter-deck mostly in the afternoon. The great attraction there was to watch the sea birds gathering in the ships wake; scraps thrown over-board gathered there, and there were often great scrambles for anything of the kind. Meat or fat wanted. Quite a number of albatross were so caught. Such were the common daily interests.

Then there were always a watching for ships, the sight of which was always a gayla day with the signaling. We had left port nine or ten days after the Palmyro had left London and there was always the excitement when a ship was sighted ahead going our way, and as we overhauled and passed everything the excitement increased to know if it was the Palmyro. However, we were all on the south side of the line [equator] before we overhauled and passed the Palmyro, and were in port a fortnight before the arrival of the Palmyro in New Zealand.

The most ships we passed in one day was five. One passed quite close and took letters home. I think that was the third and last that took letters, and this brings me to the first vessel we met, the first or second night after the pilot left us; with her we came into a collision about midnight. A steamer -- carrying no lights -- a terrible disaster was averted by the closest of shaves. Keeler, the second, was on watch and he caught sight of the light in her galley fire and it seemed right under the bow. He jumped to the wheel and threw our ship's head off. The next minute there was a crash forward. The steamer fouled our fore-stays, carrying away part of our figurehead, a high-lander in kilts. One of his arms was carried away. Keeler went forward like a tornado, they said, making the air blue with sulphuric language, an axe in one hand and an a knife in the other, and was soon cutting adrift what had held them together. It was said one of the steamer's crew jumped aboard and Keeler told him he would split his skull if he didn't get back from whence he came. It was said the man was half drunk, but got in a hurry, and the fouling was cut adrift and the vessels cleared. However, when we got to port they raised a rumour that they had run into us and sunk us , as I suppose they saw nothing of us in the morning. It caused quite a panic in shipping circles, as we heard afterwards. Some short time after, the chance to send letters was given by a passing ship. Among them my father sent one, with the result that all the letters were opened and posted up in the London office to contradict the rumour about the sinking. So passed the first real sensation; it was a very close call, but nothing was known on board 'til morning.

As we worked south, the weather conditions steadily improved, the air becoming sensibly warmer, and a general settling down to enjoy the new life on board ship and, as the sailors said, "the passengers were becoming as tame as mice!" Quite a number of the younger men began charming and working with the sailors. Decks were washed down and swept every morning, which was quite a job. The water was raised with a big pump worked with two cross levers, working like a see-saw swing. One man at each end could work it, but as there was a T crossbar, two or more could get into it at each end. Thus with four men on the pump, there was a big pressure of water. And as the bo'sun always

worked the hose, pity anyone who got in the way and did not shunt quick. His language would most likely reach them first, but if there was any inclination to dally, they would get a flood of both, but as the bo'sun made no secret about his movements, it was easy to keep to the other side.

The deck between the main hatch and the fore hatch was divided in two, leaving a passage of about ten feet. At the main hatch was a long boat on stocks, that is propped up and ready to float, and as there was a sort of awning over it, it was quite a common place to get into for a seat. Then just at the stern of the long boat was the round house and galley, that came right up to the fore-hatch so the washing down took first the one side and then the other. The pump would first be just in front of the sides, and the fore-castle. Then the pump was shifted aft in front of the poop deck where the rest was reached, and the quarter deck. This took quite a squad to work it, with three or four on the booms, but the business that attracted the most attention was pumping the ship. This was always after tea and before dancing began, if there was any on.

There was always a sing-song of sailor songs and quite a crowd if the evening was fine. As we worked south, we were getting longer evenings and moonlight nights and the ship on an even keel. Dancing was the pastime and much enjoyed, the whole ship's company gathering around, looking on and gossiping. And, as the climate was steadily getting warmer, life on the whole was enjoyable.

The next event that comes to mind about this time was 'land- ho' That was the cry that made a general rush on deck and all eyes were fixed on what was supposed to be land. As the appearance is only a smudge of blue-gray colour on the horizon, the eye can hardly tell whether it is cloud or land, but the sailor's eyes know, besides [before] the glass has been on it. It's land alright, the first seen since leaving lands end and the next question is "Where?!" What land is it ?!" Well! That question was not answered in a hurry. There was plenty of time given for conjecture, but a smudge grew into something with a definite outline. It was seen to be an island. Some were placing it on the coast of Africa, others on the coast of Brazil. Some of the extra wise ones were very positive that it was Robison Crusoe's island. This was almost accepted as a fact and were we not lucky to see it so nicely? It was a lovely day and the island gradually grew into sight, and it was a beautiful sight as it emerged from grey into purple, then into beautiful chocolate and russett browns and olive greens, as it came right abeam.

I would suppose we would be three or four miles off. There was nothing that artists would describe as detail visible, only the broad masses of colour, but they were beautiful, soft as a dream under a soft silver haze.

The officers were really the only ones who knew definitely the name and they, I think enjoyed the situation, for as far as I can remember, there was no definite name known that day, at least to the crowd. But one old man, I remember, was very sure about everything about it. I remember he explained that the olive green masses were palm trees and so on. It was a most enjoyable and exciting day, worth remembering in red ink.

The next sensation was crossing the line [equator]. This began some weeks before we reached it. All that was to happen, and what was to be done to all men who had not crossed the line before, was discussed. They, of course, must be shaved and washed afterwards if the ship was to be lucky (the ceremony of crossing the line has continued to the present and therefore all sorts of play has been done then and since so this will not be covered in detail but is part of the author's record).

Now I may return to the thread of my story which included another cabin passenger, the minister no less. As I have said tea was over and all was supposed to be over. The minister was leaning over the rail beside the bell talking to little Mrs. Henderson — there were two with this name, the other was big. They were congratulating each other how well they had kept clear all day. However their congratulations were suddenly brought to an end, with first one bucket of water descending on them and then another until the row of buckets set for that purpose had been emptied and the minister made for his quarters — drenched.



Thus ended the day's proceedings of the crossing. Matters settled down to their usual order, but I think there was a sad aftermath which I will notice further on.

Crossing the line naturally divides the voyage into two distinct divisions. As we neared the line our daily average speed decreased considerably; from about ten a.m. until five or six p.m. The slowing down was very marked; although we never came to a dead stand-still, but very near it. I am not sure which side of the line this took place but I remember the carpenter threw some shavings overboard sometime in the forenoon just in front of the foremast stays. The ship was moving but that was all that could be said about it. By about three p.m. the shavings had just got abeam of the quarter deck, when a nice breeze came along and away we went merrily ripping through the water. What a relief to everyone and how the good ship seemed to enjoy the run like a thing of life. Although there were other slow days, that day was clearly the slowest and every day the breeze came sooner in the afternoon until we were clear of the tropics.

As I have said, there was a sad aftermath. One of the young women was supposed to have caught cold from the effects of the wetting she got in their water battle and, so far as I can remember, the doctor was blamed for neglecting her at the onset, with the result of lung trouble. A hospital had to be fixed up and, as it was right at the foot of the main hatch in a recess left for such purpose, it was close by the mess, so we knew everything that was going on. I well remember the anxious time of our friends, as she was a favorite. She was brought down to the hospital. Both the captain and the doctor were often enough down there, but matters grew daily more serious until she passed away.

Then I suppose the most solemn of all funerals, one at sea, took place. It was something, I will never forget. The coffin was carried up covered, I think with a flag, and rested on the gang-way ready to be slipped into the boundless sea. When the funeral service was conducted, the whole ship's company were gathered around; there were very few dry eyes. Then the hush after the coffin slipped away was awful in its sudden quietness. A solemn day most certainly. The captain was so much concerned that he was drunk for about a week afterwards.

With the exception of the first storm, I have said nothing about rough weather, although we had a fair share of it, and our ship was what sailors call a wet one, that is she went through a wave rather than raise over it. This was caused by her long clipper build.

I suppose her length would be seven times her beam or width, (this is supposing a beam of fifty-one feet [which] would give her a length of three hundred and fifty feet, which is not far from her length). If there was any decent breeze and the ship was what sailors call 'on the wind,' that is -- working into it instead of running with it — the lee scuppers were always a-wash. In warmer weather it was delightful wading for us boys, like the sea beach always backwards and forwards, and when an extra big sea struck her generally on this weather side, just forward of the main mast, there would be a momentary pause and a tremble all over the ship, and a bog shower of spray drenching the deck on the windward side. As these conditions were almost usual, a little more or less was not taken much notice of, although I believe even before we reached the line, conditions had been bad enough to 'heave to' sometimes at night, that is bring the ship right head to wind and reduce sail. The ship of course, drifts, but it rides the sea easier, and on the main, holds her position, as enough sail is kept on to keep steerage way on in lulls of the wind.

But we had not passed the line long before we met something much beyond anything previous. During the day it was blowing a fresh gale, and I remember the waves were, to my mind, simply tremendous. I remember hearing a passenger asking Mr. Keeler, second mate, as he stood in his oil-skins sou'wester, dripping with water, what he thought of it. "Oh, it would be alright if the wind would only lower a bit." I have a notion that at that time we were running with the wind, that is "free," as the seas were coming pretty well in all directions. Well! The wind did not go down with sun, but rather

increased, so that the hatches were fastened down to keep the passenger off the decks, as there were very heavy seas coming aboard -- what the sailors called 'green seas,' and there were two men lashed to the wheel, one of them the bo'sun, and he was considered the best quartermaster on board, which means the best steersman.

I was always a light sleeper and I remember getting out of bed and crawling to the top of the main hatch steps which were quite close to our bed or bunk. The main hatch was covered with a thick glass skylight which was open enough to see through. There must have been a moon, because I can still remember the appearance and feelings of the night. To me the appearance was simply terrific. That was the only time I ever really saw 'spin-drift'. It was flying in sheets. I remember crawling very quickly back to bunk, but not to sleep. Well! Matters steadily got worse until after midnight. The ship was in a continual tremble, coming often to what seemed like a standstill, and then of a sudden plunge forward, well-described as reeling like a drunken man and at its wits end! Then all of a sudden came a tremendous crash right on the main hatch, smashing the skylight to atoms, and such a deluge of water came down! Many of course, jumped out of bed into water, and such a hub-bub — in which the laughable was as much in evidence as the tragic. I always remember my aunt's "God Almighty! We are all away to the bottom!". And with that she was out, where she met a small cask floating or carried with the water, that took her feet from under her, sending her sprawling. Then my uncle, in a great rage, kicked the cask and blessed the owner — this without his boots was not pacifying by any means, as he and the owner, my father to boot, were sooner louder than the storm, until my father saw the fun of the thing and ran to my aunt's help, leaving my uncle to attend to his toes.

That fortunately was the last heavy sea that night and so on the party in our mess was laughing over its troubles. What had happened was this: Matters had got so serious with the heavy following seas that the captain decide to 'heave to', and a big risk in such at sea, but he considered it the safest, and the ship met this tremendous sea right amidships just as she 'came to'!. In our boat sailing days I have seen the same thing happen and it often reminded me of that night. We had any amount of rough going after this, but nothing quite like that night. From this until we reached New Zealand, there was no monotony as far as weather was concerned.

About this time the ship made some record running and here I may say something about 'heaving the log;' this was generally done about 4 p.m. Or rather in time to be logged then. There is, first, a reel not unlike a reel of a fishing rod and on much the same principle. It would be about eighteen inches long — one man held at arm's length. On the end of the line was a piece of wood about a foot long 'the log.' It took three men to take the log and always one of the mates, who took the time with the sandglass, was present. When all was ready, the mate gave the word 'heave!' Enough line was free to let the log reach the water. As the log struck the water, the sandglass was turned up and the sand began to run down. Now the line is running out at the exact speed of the ship. As soon as the last grain of sand leaves the top glass, the man in charge of it cries 'out', when the line is at once locked. The next business is to wind in the line and count the knots that have been run out, from which the average for the hour and the general measurement made for the twenty-four hours is calculated and gives a fair idea of the speed made. Our speed was mostly around ten knots an hour. Conditions were such one day about this time that a record was made, with the result that the reel was run out before the glass, with a chronometer, when it went somewhere between fifteen and sixteen knots and we kept that up for some time. Needless to say there was much excitement. I remember Mr. Grieve was in charge, and I will never forget the express pleasure was certainly there, but there was his natural caution — the more excited he got the quieter he became, but quick and alert in his movements. A quick glance up with his characteristic laugh, "We are going quicker than we want!"

The next sensation occurred shortly after this. Sometime in the afternoon of a rather equally day, the ship was on the wind on a port tack, when the call came from aloft "a whale!" Sure enough, there

he was coming straight for our lea bow, which would bring him pretty close when we passed him. I do not think he changed his course, and I suppose, had we been going slow enough, he would have run into us, which would have been a bad jar for him, as I do not think he was big enough to have affected the ship. All the same, I have no doubt they would have made him glance off. He was a regular orthodox whale; I would think somewhere between twenty and thirty feet long. ... he sent up a jet of water as a signal.

I now have to describe something I really never saw, although I heard of it, that is a whirlwind that was causing something in the nature of a water spout. There was a great volume of water in suspension, which was really the danger. It was just about the same time of day that we saw the whale, only blowing harder and more sea on. We were on the same tack and I remember us boys were waiting in the lea scuppers. It took us well over the knees sometimes. When that was the case things were lively. What I remember was the second mate, Mr. Keeler, giving a great yell from the port side of the quarter deck and his coming tumbling down the steps in about two leaps. He had just jumped out of bed in his sleeping things and went forward like a tornado, yelling "all hands on deck!" And the watch turned out just as suddenly and in the same direction as the mate when they followed, first on the one side of the ship, untying the halyards, leaving a man to hold it with a turn on the belaying pin. Then at a signal, one side let go and the other pulled it in, with the result that the ship changed direction in about her own length. What he did was "ware ship." I do not know how near we were but it was as near as the whale. Keeler was white as a sheet when it was over, and there was no swearing. He took a long breath then said "You talk about storms. That's ten times worse and you will never be nearer!" And off he went, but it was considered a piece of superb seamanship. The way the sails swung around on each mast as the ship 'payed off', was perfect, leaving the howling horror behind her.

Such, I suppose, was our greatest peril passed.

Soon after this, it seemed to me, we had a long run right before the wind. I will never forget those days, nor their sensations. Standing just beside or behind the wheel, one got the best view of the whole situation, and it was really something grand to watch. The outstanding motion before the wind is the steady swing from left to right, swinging so far, sometimes that the main yard would touch a wave tip, not often certainly, although we wondered why it did not every time, as it seemed to make a straight run for it, and one held one's breath until the swing ended. It made conditions very uncomfortable on board, as there was no time for adjustment. Then there was the fore and aft movement; from the wheel, the ship seemed like to stand on end, bow down. Then she would make a great rush down and begin climbing up the other side and gradually make ready for another plunge.

We were now approaching a time of tension and expectation which came to a climax in "Land ahead!" I am not positive, but I think it was just before dusk that the gray smudge of colour was first seen, as early next day we were in full view of the Snares, and that they were well-named, was the general impression and expression. Their first appearance suggested a row of shark's teeth, cruel and bare, not a vestige of vegetation to be seen anywhere. As we came nearer, the day being fine and mild, we got above Queenstown from the beach there. The view reminded me very much of the Snares, of course I was much further away from the Remarkables than the Snares, but there is a marked resemblance. That day, the Snares were pretty well in sight all day, but again just at the dark, "land ahead!" was the cry and this was New Zealand at last. We were told afterwards that it was Stewart Island, but that was a [minor] detail, as the main land was soon sighted, and next morning we were in full view somewhere off the Nuggetts, and a lovely sight it was. The weather was perfect and it was a day of perfect delight.

As it was January, we must of been on deck very early. This was our last day at sea, but it was a long one, and much happened that day before the anchor dropped in Port Chalmers in darkness. The first and really only trouble was that the captain went on a spree, and as soon as he took over the watch



from the first mate, he turned the ship's head to sea. He evidently did not want to get in that day, whatever was behind his mind. He was not that drunk, but that he knew what he wanted, and was as head-strong as liquor could make him.

We went right out until we were nearly out of sight of land, and all faces grew long as we moved out.

It was common speculation what Mr. Grieve would do when he came on deck, which happened about four p.m., when he promptly turned the ship's head towards Otago Heads, and as there was a nice easterly breeze, she was soon nearing the shore again, and it was not long before the signal gun fired for the pilot. This brought the captain on deck. Mr. Grieve took no notice of him and he did not say anything. He just walked about looking as black as thunder. The captain was sober enough now, and was realizing what this meant to him. He might have been painted to represent a 'dammed soul,' his look was awful. Although I was only a child, I pitied him, although I did not understand the position, but his face was terrible to look at.

But we soon forgot him, as the ship was making grand speed and soon the pilot's boat was sighted, dancing over the waves — a green whale boat. Soon we made out our Maori crew, and driver, the pilot, standing in the stern sheets. Soon he was aboard giving directions, and now the whale boat was under sail and challenging us to a run, which at first was all our favor, but as sail was steadily being reduced, our speed was also reduced. The sun was just setting as we entered the heads, a most lovely evening. The sea was smooth as the good ship slipped along at about six or seven miles an hour, the motion perfect.

By this time the Maoris, at the Kaik were waving us welcome. Needless to say, they were well answered and as Tennyson says "joy was heard" and all the time the sailors were aloft stowing every sail as it was taken in, all in perfect quietness; only the foresail and jib were left. The lovely evening was closing in and now the foresail was furled and stowed, only the flying jib keeping way on.

Now it is quite dark, but still we slip along smoothly and quietly. The excitement could be felt, so tense was it, until the signal "cast anchor," when away went the chain with a great rattle, then the sailors from every part of the ship send up three ringing cheers, such a cheer as one only hears once in a lifetime. It must have been brewing ever since the day the anchor was weighed, such was the outburst that now broke out, in an outburst of joy with something of the song of thanksgiving in it.

Then the ship swung quietly around, head to anchor. The jib was stowed and the ship's company, except the officers, gathered in the forecabin and started a singsong with all their most stirring sea songs. And no wonder. The continual strain of three months was at an end for the present, and the tension was off. Thus ended the *Strathallen's* voyage and joy was supreme. Her part of the business was finished fitly on a Saturday night.

The next day was Sunday and it was a special Scottish Sabbath, as quiet and orderly as if we had been in Leith. Such was Otago in those early days. There were a few visitors aboard but really not many and very few left the ship. It was a day of rest and quiet.

Monday, the *James Daly*, a topsail schooner, came along side to take the passengers to Dunedin, which might have been accomplished had she taken only passengers with what luggage they could carry or little more, say bedding, such as could have been taken quite easily. But the captain of the *James Daly* was one of those men who are always at sixes and sevens with their crews and all he came in contact with. Getting the boat alongside was a long wrangle of bad temper and worse language. After a long wrangle, they began to take in passenger luggage. She would be between a fifty and sixty ton boat. Well! She was loading virtually all day with the result that she was far too deeply loaded, and it was so late that she missed the tide. It must have been after five before sail was made for Dunedin, with the deck crowded like a skep of bees. As the passengers had been served the week's rations during the week, on Monday there was no regular cooking, therefore, any food that was taken was of a sketchy

order.

However hope was high. There was a nice fair wind up the harbor and with good steering, we could have been at Dunedin wharf in good daylight. Even though she was sailing against a falling tide, she was making good time. Her passage between the islands was good and most pleasant, and joy and hope were high. But, alas, short-lived. The steersman evidently knew little about the harbor, as he sailed right into the shallow water at St. Leonards, and came to a standstill. Then there was a racket. They tried — everyone blessing the other fellow — to trim the vessel off by shifting the passengers. They got a ketch anchor out but, as the tide was falling all the time, it was a hopeless business, which meant an all-night job for all hands, without food or bedding. It was an unpleasant prospect for those who understood it. Fortunately, us youngsters did not, and until the actual discomforts did come, we were not much concerned. We did get some sort of tea of a very black mixture, and we had some hard tack. But sleeping was the job, everyone had to sleep just where he sat, there was no room to lie down.

