

**Lot 34. Harold Bullock Webster**



THE CLOSE OF THE HUNTING SEASON. by H. B. W.

SATURDAY was the last "hunting day" of the Pakuranga Hunt Club, though there are, I hear, to be three or four drag hunts, which doubtless are extremely popular with certain hard-riding gentlemen who ride, or ought to ride, with a spare neck in their pocket, and are utterly regardless of their horses' knees, — hunt solely with a view to galloping and jumping, and consider the pursuit of poor pus too tame an amusement altogether. But I think that all true sportsmen will agree with me that that is not "hunting," or in any way to be compared to the delight of watching hounds work, and listening to that sweetest of all music when the pack stream away with a good scent. It puts new life into one, and makes one feel a new man, or, as I once heard a straight-goer say, "half-a-dozen men rolled into one."

Now, let's "hark back" to this "last day" we're trying to chronicle. Mr. McLaughlin's gate, Papatoetoe, is the fixture, and the morning looks—well, doubtful, to say the least of it. Just one of those muggy showery morns, that may turn out anything, and make a man doubtful about putting on his best boots and breeches, and asks the advice of his household as to the advisability of taking a waterproof, which advice, of course, he doesn't take, unless it coincides with his own opinion. It's a curious fact that nine men out of ten will ask the advice of a friend—generally giving their own ideas on the subject first—and should the friend agree with them, they say "Very longheaded shrewd fellow so and so, etc.;" but should he happen to differ with them, they say, "Oh, he don't know anything about it, anyhow," and go their own way rejoicing. Jogging on to cover, I notice that water-proofs are the order of the day in most cases, the owners of them prophesying rain while those who were without looked hopefully to windward and thought it would blow over or affirmed that they didn't mind a ducking, rather liked it in fact, "does one no harm on horseback, always moving, don't cher know." By the time we reach Otahuhu the drizzle changes to a regular downpour, and the happy owners of water-proofs turn up their collars and smile, while the unfortunates who "don't mind getting wet" try to smile too and to look as if they liked it; though its very difficult to appear happy and contented under the circumstances. We abuse the climate and canter on, as we're late, and arrive steaming at the "gate."

There are about twenty people there trying to get shelter under the pines, among the many ladies who, though wet through, look great deal happier than the men. Ladies who hunt seem to care less for rain than the sterner sex, and a fair one will tell you smilingly that she's soaked through, and seems quite cheerful about it, while the man scowls and growls, and curses his folly for not having brought a coat. "What day!"—"I am so wet!"—"Wish I hadn't come!" are the remarks one hears on all sides, while a few sanguine ones say it's only a shower, and prophesy a splendid scene. We all feel relieved when the master gives the word to move on—"Come away, hounds!" and the beauties (I mean the hounds, you know) shake themselves, and look an eager for the fun, and a great deal "fitter" than they did on the opening day. "Wheat, wheat," as we splash through the muddy paddock, eager youngsters pressing forward to get a good start, utterly regardless of the mud they favour those they pass with, and even the fair sex get their share of splashing, and many rueful glances are cast at mud-bespattered skirts. But now we are out of it and on to the scoria. Ye gods what a stony country! Stone everywhere of all shapes and sizes, and not a hundred yards of even surface anywhere. Ye swells of Leicestershire, with your 300 guinea hunters, this would turn your hair grey, and drive your stud groom distracted. "Hold up, horse," as we slither down a gully, like the stone steps of St. Paul's, and up a jagged slab of scoria the other side. Then a wall with the usual accompaniment of stones to take off on and stones to land on. The rain stops now, and a jump will warrant one. Over they go! Some jumping closely others rushing; some sending top stones flying, and a few refusing, but after some coaxing and "you follow me-ing," and "I'll give you a lead-ing," all get over; across the railway line into more scoria. Hound feater a bit here, but puss is evident! away. So another wall—a rasper this time—is negotiated, but still no hare. So on round the hill, and over more walls, horses getting warm now and jumping well, and the ladies "topping the stones" in a style that would do credit to a crack pack in the shire. The sun now struggles out, and then a burst of melody proclaims a find, and away we rattle over the stones. Verily, the New Zealand horses must have legs as fast as feet of iron—though the scars round the fetlock and the occasional big knee of some veteran tells a tale, and no doubt there were

be a few "cripples" and many a "gammy legged" one on the morrow. But "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and we're not going to bother about that now, so we harden our hearts, and take it as it comes; though after a refusal and then a scramble over a big wall, with a pile of rocks to land on, one can't help inquiring anxiously, "Have I marked his knees?" The hounds stuck to this hare well for half an hour or so, but the brute was an artful dodger, and anything but a straight goer, and was ultimately lost. Then one felt quite envious of the wise men who had stayed quietly in one place and watched the fun, and not knocked their horses' legs about galloping round and round such a stony ring. But, when hounds are run-stony ring, it's hard to restrain the feeling of being bound to be "thar or tharabouts," and one always has an idea that at each turn he may go straight away, tho' it's a vain hope, as all "harrier men" know. Then, as we begin to congratulate ourselves on having got warm and comfortable, it begins to rain again, and drizzles on and off (mostly on) every half hour.

By Jove! they've found again, and get away on good terms with their hare so quickly that very few of the field get away with them. Across a swampy creek, over the thickest and most uncompromising-looking wall, into a grass paddock—such a relief to be off the stones—then another wall, even uglier than the last. Ah! a check here; but an old hound, deep-chested and lean-flanked, that I've noticed distinguish himself on many occasions, hits it off to the right, through a flooded gateway, with the half-sunken tea-tree fascines, giving one warning of its swampy bottom, into some ploughed land. "Ware wheat!" Bother the wheat! They're running like mad, and we must be "thar." Over the rails in the corner, two wattle fences, then another check, but the old 'un again puts them right, and they stream away through some rough fern country, running as true as any hounds in England. Then into the "plough" again. A nasty fence here; bank, fence, and blind ditch beyond. Some grief and disaster. A lady, who had been going well on a slashing chestnut, comes a nasty cropper, but is soon up and on again. Then then they run a ring of nearly the same ground over again; but the scent is not so good as it was in the morning, and the checks become more frequent, and they eventually lose him.

thousand pities! If ever hounds deserved their hare, those did, and a "mouthful of fur" would have been a pleasant wind-up for their last day.

Now, I am afraid this will give a very poor description of a very good day's sport, but unless one has the pen of a Whyte Melville or a Field correspondent, it is the most difficult thing to describe even the most brilliant run with foxhounds, and harriers are much more difficult to do justice to, running as they invariably do in a ring.

I have heard people say that the hound are no good, and that the hunting is no what it was, and that the hares are so scarce, and the fences too wired, and in fact try to run the sport down; but I can only say that the club appear to me to have the making of as good a pack of harriers as any country can want, and that their hunt country is as good on the whole as any country in the colony, and with such thorough sportsmanlike and obliging lot farmers it ought to be some day the pack New Zealand.

OUTSIDER.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.—"Rough Rats" clears out rats, mice, beetles, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, insects, moles, jack-rabbits, gophers. 7 Mosses, Moss & Co., Sydney, General Agents.

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Here begin the some fastidious people may prefer  
2 n's in that word - (I think it looks better with one)  
the 10<sup>th</sup> Vol. By rights it ought to be called  
Vol I of a new series as we're now on "our  
own hook" & beginning a new life -  
This is Aug. 14 - 1883. dark & dismal &  
blowing a gale - The mail steamer's at  
the wharf blowing its last house whistle &  
there's a crowd there wishing Mr R goodbye.  
There too should I be, had I but 2 legs,  
(sound ones I mean) as it is I sit here  
& watch the big ship steam slowly up  
the harbour, wishing I was aboard &  
homeward bound. But as that is not  
to be I feel Lucifer out & cantor home  
feeling not quite so happy as a little cock  
Robin & feel somewhat depressed &  
dont like the prospect of a pouring  
wet 'morrow - at the pike I meet



Wallis driving one of his fees - The first  
time it had been in harness - Looked  
rather touchy & uncomfortable & would not  
start for some times, but when he did,  
he went. Promised to go out & see him  
in the morning & help clip the horse -



Called in at the Cattle Sale & met  
Barlow the fellow I bought Lucifer from,  
He was just down from Raplan with Cattle.  
Hardly recognised the horse again &

Said "if he'd known he'd make up into such a  
horse as that he would have asked double  
the money for him."



Would it ha' know'd 'im -

Such a gale that night & such rain - Lucifer  
was a mass of wet mud when I went out to  
feed him, & I looked cold & unwell - Ah  
what a treat it would be to have a stable & a  
groom - As it was still raining like mad I  
made up my mind to stay at home & nurse  
the ankle, soaking it in cold water all day.





6.

Had just settled down to write & had got the  
 fool comfortably into a bucket when the sun  
 came out & the rain vanished - Could not stay  
 in the house when the sun shone so "booted  
 & spurred" & then out to saddle Lucifer, tried  
 to scrape the mud off him but couldn't so  
 saddled him as he was - Then it rained  
 again worse than ever - I could see that it  
 would keep that little game up all day on & off  
 so downed waterproof & old boots & started  
 for the Wallis's. Quite a round to get there so  
 thought I'd try a short cut - jumped a  
 wall into a stony field, at the end of which  
 I met a man & thought I should be had up  
 of trespass, so rode up to him & asked him if  
 "this was the way to Willow Grove" fearfully busy  
 relief he did not say anything about trespass  
 but said if my horse could jump the 3  
 walls & pointed out I could get there in 10  
 mins - I satisfied him as to the horse's jumping  
 powers by popping into the next field at  
 once, but when I came to the next wall I



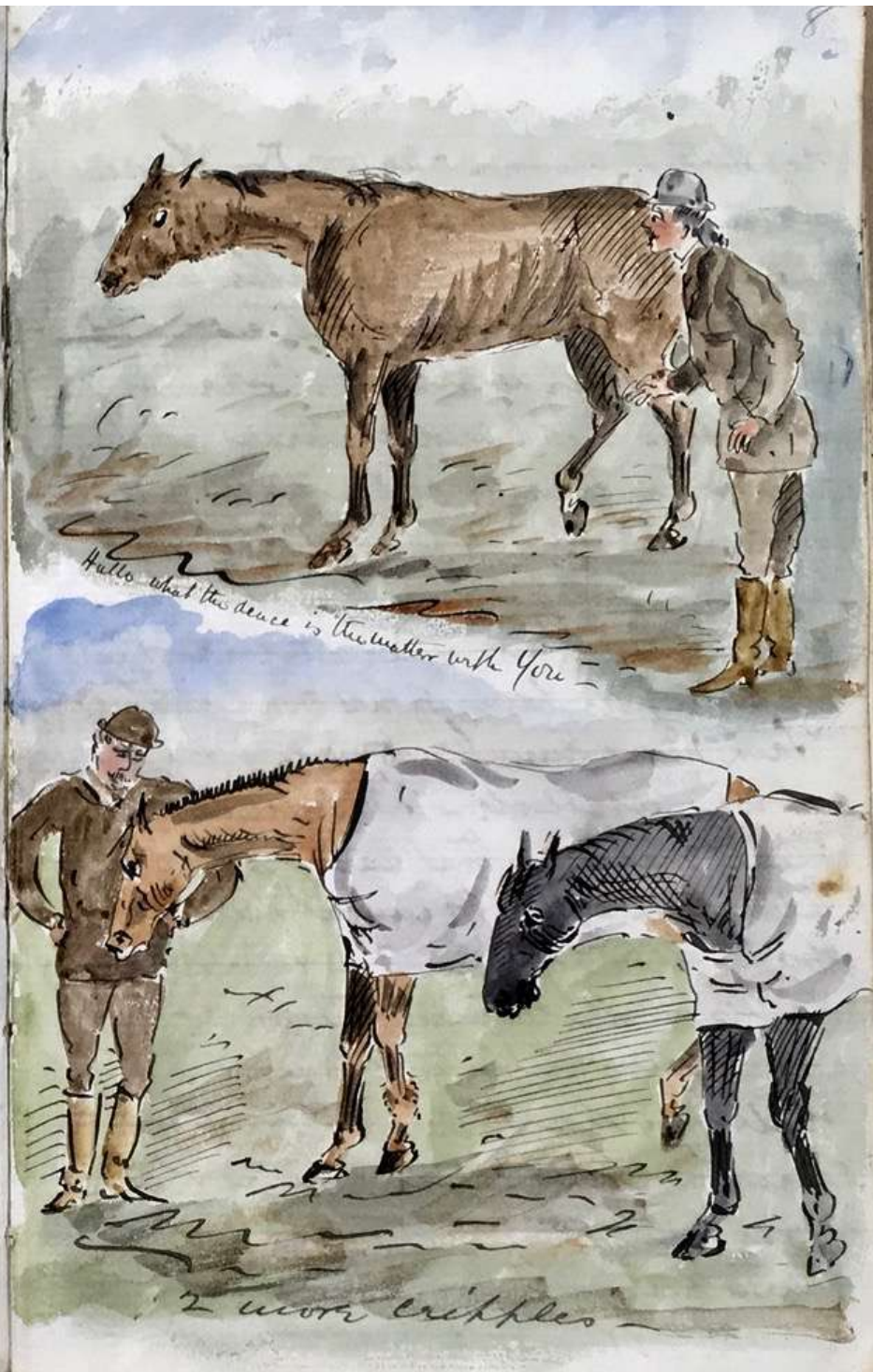


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wall into a stony field, at the end of which  
I met a man & thought I should be had up  
of trespass, so rode up to him & asked him if  
"this was the way to Willow Grove" greatly to my  
relief he did not say anything about trespass  
but said if my horse could jump the 3  
walls I could get there in 100  
times. I satisfied him as to the horse's jumping  
powers by popping into the next field at  
once, but when I came to the next wall I



