

his own trade and that I must say he knew well, so far as to make the sale of his bread pay better than any other similar establishment . . . I could see his strong propensities for drinking would be his sure ruin. He seldom attended to more than half of his orders . . . his wife, a fat lady, very good natured was as ignorant as himself, and might class with the rank of washerwoman, fond of gin, gossip, and good living – This pair . . . had a most enormous family, and what is rather amusing all girls but one . . . To hear the chattering of these she tigers, would astonish the gravest . . . Their parents swearing at them from morning till night – The extravagance in this family knew no limits . . . Mr. Christison let part of his premises to a gentleman . . . John Henry Warren, a Bookbinder, the only one of that business in Wellington. Warren was a gentleman who had seen better days and who Peter had led on to drink till at last they went hand in hand with their ‘bouts’ and seemed but to live for one another – Warren boarded with Christison, who took every advantage of the excessive good nature and kindness of his tenant and boarder . . . To commence however with my own history in the ‘Baking line’ –

‘Weel’ Roeburt, my boooley. I’ll gie, ye mair nor that man guid ye,’ and he kept his word by first offering me six, but made it seven shillings per week – with an excellent living plenty of beer and gin! and a bed in the bake house that . . . far surpasses in nastiness, filth, vermin, rags and darkness the tween decks of the ‘Ariel’ My days work was in general much the same; one day will suffice. I am snoozing in my bed in the Bakehouse where the Seabreezes, and Spray of the Sea is dashing over me at full tide – Christison enters the bakehouse about three o’clock in the morning, and I turn out of bed – We commence to make the dough for the bread and light the fires which job takes half an hour – The oven being full of wood and so dry that a spark of fire sets it soon in flames. Christison then turns into bed again and I could have done the same, but I never liked to do so. I generally lit my pipe and lay down on the Baking dressers enjoying the heat of the oven and yarning with a fellow baker in Christison’s employ. The mornings at Wellington are frequently most bitterly cold and frosty. At 6 o.c. We called Christison . . . and then we proceed to weigh the dough of for about two hundred loaves . . . and by nine o.c. they are all shaped and put in the oven. We then went into the Parlour and had breakfast after which I cleaned myself and got the wheelbarrow, loaded with loaves and delivered bread to our customers for a mile or so in one direction – returned home and had dinner – and took out a load in another direction and lastly went up with a basket of bread to Wellington Terrace for a mile and a half. I purchased the yeast daily at the Wellington Brewery . . . Underneath is a sketch taken by a friend of mine as I delivered bread in the streets of Wellington; observe the yeast can