I remember mother was the center of the group, at least the younger lot. She had Tom, the infant, in her lap, Jack and Bob had a head on each side, then I was on the left side with my head on her knee, Jamie on the other side, and thus we spent the night.

The Darlings and the Huldanes were just as closely packed together in the same style. I think Mother and Mrs. Darling were supporting each other, sitting on top of the luggage. It was certainly a night of many funny sights and sounds, but like most things, it came to an end.

The morning was fine and warm, and to show how deep the water was, many were wading and enjoying the water. It was about all there was to enjoy. Some time in the morning, *Adam's Lighter*, the *Queen*, came from Dunedin and got alongside and took a load of passengers on board. I remember the second-cabin passengers' claim for precedence was very marked, with rather funny results. They and their belongings had to go first, then a few extras, and finally the *Queen* got away, very heavily loaded. She got about a hundred yards when she sat fast and remained there all day. So much for precedence. Somewhere between ten and eleven a.m. Mr. McAndrew had got word of the plight we were in, and he turned up with a boat load of bread. I do not remember anything else. I remember, again, the second-cabin folk wanted to be first, and in fact, one of their men began very daintily and slowly, not at all to Mr. McAndrew's idea. He got hold of the knife and cut a loaf into about four slices and threw them in all directions. Talk about broad grins as that bread got home. I remember getting hold of a two-inch slice and attending to it. I have been as hungry since, but only once, and bread again was the relief. It was not long before everyone was satisfied.

(Upon reflection, perhaps the previous action by the captain, of heading out to sea, was not so much that he was drunk but that he had knowledge of the tides which produced the above results)

After that, things got better. Not long after this, the captain's gig came along on its way to town, and my father and Mr. Huldane had stayed with the ship to assist in unloading. They were both on the oars and the captain had come to see what was up. This was the first they knew of our trouble. When he saw how matters stood, he said that the wives and children of his two boatmen were to come with him, so we gladly scrambled in leaving the second-cabin folk with very long faces as we passed the *Queen's* bow. We were not long before we were at Dunedin wharf, and then to the barracks, and thus our voyage ended.

# 1859 - 1863

## PIONEERING

*a record of Agnes Archibald, wife of James Archibald,  
and other family members who emigrated to New Zealand*

### The Darling and Smaill families

Rev JM Allan (Inchclutha Presbyterian Minister): at centre in back row

Balivi (in front, 1st on left)

John Smaill, sitting crosslegged behind Balivi

Rev Thomas Smaill (in front, 3rd on left)

Mrs Helen Smaill (in front, 4th on left)

Andrew Smaill and Christian Archibald are possibly the couple on the left end of the back row.



*Names of all others not positively identified. This photo was taken at Inchclutha about Nov 1895 during the visit of the Rev Thomas Smaill and Mrs Helen Smaill back to their home district. Both were Presbyterian Missionaries in the New Hebrides (now Vanuatu) and they brought a young New Hebridean lad called "Balivi" with them*

After her husband James died in 1855 at Edinburgh, Scotland, Agnes Archibald (age 70) sailed for New Zealand and pioneered at Inchclutha ["Inch" meaning "island" -- or section of land nearly surrounded by the bends in the river] on the Clutha River of Otago, in company with her daughter's family-- the Smaills, and another family of friends -- the Darling family. **[Inchclutha is now known as "Stirling" which is near Balclutha].**

**This record is of two parts** - the first being recorded from recollections of Gordon Smaill, son of William Smaill and grandson of Andrew and Christian Smaill. It covers the advanced scouting for a location to settle somewhere along the Clutha River. There is description of how information was gathered, where the family camped while the alternatives were considered, and how they proceeded. He briefly covers the family's activities in a two year period.

The next part is a continuation of the record of William Smaill (grandson of Agnes Archibald; son of Andrew and Christian Smaill), who recorded the sailing voyage and continues to give detail of what happened as they moved from camp at Anderson's Bay to a Maori whare ["whare" meaning place or



building]. They stayed until they built a large frame house on their settled land called “Mayfield.” Of course, they called their home the “Mayfield House.”

This record was transcribed by Marloe Archibald from a difficult-to-read transcription typed by cousin Aileen Wood, who got it from her older relatives. Corrections and omissions were done by Trish McWatters. The original documents are now part of the Early Settlers Museum in Otago, New Zealand. This information has long been absent from the Americas.

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Re-formatted by Lana Archibald

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## **“Recollections” 1859 - 1860**

*Agnes Archibald in New Zealand  
Arrival at Port Chalmers, New Zealand  
by Gordon Smaill, Agnes' great-grandson*

After passage from Leith, the *Strathallen* arrived in [Port Chalmers](#) in 1859. On board were the families of the Smaills. Andrew with his wife [Christina], six boys and one girl, known as the Black Smaills; and their cousins five boys grown up without their parents, being fair, were the Red Smaills. Transferred to smaller craft, they camped at Anderson's Bay. My grandfather Andrew Smaill, with a fellow passenger, Mr. Darling, on the advice of Mr. McAndrew, went off south to spy out the land for a suitable locality to start their lives in New Zealand. My grandfather [Andrew Smaill] had a friend from Edinburgh [Scotland], who had already settled at [Inchclutha](#), and possibly influenced him to emigrate. After a journey of 50 miles, they received a great welcome from the [Pillans](#) who had gathered other Edinburgh settlers: the Willocks, Smiths, Davidsons, Wrights, Barkers, and Maitlands. These settlers did everything to help them in their search. Away they went towards the bush-clad Kaitangata hills. Struggling through the undergrowth, they arrived at the highest point where they had a complete view of the winding Clutha River and the plains, stretching towards the Koau branch on the other side of the island. They also saw a building about two miles from the river mouth, the only signs of life. Pushing their way down through the bush, they arrived at the river opposite the dwelling and saw a boat on the beach. “Cooee”-ing, a woman came towards the boat with a lantern. More “cooee”-ing, she persuaded two Maoris to push off and cross the river to take them across. Arriving they found Mrs. Mitchell, who Andrew knew well in Edinburgh; her husband, Willie Mitchell was away up to what was later Balclutha for provisions. The meeting was providential as we shall see.

Meeting Mr. Mitchell the following day, he told them of two blocks of land further up the river, which he thought would fit their requirements. Saying goodbye to these admirable people, they went off to look at the proposed selections. Duly examined, they tossed up for them and went off to Dunedin to sign up.

On Mr. Darling's area was a large Maori whare belonging to the huge chief, having another whare, passed it over to these new settlers and always remained very friendly and was compensated in various ways. Mr. Darling and Andrew prepared the whare to receive the families and pitched tents that had to stand all weathers. Everything ready, the families boarded a bullock wagon at Anderson's Bay for their 50 mile journey to Inchclutha.

Their first day took them over Saddle Hill and they were able to camp at Homestead and have use of the barn, having any amount of blankets and rugs, they were comfortable. Then on the way to Waiholo, where they boarded a boat which smoothly helped them south. Another day or two they were on top of the hill looking down on the river winding its way through the lush country. Getting nearer, they saw the Pillan's white boat with a blue streak around the gunnel. The boat was to take them to their new home.

Now the clearing of flax bushes and cabbage trees began. Cow bail had to be made for the essential two cows purchased, and the fencing by post and rail of the first 15 acres cleared. Fortunately, there was a stand of large totara trees on the property and more across the river. These were felled and cut to 10-foot lengths and split into rails. Posts also of totara and drilled with a 1-1/2 auger to take 4 rails. The wood between the auger holes, the boys would cut out with chisels. The father knew one Jack Crammon, a blacksmith in Dunedin, who welded 3 feet of one inch steel on to the auger. The auger mounted on top of the two posts and a fly wheel in the center gave the auger momentum to carry the

drill through the post. In Dunedin, he also had the good fortune to secure a set of steel harrows although he made a set with wooden tines. *[Note 2003 -- from Pat McWatters: "It is amazing what they did with the flax. Flax bushes that have been growing for a few years are extremely difficult to get out, and these days it is recommended that the bush be tied behind a 4WD and pulled out -- to think that there was acres of flax which all had to be grubbed out by hand!"]*

The two bullocks, which he exchanged for their grand piano in Dunedin, plodded over the cleared ground and made it ready for sowing the wheat and potatoes. The potatoes gave a return of 30 tons to the acre, and the wheat which was cut with scythes and threshed with flails by two men on contract gave about 80 bushels to the acre, a yield this rich river silt gave for 16 years without adding manure.

The Smaills called or named their holding '**Mayfield**' and the Darling's '**Cambria Bank**'. Small boats came into the river at Port Molyneux and berthed in the river in front of Mayfield and took aboard the wheat and potatoes that were not required for Mayfield use. These boats also brought cases of household requirements stored in Dunedin from the *Strathallen*.

It was decided that the Darling's house was to be built first, near the Maori whare and shed. Twenty by twelve feet was to be their first building. The house would be two stories and built with totara slabs and pit sawn timber. As each room was completed, it was soon occupied. Mayfield house was the next major job; Andrew had managed to find two settlers who were builders. Thick totara trunks were split into slabs some 18 inches wide and 2 inches thick.

Mr. Darling was adept with adz and he made those boards as if they were planed. He also had two men pit sawing boards on contract. Mayfield house was also two-storied with attic windows, built as two compartments with a staircase to each. Also, a conservatory in which Mrs. Smaill always had many bushes of grapes in season.

About **1860**, Mayfield was completed, and the gold started and every able man in the district decided to down tools and go. Grandfather Andrew was one of them. Having now a boat of his own on the river, he swam his two bullocks across the river, loaded a sledge with a tent, gear and four sacks of flour and with a companion headed for Gabriel's Gully. Of course all the local gold was gone when he arrived and he had no intention of going further into Otago central, knowing that his flour would be commandeered. He sold it for 1 L- [British pound?] a mug and went home.

I mentioned that the Smaill cousins, all grown men, arrived in the same ship. Alex, a farmer, took land at Tomahawk. His farm also took in Smaills' beach. He went in for a dairy herd to supply milk to citizens of Dunedin. He built a large stone byre, which would take 100 cows. He put in one of the first milking machines in New Zealand, a Danish hartnet. He also put in an oil engine and Gramme Dynamo for electric light as they started milking in the dark hours. A musical family, they each played an instrument.

## **"Pioneering New Zealand" 1859-1863**

*Recollections of William Smaill,  
Grandson of Agnes Archibald*

As I said in the close of [the Strathallen voyage](#), our first home was at Goat Hill, Anderson's Bay the house of James Adam, then emigration agent, and at the time in the Old Country on emigration business. This arrangement had been made between Mr. Adam and my father in Edinburgh before we left. So all he really had to do was to arrange with Mr. Adam's agents.

Now enters another aspect of the situation. I have mentioned the Darling family as being with us-- now they are to be very closely associated with us in all our movements. We were, from this time

onward, until the death of the old folks, largely one family in many respects. The two families went to Goat Hill together. On our side was grandmother (mother's mother--Agnes), Aunt Fannie (father's sister), Father [Andrew Smaill Sr.], and Mother [Christina Archibald Smaill], Aggie [age 14], Andrew [age 12], John, James, self, Robert, and Tom (infant) -- eleven of us. Of the Darlings there were Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Jeannie, James, Lizzie, Robert, Mary -- seven of that family. Eighteen all told, so we were a fair company.

These, then with all our household stuff, were taken across the bay in Mr. Adam's lighter 'The Queen'. Our heavier stuff was stored at McAndrew and Reynolds and, in due time was shipped to the Clutha.

Needless to say, here, that life at Goat Hill was simply ideal for us youngsters -- there were always some lessons, but no school, and we had the freedom and run of the bush. Fuchsia berries and brambles, which were the largest I have ever seen, of the native sort and as large as the imported, and much sweeter, and of a beautiful rich russet colour, almost burnt sienna. The native kind usually are, but these being so much larger, were much finer in appearance. I remember I thought a lot of these berries and enjoyed them. There was a fair-sized garden with plenty vegetables and small fruit and, in time, as many gooseberries as we could eat. With other comforts, it was pretty nearly heaven.

The outstanding event at Goat Hill was the birth of Ellis Darling, raising their number to eight. While there, Father, Mr. Darling, Andrew, and sometimes Aggie, went to harvest work at McAndrew's, walking morning and evening which made a long day for them. It was earning something, besides getting experience of farm work, as they were grocers by business and had much to learn, although both Father and Mr. Darling had a good knowledge of stock. **Father was a good judge of horses**, none better. They also knew about cows. So on this part they were well forward, which was well for them afterwards.

My father was always a sociable being and had the faculty of conversation and discussion. He was well read and informed and had quite a faculty of getting into intimate relations with superior or well-informed class. So, although only a worker, Mr. McAndrew and he became very intimate and friendly -- a friendship that lasted until death. Probably no one knew better than Mr. McAndrew the general nature and prospects of Otago, at that time north and south, which meant all south of Canterbury. He discussed every detail with father -- where he should go and what he should do -- into which discussions Mr. Darling was eventually included until definite plans were formed.

The Clutha was always, to Mr. McAndrew, the garden of Otago. He considered the capital settlement should have been there, in which many respects he was quite right. Only Otago then had the best harbor in New Zealand for all weathers, in which docking could be done at all time, so Port Chalmers decided the capital. But for that, the Clutha would have been selected. Naturally then, Mr. McAndrew advised seeing the Clutha, and being acquainted, more or less, with all in the district, he gave them a good kind of introduction to the whole of it. First there were Smiths, as good as a home to call on for a start. Then there were Pillans, Fergusons, Maitlands, Willocks, and Andersons, all Edinburgh folk. These would all make them welcome and help. Then there were McNiells at **the Ferry, as Balclutha was called**, and then in the South Molyneux there were the Hays, Beggs, and Lewises, so it will be seen that Mr. McAndrew had mapped out quite a tour for Father and Mr. Darling's inspection. This he advised them to go and see first, giving them all the detailed instructions and how to secure any land they decided upon -- this was invaluable.

Accordingly, after the harvest was cut, they duly started for Clutha, going south in Jock Graham's trap; he was the mailman and light carrier in those days. I think they went right through to the ferry and it took them almost two days. The middle stage being Tokomairiro, as Milton was then called. James Smith's afterwards of Greenfield, being the accommodation house there, as the McNiells were at the ferry.



The one outstanding virtue at the time was that travelers or callers were treated like guests and friends and generally the oftener the calls, the closer the friendship. With very few exceptions, this was the case, and is really one of the main causes of the success of the early settlers. "Good will" played a very large part besides increasing the happiness and enjoyment of all concerned. As man really enjoys nothing as much as man's security and fellowship, so the lonely settler enjoyed the advent of a caller, and if a congenial companion, so much the better.

That must have been a trip of real adventure to those two (in those days). I have often followed them in imagination, and would like to know how they felt about it sometimes, because it was really a big contract they were facing, as we shall see.

I am not quite certain about their route from the Ferry, whether they went down to the Warepa side first, or the other side of (the) Inchclutha, but I think that Willocks, the carpenter as he was called on the Inchclutha, was about the first person they met. Being Edinburgh folk, they were made at home and began a lifelong friendship between the families. Anderson, also being a "townie," was called upon. But the first, was the real friendly spot at all times.

Their next point was the Smith brothers on the mainland, just below where **Stirling** now is. Although they were from Aberdeen, they were townies of McAndrews and here they had another welcome, again beginning a lifelong friendship, cemented by much kindness on both sides. The Smiths became their headquarters from which they worked the district.

They duly called upon the Maitlands at the Crescent Farm, then crossed the river to the Pillans and the Fergusons. These being Edinburgh folk, they were naturally made at home. In Mr. Maitland's home, my father met an old Edinburgh acquaintance and in Mr. Pillan's he met one whose people he knew, so they were in a friendly atmosphere.

They then called on Mr. W. Moseley further down the island of Inchclutha, but so far they had no success, as far as land was concerned -- nothing they had seen just satisfied them. All the best land seemed to be taken up. They were advised to have a look at the coast, now called Wangaloa. At that time, no one was settled there, or had taken up land there.

I think their next stay was at Davidson's, now Gask Farm. I am not sure if they stayed all night with them, but as Davidson knew the ground, he piloted them to Lovell, who had moved from what is called Lovells Flat to the corner of the Kaitangata bush. He was what was then known as a squatter, that is a lease-hold instead of a buyer. From Mr. Lovell and his Maori shepherds, they got the particulars of the coast and such directions as could be given. One of the shepherds showed them the ridge leading over to the sea. Here they started out, actually pretty well on their own, into the unknown, as the only tracks were sheep and wild pig tracks. There were no cattle and all the country they had to pass through was covered, more or less, with rank flax, tutu, and fern. It took good nerve to face it as they had really nothing to guide them by and they had had no experience of such conditions of traveling. They got to the coast alright and traveled along the coast towards Coal Point.

I think the idea of their directions was that they would go along the coast, past the end of the Kaitangata bush, make over to the river, and follow the river up towards Lavells, from where they had started in the morning. A good walk even under present conditions, but next to impossible under the conditions they met.

As far as following out the correct directions was concerned, they were all right. Only in crossing the hills at the bottom of the south end of Kaitangata, they met a rank of growth of tutu and fern that was next to impossible to get through, even in daylight. But before they reached the crest of the ridge, darkness had set in and how to keep the direction amongst growth was their trouble. They had only a piece in their pocket for food so, needless to say, they were hungry, but they were also about dead-beat, so they at least got a good rest and, I have no doubt, discussed the situation.

After their rest, they made another trial, or at least a survey of their surroundings. They were able to

make out the river; then they saw a light well to their south-west, they thought on the other side of the river, and decided to make a bee-line for it. This even in the present conditions, would not be an easy matter, but through the rough stuff they had to force their way. It must have been a battle royal, and nothing but pure grit would have mastered it, but they did, and gained the river bank opposite the light. My father had mastered the colonial signal known as “coo-ee” and **having a rare tenor voice**, he soon made himself heard with a real genuine “coo-ee.”

They were now in front of what is known as Willie Mitchells’, but he was not at home and his wife was alone. Fortunately, there were some of the Maoris camped fishing not far off, so she got one of them, old Rakiraki, after much persuading, to face the darkness (Maoris, at that time, did not move after dark). However, she managed it with the result that they got them across. Then something very remarkable happened. What was my father’s surprise when he came into the light to hear himself addressed “Mr. Smaill! Where have you come from!” Then he recognized who Mrs. Mitchell was and said, “Katie Forster! How are you here?” She had been one of his daily customers, for **Father was a grocer in Edinburgh**. Needless to say it was a great meeting, as they knew each other so well, and had much to ask about. My father used to say it was one of the most remarkable events of his life and always regarded it as the guiding hand of God, which of course it was, but so are all our steps if we take notice -- only there are times, we are forced to notice. They might have seen the same hand in the kindness that had been their lot all through.

Next day, Willie Mitchell turned up. He had been to the Ferry to get provisions, fully nine miles as the road was then, walking and carrying what he could, such were the conditions.

The most important part of all was that they met here the definite hope of land. Mr. Mitchell told them that there were **two hundred acres** that would just suit them and more if they wanted it afterwards. This was the first real hope they had met; then all was plain sailing. They were soon on the land, got the number of the section pegs and, as they had maps, got the section located. The two sections were together, so Mr. Darling and Father drew lots for ownership, with the result that Mr. Darling drew the section with the Maori whare on it and a certain amount of clearing. Father, of course, got the other one. I remember us youngsters thought it a piece of hard luck, as acre for acre the other was much the more valuable in many ways at the time, but I never once heard Father make the least reference to his bad luck. He took his section as if it were the best, although Mr. Darling’s complacent satisfaction made it rather hard to bear. However, the land was secured. I think Mr. Ferguson had something to do in the matter. I know he was the only surveyor in the district but, at any rate, they came directly back, made their application and got possession.