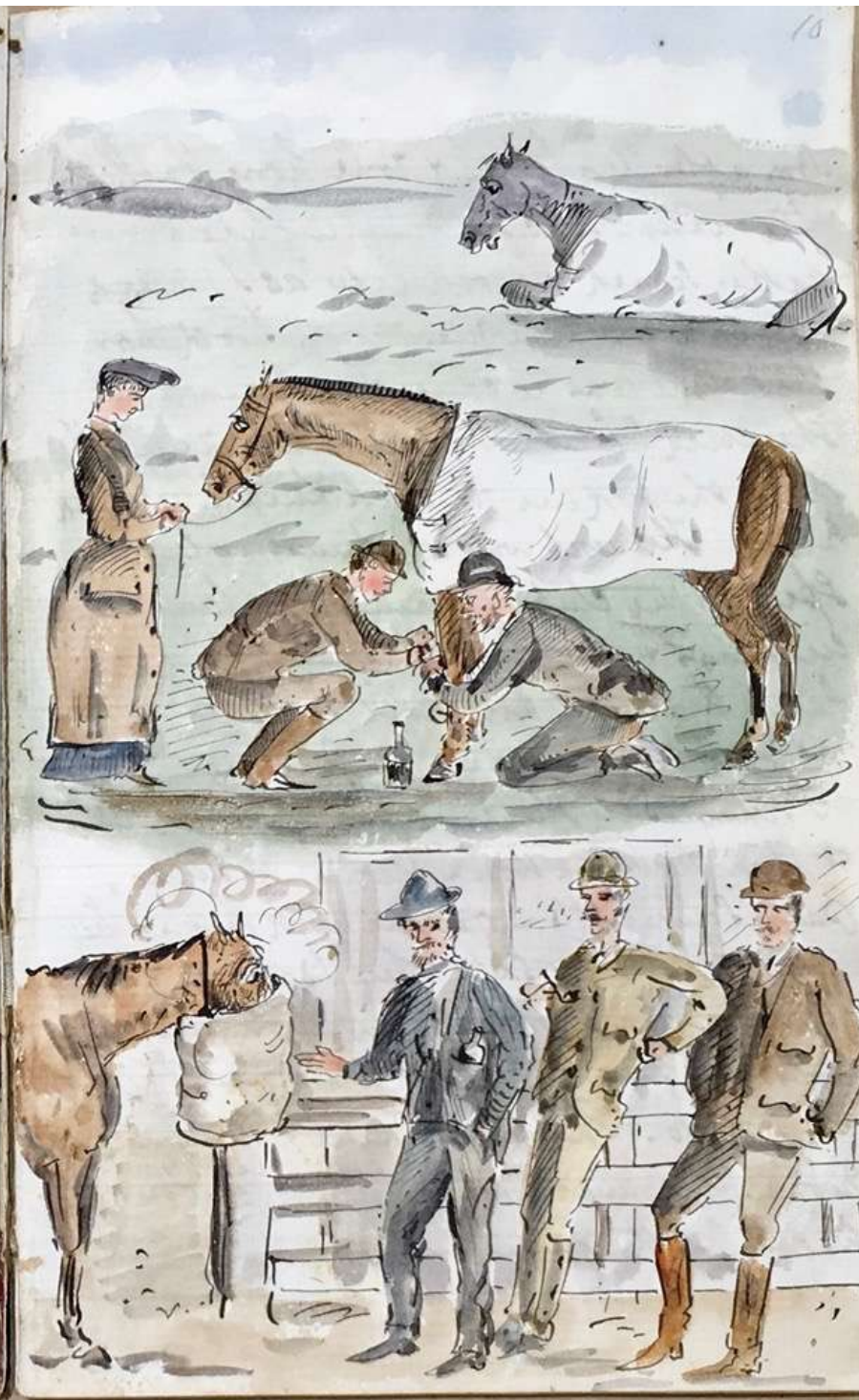
found it was a rasper & horrid stony landing.  
rode up & down it, but the further I went the  
worse it looked. So I hardened my heart &  
sent him at it & we landed well into the next  
field - on to the stones. Then another smaller  
wall & I was at Wallis's. Found him in  
great grief. The horse he'd just broken to harness  
was laid up with strangles & the mare he  
hunted was lame with a big leg, & the big  
black had hurt his shoulder. a regular  
Chapter of accidents. We put Lucifer away  
— as far as possible from the woods. — I was  
awfully afraid he might catch the strangles.  
& then inspected the cripples —

Poor 'Farley' the harness horse was standing  
the picture of misery with his throat all  
swollen up & his coat staring. The mare  
had a huge fore leg & was lame as a cat,  
being very hot & fiery had knocked her  
legs about among the Scoria stones out  
hunting. — The black was getting better but  
still lame. — Poor Wallis he was in a





Great state of mind - & no wonder. Fanny  
 having 4 horses & 3 of laid up at me.  
 He had sent for a Vet, or rather a Blacksmith  
 who was said to be a clever Vet, an old soldier  
 after lunch he arrived - looked at the  
 invalids - got a sack & filled it  $\frac{1}{2}$  full of  
 hay & then pouring boiling water on it, laid  
 it on "Strangles" head a la horse bag & he  
 left him there to steam. The mare  
 he said he'd blister & had brought a bottle  
 of blister with him, of his own manufacture  
 said no one knew how to make it but himself  
 & it was infallible - I never knew a home-  
 made medicine that wasn't - in the maker's  
 estimation - He caught the mare &  
 Mrs W. held her while he & the Vet doctored  
 her legs. Wallis washing them down with  
 warm water while the Vet rubbed in the  
 blister - I thought what a good sketch this  
 operation would make, the big black  
 horse lying down in the background.  
 I'll try & draw it over the page -  
 The Vet giving us a fine lecture on Strangles →





Soon after this I left & rode home, back over  
the walls. Lucifer jumping like a deer,  
rather scared an old lady as I jumped  
the wall into the main road. I told her  
that there was no cause for alarm, but  
she cried "Lord a Mussy" & then run. I  
think she took me for Dick Turpin on black  
Bess. The week was a wet miserable day.  
Spent at the club - pouring over land agents  
circulars & ads. & ads. trying to find a small  
farm to rent. All sound so well on paper  
& look so good when you go to see them.  
Friday - Still showery - put up at the club  
& then hobbled down town on 2 sticks,  
paid some bill's - Hateful work that - & then  
went to the horse sale where I saw a 3 y old  
that was bought & broken in for 9 last week  
sold as quiet bridle or driver (real firm)  
for £15.10. That's the same I want to be at.  
Money to be made at it I think. How I do  
long to get the same by 2 round -





Hounds 16 miles off the next day. Too far  
for me even tho' I got a most tempting offer  
from Clark the Mayor, he asked me to  
Come & sleep at his place in Remuson,  
offering to put my horse up & send him  
on to cover with his the next morning &  
drive me over. He's a buck in Clark,  
most hospitable man in Auckland. I  
could not risk a long days hunting with  
the weak leg as had before full & it was  
just as well I did as the next morning  
was a looker - Hopelessly wet. I  
could not stay in the house tho' I  
waterproofed myself & rode over to Wallis's  
Slippery work jumping the walls in the  
rain. Found W. in greater distress than  
ever. He met me in the yard & called  
out to me to keep my horse away from  
the stable as another of his had got a  
touch of strangles. So I took Luiper  
under a tree in the garden. & then  
was pelted Cripple no. 3. He'd got it

14  
Very slightly & "Farbey" the harness horse  
was much better, swelling all gone down.  
The Vet had blasted him under the chin  
& throat.



Luiper with a sack over his loins was quite  
happy under the tree. But I felt very  
anxious & was in a mortal fright that he  
might catch the strangles, & felt sorry  
I'd come. Then we went indoors & talked  
the trouble over. The Vet was expected  
after lunch, with more blister.  
At 2 o'clock it ceased raining so we got  
in a pony for Mrs W & she & I went to  
see the meet of the 'Paper Hunt' near  
the Pak - W. riding into town to see





16.  
What had become of the 'Vel.' & coming on  
to meet us afterwards. Mrs W's pony  
wouldn't walk, kept joggling, which tired  
her, so we had to canter nearly all the way  
gratifying to my discomfort - hurt the  
ankle. Got to the west in good time &  
found Wallis there ahead of us. Such  
a lot of Cads on the most wonderful old  
screws. We rode thro' the Park grounds &  
got to a road they had to cross & waited  
there for them. Small quacked fence  
with ditch on near side. After waiting  
some time they came helter skelter  
down the lane. The 4 first fell over  
very well & taking the fence & post  
& rails out of the next field in good  
style but the 'ruck' were all powdered at  
the first fence - one fellow got into the  
ditch & was jammed there with his  
horse nearly on top of him, for some time.  
At last one fellow on a curly coated  
bay made a gap & then they crawled



was in single file. Truly a miserable  
performance. & the joke is that these  
fellows set up a 'Paper Hunt Club'  
as they call it because the harriss  
is too slow & don't give them 'jumping'  
enough & there they were about 30  
of them pounded at the first fence.  
The Wallis's followed on the line as  
it was on these way home. I turned  
in to the Pak & put the ankle over  
the pump. Tom W. pumping.  
Deer sort of pump, in the paddock,  
used for watering the stock. (Awful  
sketches these, I'm really quite ashamed  
of them, but at times I can't draw)  
I stayed there that evening - the house  
seeming very quiet with the women folk all  
away. A big house is very miserable &  
floomy unless full of people - would give  
me the horrors to live in one. Lorry  
- left right to ride home - Lucifer walking  
at the rate of 8 miles an hour -





NB- The ink has run & smudged in this sketch  
 I had a black eye or the young lady a black mouth

Rode down to Dabunga the next day & (Sunday) dined at Cap. Savary's. Pretty girl there who was an enthusiastic Blue Ribboner. Almost converted me. Even removed the 'bit of blue' from her dress & pinned it on my coat lap. I promising to abstain from all spirituous & intoxicating liquors for ever & to remain (only that I added a rider to the effect that I should be allowed a better refreshment when I felt a 'sinking' & an occasional glass of xxx. at meals.)

There was a sailor there, 2<sup>nd</sup> mate of the ship 'Buttermere' just arrived. a very ugly young man, but nice withal & full of yards of straight lard, & his hands were shocking & tar ropey looking. He was sick of the sea & was going to chuck it up (metaphorically speaking of course) & try his luck at land work here. Sailors make good colonists & no doubt he'll be a millionaire soon. We all shall. at least we all think we shall & that's something.



I am decorated with the Blue Ribbon -

now then you men on or'll run you in

woffer-hic quite shabby here - Blue Ribbon army man look at that.



But send it back the next day with the following sketch



Regular Spring day the week. Warm &  
muggy & trying to rain but couldn't. Arrived  
into town for my letters, the mail having arrived.  
Went to Whitaker & Russells & lo & behold. 200  
letters. This seemed odd - questioned the

messenger, he scratched  
his head & thought he  
had seen some  
letters for me but  
couldn't rightly  
say where they  
were. Then I

hunted up H.R. & found that he'd taken them  
up to Gleaside so called there for them on my  
way home - But they were gone again.

