

Many a joke on this subject they had at my expense after that. What would the townsmen of St. Monance Fifeshire think . . . if they witnessed our sport . . .

“ . . . for the last two weeks I was on the farm we were employed making a cart road through the bush, and hard work it is, cutting through the rocks, and at last after much work with the pick mattock, shovel tearing up trees, making bridges, we completed nearly two miles of a good passable road – Sometimes we were employed for days burning the forest the most disagreeable job I think in the bush, returning home worse than so many chimney sweeps. Such is the short outline of my first experience in the New Zealand Bush. I here give a sketch of my first employers, who are enjoying themselves in Kenedy’s Nelson Hotel, on Saturday. The darkie represents Hogan, the old man’s son in law and the one with the jug of beer, Bill Barnes. In conclusion I could not get very fat on five shillings a week! and as the winter was about commencing I left Barnes’ and after seeing Peter Christison, I managed to work for him as a baker for a change –”



–“Peter Christison was a very tall and stout man. He had been in America, London, and Australia, and had made a considerable amount of money. He was considered one of the best bakers in the settlement, But a most eccentric old fiddle and stupid ass was he. Like old Barnes he appeared to know nothing about anything else in the world except