Thus the first and most important part of business was finished. Our future home was fixed. The next point was getting us there. As there were certain things to be arranged, both Father and Mr. Darling went back and this time Andrew went with them. However, before they went, they had to get the baggage and provisions for a time on board the vessel on the Clutha trade. The ‘spec’ which was in charge of Captain Simpson (this was the opening of another friendship) was a very vital link in those days. All the stuff, fortunately, could be landed right on the spot, although storing it was another matter. The vessel at that time, was a God-send as the bullock dray was the only other transport and by it the family had to travel. The stuff was duly sent and the three left again for the Clutha, now the land of promise.

Mr. Darling was not long away, as his business was mostly to make arrangements for the different stages. The first stage was from Dunedin to Scroggs Creek by bullock dray. That was the general outline of the programme, but it did not work out just to schedule time.

I do not remember what day we left, but I think it must have been Monday, but whatever day it was, I remember it was a long, long day. We were all astir very early and bedding packed up and every thing ready for the bullock dray. That was to take us to meet the boat at Scroggs Creek. The first hitch

in the day was the dray was late. It was well on in the day before it turned up and before it was loaded up and ready for the road; it was past mid-day when we finally got away.

Just let us look at the party thus starting on a **sixty-mile journey**. To begin at the oldest-- there were Grandmother and Aunt Fanny, the two mothers with two infants, Mr. Darling, Jeannie Darling, and Aggie, the two James, Lizzie Darling and I, the two Bobs, Mary Darling and Jack -- seventeen all told. As our bedding was in constant use, and would be needed on the way, it had to go with us, also goods and sundry other things, so by the time it was all on the dray, it was well packed. Fourteen persons, without the driver 'Goodall', to be packed on top was rather a problem, that I may say was seldom carried out, a good proportion having to walk.

All would have been right had we been away four hours sooner. But as the day was fine, we all started in good spirits. I may say that my special care was a yellow collie pup that the Beggs of Anderson's Bay had given me. I thought no end of her, as she was my charge.

We got a start, but the dray road from Anderson's Bay, at the time, was a very round business. At the south of the harbor there were two creeks which were bridged with a foot bridge and, in line with the bridges, was a narrow foot path raised above the tide level. There are still some marks of it. This path was fairly straight and the bridges divided the paths into about equal portions, but the creeks spread outwards and went fairly well out.

As there was no short cut through towards Caversham, the drays had to come right to the south end of the town to gain the ridge up towards Saddle Hill; then it was all flax and tussock. So it was well into the afternoon when we were making up towards Look-out Point and I remember at several points Mr. Darling had to hang onto the high side of the dray to keep it safe. I remember Grandmother remarking that if it went over she would be undermost. All of us youngsters that possibly could were walking. As it was March, darkness was settling down on us while we were still a long, long way from Scroggs Creek where we were to meet the boat to take us on to Antone Joseph's near Waiholia ferry.

The hope of reaching that object had to be given up. But where could we camp? For the nights were cold and frosty and there were two infants to take care of as well as their mothers. Goodall said there was one place we could make, but he was doubtful of our welcome. So after a long weary trail in the dark, we came to a steading [homestead], with a house and a large barn and other buildings, into the yard of which we turned. Mr. Darling went to see what could be done. It is very unpleasant to record unkindness at any time, but it was so unusual, otherwise, I would not have recorded it. I will not name the folks, but their unkindness, especially the woman, was about the limit. The first answer was a curt 'No'! But Mr. Darling would not take it; they had to consider. Finally, leave was given to spread our beds in the barn loft, but nothing to eat. We took our boots off, but I think that was all and we youngsters were soon fast asleep, as we were properly tired. Later about ten p.m., they felt a little remorse, and sent word there was tea if we wanted it. As Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Mother were the only ones out of bed and as the mothers needed something, they went and had some, but it was not a cheerful meal by any means. However, as they would need to pay for it, they arranged to get something in the way of breakfast, which I think, as far as we youngsters were concerned, was some milk. We had bread with us. It was not a heavy meal. I am happy to say that was the last of that sort of thing we were to see for many long years. These good people were not acclimatized. I have no doubt time would have put them right.

Fortunately it was a beautiful morning and our spirits were up and we took to the road quite cheerily. Mr. Darling had settled up the night before and had left at daylight for Antone Joseph's to get the boat that was at Scroggs Creek for us the night before. No wonder the bullock driver drew in the night before for, although we made an early start, it was nearly mid-day before we reached the meeting place, where, happily, the boat was just showing up.

Now we were to experience a long period of kindness and welcome, much more pronounced and

positive than the other had been negative. Provisions were sent in the boat for us, as it would be well on in the day before we reached the homestead, which we eventually did about three p.m., where we found a beautiful spread and a kind but, I regret to say, a sorrowful welcome awaiting for us, as the family that week had been stricken with a sore bereavement. I am not sure but I think it was their first and only child had been drowned in the river before their door. No wonder the mother could not bear to meet us children, but everything that kindness could suggest was done for our comfort and enjoyment. Later in the evening, she met the old folk and with them came to see us tucked comfortably in bed. Thus ended a most adventurous day, a day I will always remember as one of the brightest and full of thrills.

It was really our first boat voyage of the kind. True, we had been in boats before, but there was always something of the sea about them. This was a beautiful river, with beautiful banks on either side, with one new wonder each mile, and the motion was so delightful after the dray and the weary walk.

That sail was one continual and perfect delight. The river was pure and clear, but not quite as clear as the Clutha. It was over ten years before I was able to see the same river again and I could hardly recognize it as the same. The diggings had polluted it and the changes were not in the line of beautifying, as is mostly the case where man goes.

Here we saw native bush, quite different from the Dunedin bush, where nearly all the heavy timber had been cut. Here was the three kinds of pines, red, white and black, totara, kamahi, and ribbonwood, besides what to us children was heaven: an endless amount of fuchsia berries.

Then we saw a real Maori encampment. It was not a "pah." It was more of a village with their plantations. There were quite a lot of them and they seemed to think a lot of us youngsters. It was really our first meeting with the Maoris and it was well that it was under such happy conditions, as we were to meet the Maoris very intimately on reaching Inchclutha, as our first home was to be a Maori whare. So as I have said, it was a day of thrills.

Next day was to be a still more beautiful voyage to the Tokomairiro end of Lake Waihora. As the day was perfect, and we had the good luck to get a nice, light, fair wind, the boat was able to sail over most of the lake making good time. We arrived before the bullock dray from Mr. James Smith's, afterwards of Greenfield, driven by Mr. William Martin, one of a family well known in Tokomairiro.

We got on the dray about mid-afternoon and arrived in what is now Milton just after dark, but as everything was ready for us, we were not long in being fed and made comfortable for the night in Mr. Smith's barn.

The only special thing I remember of the next morning is that it was a hard frost -- the first of the kind we had seen in New Zealand, not far behind old Edinburgh for sharpness.

This, our last stage of the Clutha voyage, was to be a notable one and each day had its own particular character and destination. The first was definitely unpleasant. The second one, we reached the climax of kindness and consideration, but the third was the brightest of all -- the kindly feeling went with us all the way. Our stay at Antone Joseph's was the longest, it was also the most homely, and the kindly feeling went with us all the way. Our stay was comfortable and there was something of a forlorn feeling in facing this last stage. As from the end of Tokomairiro plain until we reached the Clutha, there was no habitation of any kind, so it was twenty good miles into the unknown for most of us.

As I have said, the bullock dray was our conveyance, but it is hard work putting eighteen, at any time, into a bullock dray, the more so when filled with bedding and baggage, so we had developed quite a walking contingent. This being a frosty morning, walking was almost necessary, so all who could walk started on ahead. As the track, as there was no road, was over the Plain there was no chance of losing it, provided the track was followed.



This morning, Grandmother and Aunt Fannie started out with the young folk and for awhile all went well. The dray was much longer in following than any of us expected. In those days the bullocks were just turned out and, as they had the whole range of the plain for a paddock, in the morning two, at least, out of the eight were missing. It was well on the afternoon before the dray started, with the result that as the day got warmer, the younger ones wanted to sit down and rest until, at least, we could see the dray coming, which we thought we did several times, but still the dray was not showing up. Grandmother and Auntie, while they sat down at first, did not join us in waiting but kept on walking, with the result that when the dray did come up to us, we had quite lost sight of them. Here was a pickle. As Martin said, we had to find them before we took the hills, as there was nothing between us and the Clutha. We could see no one ahead. We were then well out beyond Clarkeville, but nearer the Fairfax side of the plain than the road, we ultimately took. Some figures could be seen walking or moving, we could not say in what direction, away out towards the Glenore side of the plain. Could that possibly be them? Just at this juncture, a horseman overtook us. Mr. Trimble of Warepa (Mr. Darling and Father had met him) and Mr. Darling told him our trouble. He let Martin have his horse, as he knew the ground and he would soon see who the figures were.

So off Martin went and was soon seen riding back, as it was not them. Now what was to be done? Martin said we could not possibly stay any longer, or we would not make the Clutha that night. I remember it was with a heavy heart that Mother agreed to go on, trusting for the best. Mr. Tremble said he would push on and keep a sharp look-out for them, and if he overtook them, tell them to wait for the dray, as we were anxious about them. With that we moved on again, but very much like a funeral, as we felt we were leaving two of our number behind us. Personally I was in grief. I was always fond of dogs and the pup, which was my charge, had been tied up at the dray and was to come on with the dray but someone shifted her, with the result that she was left behind. I am afraid I shed tears rather freely. Yes, this was so far a black day.

Well, we passed out of the plain and were near the crest of the hill where we lost sight of the plain and, as we neared the crest, our hopes were failing fast when Presto! Right on the crest were two figures sitting. Soon we made out they were women and then there was a shouting and hurraing. Mr. Trimble had overtaken them and told them to sit and wait, as they might lose their way. So they, very much against their will, waited, which was a mercy, as the track was none too easy to follow.

Now we passed on as fast as we could. We made Lovells Flat at dinner time, or to be correct, a drinking place for the bullocks at Lovells Creek. Here they met two horsemen, also having their bite, and watering their horses. They were going to town. Trimble had told them about the plight he that had left us in, so they were quite interested and pleased to see us all together again.

Here, I first saw what was to us a wonderful drinking device, known as a Maori cup made of flax. One of these gentlemen made one, used it, and left it lying behind him. I remember getting it, examining it closely, taking it down and putting it up again until I could make one. I can see the whole thing as plainly as if it were yesterday.

On we went again, but further than I remember. It was a long weary trail and there was nothing worthy of note. We reached the top of the hill known as the cabbage tree that marked the junction of the track -- the one leading on to the Ferry, the other to **Inchlutha—now Stirling** — and here we got the first view of the Clutha valley, always a most beautiful view, but then we thought it perfectly lovely, as all the bends of the river were so clearly seen. I remember **some of the bends looked like circles** and, for many a day, I believed they were. The sun must have been pretty low, as the river was gleaming with reflected light and I know it was dark when we reached the riverbank just about where the bridge is now. I remember it was light enough to see the swirling of the current, something I had never seen before. Although the distance from the bridge to William Smith's house does not seem any great distance, I remember to us youngsters trudging along in the growing darkness, it seemed a long

weary road and I think the team were of the same mind.

If the road was weary, the welcome soon made us forget everything but the present gladness, as we were fairly overwhelmed with kindness. Everyone seemed to try to out-do the other in getting us all made comfortable, but I think Mr. Smith was an easy first, as was his way as long as I knew him. I am thankful to say that I had the good fortune to enjoy many more expressions of his unfailing and habitual kindness. There was a goodly number present, as they were harvesting. I am not sure who was all there, but besides the three brothers Smith, there were Mr. W. Aitcheson, Mr. James Wright, and Mr. Thomas Marsh. The last three were staying at Mr. F. S. Pillan's, Inchclutha. As it had been arranged that part of our party were to lodge at the Myers, Mr. Pillan's place, after tea Mr. Darling, my brother James and myself were duly shifted into Smiths', or I believe it must have been Pillan's boat, because we walked across the bend to the boat and down the river from there. Mr. Wright, Mr. Aitcheson and Mr. Marsh went with us. We were not long in being snugly fed and in bed, so ended the fourth day's journey.

My time was taken up in those days watching felling and clearing of the bush, splitting up the broadleaf and burning them in immense fires -- timber that in a few years would have been a small fortune for house building as no better can be found for piles. In the evening my father would read aloud Shakespear or "Palmyra". My father was one of the best readers that I have ever listened to. Sam, who was greatly interested, used to say "Now then Mr. Johnston, give us a bit more of Zenobe." My father was better at that sort of thing than at the arduous labor attached to colonizing. He cleared a garden for potatoes and planted them in neatly made rows -- a patch, perhaps one chain by two -- but as he did not fell the bush about it to let the sun in, the tops grew to six feet high and of course there was nothing at the root. Had the trees been cut down, we should have had a splendid crop, as the peninsular as it was called, was famed for its potatoes.

Our only boat was the flat bottomed one that I have mentioned before and in this, my father, Whittle and Sam Perry (Percy) made trips to Koputi and up to Dunedin. I wonder it did not prove a coffin for them all, as none except perhaps Whittle knew anything about handling a boat. On a calm morning my father used to give us lessons in sculling, in which I soon became expert, but my first experience with boating was with Captain Riddley as he crossed the harbour in his small, but safe dinghy. He was a daring boatman and crossed in all weather.

Many a time, I was kept bailing all the way. Poor Captain Riddley was caught at last many years after this coming from Dunedin with one of his small sons. One of those sudden southwest gales struck them between the islands. Their boat was swamped and they were drowned.

Much of my time was spent in sculling about on quiet days in our lovely little bay and at low water gathering pippies, which were plentiful and very nice when no meat could be had and fish scarce. Many are the hardships we went through in those days. For the whole year I went barefoot, and this in the bush and around the rocks at low tide. Our only road was anything but pleasant. Yet in spite of all this there was a charm about those days that never returned. No doubt at times it must have been monotonous enough for my mother, but having one lady neighbor, it was not so bad as some who had no one at all. Then we had visitors every now and then - Maoris with fish or boats from Koputii.

One of these I remember well -- a whale boat with the two hands pulling and a gentleman at the steer oar. It was a Mr. W. A. Mansford who had become acquainted with my father when we landed from the ship. He arrived in the "Victory" four months before we came. He had a store and dwelling in what is known as Mansford Bay. He bartered with the natives giving goods, stores, tobacco, tools, and blankets in exchange for pork and potatoes. I did not know how intimate my connection with the Mansford family would shortly be, but it came about this way. **My father, as I mentioned, was not strong.** He had about this time gone up to Dunedin and as they were windbound had to stay all night, sleeping under an upturned boat. The result was a severe cold, which brought on other troubles. Heart

disease developed and from that time, he grew gradually worse and quite unfit for any hard work and his means were very limited. We were soon in straitened circumstances. Mr. Mansford saw how matters stood and that my father required medical attention. He most kindly insisted on our coming over and living in the meantime with them, so my father accepted his kind offer of hospitality. Mrs. Mansford who was one of the kindest souls, received us most cordially and did everything in her power to make my parents feel at home. For some time my father improved in health and was able to do some clerical work in Port Chalmers. Mr. and Mrs. Mansford's home and store were built on **a loop about three miles, which at the narrowest part is not over three hundred yards. Just around this loop, we came to Mayfield bend** [now Stirling], one of the most beautiful bends in the river, viewed from any angle or direction; and then in full view of the **Kaitangata hill**, covered every inch with beautiful bush -- a sight the eye never tired looking at. As we rounded the corner, we met this lovely sight above and reflected in the water, as it was a perfect day. This was a welcome we all enjoyed. Ten minutes more, we were around the bend at Darling's place where the Maori whare, which was to be our home, was waiting for us.

Father and Andrew had everything ready for our dinner. It was about two o'clock but that did not matter. Father had been making, I forget whether it was a loaf or a scone. I know there was great rejoicing all around, as we scrambled ashore, and there was not much order in our doing. I remember us youngsters were just beside ourselves as we flew around and yelled. Whatever was needed we got out of the boat right away and then there was the feed. They had rigged quite a long table in the hut, which would measure about eighteen by twelve, not much room for twenty-one, counting the two infants. It was a great meal and very merry, but, as the boat had a long return journey upstream, there was a hurry to get them away. Everything, where a little extra strength was needed to make things comfortable, was done before they left. It was really not long before the boat was back again, I forget for what, but it was helping someone, or with stores.

Our first night in the whare was one to be remembered. We were all together again and all well and happy. There had been worries, but no accidents, and before it was too late, there was what had been every night since the two families had a home together-- family worship -- and it was well worthy of its name.

**My father was always fond of music, sacred music most of all**, and some of the psalms, with their grand old tunes, were his special delight. Jeannie Darling had something of a kindred spirit and a good clear voice. Andrew, also, had a voice above the usual, while Aggie was quite good, although her voice was not so pronounced. Auntie Fanny, once the tune had started and one she knew, had a clear, if somewhat shrill voice of that quality peculiarly suited to the minor keys. When the psalm was started that night, it went with a vim and swing that was the beginning of a long series of singing bees. This, I believe, brought and held the families together more than anything else. Everything seemed to straighten out here. Father led the singing; Mr. Darling read the chapter and Father led in prayer. It is singular that, although Father was a confirmed stutterer, his prayers were, as far as I remember, always free and clear of any defect. Thus was started an institution that first night that has kept up as long as Father and Mr. Darling were alive. All the rejoicings and family reunions were always closed with a combined family worship, however short, but it was always warm and appreciated by all.

As I have said, singing in the evenings, when reading and talking was next to impossible, became quite a feature, and Father, Jeannie, and Andrew were quite a trio that was to go far in the days to come. So much for our first night--what of the next day and the days following?

About the first thing, so far as I remember, was pigeon shooting, as pigeons were very plentiful and quite new. Mr. Darling had a very fine fowling piece, in fact, one of the finest. Nothing of the kind is seen nowadays. A double barrel that threw its charge of shot so close that sixty yards was quite an easy range for it, a good twenty yards over the average. Father, on the other hand, had never thought of a

gun, as he had never used one. So he bought one from Mr. Douglas on the ship, the only one available, a flint lock of the blunder-buss type and quite true to type, it would scatter a charge of shot fifteen feet widest forty yards, so there was little chance of actually missing, but equally little chance of killing. The difference between Mr. Darling's bags and Father's was evident, but the guns did not get all the credit. However, between them, we had always plenty to keep us going until we got beef.

Milk, we had none, and this was the really first thing to attend to. Something in the nature of a stock yard had to be fixed, as a corner in the bush was cleared, trees being used for posts as far as possible, and whatever would make rails tied onto these trees. As far as possible, extra posts being put in where needed.

A yard of four panelled square was fixed up, being pretty well scrubbed all around, which was all right for quiet cattle. Behind it was fixed up a calf-pen, as calves sucked their mothers in those days and had to be shut up at nights. Cows had been bought before this, but were left until ready. Mr. Darling had only bought one **cow** from Mr. Willocks, a big dun coloured cow, Jean, a real good milker and very quiet. Father had bought four cows from Mr. John Shephard, then in Dunedin, (jailer-in-chief), but his cattle were running at Moseley's who looked after them on terms. Father was to pick the cows he wanted, which seemed alright. Three were alright, good and quiet, but one, or rather two were heifers, unbroken, and Father, being used to home cows when he was a boy, did not understand the difference. I think there were two cows in milk, Finny and Fanny, but they had been milking some considerable time. One of the heifers was just coming in, and she had a young calf when brought down, but she was decidedly wild, although a good milker. She could both run and rush and was not slow at either. However, she got her calf taken from her and penned up. As far as I remember the others had no calves so hers was the only one. She was put into the bail after much trouble and her behaviour, all around, was not good. The cows were turned into what was called the Balloon, which was a lop of the river bend and, as we were right on the neck of the Balloon, cattle, unless very determined, would pass, but if they did, could easily be seen.