Mr J. Russell had taken them down to his  
office. So left them to go back to town so  
had the pleasure of looking forward to  
them for the morrow. Stayed at the Duran  
for tea - Lucifer getting a good feed of corn.

Played billiards in the evening - but  
unfortunately I'm rather a duffer at the





noble game. The part of my education was  
reflected. Lucifer seemed quite skittish  
after his corn, when I got him out of the stable  
at 10 o'clock. & when I was getting on him  
he jumped clean away from under me  
but I stuck to the bit & luckily didn't hurt  
the saddle. Then I wondered how I should  
get on. I was all alone in the stable yard  
& it was dark as pitch. People don't  
ring & have your horse brought round, in this  
country but let you get him yourself.  
I pitched him up to the gate & went back  
to the house & got young Owen out to work  
him for me while I got on. He didn't  
back luckily, shouldn't like to get spilt on  
the stones. I sent him home fast to take  
the nonsense out of him. & rode him  
4 miles round into town the next  
morning. Called at Mr. J. R.'s office for  
the letters & then found that he'd sent  
them back to Whitaker & Russell. Went  
there & got them at last. Then I called

on the Accident Insurance Co & got a  
cheque for £3.3.0 out of them for a  
design for an illustrated almanac  
that I did for them. Very satisfactory, but  
didn't take us an hour to do. If I could  
only keep on making money at the  
same rate I should do well.

The old woman was in a most unpleasant  
frame of mind. Not to say cross. When I got  
home that evening, said she "wouldn't 'ave  
me a going thro' the kitchen with my dirty  
boots a marring the floor & it just scarp too,  
no she wouldn't 'ave it, so there." Down  
when an infuriated woman ends up with  
"so there" you know she means it & it's best  
to give in. I told her I'd be more circumspect  
in future & avoid the kitchen. But a  
decided coolness has arisen between us & we've  
assumed a sort of armed neutrality as the  
papers say. Josh Billings says "All  
English is piggy wherever we're at" Had he  
lived in Newfoundland he would have said





Which way to Mangere - (he told me wrong)

the cause of Servants, & Elderly housekeepers with a predilection for Jim, in particular. Had I an enemy, I should wish he might be wrecked & cast on a desolate island, with our 'old woman' for his sole companion.

Then a dreary hopeless looking wet morning & I had to ride 12 miles out of town to look at a farm that I thought might suit I & another fellow to start horse-dealing on. I didn't like the prospect of such a ride in the wet. but there was no help for it as I had to write the 'other fellow' an account of the place by the steamer the next day. Success was fresh & lively (tho' I'd read him every day since he's been in) & my macintosh was waterproof, which is more than those garments generally are - got to Onehunga & then asked my way & after being directed wrong once & losing myself once I at last found the farm. Pretty little house, long & low Kraundish style, looked old & deserted & out buildings in the last stage of delapidation.



wondered if there was a living soul on the  
place - Ah there are some fowls, & a  
goat tethered on the grass plot in front  
of the house. I tie Lucifer up to the  
gali & try to use the rusty knocker  
on the door. The effort that I made to give  
the aristocratic double knock 'Rat-tat-tat-tat'  
was unsuccessful & I nearly pulled  
the old door off its hinges - By Jove  
I hear foot steps inside - there is some  
one at home - A nice-looking English  
Fair haired girl opens the door & smiles  
& then I see she has bad teeth & wonder why  
her parents neglected them, but she is  
pretty nevertheless - I don't tell her so  
but ask, in my Sunday voice, if Mr  
Byman is at home - No he's not, but she  
expects him every minute, won't I come  
in & sit down - If as soon as I've  
put my horse away I will - I think  
of asking for a feed of corn but  
remembering the look of the stable

28  
with its 2 + 1/2 broken shingles to the square  
yard, of roof & the absence of horse flesh in  
the paddock I came thro', I knew I was  
hopeless, so went out & put the horse into  
the stable - Ye gods what a stable, could  
I sling a cat thro' roof or walls anywhere  
& it was full of old bottles, barrels, rotten  
sacks & the big packing cases with the owners  
name & destination via so & so per such & such  
ship - Which one always sees in such farms  
relics of the time when the unfortunate  
emigrant first 'came out' full of hope &  
expectation - Proud no doubt of those big  
deal cases with his name & destination in  
big black letters on them - Now they probably  
make him shudder & curse his folly, when  
he goes crawling under & over them looking  
for stray eggs or cuts one up for kindling wood.  
Lucifer snorted & turned up his nose in  
disgust as much as to say "this is a nice place  
to put a swill horse into" & as I shut him  
in he neighed, as much as to say, well





Mr Wyman at home



what a stable

I'm best, arent you going to give me anything to eat" Then I went back to the house & was shown into a tiny sitting room, with my little furniture. The pretty girl then left me alone in my glory. I snuffed the curtains & the back of the sofa & thought I smelt 'baccy' so concluded I might smoke & forthwith lighted up. Then having nothing better to do I took stock of the room - There was a 'portrait of a gentleman' over the door - wondered whether he was Wyman or the girl's father or only a 'kinnel' - Then on each side of the mantle piece were pictures or a picture - one an impossible bull fuch on an impossible apple branch, worked in silk on a pale blue ground. Thought so clever & altogether beautiful when Juwina Ann or Sophia Jane worked it, but as a work of art it was not a success - at least in my imagination - on the other side was a corresponding frame holding a gold fuch or a lark or sparrow or a cross between all three



or possibly it was a nightingale, sitting  
on a cherry branch - I know it was a cherry  
branch - the cherries were quite life like &  
twice as red. Then I saw an album  
on a table that looked all legs & knots  
& was just going to look at it when the  
door opened



& I dropped it like a hot potato & stared  
stupidly at the pattern of the wall paper.

Then I apologized for smoking & we sat  
down to do a little conversational talk - Then I  
saw she wore a wedding ring so I concluded  
she was Mrs Wymann - Got all the information  
about the farm I could from her - exhausted

the weather topic, the servant worry & then being  
talked dry & the rain having stopped for a time  
I went out to 'spy out the land'. Frances seemed  
very delapidated - grass thin & land wanting  
breaking up again badly. Richard looked  
well but weedy & unkept - See a long  
legged man in the distance - Yes its he,  
for him my letter of introduction & we go back  
to the house - Whiskey & water & biscuits -

Then look over the house, another sitting room  
(or dining room) big bed room opposite, neat clean  
& neat & pretty - She's a good wife evidently.  
He a very gentlemanly fellow - So I should think  
been out 4 years - kept out lately - Then another  
tiny bedroom, then a bigger one with the prettiest  
of 2 or 3 month old babies lying in a cot & shaking  
its little fists & crowing with delight at  
seeing its daddy. Then it sees me & begins  
immediately to yell blue murder. Now I  
knew that must be a mistake on its part for  
all babies (& dogs) like me, so as soon as the  
mother took it up I took the smile from her





He comes at last.



going over the farm -



The baby -

34

it was a ple (I was doubtful of the sex so held my peace till I heard  
 the mother say 'she sees, cries'  
 then she says 'you're dead you're dead')

+ it crowded again + punched me in the eye in  
 great glee - It may be a weakener on my part  
 but I can't help it, I do love a baby -  
 Well this youngster has taken up a lot of paper -  
 we were going over the house wrote in - well there  
 was 'at much more to see - only the kitchen -  
 very clean + nice - no broad evidently -  
 (which no doubt accounted for the cleanliness)  
 Then we went over the 48 acres - Troke  
 + Wyman walked - not much to see - grass  
 not over good as I said before - said he wanted  
 £17-10 per acre - House thrown in - told him  
 I see my friend about it + let him know again  
 Then back to the house + some lunch - + then  
 a pipe + yarn on the stump in general - He was  
 farming or grazing 100 acres + could it make  
 it pay - But I could see he didn't know  
 much about it or for the right way to work -  
 Very nice hospitable fellow - + as I rode  
 home in the drizzle I congratulated myself  
 on having spent quite a pleasant day -  
 Lucifer did 'at agree with me + said he



Expected an extra feed of corn when he got home to make up for the rough time of it he had in that draughty stable -

Then I met troops of children going home from school - so where you will in this country you're bound to meet them of an afternoon - Never saw such a place for

kids - The population ought to be happy for they have their 'quivers' full enough - Some were riding shaggy horses, always 2 boys to each horse, one behind the other -

& racing along the roads as hard as they could go - 2 young rascals, one with his bare feet in the stirrup leathers, challenged me to a race - I declined & away they went helter-skelter, saying

my 'res was no good anyhow, he'd got us tail - On passing the point just outside Onehunga I saw a good

looking brown pony in distance with a placard on the gate stating that he'd been pounded by a *Mr Jones*





for trespass on his farm & would be  
sold by auction on Sept 4 to defray  
expenses - I made a mental memo.  
to see him sold & buy him if he was  
for a song. Some times get a good fee  
that way. Very glad to get home &  
dry again - awful night - & the  
next a hopeless wet day - did not go out  
at all - wrote & drew all day - The next  
day was very little better but I had to  
ride into town on business. Managed  
to keep dry & attended horse sale as  
usual - no bargains - Then Saturday  
& hounds at Lushingtons 13 miles off.  
Had no intention of going but as the  
morning broke bright & clear I saddled  
up & went. Got to Okeham & found  
that the hounds had it gone on yet - (the  
Kneels are there) - Waited a while & was  
possibly joined & 2 other early birds  
Old Drummer on his leg called the first  
& one of the Whitakers or Cap Shepherds

38  
good bay 'daybreak' - The latter riding in  
the loosest of trousers & white kid gloves.  
(I don't mean that this was all he had on, but  
it was the most conspicuous part of his  
'get up') Said he'd never ridden in an  
English Saddle before & felt very uncomfortable  
- he looked it. Then the hounds appeared  
on the scene - shook hands with the huntsman  
(always shake hands with the huntsman  
here) & then we joggled on together - I found  
a horrid long way - but we got there at last -  
good house, 20 or 30 people there already  
any amount of sandwiches, cakes, biscuits &  
beer whiskey & tea & every one happy & very  
talkative - One foolish man tied his horse  
up in the gateway & as we rode thro' the gate  
chird & broke away, smashing the middle to  
bits (no pun intended - bits are seen!) & his  
owner came spluttering out of the house with  
his mouth full of curranbun doing everybody  
& his horse in particular - We let him  
splutter & went into the house to refresh.





46.  
Then the Wallis's turned up (or rather they'd turned up before, they overtook me & we rode the last mile together - I like to be truthful, don'tcher know) Wallis was trying a new one, a 4 yr old chestnut, for high work. All hands having eaten & drunk as much as they could carry - some a little more than they seemed to be able to carry comfortably - the hounds were got out of the barn & along we went to draw some stone land in the Valley - first field very wet & boggy & a deep boggy drain to jump - much splashing & slipping & refusing. I got away to one side out of the rack & got over with a flounder, the Lucifer did not like it a bit & would not refuse had my spurs been shorter - Then a stone wall which he jumped well - much listening about here but no hare, so on over another wall to a grass paddock & still no hare, & so on paddock after paddock all the morning - everybody jumping every thing



they could find - Whitaker, after this  
trav, bravely distinguishing himself by  
jumping some huge stuff 5-ft rails in  
a corner - Clutching the back of the saddle  
& 'whooping' loudly as the horse rose -  
trousers up to his knees & the white kids  
flashing in the sun light - he was  
all very disappointed, but he didn't  
come off - He ought to have. Those  
unmanly kids were made to be soiled.

Then we went across country to try  
another farm - one fence a ditch, head  
& quackset causing much grief & disaster.  
Lawson crashes thro' on to his horse  
necky (home on his knees - not praying) then  
Lushington follows suit, horse rolling  
nearly over him & his foot being in the  
stirrup - got out all right tho'. Then my  
turn & I make Luifer jump it quite  
standing & feel joyful as I get to the  
other side & can watch the fun -  
Mr Wallis just saw a fall, horse

42  
floundering on to his head - Wallis's  
Chesnut refuses 3 times & then jumps in  
& out very cleverly - The rack then makes  
a hole & crawl thro' in single file -  
Then a lot more walls & one or two  
horrid boggy creeks to cross - I was many  
got nearly stuck - Still no here & its  
getting on for 4 o'clock (or rather 3.25.)  
So the master furs the wood for a  
'drag' - & we go back to Lushingtons &  
eat more sandwiches & drink more beer.  
Some wait for the drag. I cry enough  
& induce Dawson to ride home too -  
Then it rains & we take refuge in a  
blacksmith's shop - Storm passes over &  
we go on home - Very unsatisfactory  
day as far as sport is concerned - but  
a jolly ride & good healthy exercise &  
the beer was very good & the people jolly  
& lots of fun & amusement for a work  
of 'human nature' - It was worth riding  
14 miles to see Whitaker jump those rails.



Started for home at 10-30. Was rather  
afraid Lucifer might play me the  
same trick as he did at the Opera  
So got some one to hold him as I got on.  
He behaved himself that time - for  
which I am much obliged. Dark as  
pitch, could not see the horse's ears, & thankful  
I felt that he was not afraid of shying & that I  
knew the road. - Into town the next day  
& called at the Herald Printing Office -  
The N. Z. Herald the big Auckland Paper as you  
know or ought to know - The 'Bos' of the Continent  
Mr Horton had kindly offered to show me over  
the Establishment & particularly the wood  
engraving & lithograph departments.  
I can't possibly describe all I saw - I  
remember nothing very distinctly but endless  
dingy big rooms smelling very strong of news-  
paper, printer's ink & small boys; with  
considerable steam & noise & machinery  
everywhere from ceiling to floor -  
However it is no use writing a book of the kind

46  
unless one describes everything so I'll sit me  
down & think it over & try & remember all I  
can - It is Monday morning & tolerably fine,  
'Reasonable weather for the time of year' as I hear  
an old lady tell an old gentleman in Spectacles  
at the corner of the street - The Lucifer up in  
the Sale yard to save the 1/- at Every Place &  
then hobble down the street, answering the usual  
threats question of "How's the leg Webster"  
with the equally monotonous answer of "a little  
better than you" - Here's the Herald Office.  
Mr Horton in? No says the young man at  
the desk & he eyed me thinking doubtless  
that I was some poor unfortunate wanting  
to advertise for something lost, stolen or wanted  
or "Wanted a Partner with Capital to join an  
enterprising gentleman of great experience  
in a lucrative undertaking" - which  
partnership generally does poor creatures  
for the gentleman of experience as he  
generally winds up the business in a year  
or so having imparted his experience





to the capitalist & pocketed the capital  
himself. No I didnt want anything  
thank you I'll wait for Mr Horton - Ah here  
he comes - 'Morning Mr Horton you said you'd  
show me - "Ah yes so I did come along"

This way - mind the step - This is where  
the papers are made up & folded &c -  
Here you see, in the next room are the  
type setters at work - (+ dirty looking work  
it seems, they look very inky & unwhappy)

Then into a big room full of machinery  
which was making such a din that I  
didnt hear a word of explanation regarding  
the many marvellous things I saw & had to  
answer 'Yes' 'Just so' 'Very wonderful' &c to show  
that I appreciated them. Next we enter  
a quieter & damper place where blocks of stone  
of all sizes are lying around & some men in a  
corrus are grinding them smooth & flat to  
run the lithograph &c. Then up stairs  
where 'bill heads', advertisement sheets  
& those sort of things are being printed



Wonderful machines, that keep chucking  
the printed sheets out as fast as the  
boys can put blank sheets in -

Another machine was chucking out  
sheets of Labels for potted meat tins,  
(you know the sort of thing - 2 fat cattle under  
a tree on one side & 4 fat sheep under a tree  
on the other with a view of sea & shipping in  
the distance & the makers name & brand  
capitals over all) There were about 30 of  
these labels in a sheet & after the sheet  
is printed it is put into another machine  
which chucks it out coloured in one  
color, then it has to go backwards &  
forwards in this machine till all the  
different colors are on - a lot of work  
that. Only one color can be put on at  
a time. Then they are varnished by  
hand & hung up to dry. Then we  
climbed up a dingy passage & came  
to a big room full of stacks of paper  
all sorts & colors with an extraordinary

lot of guillotine that was cutting blocks  
of paper into various sizes. Blocks a foot  
thick at a time - went thro' it like cheese.

After this we unearthed the man I  
wanted to see viz. the artist, the man  
who designs the tins heads & labels &  
any sketch work that is wanted, he was  
in a little den boarded off in a corner  
of the room & over against him in the  
other corner was the engraver, boarded  
in likewise. Evidently they had to be  
kept apart or they might quarrel -  
The artist was a little deaf & looked  
weary but was civil withal & showed us  
how the lithographing was done with a  
fine brush & printing ink on prepared  
paper & was then transferred to the stone  
& how the 'precious' looking sketches were  
done by drawing direct on the stone with  
prepared chalk. We thanked him &  
shut him into his den & then entered the  
engraver's loosebox, he was at work





engraving the head of some city dignitary from a photo. The engraving to appear in the weekly News + doubtless to be much prized + thought of by said dignitary's family + friends. My truly tedious work it looked - I shouldn't like to have to wear that green shade over my eyes + stoop all day over that bit of boxwood as I would every line + dot on it. The engravings looked far prettier on the wood than they did on the paper. This ended the show + I felt a sense of relief getting out into the sunshine again - Takes all sorts of people to make a world - Somebody must do the printing - Not for me thank you - I then arranged with Honor to do some sketches that evening + bring them in the next morning to see if they'd do for publication in the News - I did some Hunting scenes with the Harriers + then copied them on to that lithograph paper - Most abominable stuff to draw



on looked like the yellow side of decaecium  
plaster, nasty frasy stuff - Must not  
touch it with your fingers or use a pen  
which would scratch it - Sketches  
that I could do in an hour with pen  
& ink took me 5 hours to copy &  
then I didn't like them a bit, however  
I took them in the next morning for  
Horton to see, But he was away so I  
had to leave them - Called there the  
following morning - found him in & then  
we went into the 'prepared stone ink smelting  
room' & showed my effort to a bald headed  
man in his shirt sleeves - ink all over  
was his nose - every one seems ink there -  
He said he judged it was done alright &  
he would transfer it to stone & show us  
the proofs the next morning - What a  
while it seems to take to get anything done.  
Three days gone over that business & my  
little satisfaction - Cloudy showery weather  
too which always sends my spirits down

to zero - Called there the next morning,  
went into the ink smelting 'stone' room & was  
shown the sketch transferred to the stone, it  
looked splendid, just like fine pen & ink  
work - Said he'd take some proofs at once,  
laid a sheet of blank paper on the stone  
(having first passed a roller covered with  
ink over it) gave a handle a couple of turns  
& the stone went under a tin sheet which  
pressed the paper on to it & presto  
there was the proof, beautifully transferred  
to the paper - I got 3 copies, pocketed  
2 & gave one to Horton, who said he'd  
consult his partner, Wilson a possum singing  
old Cass, as to the advisability of publishing  
it in the Weekly news - Nothing more  
could be done on the matter that day.

A hunting day the next, Hounds at  
Papatoroi 10 miles off - I went, & in the  
evening wrote a description of the run for  
the paper to see if they'd care for any  
literary productions - Further on I'll



succeeded in grafting a rabbit's eye on to  
a man, & the man saw - He talked  
as if he was telling the truth, but I didn't  
believe him. but then I'm an unbelieving  
mortal - I should think a man with  
a rabbit's eye would make a rare good  
pouch or perhaps a cat's eye would  
enable one to see in the dark - Gave my  
description of the Hunt to Horton who said  
he'd read it & let me know the result -  
Said he'd consulted the Praline Surgeon & that  
they didn't think the sketches I'd done on  
the stone would be appreciated by the  
public - however we might try something  
else. Guess this I'd shown copies of the  
sketch to different people, at the Club &  
elsewhere & they were all charmed with  
it & said it would take well.  
That Wallis & his wife in town, buying furniture  
at an auction - He'd almost settled to take  
the hounds & was only waiting to buy a  
place. Lunched with them at some

dining room in Queenst. - Remind quite like  
a London house with its square boxes beside  
in - had never been in there before. Then  
Wallis had business in town. L. J. M. Wallis  
& I did the Shop windows & picture shops  
& then the Museum - Auntie getting better,  
managed to walk about nearly all the morning.  
Riding into town that morning I passed a  
groom riding a very smart looking bay mare  
about 15 hands - Rode with him & found  
out all about her - "Master was a Doctor.  
Yes she's a good un & no mistake but Lor  
bless yer, Master's that scared of her he  
he has to get me to h' exercise <sup>her</sup> afore he dare  
fit on her or drive her -" Joss in harness  
does she - I should say she did, but  
"arrest was in Hauckland." "What  
did the doctor pay for her? £16 I think  
got her from Smith, you know Smith?"  
Oh yes I knew several. Well I managed  
to find out all I wanted to know from  
this obliging groom & rode on with him





60.  
to the doctor's house - found him in -  
introduced myself, asked him if he'd  
part with the mare, as I wanted  
something quiet & gentle for an old lady  
& thought she might suit. The doctor  
was a short stout nervous fidgety  
little man with shifty blue eyes & an  
uncertain smile - Said Well really  
he didn't know, had never thought of  
selling, didn't know anything about  
a horse, thought the mare was a very  
pretty animal, & only very lively, in fact  
almost too lively after a Sunday's rest  
" & we knowing nothing about a horse  
you know" - Asked him what he had  
paid for her (& wondered if he'd lie or  
corroborate the groom's evidence) He  
scratched his head & pucker'd up his  
forehead & said "now let me see what  
was it I paid Smith for that mare"  
& then he bit his nails & tried a scratch  
with the other hand - & I thought



Now old boy your going to tell an awful  
bustler + you little think I know all  
about it from the room. But  
marvellous to relate he smiled sweetly  
& recollected that he'd paid £16, no  
not £16 - 15 guineas as he remembered  
exactly, could it induce Smith to knock  
off a shilling, very hard man Smith  
perhaps you know him; "Oh yes I know  
him, very hard man indeed, Smiths  
generally are - Told him I thought  
Smith had imposed upon him & taken  
advantage of his ignorance regarding  
horseflesh. £12 ought to have been the  
figure. (Horror I considered the  
mare very cheap at 16 & determined to  
have her if I could get her at that  
price + sell Lucifer well) Said  
he couldnt say just then whether  
he'd sell or not but would let me  
know towards the end of the week.  
And then I went away, thinking what

an innocent pair they were, Like Martin  
like man - Why there arent more such  
men in the world - Horse dealing might  
be more profitable. Blair took  
me a grand dinner at the club that evening  
& we drank his health in Champagne &  
wished him bon voyage as he was going to  
Sydney the next day - be away a month.  
Such coffee & shelling cigars, about 8  
inches long, after dinner - Truly such  
living is very enjoyable, + I rode home  
with Champagne, Johannisberg + the  
dress of sherry under my waistcoat  
feeling happier than I had done for  
many a day - Tuesday Sep 5<sup>th</sup> - tried  
to see the newspaper man about the  
description of the Hunt but he was out, or busy,  
or invisible all day - Rode out to Dreghda  
& spent the evening with the Sweeneys - Much  
music, + very pleasant evening. A good dark  
ride home - Very wet the next day, some  
hail at times, got my best trousers wet





My friend the butcher & his Cob



The Dr rather unhappy about the mare

600  
 riding in to town. Met a butcher on a King  
 foot looking old cob, with a tail like  
 a hearth broom - Said he'd sell, but wouldn't  
 name a price, said I must call at his  
 shop - agreed to do so on my way home -  
 Found Horton in at last, said he thought  
 the article would or published, could not  
 say definitely, call in the next morning  
 & he'd let me know - where there were such  
 wretched people - Manuaring just up  
 from Napier - long jaw in Knight's office.  
 Had forgotten the butcher's name & the  
 street so couldn't call. Housekeeper  
 out - had to get my own tea, cold beef  
 in the house luckily - filled up with  
 toast & marmalade & after some  
 skinning with the kitchen fire made  
 some bad tea, & the evening & the morning  
 were another day - Called on the Dr  
 (Dr Wain) the next morning intending to get on  
 the mare & try her, but when he got her out  
 of the stable I saw she had ringbone or