The heifer, Mary, returned to her calf after dark and set up great roaring. Mother, being troubled with the mother instinct, thought the poor beast needed comforting and so, with very scant covering, made her way out towards the poor beast to pacify her with sympathy, as it was all she had to give her. She got near enough to let her hear "Sh, Mary," said softly, when like a flash, Mary made a rush at her. Mother never knew what kept her from getting her, as mother got such a shock she was unable to move, not even to faint, but as she was still alive, she gradually crawled to cover and, tremblingly, got back to the hut and to bed much shaken, but thankful to be alive.

That was the end of that sort of thing for Mother. That cow was a lot of trouble for a while, though afterwards a good milker, but always troublesome when she came in. So much for cow trouble.

The next big job was house building. What sort of house would they build? There was not much choice -- to build a frame home was beyond their means; besides, such houses are cold unless properly lined and papered. Clay houses were warm, but clay on Inchclutha was scarce; besides, what was known of the wattle and daub building was not attractive, but something of the sort might do for chimneys. All was duly discussed. It was decided to build the Darling's house first, as it was thought it would be more quickly built and thus get more room. All the same, it meant a long weary job before Mayfield house would be ready for use and weary traveling up and down. It was decided that Darling's house would be weather-boarded in front, eighteen feet high, twenty-four feet long and, I think, twelve feet wide, with arrangements for a lean-to being added as early as possible.

In the meantime, something had been going on. Across the river was Mr. Davidson's place, what is now the "Gask." He was living in a hut at that time. He was a relation of the Maitlands and was something of a cattle squatter along with them, although Maitlands had also a sheep run up the river. He was going to get married and was going to get timber sawn in his bush. Men would be starting on



this at once, and Aitcheson and Bob Mercer were the first two to start on this job; although William Mitchell, also helped in turn, also Mr. Darling and Father.

They worked some how, some doing farm work. As the logs suited, they were put aside for timber, and saplings were cut in the Kaitangata bush for the framework of Darling's house. These were put into position and the three walls were started and built with clay, something of the wattle and daub style. Mr. Barker and W. Mitchell were both on the job, so it was not really long before enough of the home was fit to move into, thus relieving the congestion in the whare. I am not sure which part was ready first, but I think it was the upstairs part. This reminds me that the roof was thatched with broad grass.

There was a big patch of broad grass just on the bend below Mayfield and cutting, tying, and carrying grass was a job for all hands. I only remember seeing one other solid patch of such grass, and that was in the Clinton Valley. It was wretched stuff to plow and harrow and had to be shaken out like couch, but much heavier roots. It was mostly valuable grass for cattle feed if burned off in the fall, in fact as soon as the cattle stopped eating it. It was not long before a fire was possible and it began to spring right away. From this you will see that all hands were busy every minute from morning until night. I do not know the date when the Darlings got finally into their new home, but I know we were getting well into the frosty mornings. I expect it was into May. However, several things may be noted during this time.

I think the first thing to note was the **first trip to church**, which was at the head of the island and the winding nature of the track made it fully ten miles, but as walking could not be free, it took some time. It took a good four hours! Rev. W. Bannermann was the minister in charge of Otago, all south of Waihola. Service was sometimes four weeks, sometimes six weeks, but at the time, as far as the Low was concerned, no one attended. Father and Mr. Darling were the first from our end and that first day was a great day.

I remember they got away pretty early and, as they attended church in Dunedin in their Edinburgh clothes, it was only fitting that they should do the same here. So they set out in best blacks and bell-toppers. The result was somewhat startling. Below Mosley's Bush, the flax, tutu, and fern was too rank for cattle, so cattle take [no] notice, but above that the land was comparatively clear, so cattle could see anyone passing and they generally take notice of strangers. The apparition they saw that day was something unknown, with the result that they stampeded in all directions. If the cattle stampeded, the effect on the people in church, especially the youngsters, was just about as pronounced. Needless to say, that was the last appearance of these suits at church, but by no means the last with the youngsters, as in after-days when any make up [costume] was needed in our many family gatherings, part of them, at least, was sure to appear. The history of such appearances would be quite interesting and one which I may come to.

At present, I must follow the serious side. That, as I have said, was the first of our church attendances, the beginning of a lifelong habit in the Clutha that was to keep on growing.

Next Sunday service saw Jeannie Darling, Aggie and Andrew added to the number, until the two James, Lizzie Darling, and I were added to the number. Ultimately, Mother and Mrs. Darling did it but, as it was a good ten miles, it meant a twenty-mile walk-- still it was taken cheerfully.

Here I must mention one of the chief items as far as we youngsters were concerned. I have mentioned the Willocks. Their place was within a mile of the church and it was simply a glorious rest house on the way. The best of cheer and plenty to eat and drink, and dinner to come back to after church, and, as James and Janet Willocks were about our age, we were soon all fast and life-long friends and many happy times we had together. So with this added attraction, the long walk was not really much considered by us youngsters, until it was quite a common thing for some of us to go up during the week and come home on Sunday, or stay on Sunday and come back through the week. Our

mothers also did this, but not so often as we. This was quite a common habit in those days and I forged strong and lasting relationships.

So much for that side of life, now I must notice the other side-- that is our daily round. Shops and stores were none, except at the Ferry. Some things could be got there, but mostly liquor. Bowler and Davies, at the top of the island, kept a limited store which they increased as things grew, but nearly everything had to come from Dunedin. The staple needs of life were bread, potatoes, milk, meat of some sort, tea and sugar. The bread was in the form of wheat which had to be ground by the hand steel mill and baked every day. The baking was the old leaven style and had to be set every night and made up the next morning and fired in the camp oven.

We got our first wheat from the Smiths and, I think, also our potatoes. Wheat, potatoes and vegetables were the necessities of life, and everyone grew them for their own use with some to sell, if possible. The wheat was handled in a most primitive way, thrashed, mostly by what was called scutching. A sheet was spread, a block of wood, a tub or any such like thing was placed on it, and the wheat taken in handfuls and the heads knocked against the block until all the wheat was out, then another handful until there was enough. Generally about a bushel, which was a stook, twelve sheaves.

This was then gathered up and cleaned, either by wind or the bellows, but the cleaning was always a more serious job than the thrashing. From this, it will be seen what a long line of small jobs were always on hand.

The town transport was very intermittent and depended on a lot of things. There was only one vessel on the run, "The Speck" sailed and owned, I think, by Captain Simpson, as fine a man as ever walked, but at the time unknown to us. He went to all the places of call from the Bluff to Oamaru which were a goodly number. As some places, Clutha had bar harbours; he could only get in or out as the wind and tide suited. Sometime the visits might be fairly close, that is a month or six weeks, sometimes it went six months. The stuff had to be ordered in town, and they were by no means particular to catch the boat, which was of course by no means easy, as there was no way of giving notice and coming and going was just as uncertain and erratic as all other conditions. In fact both Father and Mr. Darling soon decided to send direct to Edinburgh for what was called a "box" which was sent for every year for many years, and was quite a boon to many besides ourselves. Captain Simpson gradually began to be known, which largely changed everything. And he became a kind of general carrier. He would get everything man, woman, or child wanted and bring it with as much care as if that was the only thing he was doing. This he was doing all around the coast. Certainly, it helped his business and he was soon able to put on another vessel "**The Pioneer**" and with the two vessels, matters were largely improved. It was he who put an end to the steel mill (grinding your own flour); he took the wheat to town, had it ground and brought back as flour, bran, and pollard. At first it was a bag or two, but ultimately, it would be eight or ten bags, which made a big difference in many ways. So much for the general outline which will give some idea of the daily conditions. Now I come to more specially family matters.

As I have already said, the building of Darling's house was the first thing concentrated on, to get more house room as quickly as possible and it was the wisest plan and the quickest way out. As the house drew near about finish, fewer could be employed, and gradually changes were taking place. We had to be looking towards getting our place underhand and there was really much to do.

There was a house to build, stock-yards to build, ground to be fenced in, cleared and broken up, and sown for spring. Mother and Auntie Fanny were really the first to tackle this big job, and they began with the grub hoes, or rather a pair of carpenters adzes. They began at the corner nearest our lodging, as natural. At the low corner of Mayfield, there was a little bit of clear ground and they began grubbing [digging] it up so that potatoes could be planted in what is called Maori heaps, with three or four sets, and covered up, which was done as soon as there was enough grubbed. That was the

beginning of the chief industry of one half of the family, the two already named, with James and myself. Grandmother looked after the younger ones, Robert, John, and the infant Tom.

Father, Aggie, and Andrew were a gang of their own, and at this time were mostly at work in the Kaitangata bush -- and a royal battle they put up. I really do not know of a better record of work done anywhere and not without considerable risk. They first cut, and carried out to the river, **posts and rails** for a stock-yard, which is all heavy stuff, and they were rarely nearer the river than two hundred yards and often four or five hundred. They, it was, who boated down the river, over a mile, in a three-quarter ton punt, the timber not only for the stock-yard, but fencing for a fifteen acre paddock. The biggest job of the lot was getting timber to build Mayfield house. As I have said, it was decided that after Darling's house was built, the timber for ours would be sawn in the same way, but evidently Father saw defects in this plan while helping to build the other, besides one of those unexpected things happened.

Let us look at what one man, a girl of fourteen, and a boy of twelve did. The heavy totaras they took down and across cut into lengths was, in itself a big record. While they were getting rails for the stock-yard, they split a lot of totara rails into ten-foot lengths. Splitting is an art of its own, and by no means an easy one, but the fascination of it had grasped Father. They, for all three were in it, got such good results. That was the first step. The next step was when they started to try how near they could come to splitting a good board, which they managed beyond all expectations. They got a slab ten feet long, fifteen inches wide and between one and a half and two inches thick.

They then tried more, and the tree was splitting so beautifully that they soon had quite a lot of very fine ten-feet slabs, as good as sawn lumber and Father saw that a house built with these would be much warmer and much easier built, requiring very little framing.

Fired with this new idea, they set to work with more ambition. They decided to try eighteen inches wide and broke up their log for that size with marvelous results. These slabs were the finest split work I have ever seen. They did not say much about them until they were boated down, but I remember when Mr. Darling saw them, he was very excited over them. He thought they were splendid. He said he would dress them with the adze and they would be better than boards. He was as good as his word and he dressed those for the front of the house, especially, about as evenly as if they had been planed. Needless to say, the three were very proud of their work, as they had good cause to be, but as I have said, the getting and transporting that stuff down to the foot of the road at Wright's corner was a record that would take some beating.

One big tree was especially a puzzle to everyone who saw it, to know how they managed it. I will try to tell how. I will just tell what we saw. That was the top of the totara, cut off just below the branches, about three feet through. This top was actually standing on its head and the saw cut between fifteen and twenty feet from the ground, a problem that would puzzle most bushmen. I know they cut three lengths of that tree. This timber had all to be carried to the bank of the river. Now comes the crux of the whole matter. They had been advised to raft it down the river, but even with another man to do half the work, one on the raft and one on the shore, it would have been difficult, but with two children it simply could not be done with safety; the biggest objection was that there was no suitable landing for a raft. So the small boat had to do it all, although they did raft some on either side of the boat as a kind of safety, because Father was a whale to load down, always to about three inches free board. Three were on board. Now a punt loaded to that depth is positively dangerous, as the least bit of a false move will make the flat bottom go off at a tangent, as it lacks the buoyant resistance of a round bottomed boat, but the float on each side did act towards safety. Going downstream did not require much effort, but going back, two went on shore with a line and tracked, the other one steering.

They tracked up the island side, as there was a beach most of the way but the tons of stuff they shifted was a caution. I remember Mr. W. Mitchell and Mr. James Wright were the only ones who regarded the whole business as out of the ordinary, they were unstinted in their appreciation simply

because they were the only ones who knew what it meant.

I wish I had some record of the months and how they were passing for, besides house-building, they were getting around ready for wheat and potatoes. By this time, we had become possessed of two bullocks. Tom was Darlings'; Jerry was ours. A sledge was built and, whenever possible, they did the hauling and ploughing.

Just here a little bit of description will be helpful. As I have said, we were living in a Maori whare (war-ee). Well! to be accurate it was the whare of Chief Tongata Houru, a real hard case in some ways. He was a man of prodigious strength. He, with quite a number of other Maoris, was living in what we called "Lovells," as Lovell was a sheep squatter on the Kaitangata hills. His nearest sheep owner was Popplelwell, at Mount Misery. The Frazers, on the lakeside, formed a boundry between Lovell and Davidson. Such were the conditions at that time.

On Kemra Bank, there were two fair-sized clearings that the Maoris had cropped, one just above where the stock-yard is now and the other about half-way between the river and Wright's corner. They were the first owners. There had been a bit of bush there at the time, as there was a lot of timber on the ground, there was one solitary white pine tree, standing about the middle of Darlings' clearing and, for years, it was known as the tree paddock. These clearings were ploughed up as soon as possible.

Mr. Darling was a first-class swing ploughman and the ploughing and getting ready for the sowing, was well forward, but getting it fenced in was not so easy. Wire fences were unknown then and, when they did become known, they were not thought much of for the cattle. Not until barb wire made its appearance did fencing for cattle become a much simpler matter than the old post and rail fence. Posts had to be bored for four rails, eight augur holes in every post, and the rails sharpened and fitted. A big job to enclose a fair sized paddock of ten or fifteen acres. And all fencing had to come from Kaitangata bush, for which they paid a yearly license.

Since we had arrived, and during the time I am describing, roughly within the first six months there had been several visitors, outside of Maoris who came almost daily as we seemed to appeal to their curiosity, but they were kindly withall. We were surprised to see three men show up one morning with some of the Maoris. They had come through the hills from Tokomairiro and stayed at Lovells all night. These were three well-known names in after years, viz, Michael Muir, William Carson and William Hodge. They were on their way to Coal Point to open up the coal there. Mr. Lewis of Port Molyneux was opening it up. I think he had some arrangement with the government, but he also put a good deal of his own money and time into it, which, I am sorry to say, was all lost as coal was in no demand in those days, as steamers had not yet arrived in New Zealand waters. These three men went on and camped, first at William Mitchell's place. Four men had left Tokomairiro [now known as Milton] and went as far as the head plain when there was a difference of opinion which was the best ridge to follow, the one known as the Devil's Bridge and the Two Stone Hill which brought them right through. The other decided to go over the slopes of Mount Misery. This was a fatal step, for the poor fellow got completely lost in the gullies, and was starved to death, as by the time he was missed and search set on foot, starvation and fatigue had done its work. That death gave the name to Mount Misery and Hungry Hill where he was found. I think that was the only death of the kind in all the settlement, at least on our side.

Then some of the Strathallan sailors turned up. The first was Willie Noble; he had cleared out without waiting to put in hard labor, which meant little to do and plenty to eat with the others, a fact I am inclined to think he much regretted. He was given some work and stayed awhile, but was not much of a success. Then later, **Jack Allan**, with not less than notorious **Jack Duncan**, the cook. Nothing could be more marked than the welcome given these two. It was really a case of the sheep and the goats. There was the prepared welcome for the one and misery for the other. The Darlings had moved out of the whare by this time and Mother was in charge. She certainly had not forgotten Jack Duncan,



as he had given her many a sore heart over getting something warmed for her infant on the ship. She had told him that she might have a chance to pay him back, but he only swore at her and told her, if she was his own mother, he would do the same. All of which she duly rubbed into noble Jack, with fitting additions, with the result that he broke down, crying that everyone was against him. To all of which mother reminded him of his own cruel doings, but, having given him a dressing down, she would have lost the joy of it had she gone further. She fed him, but told him to get.

Strange that something the same happened at Gabriel's Gully, years after, with Father, when food was so scarce. Father also dressed Jack down, but when the rest wanted to turn him out hungry, Father would not hear of it, he fed him and otherwise helped him.

This will be the last appearance of Jack Duncan, but not so of Jack Allan. Not many weeks after this he turned up with another sailor he had met doing time and a name to be well known in these parts and, afterwards, a successful farmer on Wangaloa. Jack Allan, on the other hand, got into a pretty steady work with the old gaoler, John Shepherd. They become life-long friends, that spoke well for the hearts of both. Jack settled down to business of jobbing carpenter and house painter that, later, established into a business. These were the only newcomers within the first year.

I do not know what month it was when the Darlings got into their new house, but it must have been well through the winter, because I know they were just in when Mr. Wright came to stay with us, while he was doing **ploughing** for us both. I have spoken of ploughing being done with our two bullocks, but that ploughing really took place after this. Mr. James Wright was working for the Pillans and I have already said that Father and he had discovered that they were not only townies, but close neighbors, and knew a lot of people in common and had become chummy. In fact the friendship was one of those that had grown with the years, as I had discovered long after Father's death. I was at Pillans with the threshing mill when the old gentleman came to speak to me about my father. He told me what good friends they had been and how much he thought of him, and how he could always trust father in any pinch. I had known they were friendly, but had no idea they thought so much of each other until the old gentleman told me.

The first act was sending Mr. Wright with a team of eight bullocks to break up some ground for us both. While this was being done house building and everything else, had to stand over. The great bulk of the land at the time, was very hard to break up. Our two bullocks were added to the eight as leaders, and it was all they could do, and often the ground had to be cut with spade or adze in front of the plough. We were often all out with whatever could cut, cutting cuts the width of the furrow through the bad places. These were mostly tutu crowns and broad grass. This last was really the worst, as it could not be cut. The ground from which we had cut the broad grass to thatch Darlings' house was the first to be ploughed, and a wild job it was. Andrew was chief bullock driver, if Mr. Darling was not on the plough, but it was not unlike ordinary ploughing that Mr. Wright nearly always had to take the plough.

Between a quarter and a half acre was considered a good day's work and the ploughing was the least part of the business. Harrows were next to useless until both spade and grub hoe had knocked the worst of the roots about.

I have mentioned harrows, but as we understand them, they did not exist at that time, wooden frames with iron tines or teeth were best going, although iron harrows were to be had in the old country, but I think only in Scotland. Mr. Ferguson, who was the most enterprising in the implement line, had the first set of iron harrows in the district. He also was the first to have a self delivery reaping machine when they came on the market, but it was before its time, for Inchclutha crops were too long in the straw for it to handle. On nice short stuff, it was all right, but all too soon, it was on the scrap heap. He and Father were the implement men in the district. To meet our need, Father set to work to make, I was going to say a set of harrows, but he did better than that; he made his harrow all in one piece. It was certainly heavier to clean, if it did get choked, but its tearing power was much helped by

its weight and wide timber teeth. It did wonderful work for many a day until Father, being on a visit to town and staying with a cousin Charles Smaill who had land at Tomahawk, saw a set of harrows and plough that Mr. William Stuart had brought from Scotland. Father gladly bought them, which gave him, easily, the best set of harrows in the district. They were Grays of Alderstone, and were the finest set of harrows around, better than any on the market at present. The disc harrows have eclipsed the drag and put it second place, so less attention is paid to their efficiency.