The 19th

a glass of beer & discovered that the Cobby had given £23 for the mare -  
 left at 6 the next morning & got Lucifer in, found as a bell again, & thought he was going to buck when I got on him - Horse sale all day. Wally bought a chestnut 15 hands - old but a goodish jumper - was knocked down to him for £9 before he had time to walk - A beautiful chestnut mare sold for £16 which I should like to have bought & would have done so if she had not had a horrid cut on the knee done in the horsebox, too raw & unhealed, to ride for some time. Found out where the men were who bought her & offered to buy her of him if he got it healed up - Said he'd take £20 - After meeting Wally that morning we adjourned to a Haircutters (Barbers shop, I should say), we wanted a shave - While there Tom Brown the Huntsman entered on a like errand - The conversation then naturally turned on



hunting, & the 2 dozen people in the shop  
began wondering who wrote that article  
in Thursday's 'Herald' about the wounds  
& passed their opinions on it. Great  
fun to Wallis & I listening to their  
criticisms, but I am happy to say  
they were for the most part complim-  
entary. Tho' they had no idea of course  
that the writer was smiling in his  
sleeve at their remarks. The  
Huntsman however, said that he thought  
he could guess who wrote it & looked  
round at me (with his face beaming  
in lather). but I was deep in the  
study of an ancient 'Punch' & heeded  
him not. The 'Herald' people  
liked the article & Horton asked me  
if I could undertake to write all the  
Sporting articles for them - in fact  
be their Sporting correspondent.  
I told him that I certainly could.  
Tho' in my heart I knew very well I

couldn't, don't know enough about  
Racing & Pedigrees or understand  
the Betting - But still it's always best  
I find to say you can do anything  
you are asked to do, leave them to  
find out whether you can or not.  
It may be a very wicked & wrong thing  
to do, but still the only way to get on  
in this world I'm afraid. There  
Saturday & a Horse Parade at the Show  
ground at 2 o'clock & a Drag Hunt afterwards.  
As I wrote a detailed description of it for  
the Herald I'll just copy it in here -  
No I won't. I'll cut it out of the paper when  
it's printed & stick it in - Save ink & labor -  
Then Sunday & Lucifer was stiff (not to  
say lame) after his exertions & the awful  
cropper he got over a wall, scratching his  
hock & leg dreadfully. Thought a ride  
would do him good so went down to  
Sawmays & turned him out in his paddock  
where he seemed to enjoy himself & went



about quite sound - Stayed there all day - & had the usual pleasure of some music in the evening. Only music I hear all the week - Went in to town by Bus the next morning & gave Lucifer a rest - Mat Bingham (Wallis's brother in law) who said Wallis was ill & wanted me to go back with him - did so - got a drive out - lighted of traps & my fast trotter - did the 13 miles from our place at Epsom under the hour - Found W. much better - nearly well. They were (or should I say are) living in Lushingtons lodge - Have I not told you about Lushington - the man with unlimited L.S.D. & B & S proclivities - If I haven't I'll now do so. Tho' there's nothing to tell - Saw that he owns a lovely place of 2 or 300 acres & has a splendid house on it beautifully furnished Billiard room &c & extensive stables. & Drove up to the house & a lodge

The said lodge being lent to the Wallises till they buy a place - Now you know all about it - Well the lodge was very small & very new but comfortable with all & nicely furnished by the W's the pretty things on the wall the piece & scattered about the rooms looking so homely & pretty - as only a room looks after by a woman of taste can look very good dinner - They possess a treasure in the servant line - So clean & quiet & "immensely respectable" looking Spectacle's too, which I think always put an air of respectability - She was a regular arrival in the Colony - Consequently not yet spoiled - Then a yarn & smoke & sleep on the sofa - Into town the next morning with Wallis to arrange about the purchase of a farm he intended buying near Otahuhu - Business over shopping done we started for home Oh I forgot - we tried all over town to





Lushington

Makin



Lodge

24.  
a good mount for Mrs W. for the Sab-  
hunting, could it hear of any thing but  
big boys were belonging to a livery stable  
went up & saw the brute & I knew her  
once - Had been sold in the yards for  
£15 - They said they could not let her  
out as she had an awful sore back -  
asked her price - £40. Then I told  
Mr Livery Stable keeper that her price  
gone up considerably since he bought  
her for £15 - Whereupon he swore  
it was at the mare I referred to, but  
I knew better - He could not fool me  
Then we left & started home as I said  
before - but had it some 100 yards before  
heavy case of kerosene in the bottom of  
trap smashed something & we had to  
put back to a blacksmiths for help  
This done we started again - Stopped  
my place to feed Lufty & ask the  
woman to look after him while I was  
away - Then on till we came to



'Frangé' (the farm that W. was going to buy) -  
Stopped here & went in - I borrowed a  
pony (as I could not walk far) & then we  
went on an inspecting tour over the farm  
(80 acres) beautiful land, nearly all  
in grass - the rest in wheat & potatoes  
well watered & plenty of shelter - in fact  
about the prettiest farm I've seen.

Then we went over the house, a brick  
one with good slate roof - pretty  
garden round it - good stables &  
out buildings - In fact altogether a  
most desirable property as the advertisement  
say - I shall probably have occasion to  
describe it more minutely by & by.

So now will leave it & drive on to  
Lushington Lodge - where another  
equally pleasant evening was spent &  
another tip top dinner - Truly a most  
angelic slavery - & worth her weight in  
gold. (& I should say she weighed 12 stone)  
W. & Mrs W. & myself rode out horse hunting

76.  
The next morning - Called in at a farm  
close to the Frangé (belonging to a retired  
publican & sinner named Rodgers) to see  
about a grey belonging to the daughter of the  
house. Jovial old cuss Rodgers,  
most kind & hospitable. Put our horses  
in the stable - Had Mrs W into the house  
where his wife made her tea - wanted  
to regale us on Brandy & water but we preferred  
milk & biscuits - Then about the  
grey - Well it was not his - belonged to  
the 'gal' you see - did not think she'd  
sell - & she was away on it then -  
but her ask is son in law - Son in law  
is found & we tackle him - a most  
despicable man to try & trade with - would  
stand still or look at one & say nothing  
& what little he did say was unattractive.  
did not want to sell but would take £  
Would not do at that price - Rodgers  
wanted to sell us a loose jointed and  
bay that he said would jump as well as





W. & J. going over the farm



muddy in places

Rodgers

The one in back

the fry - we tried to run the brute into  
 try him but could not - & did not like  
 his look's anyhow. Then he told us of  
 a wonderful fry mare that he had  
 running out on Donnelly's Run near  
 Lushingtons - said we could get it in  
 & buy it - So thanking him for his  
 hospitality & thinking he'd make a  
 pretty good neighbour, we started for  
 home - Had lunch & then W & I went  
 to Donnelly's to see the wonderful fry mare  
 after some scrambling & crawling over  
 scrub & stony country we saw the one  
 thing that at all came up to the description  
 so tried to drive the brute in to the  
 stock yard - but as there were some  
 40 or 50 horses of all sorts & sizes & the  
 ground was so stony & rough that we  
 could hardly go out of a walk without  
 endangering our horses legs we failed  
 to get this wonderful fry mare in -  
 she turned out to be only a 14 2 or 3 p



tolerably well made but utterly wild  
& unbroken looking - would not do  
at any price - Then home & ~~was~~ a  
bright idea occurred to us - We'd break  
in the horse W. was riding, to harness  
& drive him into town the next day - He  
was the Chesnut W. bought for £9 in  
the yards. We put the harness on  
him & hitched the traces on to a big  
deal packing case & then drove him  
up & down the drive the case bumping  
over the stones & making row enough  
\* frighten any ordinary horse out  
of his senses, but this animal seemed  
to like it or rather was quite indifferent  
to it & went as quiet as a lamb -  
Of course we came to the conclusion  
that he'd been in harness before. So  
the Carriers boy having arrived with  
a Spring cart we thought we'd put  
him into it but the harness would not  
fit so we put him into W's trap

80  
+ W & the Carriers boy drove him up  
& down the drive - horse going perfectly  
quietly till the last time down, when he  
put his back up & began to get nasty,  
tried to buck but we held his head & kept  
him quiet - I then strongly advised W  
to take him out before he smashed some-  
thing, but he thought he'd just give him  
one spin down the road to give him  
away he went quiet enough & I & W  
& I watched them out of sight - Then  
we heard a 'holloa' - 'Coo ee'. I knew  
at once there was something wrong - &  
away we went up the road - met a child  
running towards us in frantic haste -  
when it came up to us it was ~~is~~ blown  
that it could hardly speak, said the  
the horse was on the ground & the man had  
all blood - Very alarming this & on we  
ran again - met the Mother of the child  
running to tell us not to be alarmed &  
there was no one much hurt - Just





Breaking the Chestnut to harness



Then we put him in the trap.



The result

awfully bad sketches the above scene  
 & could hardly get them here  
 till the letter finished on.

the brow of the hill we found the trap  
 turned over, the horse on its side, the  
 carriage boy sitting on its head & W trying  
 to undo the harness, with his face all  
 swollen & a mass of blood - he had  
 been pitched out onto his face among  
 the stones, the boy was unhurt -  
 He & I undid the harness & got the  
 horse up, W going back to the house with  
 his wife - I then led the horse back  
 & the boy wheeled the trap, only  
 a shaft broken & dash board bent.  
 The horse had kicked going down the  
 hill, got his leg over the dashboard &  
 then blundered on his head, turning  
 trap over - hence the catastrophe.  
 Put the horse away & went in to W  
 W's face horribly cut, all the  
 scraped off his nose lips & chin cut  
 & whole face awfully swollen, W  
 also cut in 2 places - Sent a man  
 off for the doctor & then bathed



him with warm water - He was in great  
pain poor fellow & looked, with his  
swollen face 'like some other fellow'  
no one would have known him - Put  
him to bed & waited anxiously for the  
doctor - Sat up till 11 o'clock & yet he came  
not - So we patched it up as well as  
we knew how & then went to bed - Had  
hardly got to sleep when the doctor  
arrived - Nice little doctor - a nice  
arrival - Said there was nothing  
serious, but a cold cloth must be kept  
over the face, wetted every 2 hours -  
we sat up all night at this game  
& got so sleepy - but were rewarded by  
seeing the swelling much gone down  
by the morning - After breakfast  
I went back to town to fetch Lucifer  
as I was afraid to leave him to the  
old woman's tender mercies - Rode  
him back & found W. ever so much  
better, tho' looking anything but pretty.

52  
Lushington came down to see him &  
turned pale & faint at the sight of  
his poor face - Thankful to say my  
nervous a bit stronger - Bingham &  
another fellow sat up with him that night  
& I got a sleep - Mrs W. too got a  
night's rest which she wanted badly -  
She behaved like a brick - a real good  
plucked one - didn't get excited or  
flurried or faint or make a fuss like  
a wife would - The doctor came to dinner  
that night & pronounced his patient much  
better & able to get up & move about the  
next day - Found at McLaughlin's the  
next day - W. lent me his Chestnut 'Rue'  
& Bingham rode the horse that "did the  
mischief" - Very good day - found at one  
& run the usual ring - Lushington &  
friends had taken a short cut to the meet  
got into a brook - The friends got across  
with a ducking but Lushington's horse  
got stuck & he lost his saddle & had to





Hours truly trying to keep awake till the doctor comes



36  
 home - We rode on to cover with Donnelly who was 'got up' in style, green coat & the tightest of white breeches & tops. He stopped at Rogers for his mount, a borrowed one, & we rode on - afterwards, when we had found, he turned up - but the white breeches were not - & in their place he wore a very baggy pair of trowsers tucked into his tops - It appears that the others were a little too tight & in getting on his horse he split them all to ribbons & had to borrow the loose trowsers from Rogers - Nothing much to describe in the hunting, strong Scotch land, all stone wall jumping & one or 2 spills, no one hurt, I left at 12 o'clock & got home by 2-30. 1/2 a day being away for a borrowed horse - Found Mr. Fetting well 'hand over fist' & smoking a cigarette. After lunch Small & I were going to have a look at the stud, (turned out on the hill) when we saw Lushington coming flying down the drive in the dogcart with a



from beside him driving a Cheoant  
that had never been in harness before.