With the breaking up of the ground and getting grain sown, the house building had to stand over. The seed was no sooner in the ground than it had to be fenced, as the place was swarming with cattle, which had the free run of the island from top to bottom. Only their inclination stopped them but, fortunately, cattle are very local in their habits; they soon get their rounds that they stick very closely to and only occasionally wander. When you come to take up their chosen feeding grounds, you have to fight for it, as they do not move off quietly by any means. So, if they are to be fenced, it has to be a fence that they respect and cannot get through. The fence at that time was four rails ten feet long, fixed into solid board and mortised posts-- that meant a lot of labour. Here again Father scored.

Father sent to the blacksmith in Dunedin, Mr. Crammond, a townie he had met. Father had quite a genius for forming friendly acquaintances and making them useful for both business and friendship -- a most valuable habit. What he told Crammond to do was to get a six feet inch iron spindle, squared in the center, to hold a balance wheel; weld an inch and a half square onto the one end and, for a handle to drive it with on the other, put two key slots in the center, three inches apart to keep the wheel from shifting and that was all he wanted to make a horizontal boring machine. When it arrived, he put two posts in the ground, about three feet high and two feet apart, with a V-shaped groove on top of the post, into which groove the spindle rested. Its bearings were well greased to allow the spindle to turn freely and move inwards when boring, and outwards when being withdrawn. For a flywheel, he made a cross with two pieces of three by two timber, about three feet six inches long, on the end of each he fitted a block about a foot long and four by three thick. This gave the square quite a lot of momentum and, for withdrawing, with a turn or two, would run out by itself. The next business was a bench to lay the post on. This had to be held by hand at first, but any of us boys would do it and, as one hole was bored, the post had to be pushed along for the next hole.

That was a favorite job with us boys. I forget how many posts my father could do in an hour, but it was as many as could be done in a day by the old method, and not such tiring work. This was a veritable God-send.

What was called mortising, that is cutting out the piece between the two holes for holding rails, this was work which us boys could do, and we were on the job accordingly, which meant a speeding up of the preparations for fencing. As soon as the posts were ready, the next job was to get them on the line and then get them up. As one side was a boundary fence, and the other a road-line fence, and the section pegs could not be located, the line had to be surveyed. Mr. Ferguson was the only surveyor in the district at that time and, though he was not what was called a registered surveyor, he was just as well qualified and a very fine man to work with and for. I remember I had the job to stand by the marking peg, a wire about fifteen inches long with a small red flag on the end, as in chaining. The peg might have to go to the heart of the flax bush or a clump of fern. They were by no means easy to locate. As soon as Mr. Ferguson was near enough to point out the peg, I would make for the next one that was being placed, as quickly as possible.

It was a rough and tumble job, as the bearings had to be taken from section pegs that marked the block, there was no trig station to work from, and getting a correct bearing was a very difficult job, and very laborious on account of the roughness of the growth. As there was no picking or choosing, the line had to go straight on. Out in the swamp where the flax was short, a bearing would be taken fairly easily, but as the river was approached, roughly from ten to twelve chains, the growth was very dense

flax, tutu, and cabbage trees. There were openings through the thickets that cattle had made and tracked, but there were big stretches without a break, and to get through them was a caution. I have never seen anything approaching the growth anywhere else. The richness of the soil was the cause. To give some conception of what it meant, to get through, I will give a little of my own experience in trying to reach the riverside when Mayfield house was being built. At that time, there was no track up the riverside from the corner of the first clearing already noticed. The track then went straight on, much as the road goes at present, there being a fair-sized Maori clearing extending rather more than half way down the present road.

Then there was a clear V-shaped clearing, extending from where the road is now to almost behind Mayfield. It would be about three chains wide from the bottom, narrowing into a matter of yards, with openings that gave a winding road that a sledge could follow, right to Mosley's and, by going through Mosley's ground, a sledge could get right up the island, and by following something of the same opening, a sledge could get down the island as far as Willie Mitchell's but that was the farthest in that direction at this time.

Through these openings, was the way we got about, and the cattle also kept to the openings, leaving a solid mass of almost impenetrable flax and tutu, and from the first clearing on past Mayfield was a solid unbroken mass. It was through the corner of this, I started to explore. I got through, the distance was not three chains, yet it took me a full half day climbing, creeping, and zigzagging. I got there, but did not try going back. I managed to get up the riverside, which was more open.

Brambles and vines made matters much worse. The growth was so rank and green that it was difficult to get a fire, a good burn was next to impossible on this ground, which made the clearing of it a costly business. Below the house, Father said it cost £16 [16 pounds] an acre to clear four acres and put in crops, nearly as much as stumping heavy bush land. through this then, a fence line was surveyed and cleared, so that the land that was cleared and broken up, could be fenced.

A little about the clearing may be interesting. As already has been said, Father, Aggie, and Andrew were the bushmen and boatmen and they were mostly at that work, which left the work of clearing for the rest of us -- Mother and Auntie Fanny, Jamie and myself-- Grannie kept the other three younger ones at the whare. This clearing was really hard work for all of us. Mother and Auntie chipped the acres of flax with the adzes of light hoe-- one bush of flax at a time; some of us, Jamie and I pulled it away as soon as cut. Sometimes we built them in rows, roots up, for burning, but, if we were near the edge of the river, we put them in heaps clear of the plough or threw them over the riverbank. This was best when at all possible. Then the cabbage trees had to be dug out. This was Jamie's job, and he was pretty good at it, and a heavy job it was. When skinning down a cabbage tree, he fell on an axe and cut himself badly, which at the time, with no medical dressings, was rather serious.

As a great many of the trees were broken by the cattle, there were many more roots than were visible, but the roots never died, they were always sending up shoots. The roots were also sledged, or carried away, as they would not burn. We would be away all day, having just a piece for dinner. These two women did a big amount of work in the first years of clearing, besides grubbing the corner called the first clearance. It was not a large piece of ground, yet it yielded us three tons of potatoes -- a big crop and a veritable God-send to us, as what we did not use we sent to Dunedin for groceries, as the exchequer was pretty empty by this time. To help this Father was always doing up Maitland's, Ferguson's, and Pillan's gardens, also at Davidson's, especially this last place, where he did a lot of work.

Here it will help if a note of the **settlers** known to me is set out, so as to keep count and date of new arrivals on the island. Beginning at the top were Andersons, Willocks, Bowlers, Davies, Ritchies, and Mosleys, Fergusons, Pillans, Barkers, ourselves, Darlings, W. Mitchells, and Tommy Marsh. W. Atcheson and James Wright were at Pillans with their families, and Bob Mercer was with W. Mitchell.

As far as I know these were all the settlers on the Inchclutha.

Taking the mainland from below the Ferry, ( Balclutha) I think Peter Bell (Anderson's shepherd) was the first. The house is still there at the willows above hermitage, so called by Mr. Ramsay, and George Anderson set up the house on it. This house will be noticed later on. The next was Smith brothers: William, Joseph and Peter. William was married but had no family then. In the same bend of the river was Boswell with his wife, but no family. Following the river are two large bends; in the lower one called the 'Crescent', were the Maitlands. There were four sons and one daughter, who was married to Mr. Rich of Warepa. The sons were James, George, David, and William. Following three other large bends were Davidson's, relations of the Maitlands, who lived in the bend later called the 'Gask'!

Following round to Kaitangata bush were Lovells and a Maori settlement of several families. At Coal Point were the three men already noted, William Carson, Michael Muir, and William Hodge. If we follow the river down to the mouth, there was a large stretch without settlers. The first family at what is now called Glenomaru was Alex Begg. A little further up the creek was Jack Tuck. Then following up what was called South Molyneux were the Lewis's, Hays, Hendersons and Broughs.

Above them, at Warepa, were Major Richardson, Rich, and Strachan. The first two were run-holders. The latter was a bootmaker and uncle of W. Strachan, cabin steward of the "Strathahallan." At the Ferry were the McNiells. Up to the lakeside were the Frazers and that completes what may be called the Clutha Valley. I have forgotten to mention the Rev. W. Bannerman, minister for the whole valley, and as far as Mataura to the south. He was a close neighbor of Major Richardson at Willowmead, which remained his headquarters when Balclutha, Inchclutha, and Kaitangata churches became settled charges. This, as far as I remember, is the number of settlers, roughly up to 1860 when a good number came to the district.

With ourselves the business of getting in seed, was the most pressing and house building had to stand still for a time., this was a trying time to all, as work was wanted, and Father took as much as he could get to meet what we had to hire. Whenever a bit of ground was ready for ploughing, Mr. J. Wright, with Mr. Pillans' bullocks, eight in a team, turned it up, until we had about ten acres ready for harvesting, which was done by our own bullocks. The Darlings had Tom and we had Jerry, who were a pair, but not so good apart. Tom did object but Jerry most decidedly did. When working together they were yoked with one heavy chain between them, but one bullock cannot be worked that way. So to work singly, harness was got for the bullocks, I think the first of its kind in the district, if not in New Zealand.

A bullock in a harness was a thing then unknown, and Jerry was certainly a most staunch conservative. Harness, he would have none of. Tom took to his quietly and gave no trouble, but Jerry was much more active. He would let Father put his harness on, but to pull with it was quite another matter. He always managed to twist his head around to where his tail should have been and give a shake clear of the chains, and the whole business had to start over again. Sometimes he would clear out, dragging Father after him, as the ropes on his head had very small power over him when he set his head down and pulled. If a turn could not be got on to something firm, it was a case of drag and a lengthy run, and this was quite often. One day we struck a new plan. Jerry, although he objected to work along, was very fond of cabbages, so, by accident, when he was yoked to the sledge, someone showed him a cabbage. He forgot all his working scruples and made for the cabbage. That cabbage was Jerry's undoing, or making, it depends from which end you look at it, his or ours. The cabbage was kept in front of him until his destination was reached.

That was the longest and hardest straight pull he made and, by the way he pulled, he showed that pulling was not what he objected to -- it was these new rags. I was always of an inventive turn so I suggested tying a cabbage three feet in front of him and I ran in front of him and he came in great style.



He got some of the cabbage for payment. We were sledging flax at the time and, at the expense of a few cabbages, he shifted quite a lot and that was the end of the trouble. He soon took to work and was as good as a worker as ever was and he did his bit until horses relieved him of farm work. He was from now on a mainstay on the farm, as with harrows Father had made, he was able to do the harrowing, and with this harrow, and the aid of the spade and grub hoe, the wheat, oats and potatoes were got in and thus our first year's crop was under way.

The next business was fencing. The timber was all cut in the Kaitangata bush and boated down the river to Wright's corner. James Wright had a section there and he had taken the bullock dray down to where he intended to build. That had helped to break down the flax and rushes. Between that and the cattle there was a rough track formed in that direction. It had many twists, but such as it was, Jerry dragged over it all the fencing that we did not carry, which was a fair bit. We got it shifted and by the time the stuff was ready for the house there was a tolerable sledge track.

The preparing of the posts and rails was a tedious job. The posts had eight auger holes in each, bored with an inch and a half auger. These had to be mortised, forming a hole about four inches long by an inch and a half wide, the rails had to be sharpened to fit the hole. W. Mitchell came to help us with this work, as it was all new to us, and Andrew was his chief mate, learning the mysteries of fencing--and he was wonderfully quick in picking it up. Before many days W. Mitchell was complimenting him on his post hole digging, which is quite an art in itself.

While I am describing what was going on with us, the same of much like it was going on with the Darlings, only they got their fencing just across the river and had less boating and sledging. Mr. Barker was helping them. But, when there was any big thing to be done, we both worked together much as possible for many years. We have now reached the point where all the crops were in and growing.

The **building of Mayfield house** was now the chief object in hand. This, you may well believe, had often been discussed. I think Father had made up his mind about it, although he said nothing. He had already satisfied himself that he could split the slabs as good as weather boards, although these last were the fashion and the correct thing, until he had split a good few and got them on the spot, it was decided not to use them. The women folk of both families were all against them, which was a serious matter, and until Mr. Darling dressed some and showed how good a job could be made, they were not decided upon. After that there was no looking back and Mr. Darling did dress them beautifully with his adze. He had become expert in its use. Some were as even as if dressed with the plane and could be either painted or white washed. Once this matter was decided, it was a case of push ahead, as there was a big job in front of us. Nearly all the stuff was in the Kaitangata bush -- slabs for the outside covering, posts for the corners, doors and windows and plain posts to nail the slabs to, there was no flooring going at present. The posts were all sunk into the ground, which meant for a wall ten feet high, took twelve foot posts. The joists for upper floor were sawn by Mr. Aitchesen and Mr. Mitchell, but the rafters were split.

As soon as enough stuff was on the ground Mr. Darling set to work, mostly with James as a help boy to hold and steady things, and so the frame began to rise. As soon as a part was enclosed with slabs, the claying operation was at once started. This was a very constant job and meant a lot of work. Battons were nailed on the inside and the wet mixed clay rammed between the slabs and the battons and, when dry, plastered to an even face. Mother and Auntie Fanny did a lot of this work, while Father, Aggie, and Andrew were either boating supplies or at bush work, so it will be seen all were on the job. As soon as the boating, bush work and sledging were finished, Father joined Mr. Darling. Aggie and Andrew became pretty well all hands on the farm. This clearing was endless, as they set to work on the stockyards, and pigsties, also clearing around the house for garden and continuously getting clay from the river bank and helping mix it, ready to put in place when wanted. They also took over the chimney building and claying. The idea was to get two downstairs rooms finished and fit to live in, and the

stairs and the lean-to after we were in the house. This program was fully carried out.



*Mayfield House on Inchclutha, an island in the Clutha River, Otago, New Zealand*

As I have said, during the house building, and even after, the farm work was very largely taken over by Aggie and Andrew. It was hard to say which was the leader. I have often referred to some of their work, but it was a long list. In addition there was garden clearing, digging and enclosing with a lot of sod dyke, which was the only dyke of its kind in the district at that time.

Its main object was shelter from the west gales, after the flax was cleared. The effect of the wind was terrible.

About this time Andrew got a fine strike of **young blue gums** that were, in after seven days, to be featured of Mayfield. It was a great time when James and Janet Willocks came down to Darlings' house for a birthday party. It was one of those events which only occur once in a lifetime and I question if there were ever again such simple pure, undiluted pleasure for us all as that week contained. There were many others much the same as after this, no party was complete without the Willocks, but all these lacked the newness of the first week.

The one outstanding holiday with us youngsters, for many years, was the Fast Day every six months until there was regular charge, for Inchclutha Kaitangata, when services were held every Sunday. Services could rarely be held at Inchclutha on Fast Day, but it was an idle day, and the youngsters of both families had always something on foot that made a pleasant break. Looking back, I think we got as much pleasure and real enjoyment out of life in those days, and in some respects even more, than young folks get now with all the side to amusement. A very pleasant history could be written of all the reunion parties and picnics that began with the first visit of James and Janet Willocks. They grew to considerable gatherings, filling the whole week from Christmas until New Year, at which time both house were crowded to the utmost, even after the new houses had been built.

By the time we had our wheat, oat and potatoes sown, it would be somewhere about the end of **October 1858**, which I consider to be a good record. There would be about ten acres in all, but it was equal to a hundred acres with the present day helps. We will look at the crops further on. When the crops were sown, the fencing was under way, but there was still a good deal to do and the crops were up green and the cattle getting on them before the fence was enclosed. So there was some herding to

be done by us young folk. These cattle were not our own, as ours were with the Darling's cattle, running on the Balloon, which formed a fine big paddock for them. Lizzie Darling and I had the job of getting the cows at nights and penning up the calves. No milking of cows at night in those days. If the cows were at the head of the Balloon, it was a pretty long step, and took a good two hours to get them. The Maoris had done a good bit of cultivating on the Balloon and there were tracks cleared ground right at the head that had been quite a big camp. There were the remains of a good-sized whale boat, the timber was mostly rotten, but the shape was intact and there were quite a lot of clubs and other Maori gear. The clubs were about six feet long, with a fancy grip for the hand, and place for each finger.

We used to do some great exploring round these parts as this was unknown land, except to us two. From here we could see the mainland, which is now Kaitangata. The chief inhabitants at that time was a herd of goats. I do not know who owned them, but they were very curious about anyone appearing. Make a noise and they gathered up at once and, when we took the boat around, they would run along the bank watching the boat. We youngsters thought them great fun.

Now while we have been following our own movements, that is the Darlings and us, concurrently other movements were taking place. Mr. Davidson of the Gask, was going to be married and was getting ready to build. He was living in a hut on the river bank, just below the Darling's. He was really the connecting link with the outside world, as he, Maitlands, and Mr. Ferguson were the only ones who had horses; so Mr. Davidson used to bring any mail that came to the ferry, the only post office. In connection with the house building, Mr Mitchell and Mr. Aitcheson were busy sawing in the bush, living in a bush hut all week and going home on Saturdays for provisions. As soon as there was enough timber to start building, Mr. W. Willocks, the carpenter with hired help, was on the job. They lodged with Mr. Davidson. They were also building a house for Tommy Marsh. As far as I remember, each house went on as timber was available, these extra made company and there were gatherings in the evenings. Two runholders used to visit Mr. Davidson fairly often, and they found their way across. They were both young fellows and very lonely and, on the whole, things at that time were fairly lively and bright.

One outstanding feature of those early days was the free and easy social habits that were part of our lives. Our delight in human society, I consider purely the natural effect produced by a corresponding depressing loneliness and isolation that the settlers had to continually fight against, knowing instinctively that, if it got him down, he was done for. Solitude has its charms and its own place and time, but it also has its terror. An experience that must be felt in its true sense to understand it. I once felt that really solemn feeling pointing clearly towards terror. It was on top of Ben Lomond, above Queenstown, as I looked from that solitary peak, miles away from any living thing. The absolute loneliness of the situation came home to me as something absolutely appalling, akin to terror, just the sense of being so far from any living thing. I was thankful I was not alone, as there were three of us. That is something of the feeling that gets into the lonely settler's very blood and the joy of company was pure delight.

It was very easy to understand the free hospitality all around. What we did on **New Years Day of 1860**, I am not sure. We had a holiday of some sort, I think we youngsters had a picnic at Kaitangata hills, seeing the Maori camps. We did not keep Christmas Day, as it was considered English at that time, and we were Scottish. We kept the Fast day instead. I think, by this time, we had our first paddock enclosed; so had the Darlings. The two paddocks were beside each other, a fence between them -- a good record for the first year.

From the seed sowing until the harvest there was a host of jobs to overtake or get in hand. Fencing was imperative and had to be done first. Then house building, but this carried other requirements along with it. The arrangement then existing was one of stock yard and calf pens for use by both families, but



as soon as we moved into Mayfield House, a stockyard would need to be in existence and some other enclosure besides. As it was all open country for miles around, not the nice enclosed place like the Balloon, there had to be provision made for yards to keep the milkers about. This was Aggie's and Andrew's work, with Jamie as an extra, between the house building and the stockyard. Father was [working] with Mr. Darling at the house. This, with other jobs, kept us hard at it until harvest and this merits some special attention.

**Harvest**, in those days, was a serious business and makes one think how people lived before the advent of farm labor-saving implements. Labor organizations cry out against machinery as being against the interests of labor, but had the old conditions still existed, conditions now would be unthinkable. The fashion at that time, was that wheat had to be reaped with a sickle, a handful at a time, and laid in a bank as straight as if it had been done by a piece of millinery. Wheat was precious in those days, about 15/-[British shillings] a bushel, sometimes much higher. A quarter of an acre of such reaping was a big days work and a wearisome one and only an expert could do it; half that amount was enough for beginners. Some could do scything, this was a mode of using the hook with a swinging stroke, something like the scything, only with more force, at the same time, gathering the grain into an armful with the left hand. It was very difficult to learn and few could do it. Mr. Darling was the only one amongst those about at that time who was able to do it and was pretty good at it. Others tried it, but few could make a success of it. My father never tried; he simply used the scythe to the horror of old Mr. Barker, who piously declared he would as soon burn the wheat as cut it with a scythe. But Father went ahead and soon all were using the despised scythe, even Mr. Barker, though he took several years to come to it. In fact he got to the scythe stage when the reaping machine came along. He was strong for it and was about the first to get his crop cut with it.