He pulled up & told us how well the  
horse was going & how he was going on in  
to Otakuhu & Mr W. was telling him, as  
he drove on, to be careful & not get upset  
as his husband had, when the horse  
slipped into the rails & there was a crash

the dog cart up setting & chucking them  
both out, both shafts broken Clean off  
& the horse luckily standing quite stiff, <sup>the</sup>  
whinnying with fright. They were soon on  
their legs, quite unhurt & we cut the  
traces & let the horse out. The most  
wonderful escape, they might both have  
been killed & it's a wonder the horse  
didn't kick the trap to pieces. Lushington  
seemed to think it quite a joke & rather  
enjoyed it. Then Sunday & some  
others to see W. McLaughlan the master of  
the hounds, who cheered W. up considerably.  
I lunched with Lushington & went down

his place afterwards - Tried to sell him  
Lucifer but he couldn't make up his  
mind - Went town the next morning -  
Having first patched up the broken  
shaft of the trap - Bingham drove out  
road - Met in town - Mail in & letters  
to read - Big Steamer also arrived  
direct from England - The 'Doric' largest  
<sup>much</sup> Steamer ever in New Zealand. Full  
of emigrants. Great excitement on the way  
seeing them land. Tuesday Sept 18th  
Rode into town, Lucifer fresh as paint &  
much admired - busy all day, but neither  
did nor saw anything worth chronicling -  
And the next day was like unto it,  
only went for a ride in the evening - Such  
glorious spring weather. warm & sunny.  
So pretty all the hedgerows with their  
tender shoots all sprouting & the  
Peregrine's blossoms blue as yet untinged  
by summer dust (About the only wild  
flower here that flourishes in hedgerows)



The nicest time of all the year, I think the Spring's  
 All nature looks so fresh & fresh & corn  
 prospects seem more hopeful, Save and  
 except the husbands who, Spring bonnets  
 have to pay for. Friday the usual  
 day & horse sale as usual. - Nothing  
 worth buying, but considerable fun caused  
 by a very determined buckjumper who  
 gave the rough rider a lively time of it &  
 cleared the yard of spectators. Rough  
 rider rode him splendidly but had to  
 come off at last, the horse getting the  
 saddle right on to his ears. It  
 appeared the buck had never been  
 saddled before & the owner was rather  
 indignant about it, said he ought to  
 have been sold as a cow breaker & all that,  
 whereupon the auctioneer threatened  
 to charge him for breaking the horse  
 in. - Wallis & Gingham rode in,  
 W's face almost healed up -  
 Bingham stayed in town that night.



Mrs. Dushington's 'Smack up'



Well ridden



I bought a polo pony that afternoon  
from a blacksmith - such a little  
beauty - bark chestnut 13-3½,  
5 yr old - got one big knee, done a  
few weeks before jumping a wall.  
I was rather doubtful of this kind  
& had hesitated about buying  
for a couple of weeks but as I had  
seen the blacksmith ride the pony  
in every day carrying his 14 stone  
easily I concluded she was sound  
enough to save him his £10 &  
got a bill in - Went back with  
Wallis that evening, leading the  
pony & riding Lucifer - got to the  
Lodge just before dark - Pleasant  
evening as usual - Spent all this  
next morning hogging the pony's mane  
& equaring the tail - made a very  
good job of it & pretty improved  
her looks - Christened her Fairy.  
Went up to Lushington in the

afternoon & he asked me if I'd  
sell the black - I said I would - Rode  
him in - & he had a look at him  
asked his price - £30 - Said he'd  
take him - So I stipulated that he  
should lend me an animal of some  
sort to go up to the Waskels to look  
for a remount - He offered me a  
grey called Rocket, about 15 hands  
a very showy ugly brute, shallow  
& leggy - It looked as if it would  
carry me up alright so we then  
agreed to the horse & settled  
the bargain - gave him a receipt  
& then went back to Wallis's  
feeling quite sorrowful to have  
parted with another favorite, my  
gallant Lucifer - He'd given me  
many spills & often carried  
me over to hounds - Never a spill  
while hunting - only chucked me off  
while trying to get on - & that I pray





My polo pony 'Lucifer'



Good bye 'Lucifer'

94  
 forgive him - Hope he won't break  
 Lushington's neck. I took him all  
 his tricks - He intended breaking  
 him to harness & drying him with  
 a Chesnut of something like same  
 Stamp in a curriole -

Sunday morning - Cloudy & inclining  
 to rain & gave a church within  
 6 miles - So we breakfast late & go  
 in the horses & study their food &  
 bad points & smoke away the time  
 till lunch - Then a dealer turned  
 up with a pony he wants to sell  
 Wallis but W is not to be had - The  
 pony is lame tho' the dealer swears  
 isn't - but then you see lying is  
 trade & it comes naturally to his  
 work on a Sunday afternoon - I  
 Bingham arrives & recounts the  
 good deep sport he had with the  
 dragon the Saturday & how well  
 the Chesnut carried him -



I sleep on the floor that night & dream  
horribly, wake before daylight  
fail to catch the flea that had  
been devouring me all night, try  
to go to sleep again & fail - get  
up at 6 & get Rocket in & feed  
him ready for a start back to town  
after breakfast - The other two  
are up early getting in the walking  
slaw Farley who is to be driven  
in the Spring cart - Mr W going  
in to town - I find Rocket  
wants shoring badly. It's a strange  
thing that I always have the bad  
luck to have just had my horses  
reshod when I sell & when buying  
find they always want shoring -  
Had Rocket shod in Otaburton -  
kept me waiting there nearly an hour  
& then only got the front shored,  
arranged to have the others put on when  
I returned - & so on into town.

96  
Met Bingham & Mrs who had got  
in ahead of me - wrote a lot of letters  
at the club - a load off my mind.  
Rocket secured a cheerful hack,  
pulled a bit but very few & pleased.  
Bingham arranged to go home in  
some - Happy man - bid it  
wish I was going with him -  
Fancy a wunters hunting at home, I see  
Wrote this wretched book up  
the evening - 4 days to write up &  
I was awfully sleepy & tired you  
my friendly reader must see  
the illegibility & unreachableness  
will try & improve further on -  
Into town the next day & entered a  
dog for the Polo Race - Found Thompson  
at the club, just down from the arch  
Rode out Green Lane in the afternoon  
to see a dealer about a certain black  
horse that I'd had my eye on - he  
away of course - gone to the cattle





Rocket

July - Went to the Dale & then found that he'd gone on into town - So missed him - Packing up in the evening to go to Waller & on to the Warkato horse hunting - Must find something to replace Lucy for up at 6 & for a wonder got breakfast punctually at 7.30 - He watched while 'Rocket' looked very lean & unhappy in spite of the oats I gave him - I think he had spent the night wandering round & round the paddock - At Orahuna I had his hind shoes renewed & while it was being done I went on an exploring expedition round the village - followed by 3 small boys & a lean dog - Enquired about a pony belonging to a Saroyor - & was nearly got bitten by the Saroyor's dog - Very awkward & uncomfortable feeling - Just myself confronted by an angry silent bull terrier just when going to knock at the door - I don't mind a barking dog - but those silent on



who put their bristles up & walk round  
you on top are the very dickens.  
I felt greatly relieved when the door opened  
& an old lady calmed the angry car.  
But the pony was not for sale; so all this  
trouble was for nothing. - Horse show  
So on to the fraugh - The Wallis's not  
yet arrived. So I put the 'ho' away  
& then get all the information I can  
about the place from the boys & much  
useful information regarding fowls  
& young duck from "my daughter"  
a very buxom & talkative young woman  
who learned in the milk & butter making  
line & not afraid to speak her mind.  
Then the old father comes out &  
dressed in his Sundays best, shiny  
black cloth coat & 'bill topper'. For  
his going into town to receive payment  
for the farm & it's a most important  
day; even the children & women folk  
look somewhat excited & mysterious.

100  
I go with the old man over the orchard  
& try to get information as to blight &  
the usual crops, but he's very deaf  
says "he's not so young as he used to be  
& is a bit 'ard of 'earing" - I make a  
note of this & talk very loudly but  
still when I ask him if that pear tree  
in the corner bears cooking or eating pears  
he answers by telling me of a wonderful  
growth of bristles in the next paddock  
Then I talk in a rather higher key &  
we begin to understand each other.  
Then the Wallis's & Dughan arrive  
& we see the patient Fardey, who  
looked as if he found the Spring Cart  
he was harnessed in considerably  
heavier than the broken trap, up to  
the fence & then fall over the house  
Examining the different things that  
might be bought if left behind by  
the present owners. The house seems  
to be crammed full of people, mostly



women with shawls on - where on earth  
they all slept seemed a mystery.  
There didn't appear to be much to  
buy & what there was was common.



The Hall Camp  
looking dusty &  
rather unlightable  
was carefully  
examined - &  
thought might  
do at a price.

Then there  
was a wardrobe of the polished  
deal, lodging house order which the  
good woman of the house  
said was as good as new.



Then an iron bed of  
the same order of architecture  
decidedly 'sea sidey' &  
'lodging housey' with  
a big arrangement over  
it for hanging curtains on -

102  
At least we finished the inspection &  
I was ordered back to town, the W's  
driving on ahead of me. Arranged to  
dine with them at the 'Albert' at  
6 - Found the old woman out when  
I got home & was glad of it. One feels  
rather small when returning like that  
when supposed to be  $\frac{1}{2}$  way to Warkent.

Got some lunch, cold beef. My poor beef  
too. Fed the horse & let him have a roll  
an hours rest & then went on in to town,  
leaving the horse in the Club stables -

Dined with the Wallis's at the hotel  
(splendid dinner & Champagne ad lib.  
in Bingham's honor) then to the theatre  
afterwards & saw the Court minstrel  
rather an amusing entertainment.

The corner men had their faces blacked  
& were got up Comed'it fant, boues &  
tambourans, while the rest of the  
troupe & excepting the middle man  
wore dresses in old English dresses





at the Theatre - (Very laughable this - Tho' you might not think it)



I find my horse gone -

107.  
 powdered hair (or wigs) The singing was  
 very good & the Cornish men most amusing  
 but they gave us rather too much of it &  
 was cleared out before it was over, & had  
 ten - I went up to the Club for my horse  
 & imagine my horror when I found  
 that he had broken the rope & bolted.  
 I didn't know what to do - Could not  
 walk home - ample not strong enough -  
 Went back to the Albert & got some  
 consolation from Wallis who sent me  
 my horse back on the morrow & he had  
 straight back to Lushington as I  
 fully expected he had. Then I called  
 a hansom & started homeward keeping  
 a good look out on the way & asking  
 every passer by if he'd seen a wheel  
 horse - When I was home it occurred  
 to me that I ought to advertise at once.  
 So I stopped the first man I met (an  
 elderly gentleman on horseback, evidently  
 coming home from 'dinner out') & ask



him to put the advertisement in for me  
as he passed the Herald Office - he  
said he would. Arrived at the house  
the cabby & I hunted round every where  
in the lanes & byways but no horse  
could we find. I was very anxious  
about my saddle - awfully afraid the  
brute would roll & break the tree, so  
I arranged with the cabby that he should  
get a horse & ride on out to Rushington  
& bring him back if he found him - Cabby  
said he'd go for £2. offered him 30/-  
which after much thought he accepted -  
& I went to bed & dreamt of runaway  
horses & broken saddles all night.  
Got up early the next morning & looked  
anxiously in the paper for my  
advertisement, it was there

is it  
31 and Found.  
LOST, Stolen, or Strayed—A Grey Horse,  
with a gentleman's English saddle on and a  
headstall.—Any information about it given to Mr.  
Webster, at the Northern Club, or left with the  
Steward, will be thankfully received.