The cutting then was by Father mowing, Aggie and Janet lifting, I making bands, Andrew binding and stacking. With wheat we could do nearly an acre a day, but not quite that with oats. Father could manage rather more if it was not too heavy. This was done by what was called cutting in -- that is, the grain was cast against the standing grain. This is rather easier than throwing it out and can be considered easier and, on the whole, makes a cleaner job. There were days when Father could not get cutting with a scythe. On these days, we all turned out with the hooks and made not a bad show. Such was the cutting.

Stacking was another business. I can not remember if there was a stack the first year, as threshing had to be done as quickly as possible to get the straw and it was mostly threshed over a barrel -- that is, a sheet was spread and a barrel placed on its side; a good handful of wheat was taken, striking the heads on the barrel. If the wheat was nice and ripe and dry, two or three licks would take every grain out and, one great virtue was that the chaff mostly stuck to the straw and the grain was easily cleaned. A stack would be carried in, threshed, and cleaned, ready for the steel mill to be ground in the morning. That would be about a bushel, two days grinding, and the straw was ideal thatch. The whole of the first year's wheat was carried in on our backs and threshed as described, and a heavy job it was, but it was done and the house was thatched, although not all with our own straw, as we carried straw from the Darling's, Willie Mitchell's and Barker's to keep the thatchers going. Rushes, as we know them now did not exist near us, although there were plenty of them in some places, the swamps were too soft and wet for rushes, there was only short flax and nigger heads.

By the time the house was finished, there was only straw enough to thatch a roof without walls being enclosed. This one was about thirty feet long by fifteen feet wide. It had four strong corner posts over ten feet. This had manuka scrub on two sides when they stowed the wheat in it. It had no roof, but that was put on afterward when the house was finished. This was an extraordinary building. One half could hold a fair-sized stack and the other half was used as a barn to thresh and clean grain. It was ultimately floored and served as a barn till some time after the diggings, about which we will have



something to say.

We must be somewhere about April. Mr. Wright had started to build their house and Andrew went to help him and help with his cattle. His wages were to be a heifer. I do not remember how long he was there, but it was into early winter. The harvest was being housed and the roof on the stockyard, fencing and more clearing was the next business, and the paddock above the house, the six acres was started to be enclosed.

The Darling's paddock was alongside of ours, but only went halfway back and down the river side to where the second gate and the cross hedge are now. Now they started to fence from our corner to the river at Wright's bend. This enclosed the elbow into a large paddock, giving them their place to themselves, which simplified their work very much. These fences were steadily complicating matters when anything in the nature of a road was wanted. At this time the Darlings were the only ones needing to pass through our place and, as we had things very much in common, there was no trouble, that was to come later.

About this time, Mr. Davidson's house being finished, and he having got married, Father went over to give him a hand to dig his potatoes, of which he had an extraordinary crop, and also to fix up a cottage for a family who were coming to work for him. Father was there off and on for a good long spell, but it would be about the end of the year before the family came. They were the Haggarts, but only the younger members, John being the eldest, all the others were at different places.

We are now coming to **the time of our greatest sorrow, the death of Andrew** who was the pride of the family in many ways. He was far beyond his years in experience and ability and he was a favorite with all his neighbors, notably with Willie Mitchell and Mr. Wright to them he was like a son. He was great reader. Although he was only fourteen, he had read the twelve volumes of *Allison's History of Europe* and what ever else he could lay his hands on. He could draw very decently with the pencil. He was fond of music and had a very fine voice, which could be heard above the others in any community sing. His voice was a true tenor, the same as Father's, but finer. He and father were more than father and son -- they were chums, and he and Aggie were more than brother and sister, they were mates at everything. His loss was a calamity and bitter bereavement. I am not sure of the time when he took ill, but we were into the warm weather. I have already described the boring machine that father made, that was what Andrew last worked at. The beginning was at the thatching of the stockyards' bales. He was going down for something when he slipped and jumped to save himself and, on landing, sprained his angle badly. In those days little was known in the way of first aid, so the sprain did not get the treatment it would have been given now. Still, it must have been fairly good, as he was not many days laid up with it. I remember him lying on the kitchen sofa, the only one in the house, and a rough-built one, but a dear old thing for many a day. He was as happy as a king, reading Allison's work over again.

This had gone on until it was suggested that he might do something where his foot would not be used. I do not know who made the suggestion; it may have been himself. He could hop about pretty lively on the one foot and the other was in a sling. The job he went to was boring posts with the boring machine. This was fixed up on the sunny side of the house with a bench for the posts to lie on and a contrivance made like a carpenter's horse, only a double one. It would be about eight feet long and two feet wide at the top, the four legs splayed as a carpenter's horse, only a double one. Into the top frame were cut sockets for the auger to work in to the same gauge as a four rail post. In this case, the post lay at rest and the auger was lifted into a fresh socket for every hole bored.

It was a job he could do, but certainly not suitably, as while he could stand on one foot to turn the handle, the lifting of the auger and shifting the posts were not jobs for one foot. He was working in the sun and it was a very hot day, with the result that he was sweating very much and so got thirsty. At first, he hopped to the house for a drink and then brought a billy of milk with him -- the most dangerous drink he could take when hot standing in the sun. The result was about four o'clock his foot and ankle

began to feel sore and he came to the house and had it dressed. The dressing did not ease the pain as usual.

The pain continued all night and in the morning his foot was red and hot and throbbing, a sure sign of what was commonly called "rose" in those days, on account of its redness. As both Father and Mr. Darling had turns of this trouble, it was not considered serious, and the applications before used were applied. They had little or no effect, and the trouble was soon to be more serious than they thought. As there was no doctor available, Mother's and Father's anxiety was terrible. They were at their wits end to know what to do. The only doctors book they had was an old "Buchan," still it helped them.

The biggest help was from Mr. Mosley as he had a better and more up-to-date book and he set himself to study the case. He went to a great deal of trouble and took many long walks to places where he thought he could get something to help, and wonderful help he did get. I remember him arriving with his daughter Mary Ann between ten and eleven p.m. with some medicine. I think it was Peruvian Barb, supposed to be one of the best remedies at that time for erysipelas, as they now know it to be. Mary Ann came with her father as she knew the tracks in the dark better than he did. Mr. Mosely came every day, sometimes twice a day, but the disease gained steadily in spite of all their efforts.

At this time Father was sawing in the bush with Albert Pillans, and Albert used to go to the Maitland's on Saturdays. Dr. Williams, who was Maitland's father-in-law, happened to be down on a visit and Albert Pillans got him to come down on Sunday to see Andrew. He was much concerned about him and wished he had seen him sooner. He told us what to do and that he would send some medicine when he got back to Dunedin. As far as I remember, he led them to fear the worst, as the trouble had spread through his whole body with a terrible blood poison. His blood was in terrible condition; I have never seen anything like it. Congealed blood formed in blobs just under the skin of his fingers and around his ankle that was sprained. Even if he recovered, that foot would be permanently disabled. His suffering must have been terrible, as it is one of the most painful ailments.

Here I wish to tell of the extraordinary kindness of the whole district; everyone seemed to vie in kindness and thoughtfulness. Delicacies of all kinds were continually being brought or sent, all seeming to regard him as one of their own.

Just about this time, Mr. Blackie and his three sons arrived, having walked from Dunedin. Alex, who is younger than I am, would have been about eight or ten years old -- a long tramp for a boy of his age. They took three days to do it. They arrived at Davidson's first, and it was there my father saw them and told him the nature and extent of the trouble. That was a weekday and I remember because he and the boys came over on Sunday. I am not sure if any of the Darlings were up, but I feel they were. We had church and I remember Mr. Blackie taking part, leading in prayer instead of Father, and how earnestly he prayed for Andrew's recovery, and for Father and Mother. The Sunday was very close to the end. I am not sure, but I think it was Monday morning he died, somewhere about eight or nine o'clock. We had had breakfast when Mother called us all in and Father started singing a hymn that Andrew was very fond of called "I Am But A Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home!" We sang the first verse fairly well, but on the second we mostly broke down, but Andrew carried on in a clear shrill voice, to the end of the hymn. Then he turned with a bright smile towards Mother. I remember those clear brown eyes and then a sudden change; Mother saw it coming and grasped him in her arms. His head fell on her shoulder and that was the end of a beautiful young life.

What a blank it left amongst us all, the sorrow was the sharpest I have ever known. He was so dear to us all. The only relief was that his sufferings were ended. These were so severe that he was delirious most of the time. When the first agony was over, and before we parted, Father gathered us all together and prayed, commending and committing us all to God, with the soul of Him, who in His wisdom, He had taken. I need not say that it was a prayer never to be forgotten by those of us old enough to understand its nature, among whom I was the youngest. That was certainly a clearly marked

mile-stone in my life and a prayer that was fully answered in the gathering of each one into the family of God. It has often come home to me, the unshakeable blessing of that prayer to Father and Mother and what a loss the want of prayer is to a family.

After this communion with God, we were prepared to take up the several duties that called upon the living. I cannot remember how each of us were employed at first. I know that my own grief was my principal thought and, remembering the difference of my grief at Andrew's death with my grandfather's, James Archibald, Mother's father, which I clearly remember when I was five years old.

Just here, I wish to mention more fully the kindness of Mrs. Darling, whose attention was next to Mother's. She was present every day, and often all day and night. And Mr. Darling usually came to take her home. The grief was one in common to the two families. Now there is another outburst of kindness to record in connection with the funeral arrangements and here, I am reminded that I have not mentioned Mr. Bannermann. In the work of his very remote district, he managed to call several times, and in spreading the word of Andrew's death and funeral he was specially active. I think it was Albert Pillans who got word to him, as he had a horse which he used freely. Mr. Willocks, the carpenter, was also warned and Mr. T. Barker came to offer special timber that he had for a coffin. This was a veritable God-send as carriage in those days was not easy. Mr. Willocks came down to Barker's and he happened to have a set of mounting, the only one in the district, and it was by the merest chance he had it. This was very gratifying to Father and Mother and Mrs. Darling, as it seemed to meet their feeling of respect and affection.

It was decided that he would be buried at "the first clearance," as it was part of his work. I think it was Mr. Darling who suggested this. It was accepted at once, but I think his motive was that the grave would be equally near both families, as he was dear to both. Mr. Darling attended to the grave digging and I question if ever there was greater labour of love than the digging of that grave. All us children were there, with all the questions children will ask, and I remember how kindly and patiently Mr. Darling had answered and explained every thing to us.

The funeral was on the third day of his death, and such a funeral -- the whole district seemed to be there. One wonders how they got word. It was a wonderful gathering and, as an expression of kind sympathy, I have never seen anything equal to it. It may be considered the first funeral in the district.

There had been two other deaths before this -- Willie Mitchell's first girl, at whose funeral there were one or two, and Mr. Davis, but I think he was taken to Dunedin. He died very suddenly and we, at the bottom of island, only heard after he had been dead for some time.

Willie Mitchell's girl died just before we came from Dunedin. She was supposed to have eaten some red mushrooms. I have said that Mr. Barker came and offered timber for the coffin. Well! I am not sure if he supplied all the timber to enclose the grave, but I know he supplied some and he made the carpenter work of the enclosure and a splendid job he made, as it lasted in perfect order until

**Andrew's body was shifted to the Kaitangata cemetery after Aunt Fanny's death.**

I have just one little detail to mention before leaving Andrew in his resting place. One piece of work he and Aggie did, mostly after working hours. They build a sod dyke round the garden, to protect a lot of very fine blue gums they raised from seed. They were Andrew's special delight and care, and he shepherded them until they were strong plants. It was Mr. Darling's suggestion that four of these blue gums should be planted round the grave, but when they came to be planted there, the gate was in one corner, so there were only three planted. But Mr. Darling had some cuttings of weeping willow from the Mitchell's and they were nice plants, so one of them was put at the head, where it stands to mark the spot until this day. The blue gums were not used after the body was shifted, as they were too close together by that time.

This brings us to 1860, as **Andrew died in February 1860.**

The Haggarts and the Blackies must have come about the end of 1859; James Robertson came in

1861. Mr. Grigor, the schoolmaster, must have also come in 1859, as I had started school about the time of Andrew's death.

The old **school** still stands, although the new school was swept away by the 1878 flood. The old school was not a large affair, neither were the pupils numerous. On the day of my first attendance, I think there were six of us all told. There was James and Janet Willocks, John Mitchell, Lizzie Darling and myself. The master made the sixth. James Willocks and John Mitchell made one class, the two girls and I the other; the next additions were the Andersons, Annie, Aggie and Crawford were the first three, all in the top class. After a time James went for a short while and later a boarder came from the sheep station, Harry Howe was his name. He and John Mitchell were the oldest by some years, with Annie Anderson next. The reason the Andersons were not at the opening was, I think, because Mr. Anderson died rather suddenly about that time. That number went on through the summer months, but when wet weather set in, the number was reduced to three Willocks & myself. This lasted for about three months, and it was rather a dull time. That was the ebb tide of the school numbers, except on a very wet day. The school went on steadily increasing to an average of over twenty.

After about **1861**, mail came once a week, Wednesdays; the mail took two days each way, a day at the ferry, and a day in town. The mailman came to the school, got any mail on Wednesdays, and returned on Thursday and Friday. This was the arrangement until the diggings [gold rush] changed all things.

Sometime in 1861, the Patersons arrived. They came from Argyleshire and although the old folk were lowland born and bred, the young folk considered themselves highland and, at first, wore the tartan and kilt. I remember the first time I saw Jamie and Tom. They were both in kilt, a jacket and glengarry, but the kilt had no sporran, just the tartan about two inches above the knee. However the condition of New Zealand tracks did not favor the costume, and trousers were donned. They put up in our quarters, the old Maori whare, and stayed until after shearing.

Mr. Paterson was a shepherd at home and head shepherd at Moa Flat station, then owned by Chamber brothers. Father also went shearing with Mr. Paterson, although father did not go so far, the farthest he went was Popoptunoa, and worked back by Waverly and Te Houka.

This brings us to **1862**, when the Rolands arrived in the district. They were related in some way to the Maitlands, and stayed with them until they bought Mr. Davidson's place. House building was set at work right away, and bush and pit sawing. Father and Albert Pillans were at it again. Willocks and his man was building what was known in after years as the "Gask House" after the famous house of Lady Moir, immortalised in her famous song "The Auld Hoose."

Another arrival in 1860 were the Dawsons, they had one daughter, Minnie. They had bought ground at Wangaloa or as we called it then, the Coast. It was the only land open for sale then, and they were the first to move into that district. They stayed with the Darlings for about a fortnight, while Mr Dawson prepared some kind of shelter for Mrs Dawson. In this, he had had the help of Tom Johnston, who was working with the Darlings or with whoever needed him most, as he was sort of common property working all round. Tom and Mr Dawson sawed the timber in Ormiston's bush and built the house, and a lonely uphill job it must have been for them all.

On arrival of the Rolands, as they had a married man of their own, James Petrie, the Haggarts were out of a job, so they took up land at the Coast, also another family that had arrived on the same ship as James Robertson, the Campbells. They had a grown son and daughter. They took up land beside the Dawsons or rather next to Tom Johnston, who had bought the section next to the Dawsons.

Then our cousins as we called them, Willie and Charlie Smaill, bought a section and William Paterson also bought a section before he went to Moa Flat. These later settlers were all 1861 and 1862 and, about the same time, Alex Donald, and Mary Mitchell, brothers and sister of W Mitchell, arrived from the North Island. They also, bought land at the Coast, although they did not settle there for some



time.

Donald went as mate with Mr W Aitcheson, sawing timber for Roalnds' house, also for W. Aitcheson's house, and another house for a couple who had arrived, Andrew Chapman, wife and child. He was first working about McNeills at the Ferry, then at Maitlands, then helping at farm work as like Mr Wright, he was an extra good man among stock, besides being a good ploughman. These people all needing houses made matters livelier all round, as there was more money in circulation.

There was another change slowly working, that was the Clutha trade. The coal that Mr. Lewis had opened up was now on the market and any vessel that called, if short of a load, would fill up with coal. The demand in Dunedin was not great but it was growing. Clutha potatoes were now known in Dunedin and were in demand. Healy was the man father first dealt with. **Captain Simpson**, one of the best men and one of the best sailors on the coast, was then captain and owner of *The Speck* a small schooner of about 25 tons registered, but could take about 30 tons. He and father were kindred spirits, and he made Mayfield his headquarters when at all possible, nearly always taking away a supply of milk for his crew, as they all shared alike, captain and crew.

Well! The captain and his wife being the most obliging of folks, the result was quite a new outlet for money, as the captain got all sorts of orders from the women folk. What he could not get, his wife got, so that dress and fancy goods became quite a favorite with all, but he was something more. I have described the steel mill. Father and he were discussing the problem when the captain suggested that he take some bags of wheat, get it ground at the Duncan's mill, and bring it back. That was the end of the steel mill at the bottom of the island. He took four bags of wheat from us and also some from the Darlings, until this was quite a branch of trade, with the result that Simpson bought another schooner, *The Pioneer*, so well known on the coast trade.

There were several events that were occurring that need to be noticed to keep the story complete. As I have said Andrew died in February 1860, that same year **James Robertson, Father's oldest sister's son arrived**. He was one of Father's shop boys in Charles street, Edinburgh, Scotland, and very much wanted to come with us, and was among the last we saw waving his hat on Leith Wharf. Father had arranged for his passage before Andrew took ill and had also arranged for **a box** of household stuff of a most wonderful variety, which came very shortly after Andrew's death because I know it was before harvest. Needless to say, our cousin's arrival was a great event for us youngsters, but I fancy the arrival of the box was just as great. I remember one outstanding feature of the box was a large stock of clogs, that is boots with wooden soles. There was a pair for all the older members of the family. I had a pair that lasted and were in good order for sliding at the time of the famous frost at the time of the Dunstan Rush, which was fixed firmly in our minds. Father had ordered many more than he needed and they were bought up quickly. Besides the clogs was a roll of blue flannel for shirts, also blue and white striped cotton for undershirts, and women's dress stuffs, such as could not be bought here at anything like the price. Father got as much stuff as paid for expense of the whole box. With other articles that I cannot name was a lot of books. The Misses Gilchrist, great friends of Father and Mother, sent eight lots of *Kitto's Daily Bible*, that proved a perfect treasure to all of us young folk. There were also extra lots of the Christian Treasury to add to what we had, these were very much appreciated. This was the first of the boxes, but by no means the last; in fact, they were continued until it was found that they were no saving.

School must have started very soon after this as I remember Mr. Grigor had a pair of clogs and that he wore them constantly all winter in the school.

Just about this time, the Clutha or Molyneux bar was receiving attention from the government. I am not sure whether it was the provincial or general, but the coal and potato trade was making it necessary, as only those who knew the bar could tackle it, and no insurance was granted either on vessel or cargo. The point of connection with us was the arrival at Mayfield of an old Edinburgh

friend, **Mr. McKay**. We did not even know he was in New Zealand. He was a carpenter and civil engineer, a combination now unknown and his business was to erect beacons, so that the channel could be followed, and also build the pilot station and house. This was a tremendous help to the shipping, as the pilot signaled when the bar was safe for entry or exit. Although this was a progress, it was not advanced enough to save one of J. Jones' schooners going ashore in command of Captain Stevens. Still as this was after Captain Simpson's death, the pilot station may have been there.