I wished he'd said 'generously rewarded' instead  
of 'thankfully received' -

106  
I went up to the Club at once & just met  
a boy riding the missing 'ho' up, minus  
the Thrump leathers & irons which I suppose  
he jolted off. Boy said he'd found  
him near the brewery at 8 o'clock the  
evening before & had stabled him for the  
night - I gave him 10/- for his trouble  
& then rode to the Herald office &  
advertised for the missing leathers &  
irons - Then home calling in at  
Newmarket to pay the cabby for the  
ride (feeling very sore at having to pay  
30/- for nothing) - but I was in luck,  
Cabby apologized for not having gone, sa-  
ying his wife would not let him - & she  
appeared on the scene & said "No tax-  
likely I'd let him go all that way at the  
time & night & him with a sore throat."  
I told her I was very much obliged &  
got a fresh pair of leathers & irons  
rode on out to the Lodge, getting  
just before the walls - Had





The return of the runaway -



Rodger's Grey -

168  
 lunch & then got in a couple of horses &  
 rode to old Rodger's to see if we could  
 buy the grey horse for Mrs W. it has  
 a great reputation & I said to jump any  
 He said he did not know whether he could  
 rightly sell it as his son in law Mr G  
 was away 'somewheres' & his daughter  
 would 'break or art' if he was sold.  
 At all events we got the animal in &  
 examined it thoroughly - a big grey  
 on short legs - 16-1/2 - very big bone  
 & legs as hard & clean as possible -  
 6 yr old & sound as bell - then we rode  
 it & liked it more than ever - I knew  
 it was a jumper - having seen it with  
 hounds - offered him £35 - but  
 he would not hear of it - said if it  
 had not been offered for £40 he would  
 sell at all now - then we closed the  
 bargain & went into the house to write  
 the cheque & drink bottled porter  
 The women folk came in & aboard



old Rodger for selling the horse - said  
he'd no 'art - & would sell anything for  
a price - He took it very coolly & said yo  
he'd sell her (meaning his wife) only this  
he didn't think he'd find a purchaser -  
We could see there was a storm brewing  
so I jumped down our porter & got away  
as quickly as we could, taking the  
horse with us. Got home just before  
dark - up at 6 the next morning  
& off by train for Waikato - horse  
went into the box quite quietly - got  
to Woodlands at 2 o'clock - Pracher  
(Steward) & Devonshire Cream - very nice -  
I intended to have gone on to Newcastle  
the next day, but it was so wet & looked  
so like a 'hoo' soaker' that I gladly accepted  
Reynolds's invitation to wait till Monday.  
I spent the morning decorating a pair of  
bullock horns for Mr R. - this is how  
it's done - The horns being scraped white  
& smooth you take an awl or any other

110  
sharp pointed instrument, & scratch in  
the sketch or design, then take indian ink  
& a rag & rub all over it, the black remains  
in the scratches & rubs off the rest of the  
horn, the sketch at a distance looking just  
like an etching - I've seen some horns  
beautifully done in this way - Requires  
much patience tho. Got through the  
afternoon by writing up the interesting  
Epistle, smoking many pipes & making  
periodical visits to the stable to criticize  
the fees & see if there was any chance  
of its clearing up. got improvements  
at the station - Dress gown out of all kinds  
& a new store containing everything  
useful & ornamental - Wonderfully  
cheap goods - Really good sized  
suits of New Zealand manufacture  
for £ 3.0.0. warranted to fit anybody  
(as long as you're not too particular) -  
Sunday - still raining & very cold - cold  
than I'd felt it in town all the winter.





The yearling.



The Wesleyan Parson.

112  
Reynold's little daughter (a 2 year old, or rather  
a yearling) from quite a big girl - jolly little  
thing - made great friends with me.

Wesleyan parson came in the afternoon  
& gave us a dose of "temporary" spray  
A very ugly man & the so earnest & cast  
his eyes up to the ceiling so beautifully  
I gave him 2 3 penny bits instead of  
he deserved it - coming that 12 miles  
in the rain to preach - The next  
morning was fine & sunny - & I was  
on my way rejoicing - Stopped at  
Hamilton to see a horse belonging to  
Buckland the auctioneer - Said to  
a wonderful jumper & cheap at £2

Maybe he was a jumper - I didn't  
try him - The sight of him & the feel  
of his fore legs was enough - Evidently  
one of the "has been's" (i.e. a horse that  
had been sold once) A 15.2 fiddlehead  
very black - very stiff & foggy - So  
don't want at all - So on to New



Michael out but expected home to  
dinner in 2 an hour - King food  
dinner, hash & Quince jam - Not  
mixed you know - one after the other.

Then a yarn on Trump in general &  
I give M<sup>r</sup> H. my heartiest congratulations  
on his engagement - (He's engaged  
to a very charming little girl in  
Cambridge - You may have seen a  
sketch of her - or some mention of her  
in a former Vol. When I was staying  
at Woodlands & she & some other  
ladies came there "visiting") He  
went off on the run somewhere in the  
afternoon while I took it easy &  
loafed round the place - Pleasant  
evening & a long serious confab as to  
the advisability of my buying Russell's  
horse. Michael said buy - said  
he was bound to turn out well &  
was a picture to look at. Went to  
bed - determined to have him -

H. Russell bought him home at Longbrach. Canterbury 11/4  
paid £34 - & brought him up by 8 leaguers  
swam up riding now - & sold all his horses.

Ran him in the next morning & was  
charmed with his appearance -  
Fat as a pig & much frown - His  
10 months out in food grass having  
made a fraud animal of him -  
Dark mottled brown black legs &  
black stripe down the back - White  
star on forehead - 15-3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> - Sound  
as a bell - legs like steel bars - front  
hocks & quarters - rising 5 year old  
broken in a year ago at Longbrach &  
never had a saddle on him since  
he left there - feet like iron never  
shod in his life - All this for  
£32 - with an English saddle  
(cost £8.) only used 6 months & a bridle  
thrown in - I took him on the 20<sup>th</sup>  
then we put a saddle & bridle on him  
& Michael tried to get on, but he  
kicked at him & then tried to bolt  
away & bucked about like fury  
Michael stuck whinches &





When Michol. got on

Eventually got on to him - when he  
made one plunge & then walked  
quietly off: I went with him & we  
rode him round the place - He  
only played the merry-ass once, in  
a ploughed field, jumping about  
rather uncomfortably & bucking  
more than I'd like to have sat - but  
he had a man on him & might as well  
have tried to buck out of his skin as  
more Michol. - Home to lunch  
& then Mich tried getting on & off  
him - still nasty & tried to jump  
away whenever he put his foot in  
the stirrup - However I didn't  
repent me of my bargain & Mich.  
agreed to ride him for me till he  
got him quiet - Then I contered  
on to Douglas's to see about another  
- a big chestnut called Quilp - was  
of the Cambridge Sleepchance  
year -



Tried to take a short cut over some swampy land, (I mean I did take a short cut.) & like all 'short cuts' it turned out a very long one - Came to a deep drain with a broken bridge over it - had to lead over this & nearly got in - Then more drains to jump - Nearly looking things 10 feet deep & slippery sides - Then I got lost in some tree scrub & afterwards got stuck in bog - Horse floundered about for about 3 minutes but I eventually got him out on the right side - both of us mud all over - Got to Douglas's a very pretty place - Found him at home, but Quilp was away being trained by a man called Allwill - Had some lunch & then got in a fresh horse to ride over to Allwills. My horse having had enough for one day in the bog - Douglas sent his groom or boy of all work to catch a big bay mare for me - boy caught it

118.  
but the brute bucked clean away from him as soon as he got the saddle on - Great job catching her again - Then felt a little dubious as to riding the brute - Boy took me in confidence that she bucked 'horful' - Douglas swore she was as quiet as a lamb - But there was no help for it, I had to ride her so tightened my belt & got on - She tucked her back up but did not do much - & by the time we got to Allwills (4 miles off) going at a hand gallop most of the way, (a terror to ride is Douglas) she was pretty quiet - Allwill & his men were all around - Could not find a soul about the place - So we cantered on to Cambridge & try & find him, 4 miles on - Found him there & rode back with him still at a hand gallop. Very jolly to when you're riding another man's horse with your own spurs - Not usual



house altogether. Off early to Fulbourn  
the next morning, having thanked  
Douglas for his hospitality (but  
couldnt buy the horse at that price).  
He (Douglas) was farming 500 acres  
of about the best land in Warkton,  
had been at it 10 years, & couldnt  
make it pay - in fact was disgusted  
with the place & talked of trying  
America. Blue took out this for  
immigrants - if a man with capital  
& experience cant make a thing of  
it. No farming for me thank you.  
He was no deception either. Its the  
general cry all over the country -  
Possibly the freezing process may  
make a difference now. Hope it  
will. New Zealand is a paradise  
for mechanics, laboring men &  
speculators or business men of a  
mercantile turn of mind - but  
farming — dont pay.

127  
Got to Fen Court for lunch. Found  
Kallander there, jovial as usual. No  
one there knew of a 'hod' of any kind, so  
I journeyed on to Cambridge & made  
inquiries there - ditto, no luck. So on  
to Jorton & passed through with  
Hunt the manager - even he knew of  
nothing & I began to despair of finding  
a 2<sup>nd</sup> had another try in Cambridge  
the next morning & was introduced  
to some wretched old serous hot water  
boiling down. So cantered on to  
Newstead - got "Cornauche" in &  
Inchies docked him for me. took  
the tail off with a knife & then put  
flour on the stump & tying the horse  
back over it. horse didnt seem to  
feel it a bit. Dont think its a  
operation at all. Got him in the  
morning & meant to have him in  
again but he jumped about in the  
stable & made his tail bleed again





Mehicol docking Comanche.



the operation  
taking up to stop bleeding.

a little awkward to  
get off

194.  
 Don't quite like the flour dough would  
 rather have burnt it with a hot iron.  
 wanted to pare his feet down but  
 he would not stand touching about the  
 legs - be awkward to shoe & fuss.  
 Mehicol was away all day at the other  
 end of the run - I stayed at the station  
 & doctored Rocket's back - was getting  
 saddle galled - Saddled Comanche &  
 let him about a bit but didn't care  
 to risk my fame by getting on him -  
 In the afternoon a man rode up to  
 the station to see Mehicol - I told him  
 he was out, but asked him to put his  
 horse in & have some lunch - said he  
 would & was just saying that his horse  
 was a bit awkward to get off from.  
 As he took his feet out of the thrush  
 the horse gave one buck & landed  
 him facefully in the mud at his  
 feet - He was at hand so luckily  
 we caught the brute again & put



him in the stable. The stranger was  
a new arrival - got a farm at Edmonds  
& was already wondering how he was  
going to make a living out of it.  
After lunch he went away. Said he  
couldn't wait to see Michiel. Was always  
bucked off his horse again as he was  
going out of the yard. The next morning  
we cut about 2 inches off Comanche's hoofs  
with a chisel & mallet. Had to tie up  
one fore leg to do it. I left him to  
Michiel's tender mercies & rode back to  
Woodlands. Mich. promising to have  
him thoroughly quiet & broken in 10  
days time. Met Sutor of Eureka in  
Hamilton riding a very good looking  
brown horse. Offered him £20 & tried  
hard to make a deal with him but he  
wanted £30 & wouldn't come down a bit.  
So on to Woodlands & a cloudy night &  
raining wet Sunday to follow, with not even  
a parson to relieve the monotony. Off

146  
again by train the next morning.  
Riding to the station Rockel got his  
teed up & ran away with me for about  
2 miles - couldn't stop him a bit.  
Made me so angry that I determined to  
ride him down all the way west  
& going by train but thought better of it.  
When I got to the station as if was again  
again - then putting up a good head  
& the pubesman going to put up a new  
put at the station - wonderful horse  
those little places for shed - strange  
where the money comes from farmers  
all say they are not even making  
wages. Got raining when I left  
the train at Papstortor & Caule  
on to the loop. Found the Wallis on  
fore into town - didn't turn up till  
6 o'clock - had started to turn out with  
the unwilling Farley but strange to  
be jibbed & wouldn't come. So they  
had to borrow a fee & then he proved





our wet weather costume  
neat but not fancy



Leading the 'Jibber'

a jibber & had to be returned & a buggy  
& horse hired - Wallis & I drove it  
back the next morning determined  
to make Farley bring back the other  
trap or die in the attempt - Pouring  
wet day again & miserable muddy drive

Put Farley in & started, as soon as  
he got into Queen Street he jibbed again  
& I had to jump out & lead him all  
up the street elegantly attired in a  
long & my dirty yellow oilskin coat  
Wallis was also got up in the same  
elegant & smelly style & I am sure  
we looked very killing - At the top  
of the street I let him go & we did  
not give him time to jib any more but he  
rattled him home - Then we  
inspected the stock - We had bought  
a new mare a slashing steel grey  
15-3 - 4 yr old mare quiet to ride &  
drive - a good purchase I think  
at 21 - ought to be money in her if  
some



While in town I had met Halcome,  
an up country Warkato man, who was  
anxious to buy a few to take up with  
him - I thought over our valuable  
collection & thought we might as  
a favor spare him the £9 or  
as he would not jump or go in harness  
& had broken knees. So I told  
him we had a valuable animal that  
had met with an accident & would  
let him have it cheap - say - £4.  
Said he'd like to see it. So I rode it  
in the next morning, stopping at Rose's  
to feed the brute & turn his tail up  
& put a good ruble & breastplate on  
him. Then on to the Club found  
my friend & he was charmed with  
the horse - gave me a cheque on  
the spot for the £14 & I took the horse  
down to a livery stable for him -  
In this said stable was a 13-3  
5-4 old chestnut pony - rare good