To come back to McKay's visit, as it meant a lot besides shipping, one thing I remember, we were nearly out of tea and he told us how to roast wheat and showed us how to grind it to make a very good substitute for coffee. We roasted the wheat in a camp oven until he could rub it to a powder with a bottle. The whole secret is just getting the correct brownness; it must not be burned or the flavor is spoiled, and it must not be too raw, or it tastes floury, like porridge, but when just right, it had a distinct flavor of coffee.

As we were nearly six months on it, we had any amount of practice at roasting and I liked it better than tea. Another matter he set in motion, the dressing of our grain depended on the wind. He got Father to make a set of fanners, the first in the Clutha district and, as he had no iron, it had all to be made of wood. McKay drew out the plans and sizes and got Father started and, as he came to Mayfield mostly on Saturdays, he supervised the work until he saw the fanners finished and working. The value of these fanners was priceless.

I remember Captain Stevens being at Mayfield with Captain C Hayward when the former was in command of *The Wild Wave*, of which he was immensely proud, and I remember it was through them that *The Wild Wave* was his reward for landing the old *Ann Jane* in safe quarters, and that would not have been the case had the Pilot not been there.

In **1861, Robina Smaill, daughter of Father's youngest brother William**, arrived in the "Pladda." She brought another box, not a large one, and I do not remember much about it. During the year two other arrivals came to the district. There were really three, and the last I should mention first. His name was an honourable one, Elphestone, no less that a son of Judge Elphestone of India. He landed somehow at Maitlands wanting to learn farming, especially sheep and cattle. Maitlands had no opening for him but they knew J. Wright wanted a young man, so he went there. He was a tall slender fellow, every inch a gentleman, but in some respects as simple as a child. I remember Mother happened to be down at the Wrights' one day (Mrs. Wright was confined at the time, which made matters worse ). Mother found poor Alex at the back door trying to get the pigs supper ready. He had boiled a pot of potatoes for them and was daintily lifting them out with a fork. She took in the situation at once, and said 'let me help you , you are not used to this kind of work', to which he said 'No; quit thankfully. She showed him how to tip the lot into a bucket, add the milk, stir in the other scraps and the thing was ready. 'Oh thank you so much, I can do the rest now', he said. After that he was Mother's slave, he would do anything for her. His simplicity, however, was only on the surface. One of Maitland's young fellows tried to rag him a bit. He quickly told him to stand out and, thinking he had a soft thing on, he did, but he was sent tumbling head over heels the first round, as Elphestone was every bit as smart with his fists as he was simple. No one tried it again. However, he did not stay long at Wrights, he got something better and will appear again.

Among the new institutions started in Dunedin, was a Labour Bureau, and from it Mr Wright got another young fellow. He was of a totally different type. He had been reared in some of the Homeland Charity Schools, but now one could ever get at his antecedents. He was a master at keeping his own council and was, on the whole, a good worker. Though knowing very little about farm work, he understood gardening, and all work of that class, so he soon picked up the farm work. His name was Robert Angus, otherwise Bob. He was destined to be a district character, certainly not on the moral side, but he kept out of gaol and died at Balclutha not long ago. Not long after this, Father got a young

fellow from the same place, Fred Fuell. He was to be a well known resident, he was a London boy, with no farm experience, but had been used to work about stables and understood horses. As we had only bullocks at that time, he horse experience was of little use. However, he was willing to learn, and very obliging and civil, and was soon a favourite and, for years Mayfield was his home.

With the help of J. Robertson and afterwards Fred Ruell, the farm was considerably extended. The best paying crop at this time was potatoes. Wheat cost too much to produce and market. As it took ¼ [one shilling and fourpence] to thrash and dress a bushel, instead of 1d or 2d [one penny or twopence] after the advent of the thrashing mill. Then after the advent of the thrashing mill, the harvest of 1860 was a fairly large one.

Charlie Smaill came on his second visit to Dunedin- his first visit was when the crops were green. I remember him looking at the oats with Father and saying how he would like to have a go at them with the scythe. Well! He came to have a go at the harvest. I forgot how many stacks we had but there were four or five. In those days they were built on stack bottoms, on piles two feet off the ground, with framing to suit, fifteen feet across. If properly thatched, there was no wet grain. The thatching rope, with twisted straw, was a fine art and it was a competition to see who could make the finest designs and finish. The giving up of this, I regard, as a great loss, but it would not fit with modern conditions.

Sometime in 1860, the Rolands must have arrived, they came to Maitlands' first, as they were townies and relations. They bought Davidson's place and at once started to enlarge the house. Willocks had the job and a fine work he made of it, and for years, it was one of the finest houses outside of Dunedin. The was one of the bright spots, but

There was another event that cast a gloom over the lower end of the district. The **drowning of Captain Simpson**, at Taieri mouth. Mother often asked him to bring Mrs. Simpson with him, as she had been helping the women so much in carrying out their commissions and they would like to meet her. So Mrs. Simpson, with her two young children, a boy and a girl, were at Mayfield, and as the Captain had been rather more than a week on the river and he always came to Mayfield at night, it had been a wonderfully bright time with gatherings, singing, and bright talk. He left in high spirits, expecting to be back soon. They called in at the Taieri for some cargo they had arranged to take, but in going in, he had noticed a change in the channel and as they would have a fairly heavy load coming out, he considered it safer to take soundings before going out. They also had some stuff for Taieri beach which they took in with them in the boat and going back they had a female passenger with them, Agnes Campbell, who had been at service and was going back to Dunedin. Since they considered there was no danger, she went with them. As far as I can understand, the soundings he wanted were on the other side he had to land the stuff on. The stuff was landed and the soundings made and if they had made straight back, all would have been well. But to make the trip more interesting and pleasant for their passenger, it was decided to cross over and up the other side. There were four in the boat; Peter Campbell the mate, and the one sailor Black Jones, the cook, was left in charge. All went well until they were near the other side, when they met much heavier seas than expected, with the result that they shipped a very heavy sea that nearly filled the boat and they started to bail out when a much heavier wave struck the boat capsizing it.

They were all thrown out, but as all but the girl could swim more or less, she sank first. She came up again and they got hold of her, but she was so far through that she died in their hands. They had drifted into fairly quiet water, so they managed to get the girl into the boat and Simpson took the line they had been sounding with and tied her to the thwarts of the boat, saying "whoever gets the boat will get her." Black Jack, by this time, had made for the shore and was nearly there when Simpson asked Peter what he intended doing. Peter said he would stick by the boat, as he could never swim to shore. Simpson said 'Alright, Jack is almost ashore, I will follow him and hurry the Geelong boat to come to your help', and with that he left. He was about half-way when he called to Peter, but Peter did not hear

what he said. He seemed like he was trying to come back when he disappeared and that was the last seen of him. His body was never found. Jack got the Geelong steamer that was, fortunately, beside the schooner to go for Peter, but he was over two hours in the water.

News, at that time, had to be brought by messenger, and I for who brought the message to Mrs Simpson. The blow was simply terrible in its suddenness and appalling in its results. Mrs Simpson was so overwhelmed and crushed that she was quite helpless. She wanted to be away to the scene and place of his death right away in the wild hope that something might be possible. At that time, McIntosh was running the mail (a spring cart that carried four or six.) He left Dunedin on Monday morning, got to Taieri Ferry that night, Balclutha about twelve o'clock on Tuesday, and brought the mail for Inchclutha to the school. He used to get there about two o'clock, started for Dunedin on Wednesday morning, so it could be Wednesday morning that they should have met the trap at the Cabbage Tree. But to be able to meet him, meant an early start from Mayfield, and as Mrs Simpson had two young children, the thing was unthinkable, so Dr. Williams arranged for and sent a conveyance, so that Mrs Simpson and Mother got to Pennydray that night (James Maitland's place). Mrs. Maitland was Dr. Williams' oldest daughter. Mrs. Simpson had been a servant at the doctor's for years before she married and was treated and regarded as a daughter rather than a servant. Their kindness and thoughtfulness towards her in her sore need, could not have been more thorough and kinder had she been a daughter. There were two unmarried girls, at that time, one was at Maitland's and she, with the other daughter went the first days journey to Taieri Ferry, where the other daughter came the night before to meet them and accompany Mrs Simpson to town the next day, all staying overnight at the Ferry. Mother was very pleased and relieved with the kindness showed to Mrs. Simpson and she said that they made her feel that Mrs. Simpson was with her own folk and felt the comfort of it. Mother returned the next day with one of the Miss Williams, leaving Mrs. Simpson in their care of the other So closed the event that the whole district felt in the nature of a personal loss.

We now come to 1860 a notable year for arrivals in the Clutha district, although I cannot place them in exact order, the Patersons must have come late in 1859, just before the Rolands. With the Rolands came the Petries, Fred Fuell arrived at Mayfield about that time. Mrs Wright tried his luck at the same time with Sandy Hastings, who sent him Bob Angus, a very different type. A stronger and more robust Scottish fellow about Fred's age, seventeen or eighteen. Bob had been used to market garden work and was a good hand with the spade, but rough and ready, as well as rough and tumble. He knew how to do everything, no matter whether he had ever seen or heard anything of the sort before, he would tackle it and make up some kind of report about it.

*[the writing here gets very hard to read, with the result that there will sometimes be gaps in the story]*

The reports were certainly original, and generally remarkable for the little truth in them. Such was Bob, as far as I know, he never went to gaol, but was never very far from the border line, he was a character. He was a great walker and used to come bounding up from Wright's any time during the day with some message, or to borrow something, that meant that Mr Wright was away somewhere and he was at once asked where Mr Wright had gone, but it made no difference to Bob.

I made mention before of Alex Elphestone being Mr Wright's cow boy, well: his father, Judge Elphestone of India, arrived from England with the rest of the family. There were Miss N, Tom and two younger misses, Alex, of course, joined them when arrived. They were from Hampshire, where they had an Estate. They brought two or three pure bred race horses, one Sir William, a pure Arab, and a Derby winner, the one the Judge always rode, besides several draughts, one an immense Suffolk Punch. Quite a herd of cows and bulls, Shorthorns, and Jerseys, of Guernseys, as they were then



called. Then Mr McGrigor, with his wife and two children, he was the gardener with a complete list of seed and grain, wheat, oats and potatoes. Then Robert Vincent, the groom, in charge of the stock. They all landed at the Crescent first. It happened that the owner of the Crescent, David Lane, with his mate David Dunlop, had not long before this started sawing in the Balloon bush. It was a bit of luck for old David, as he sold for a good figure, that is as land then sold, but not the figure that land afterwards reached. It was not long before the Elphestone's took possession and a fever of activity unknown before took place. The different members of the party were billeted at the different farms. The old gentleman and his three daughters lodged with the Darlings, Tom his second son, getting his meals with them. Albert Pillans, then was lodging with us at the time, got the job of General Manager on the farm and often joined them at meals to discuss matters. The McGrigor family lodged with us. David Lane and Dunlop built a hut which the men working on the place managed to sleep in. Robert Vincent, being mostly in charge. Roland's had been the first of what may be called an organized farm, all the other had started as best they could, anything like system with their means was impossible. Rolands were less partial.

Elphestone started out with a full front, ploughing, clearing, house building, stable-building, fencing and gardening rations. The animals they brought with them almost compelled such a force and it created quite a new development in the district and farming was really never the same afterward's. Such a fillip was given to stock rearing with the advent of so many new breeds of horses, cattle and pigs. There was the heavy draught, Suffolk Punch, the pure bred trap racer, the Shorthorn and Jersey cattle and the Berkshire pigs, the first of their kind in the district, cows, sows and horses being brought from far and near, which soon meant an increase growth in the value of all the stock. This has always convinced me that, if the Government would only export *for hire* the highest class bulls, the value of the dairy hers could be doubled in a very short time. Testing, without improved breeding, is a slow game, both are needed, but breeding first. This I have proved. So much for the Spring of that year.

Crops were in and there was a great and general change in the district. Rolands had their house and barn built, the barn being used as a Church on Sundays. [A large barn was built in the Mayfield area which was used as shelter for crops and then as a church on Sundays. Mr. Bannerman preached there once a month, which meant no more long walks to the head of the island to Andersons for church. This was truly a God-send and as more folks were arriving both Wesleyans, and Episcopalians, each using the barn, with the results that we had a service nearly every Sunday, ultimately every Sunday and also a Sunday School class. So much for the helpful use of the barn.

At Mayfield, the farm had been the most extended and the harvest the largest we had stacked, there being a dozen round stacks. Square stacks being then unknown.

We always did our own thrashing, but this year, for the first time, John Steward and James Dallas, came round asking for Thrashing. They were really forerunners of the Thrashing Mill. I remember mother had to consider the matter, as there was a lot of thrashing to do, and it could not be done all at once. The men seemed decent fellows. We had no barn, only the Futter, consisting of a roof, with the sides partly filled in, with a thrashing floor at one end, where the grain could be gathered up, on this floor was also a set of fanners Father had just finished making. The result of the conference was an agreement to thrash at so much a bushel. Father was to help with the winnowing of the wheat every night and it was quite an after tea event while it lasted. James Dallas was the businessman for both, as he was something of a scholar, having been a schoolteacher in Scotland. Stewart was a go-ahead worker. The one end of the Futter could hold one stack, which lasted them a week including the day filling the Futter, which was an all hand job, generally on Saturday afternoon. They had 1/- [one shilling] a bushel and the two averaged 8/- [eight shillings] per day being which, at that time, was considered tradesman's wages, 6/- per day being labourer's wages. As they helped with the winnowing the Futter, besides helping to pile the straw, they got a little extra. That was last season of the flail

thrashing. We had a thrashing mill installed by the next season.

This must have been about May of 1861 and, as soon as we were getting so near the great upheaval in June, I will take a general look around noting the settlement generally, when the diggings changed nearly everything, or to be more accurate, changed customs, occupations, and conditions.

As I have already said, 1860 was a marked year of arrivals. The leading families I have noted. But there were others that came to be notable residents. There were the Rolands who bought the Gask Farm from Mr Davidson, the Willocks, Anderson, Aitchesons, Mrs W Mitchell (a servant of the Maitlands, who came with them), Pillans, Mr Ferguson, The Darlings and ourselves, all Edinburgh folk. The school master, with his two brothers and two sisters, were also townies. These all belonged to 1858 and before.

1859 brought the Campbell family who settled in Wangaloa, making the third settler, then the Boyds, Mrs Boyd being a Haggart and a fourth. In 1850 the three Mitchells, two brothers and a sister of W Mitchell, took up land at Wangaloa, but did not settle on it, taking work in the Clutha District instead. Donald went pit sawing with W Aitcheson for quite a time in fact, until he married. Mary Mitchell went as servant to the Roland's. About the same time, three young fellows came with the Grassmere, James Park, a nephew of Mrs Darling, Robert Frankland, and Robert Byers. Frankland went to the Rolands and Byers to the Maitlands as gardeners, until the Crescent was let. Shortly after this, the two Walsh brothers and sister arrived, John went to Darlings, his sister to W Aitcheson who had moved to Kaitangata bush, not far from Lovells Camp, he had his headquarters with the Maoris at Lovells, Andre Chapman, who had been some years with the Willocks, took up land in Kaitangata, where the present dairy factory stands and built the house which is still there. He was the first settler in Kaitangata town. This, then is roughly how matters stood just before June 1861. There were two or three families at Coal Point where Mr Lewis was working the coal. The Geelong used to come up for it, also the schooners when short of other cargo. The rush of work at the Balloon had been overtaken. Houses were built and finished and all had taken up their quarters for some time, and they got Ferguson's portable horse thrashing mill to do their first thrashing.

We will return to Mayfield when the first news of the [gold] diggings came. The threshing was in full swing and, when the first word came, there was general doubt about many things. The two thrashers, first thought thrashing was safer and surer so they would finish, but reports came high and fast and the excitement was plainly felt, a good deal more so than war time while of a different nature. The excitement was more urgent. Father was the first to make a move. I had a notion he would be the first. He had a swag made up, but not in the orthodox style by any means. Such were unknown by then. We put him across the river and he started off with his heavy swag, with over a weeks supply of food, blankets, some spare clothes, also some tools, and I thought it was a considerable adventure going off on such a tramp.

He called first at Maitlands. It was after dinner when he started, as he would be there between three and four o'clock. I do not know all that happened but George Maitland would go with him. That was settled, and they must have some conveyance, but that would just be tomorrow. Father decided to go on to Smith. Although this was never mentioned, I fancy it was in Father's mind from the start. He stayed at Smiths for the night and, by morning, it was arranged that Peter and Joseph would also go with him, George Maitland joined them in the morning. I do not know what conveyance they had, but feel certain it was a bullock dray and that George was the chief driver. James Alexander went also to bring the team back. They were the first party from this district. This was, I think, the first trip of Jamie Alexander's who became known as Alexander and Webster, Digging Transport Firm and did a considerable business between Dunedin, Milton, Clutha and the diggings. They were both working at Maitlands when the diggings started.

Father's big swag came in more than handy, as he had a big calico tent that Mother and Aggie had

made. It was the only one on the job and was big enough to hold them all and was dubbed 'the hotel and well it upheld the name, as all the strays and stranded of the district found it'. W. Smaill of Summerhill, often saying was never more thankful when he found himself inside that tent and Father handing him a pannikin of tea and some of his own baked bread. As food could not be bought at that time, Father had some flour sent from home and shared it at a price. So much for the big tent and a big heart. Father was the center of good cheer amid wild surroundings.

A few days after Father left another party got under way, I am not sure who all went together and got together on the way, but Mr Darling, Mr James Frazer, Mr Dawson, and I think, Tom Johnstone. On their first night's camp, they met Davie McIntyre, with Manso's bullock team and dray and, as James Frazer knew him well, they all camped together, and got their swags on the dray for the rest of the way. Needless to say, this was a god-send, although the help was not all on one side, as the roads were unmade and all the bands on the wheels on the wheels were not uncommon over a soft or steep pinch, the ferment they left behind grew daily more intense. Our thrashing men could hardly finish the job, Jack Stewart was for being off right away. The Campbells and some of the Haggarts had left Wangaloa and, I think, Andrew Chapman went with them. Matters came to a head at Mayfield when Mr Frazer returned with all the news of Gabriel's Gully, and with special instructions from Father, as to what stuff to bring, and how to bring it. Mr Dawson returned with him, with instructions for the Darlings. The Frazer's chief business was to get timber and dress it ready to nail together for sluice boxes, also flour and other provisions which were to be taken with our three bullocks and sledge. The three bullocks to go as far as the top of Mt Stuart, when one of them was to be brought home. Jamie was to go that far with the team and Fred Fuell was to take the team from there. Such were Father's instructions. Mr Dawson and Mr Dalring had one bullock each, Dawson was to get Darling's Tom. Mr Dawson called at the Darlings on his way home with Mr Darling's message. Mrs Darling confided to Mother that she did not think Mr Darling intended to stay long, as along with some other things, he had sent his pillow. I fancy Dawson must have pinched it for a seat, as Mr Darling did not return so very soon.

What happened when Mr Dawson came for Tom, the bullock, deserves telling about, as it shows several things. Mr Dawson turned up one forenoon with his bullocks on the other side of the river, cooed that he wanted Tom brought over, which meant swimming him, which needs both strength and nerve. As there were no men about the place, all being away one road or another, could he not come over and give them a hand? 'No', he could not leave his bullock, as it might clear out home, and that would mean a loss of two days. He would not risk it. Well, there was only Jeannie Darling and her mother to tackle the job. Under the conditions they would have been more than justified had they told him that neither would they risk it. However, Jeannie was a first class boatman and she decided, with her mother, holding the bullock, she could do it. Mrs Darling was by no means so sanguine, but Jeannie carried her point. A little above the stockyard, was a short beach where the younger ones led Tom into the water, quietly at first, until he was well up to the ribs, when he was given a smack and a jab and he was into deep water and swimming. This was just the pinch of the job, as a heavy animal is a dead weight to shift and they do their utmost to regain their footing, but Jeannie managed to pull him off and Mrs Darling to hold him until they got him underway, then they felt they were masters and were able to land him safely. A record any two strong men could feel proud of, but for two women of their strength, it was a miracle of pluck. This was told to me by Mrs Welsh (Jeannie Darling) afterwards.

I don't know who all made up the party from Darlings, but John Welsh was one, and there were several from the Gask, as there was a big clearing out, but I must return to Mayfield, where there were plenty of men on the job. The two thrashers had decided to join up and John Stewart was the life and soul of the party. He was singing all sorts of songs, a thing I fancy he had not done since leaving the Old Country. The bullocks were put across, the sledge and all the stuff loaded up and they started. One of the bullocks was inclined to jib, as the load was heave. The Stewart took charge and showed he was

a born driver, as between singing and coaxing and a judicious use of the bullock whip he got the team under way. He kept up until the top of Mt Stuart was reached when they had a feed and a spell.

Let us look at the party. Mr J Frazer, Fred Fuell, J. Robertson, Bob Angus, with James to bring back the third bullock, Fuell to take on the team, John Stewart and James Dallas. They had the good luck to have a beautiful day, Jamie said that, as far as he went, it was like a picnic party, he sang some of John Stewart's songs for weeks afterwards.

On Mayfield, Jamie was the oldest male left. At Darling's there were two James, James Park and James Darling. Mrs Wright, W Mitchell, Donald and Alex Mitchell, Tommy Marsh, Michael Muir and W Carson, were all away by this time. Then Mr Grigor, Mr Petrie, and all the Rolands except, Mr Roland, and all Elphestone who went later. The only man left was Mr Robert Vincent, who had to look after the stock that had been brought from the Old Country. Such was the cleaning up of the first rush. After this stragglers began to drop back home.

What started after this forms a new order of things. At Kaitangata, which had now become quite a shipping port 'The Pioneer', now under Captain Paton 'The Speck' with Captain Jamie Grieve 'The Nora' with Captain C Maynard, and the Geelong Steamer were the first boats on the trade and, as teams were now steadily on the road, there was always one or more vessels unloading or picking up back cargo. This lasted until 1862 when a new development took place, the Clutha was declared Port of Entry. A pilot who had been placed at Port Molyneaux, at the Pilot Station built by MacKay, came into great requisition and was a help to those now to the Port.

There was a Customhouse Officer at Kaitangata, also a Constable just before these Officers of the Law came, De Costa, a Frenchman, with his wife, known as madam had opened a grog shanty in a big tent. That provided plenty of occupation for the new policeman. As this man had no license and could not get one until a fitting house was built, in that line things lively. Of course, there was no bar, or any regular place of sale now the policeman had come, although before his arrival, the business was quite established and going strong. Cabden was a sergeant and had evidently been instructed how to act, and had been given considerable discretionary powers, as legally he could have confiscated the whole stock and trade, which he did not do, but made them toe the line in an orderly business. I think they had to act under some form of permit. However, the business went on and in due time, a hotel was built and duly licensed.

This Frenchman was the Captain and owner of a cutter of between twenty and thirty tons. He had come from Fiji where, it was rumoured, he had been in the black-birding line, so soon as Madam was established, he left to trade with his cutter, he used to go to Sydney. He was the first Overseas boat to come to Kaitangata.

The Pilot from Hobart town, arrived while the cutter was still in Kaitangata. This was the largest vessel that had come to Kaitangata, and in fact, held the record, she was well over 100 tons. The 'Mount Alexander' that came from Melbourne shortly afterwards was some tons less. The Pilot was under Captain Brown, the cargo being potatoes as these could not be stored or driven away, a store was built with Hobart town splits that had been brought for the purpose. This was all correct according to plan, but the human element had been left out, and remained out, with exception of Captain Brown and First Mate Wetherstone, and The Steward. These three were left in sole charge to build the store and unload the boat. Other help could only be had in a spasmodic sort of way when carts or wagons came for loads, so 'The Pilot' was some months in Kaitangata before the store was built and the cargo stored. A crew was got together to take her back un Mr Wetherstone, leaving Captain Brown in charge of the store. She was a very short time away, until she was back with another cargo. In the meantime, 'Mount Alexander' turned up and a big part of her crew left her, but not enough to hold her up altogether, so that she got away in reasonable time. She came to Port Molyneax again, but not to Kaitangata. 'The Pilot's' second trip was the last Overseas' large boat to come to Kaitangata, as



the road from Port Molyneaux to Balclutha had been made, and was a much shorter road to the Dunstan Diggings which were now in full swing.

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Transcriber's note -- *William Smaill, grandson of Agnes Archibald (wife of James), son of Christina Archibald (wife of Andrew Smaill) did a remarkable record with this journal of an extended family in pioneering efforts. The sharing of shelter in the Maori whare and their cooperative effort in house building, gatherings of singing and spiritual meetings, were something that modern families, in modern times could practice for good. While the restoration of the gospel was in transition, these families were true pioneers, doing great for where they were and what they were doing.*

-- MLA

STRATHALLEN to NEW ZEALAND from SCOTLAND

Webpage: <<http://www.geocities.com/foleynz/strathallen>> (no longer available)

transcribed by Marlene Foley

SHIPPING NEWS

Arrived

January 8 - *Strathallen*, 551 tons, Todd, from Leith, with 2100 pieces of flooring boards, 32 boxes tobacco pipes, 1 trunk apparel, 8 bales bags, 2 ditto woolpackes, 1 package ploughhandles, 3 cases books, 1 bale twine, 1 case saddlery, 2 cases ploughs, 4 hhds whiskey, 4 qr. casks brandy, 13 1/2 barrels herrings, 2 casks blacking, 239 bars, 32 bundles lump iron, 1 ton holloware, iron graphel, 1 anchor, 50 stove backs, 7 bags nails, 11 boxes, 18 bales, 21 cases, 13 casks, 16 bundles and 1 package.

Cabin: Rev Mr Mc Neal, Mr J L Johnston.

Steerage: W Aitken wife and 3 children, Janet Armit, George Adams, wife and 2 children, Richard Burns, wife and 3 children, Jas Buttars, wife and 3 children, F.T Blackwood, wife and 3 children, Henry Bruce, George, John William and Mary Cossar, Jessie Campbell, W Campbell, wife and grandson, Harriette, Anne and William Campbell, Mrs and William and Edward Couston, Mrs Donaldson, David Christie and wife and 2 children, Kenneth Cameron wife and 2 children, and Margaret Cameron, John Darling wife and 4 children and Jane Darling, Charles, Catherine, Catherine C and William Kent Douglas, David and Anne Forsyth, Alexander and Adam Falconer, William Gray wife and 5 children, and David and William Gray, Margaret Duff, Mary Bond Gardener, John Gillies wife and 4 children, Alexander Haig wife and 1 child, Alexander Henderson wife and 4 children, David, Anne and Christina Henderson, Janet and Anne Hastie, Andrew Haldane wife and 6 children, James Hood wife and 4 children, and James and Jane Hood, Christina Hynd, Agnes Hawley, Thomas, Janet, Jane, William, Thomas, and James Inglis, William Lawson, George Matheson, Peter and Helen Lothian, Margaret Lochead, High McIntosh, Janet Marr, Alexander McCullough, Donald Mackerchar wife and 2 children, and Donald, Christina, James, and John Mackerchar, Mary McPherson, Colin MacDonald, William MacHardy wife and 2 children, Christina McGregor, Jessie McKean, John Noble wife and 3 children, John Paterson wife and 2 children, George Lyndsay Paton, William Rankin, Thomas Robertson wife and 3 children, Arthur Renwick wife and 3 children, Mathew, Mary, Mathew G, and Jean Coats Scott, Walter Simpson wife and 6 children, David Sandsman wife and 2 children, C Shepherd, **Andrew Smaill wife and 6 children, and Agnes Archibald and Fanny Smaill**, Isabel Wright, Alexander Wilson wife and 6 children, and Thomas and Euphemia Wilson, William Hutton wife and 3 children, James Cherry, A Illingworth, Charles Smail wife and 4 children and Isabel, William, Charles and Samuel Smail, James Riddle wife and child, Alexander McDonald, Robert Mercer, William McLean wife and 3 children, John Kae wife and 3 children, and Agnes and William Kae, Henry Fadzakerly wife and 4 children, and Margaret Fadzakerly, Robert Millar wife and 2 children, T Aitken, J Muirhead wife and 3 children, D Henderson, Andrew Simpson, Margaret Deane, Elizabeth Wallace, Jane Brydon, William Dawson, William Henderson wife and 3 children, Agnes Wilson, John Finlay, George Riddle, William Johnstone wife and 4 children, and Elizabeth and Jane Johnston, Arhibald Currie wife and 4 children.

Strathallen

Transcribed by Marlene Foley.
Extract taken from the Otago Witness
January 1858

THE OTAGO WITNESS

Saturday January 16, 1858

We have to welcome the immigrants by the *Strathallen* which arrived in this Port on Friday last, bringing 289 passengers. She left Leith on Sunday the 4th of October, and had a fine passage of 79 days from land to land, and landed her passengers on the 100th day from leaving the Leith docks. The voyage was, we understand, a very agreeable one. We have to regret the death of one adult and several children, the latter being chiefly infants born on the voyage. The ship was plentifully and well found, and the passengers were much indebted to Mr Greene, the chief officer, to whose hands the management of the ship chiefly devolved for his considerate attention. We regret to hear that the conduct of the Captain was not such as could be desired, but any deficiencies on his part were fully made up by the conduct of his subordinates. It is satisfactory to know that the conduct of Mr Greene, the chief officer, has met with its due reward, that gentleman having conceded to the command of the vessel, the captain having resigned his charge.

The immigrants by this vessel are almost entirely assisted passengers under the Government regulations, and a very large portion of them are friends and relatives of persons settled in Otago. There are but two cabin passengers. The arrival of this supply of labour is most opportune and will enable the various Road Boards and the Government to carry on public works with vigour, upon which numbers have already found employment. It will also remove any doubts which were entertained of there being a sufficiency of hands to gather harvest, but we cannot help again expressing a doubt whether Mr Adam is not rather over-doing the business by suppling ships at the rate which is reported, as by the time of the arrival of the next two ships 10,000 pounds of 20,000 will have been expended. In this matter, however, we trust that our fears may be unfounded. There can be no doubt that the sources of occupation in a new country such as Otago, with an abundance of land at a cheap rate, are almost unlimited; but we should like to see more cabin passengers, and a larger supply of capital, to promote the development of the resources of the Provinces.

To those who have lately arrived, it is perhaps as well to give a little advice as we have observed that various attempts have already been made to stir up a spirit of discontent. The object of this movement is not to make them dissatisfied with the country, but to excite a prejudice against the Government. Our new friends should understand that this is only an attempt to create a little political capital, and take the information so given for what it is worth. Their object should be at once to get into the country, and leave politics and such matters alone until they understand the true bearing of public affairs, which they will assuredly do in time and from experience.

Many good situations may be obtained in the country,- or they should at once set to work at

some remunerative employment, plenty of which may at present be obtained on the roads; and to even those with some capital at their command, this would also be a prudent course, (and we have been in Otago from the arrival of the first settlers) that those persons of the labouring class who have succeeded here, and who are now substantial yeomen farming their own freeholds, were those who remained longest in the labour market, and prudently invested their savings, until they had acquired a sufficient capital to buy land and work it advantageously.

At this moment there is a fine opening to industrious steady men in supplying the town with firewood, which is now some 26s per cord. We have no doubt that a very excellent thing might be made of saving by those who are at all qualified for that species of work. We believe a pair of good hands can cut from 700 to 1000 feet per week, which at present prices, would give a handsome remuneration. But we must state our conviction that the prices of everything in Otago at this moment are at an unhealthy height, and that therefore a reduction is to be looked for. In confirmation of this remark we may refer our readers to the market prices of all the other Provinces of New Zealand, from which it will be seen that the rates of wages, the price of flour, and all species of merchandise are higher in Otago than in either of the other Provinces.

To those who may be about to purchase land and to go into the country, it would be out of place for us to recommend any particular district; it will be sufficient to say that they will find good land in all. In the older settled portions of the Province such as the Tiori or Tokomairiro, of course it is more difficult to be obtained than in the less thickly inhabited districts; but the former have the usual advantages of age in having schools, churches, and something of an approach to roads. There are other districts in which these advantages are to be met with, and efforts are being made to supply these essentials to civilisation in all the more thickly settled places. We would, however, press upon the consideration of all our previously expressed remarks not to be too hasty in their endeavours to settle down, but rather to acquire experience.

With these few remarks of advice, we have again to welcome the new comers, and to wish them every success in their new homes.

EXTRACT: TAKEN FROM "NEW ZEALAND SHIPWRECKS & TRAGEDIES"

When the *Strathallen* arrived in Otago in 1858, after a voyage on which her master, Captain John Todd spent most of his time rip-roaring drunk, the whole crew struck and was imprisoned for its common sense.

**PERMISSION TO USE ARCHIBALD and SMAILL PHOTOS and DOCUMENTS from
EARLY SETTLERS MUSEUM in OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND**

24 October 2012

<jhaley@dcc.govt.nz> wrote to Trish McWatters:

Dear Trish

Thank you for your email. Your cousin (Lana Archibald) is welcome to use the photograph of Christina Smaill in her family history with the provision that should it be published for profit, she would need to apply to the museum for permission and there might possibly be a charge. For publications which aren't for profit, there is no charge.

The copies of William Smaill's reminiscences that were made in the 1960s have no copyright issues for the museum and can be used however you would like to use them.

I hope this information answers your questions.

Sincerely

Jill

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**PERMISSION TO USE IMAGES FROM ALBERT RUSSELL's WEBSITE HOOD FAMILY HISTORY**

<http://www.hoodfamily.info/>

**From:** Lana Archibald <lane\_a2000@yahoo.com>

**To:** Albert Russell <albrussell666@btinternet.com>

**Sent:** Wednesday, 12 September 2012, 4:04

**Subject:** Re: Permission to use info from your Scottish Coalmining site

Thank you for granting permission to use your maps. Can we use the coalmining illustrations, too?

Thanks,

**Lana Archibald**

**From:** Albert Russell <albrussell666@btinternet.com>

**To:** Lana Archibald <lane\_a2000@yahoo.com>

**Sent:** Wednesday, September 12, 2012 9:34 AM

**Subject:** Re: Permission to use info from your Scottish Coalmining site

Lana,

they are fine to use as they are from the original 1842 report so the copyright expired a long time ago (I think it's 80 years from the publication date). You can see a PDF of it using this link

<http://books.google.co.uk/books?id=TS1vx7eHjUkC&ots=jllrb0zZxW&dq=franks%20commission%20coalmining&pg=PA54#v=onepage&q=franks%20commission%20coalmining&f=false>

If you want I can cutout the illustrations you need at a good quality so you can paste them in to whatever you are doing.

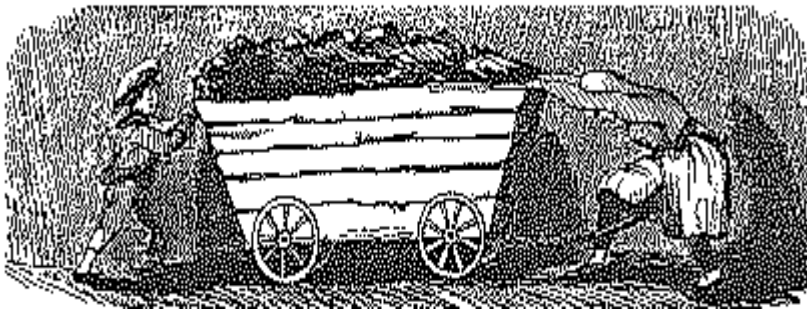
Albert

# James Archibald

*Short version – Campfire Story  
by Lana Archibald*

Before coal was discovered in Scotland, wood was the primary fuel source. They didn't have electricity. Coal burns hot and long, which made it possible for factories to be built and machines to be run. Coal became like "black gold" to their country. At first the coal was near the surface of the ground and was easy to dig out. Many people went to work for the coal companies to earn money for their families. But as the tunnels went deeper and deeper into the earth, the coal became harder and harder to get to. The tunnels sometimes flooded with water, drowning the workers. Sometimes a poisonous gas from deep underground would fill the tunnel. Some workers kept a canary in a cage with them so they could be warned if the air became poisonous -- the bird would suddenly die; *and so would they if they didn't get out quickly!* Sometimes the tunnels or stairways collapsed, killing the workers below. It was dangerous work and people didn't want to do it anymore. They wanted to go find jobs somewhere else instead. In 1606 when the Scottish Parliament realized they were losing workers in the coal mines and there wouldn't be enough coal to keep the factories and cities going, they passed a law that said the workers could not leave. They belonged to the coal companies. So for 193 years the coal miners and their families were slaves.

This is James Archibald's story. He did not write it, but I have written it as if he had, based on what I have learned about his life -- Lana



I was a coalminer and I came from a long line of coalminers. I was born in Coalpit, Midlothian, Scotland in 1789. My family had been mining coal for companies for over a hundred years.

I never knew any different.

We began working in the dark mines from the time we were little children, to help bring in enough money to keep food on the table. Oftentimes we would get out of bed before the sun came up, eat a quick bowl of porridge, then walk down into the black mine. When we finished working, the sun had gone down and it was night. We trudged home in the dark, ate a quick meal and fell asleep, only to repeat the same thing again the next day. There were many days we never saw the sun at all.

When I had a family of my own, even my wife and sons and daughters went to work in the mines with me – some as soon as they were 8 years old.

You might ask, why didn't we leave to find another job? We couldn't. At that time the laws were such that the coalminers belonged to the companies they worked for. They owned us, just as slaves belonged to their plantation owners. When we had a baby, the company would give us a little extra money, on condition that we sell the baby into the business as well. It was a no-win situation.

It was hard, back-breaking dirty work. Most of us didn't expect to live past our 40s or 50s. If we weren't injured in a mining accident, we died from Black Lung disease, which was caused by all the black dust we breathed in.

We owned no home. We just lived in a small set of rooms, which were part of a long rowhouse owned by the coal company.

Many of our children died when they were very little, from disease or accidents. We had much sadness and it was a miserable life.

Nevertheless, we tried to raise our children to be good men and women. And we believed in God. We prayed to Him for strength and endurance for the life we had to live. And we had faith that a better life was waiting for us when we left this earth.

Our families (the coalmining families) had not always been allowed to attend meetings at the local parish church. We were considered dirty and loathsome people by those who never worked in the pits. Our Archibald ancestors had been part of a group of miners that petitioned the clergy to allow them to attend church meetings. Permission was granted on condition that the, the miners themselves, would build a balcony over the main chapel, with an outside entrance. We had to come in after the other parishioners did, and leave before the meeting was over, so that they wouldn't have to look at us.

About 1840 the government became embarrassed about how the miners were being treated and began to pass laws that gave us the freedom to leave the coalmining companies and find work elsewhere. Some of the workers did, but times were hard everywhere and I didn't know any other work to do.

It was in the 1840s when Mormon missionaries first came to our area and we heard the true gospel for the first time. My daughters Agnes and Jessie and my sons Robert and Thomas joined the LDS church and were baptized. They wanted to take their families and go to America to be with the rest of the Latter-Day Saints, but it took a long time to earn enough money to pay for the trip. Thomas died from the Black Lung disease before they could go, but his widow Elizabeth and their kids, along with Robert, Jessie and Agnes' families, went to America. I couldn't go. I was too old and sick by that time.

I died from Black Lung disease and was buried in Scotland, never to see my children again until the next life. But I am so glad they were able to have a better life than I did.

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