130.  
Stamp but thin & poor. Wallis & I  
had admired him the day before  
but the owner wanted too much  
£8. Now we had arranged that  
if I sold the ninepounder (Ginger by  
name) I was to buy the pony &  
ride him out. Owner said he'd go  
in harness. So I said I'd take him  
- at a price - if he would, but I must  
have a trial - got the break out &  
put him in - he bucked like fury  
did not look as if he'd ever been in harness  
in his life - then he reared & fell  
over on his side & then bucked  
again & jumped about all over the  
street. Made such a fuss at last  
that 5 policemen came up to stop  
the disturbance - I offered £7  
for him - he'd take £7. Then  
I offered to split the difference with  
him & for £6.10. Said I was  
"just a fiver off 'em away" but he took





I spare fingers to Halcour.



and buy the pony 'Brutus'



but he wouldn't go in harness

132

it & I rode him off. Had to see Thompson  
 who had come down from Leasha & was  
 laid up - got checked out of a buggy  
 hurt his back - getting better -  
 then home to Rose's - Out in the evening  
 - dress clothes & white tie & immaculate  
 white kids - but you wonder where  
 to - not to a dance or any convivial  
 dinner party but to be admitted into  
 the mystic order of Freemasonry.  
 got home again at 10 o'clock & then  
 to bed - up at 6 the next morning  
 got the pony shod & then rode out  
 the Pak for breakfast - saw Willie  
 now pony & didn't think much of  
 jumping for legs - stayed there  
 11 o'clock & then rode on to the Lodge  
 Rain nearly all the way - such  
 pelting cold showers - even hail  
 bid the 15 miles in an hour  
 a half - Pony & buy food for  
 cheapest I've yet bought - think



turn out a trump. Wallis out, but  
got back at 2 o'clock - & there were  
great rejoicings at the sale of the Chestnut  
'Jigger' & they were much pleased  
with the pony whom we christened  
'Brutus' - Satisfactory thus for our  
first deal in partnership - ~~very~~  
the luck continuing - Awful trouble in  
the evening catching 'Fairy' - the little  
brute wouldnt be caught - Had at last  
to drive her up to Jushington's stable.  
Friday the next day & still showery -  
Started into Auckland with 'Chimney'  
the black pony in the trap - rather a  
squeeze for 3 of us - Rained hard  
when we started, but we were well  
'airproofed' & thought we could get thru  
dry - but when we got to Okahukuit  
came down harder than ever & blew a  
hurricane - Couldnt face it so  
turned back - Then as is generally the  
way in this weary world it cleared

134  
up a little & we wished we had some  
Poured again tho' in the afternoon  
to add to our miseries the fire smoke  
& the one & only little sitting room was  
uninhabitable - Then it cleared up  
again & we got Brutus & Fairy in &  
tried our new Polo sticks - Fairy  
was fresh after her 3 weeks rest &  
was afraid she'd back me off - but she  
didnt - Only stuck up her back &  
tucked her little tail in as much as  
say 'you see I can if I like' - Then  
we run the big black horse in &  
he blistered his shoulder - He  
I reward much better pretty to walk  
delight - Quite a treat to look at the  
brute - dont see horses 16.2. high  
every day - Gave the ponies a job  
& found that Brutus could bear  
a bit - wouldnt take £10 for him  
Such a demerit that night - I dont  
often debate on that subject



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got back at 2 o'clock - & there were  
great rejoicings at the sale of the Chestnut  
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with the pony whom we christened  
'Brutus' - Satisfactory thus for our  
first deal in partnership - happy  
the luck continuing - Awful trouble in  
the evening catching 'Fairy' - the little  
bunt would not be caught - Had at last  
to drive her up to Jushington's stable.  
Friday the next day & still showery -  
Started into Auckland with 'Chimney'  
the black pony in the trap. rather a  
squeeze for 3 of us. Rained hard  
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every day - gave the ponies a job  
& found that Brutus could tread  
a bit - would not take £10 for him  
such a demerit that night - I do  
often debate on that subject





Blistering the "Little'un"



Trying to catch Fairies

but really such soup & such a curry  
ought to be chronicled - Happy is the  
man who has a good cook & a digestion  
but even with an indifferent digestion  
& a bilious temperament a man feels  
more at peace with the world & so much  
more satisfied with himself after a good  
dinner - Makein, thou queen of cooks  
may they shadow never from thee  
(which is saying a good deal as she's "considered  
round" as the Yankees say) & may you repeat  
that soup & not lose the receipt of the  
curry - + how to be

Oct 13. + a sale at the fraugh - The present  
owner selling of his implements to  
preparatory to turning out - a Hopalong  
lost day & blowing a full. Got Farley in,  
intending to drive there - rather doubtful  
about his going quietly - got him in, started  
then he began playing the fool, jibbed  
& wouldn't go - Had to take him out &  
got the poor willing Cheummy & drove him



Wallis riding Fardey & 'taking it out  
of him' - He built the utter beast to  
behave so, after going perfectly quietly  
for 3 months - A lot of people at  
the sale - neighbouring farmers & a few  
cattle jobbers & dealers from town -  
Lunch laid out in an out-houses for the  
'oi pokkoi & tea, coffee & sandwiches in  
the dining room for the elite - No liquor  
of any kind - Strictly temperance house -  
Bad policy I think for a sale on a wet  
day - A little whiskey & bottled beer  
would have been more conducive to bidding.  
An awful lot of old rubbish for sale.  
The usual farmhouse collection - Old  
draps & Spring cart painted up to hide  
the cracks - Old harness well blacked,  
curious heaps of old iron & Stray Kettle  
& potteryware jars, tin pans, a clothes  
horse (warranted sound & carried a lady, or  
a lady carried it - same thing) A few  
Pitch forks & a chaff cutter & a lot

138.  
of other odds & ends - mostly ends -  
Some 20 cows very lean & ugly fetching  
from 2 to £5 - 2 or 3 worn out horses  
a lamp or 2 & a brace of tables -  
Wallis bought 4 tin pans & the clothes  
horse (1/6) 9 jars - 2 pitchforks, a lamp  
or rather 2 lamps, & both the tables, a  
dilapidated chest of drawers (8/-) and a  
few more equally interesting & expensive  
articles - Should you, my reader, feel  
an interest in the matter & like to know  
more fully what was sold & what it fetched,  
write to the author (Enclosing Stamps) &  
he'll tell you - He has no time or  
inclination now - None of the livestock  
was worth buying - The sale over we  
got a horsebreaker who was there with  
a brack to put Fardey in & see if he'd  
go. He he jibbed again but the  
breaker & his friend "walloped" him  
till he did go - down the road at  
about 50 miles an hour - Then brought



him back & he played the ass again  
& tried kicking - got another kicking  
& another spin down the road - but  
it was no use, he was sulky & quite  
undrivable - I took him home.

Blowing & raining as hard as ever the  
next morning - About as cheerless  
& miserable as a Sunday morning  
could be; & you know they can be  
pretty doleful in most countries.  
The tiny house seemed more tiny the  
ever & every thing at sizes & seems  
(wonder how that expression originated)  
even the inevitable Inakin was  
unhappy & didn't think she could  
stand it much longer - Thought she'd  
have to go if we didn't get into the  
france soon. A council of war  
was held & Wallis & I packed off to  
the france to see Edwards & induce him  
to turn out by the end of the week  
he was willing & most obliging, then

on to the carriers to get him to arrange  
about removing the furniture & bring  
the new kitchen range out from town.  
All this satisfactorily arranged we  
caulered home - No, this is a falsehood  
we did not do anything of the kind - we  
got a bag of chaff from the carrier &  
Wallis carried it in front of his  
Saddle & we walked home - Calling  
at a dilapidated out at elbow looking  
iron house, on the way to see about buying  
a 2<sup>nd</sup> slavy - The young woman was  
out of course - They always are -  
doing the 'happy lover' business no  
doubt with her 'young man', it being her  
Sunday out - Difficult work I should  
imagine to feel affectionate on such  
a windy wet miserable Sunday afternoon.  
God of day that makes one feel at unity  
with all mankind - Horrors we felt  
much rejoiced at the prospect of moving  
& eat our dinner in a peaceful frame of





'Sir Roger' & 'Fairy' -



Buying the spring cart

1142  
 mind - But still it rained & still it blew  
 & the weather seemed mad entirely - We  
 had spent an hour at Rushington & the  
 old people here said they'd never known  
 such weather for the time of year, so  
 it must have been bad, as generally the  
 old folk hark back to some awful  
 storm that happened far back in bygone  
 years which no storm in these degenerate  
 days can hold a candle to -  
 The W's drove into town the next morning  
 & I followed, riding Mr W's hunter  
 'Sir Roger' & leading my pony 'Fairy' -  
 taking them in to be docked by the  
 Vet - But when we got there the  
 vet wouldn't do them, said it was  
 not allowed by the Society for Prevention  
 of Cruelty to animals, but he'd come  
 out to the lodge & do them there on  
 the sly - Any annoyance this of  
 having brought them in 15 miles  
 arranged for the vet to come out at



the Wednesday & then rode on to the  
Lion Stable - Sir Roger much admired.  
Had our 'Colors' tried on at the  
tailors & did a lot of shopping. Then  
a good lunch = about the best part  
of the days performance. Then a  
tour round the different Coach builders  
yards to try & buy a spring cart - Tried  
2 or 3 unsuccessfully - Carts too big  
or too small or too dear (generally the  
latter) - at last found one that suited  
all but the shafts which weren't strong  
enough - a very neat trap - made  
like a rooney dog cart. Offered to  
take it for £27. The maker to plate  
the shafts with iron & put a break  
on & pad the cross bar - So that in  
case we had an 'awkward customer'  
to drive we should'nt have an 'almighty  
smash' - Then home - Still blowing  
& trying to rain - Fairy led well & the  
forey Firhope was a delightful hack

144  
So we soon got over the 15 miles -  
Almost fine the next morning but cloudy  
& a "will rain if I can" sort of expression in the  
sky - Went to an adjoining farm after  
breakfast (awful writing this - but cant help it,  
fingers all thumbs tonight) to see about  
buying a 2<sup>nd</sup> hand chaff cutter -  
didn't like the look of it - too old & rusty  
so didn't buy - Then home again & washed  
the trap - Not a satisfactory job at all  
& a mop didn't seem quite the right  
tool to do it with & the more we washed  
it the dirtier it seemed to look when  
it dried - But we did it & put it away  
& felt happier - always a certain  
satisfaction in feeling one's done one's  
duty & if the mud didn't all come off  
— well it was at our fault -  
After this we cleaned bits till lunchtime  
This wasn't altogether satisfactory either  
No sand - had to grind up a brick with  
an axe - Then got the horses in &





Washing the trap -



The family cow -

rode to the fringe. Saw the walls being  
 papered - House in an awful muddle.  
 The people packing up - boxes on the  
 veranda full of old clothes, crockery,  
 old books & boots & other household  
 jobs - rooms strewn with all sorts of  
 rubbish & boxes & old clothes everywhere  
 Then a man arrived to see W. about  
 polishing the floors & putting up blinds  
 & putting down oil cloth & sundry  
 other things - Truly it's an awful job  
 moving - Happy is the man who  
 'lives at home at ease' & when he moves  
 leaves everything to 'Pickford' -  
 After this we rode round the farm &  
 inspected the new cow, just bought  
 for £6.10 warranted to calve in 3 days -  
 A pale faced, modest, respectable sort  
 of a cow, what a dealer would call  
 a good 'family cow' -  
 I was riding a new mare 'Lady Grey' - an  
 iron grey 15.3. 44<sup>th</sup> old very good looking



Here at 8 o'clock. hungry you may be sure  
after a 14 mile ride - The men very  
awkward to ride too, like riding a raw  
unbroken colt. In to town after break-  
-fast & shopping & getting the mail  
letters till lunch - Very warm & glad  
to get away again at 2 o'clock. Saw  
the man a 2 hours rest in the paddock  
at Ross's & then on home - And  
that was the last day at the Lodge,  
all goods & chattels to be moved into  
the grange the next day & possession  
taken - Now haist this book ended  
up satisfactorily - The next Vol  
will begin with our first day in the  
grange, & our many troubles in  
moving furniture &c &c. I little  
knew when I began this book how it  
would end & from the blue look out  
at the commencement, hardly expected  
it to end up so satisfactorily for  
Yours truly  
H. B. W.

