

August 29, 1863

My Dear Mother,

The Captain thinks it possible we may meet some homeward bound vessels about this time so I am preparing a few lines to let you know how we are getting on. Now that the novelty has worn off, we are finding it very dull work. We sighted St. Antonia this morning. It is the first land we have seen since we left England. We passed alongside the island of Madeira only it was night and very dark. I get up every morning before six and indulge in a shower of buckets on deck. I tried the bath in the cabin once but it is such a close little hole that I much prefer the deck. Charlie will not be persuaded to try it; you know his antipathy to cold water. None of the passengers get up before eight so that the Captain and I promenaded the poop for nearly two hours every morning. We have breakfast at a quarter to nine. There is no doubt about a sea voyage being a fine thing for the health. We are both very sunburnt and I expect we shall look in full working trim on our arrival.

We had a little excitement the other evening which might have put a speedy end to our voyage. It appeared that a vessel was coming directly across our bows. We were all below, including the Captain, and the Mate did not perceive her until she was close alongside. Someone rushed downstairs to tell the Captain who, of course, flew up in an instant, but just in time to alter the helm. As it was our bowspoint passed over the stern of the other ship, you will readily understand what a narrow escape we had. In fact, the Captain told me afterwards that his first thoughts on coming on deck were directed to the boats, he thought there was so little chance of clearing her.

We have seen a great many large fish and have made some vain attempts to harpoon them, but they do not seem inclined to give us any sport as they always keep at a respectful distance. I think it is a great mistake going out in a ship with so few passengers. I should have a great deal more to tell you if there were more of us. Our principal talk is about our new life and our proceedings on our arrival. I have gathered a great deal of information from the Captain who has traded to Wellington for some years and knows the province well. Sheep farming seems to be the quickest way of making money and a man with experience and a capital of two thousand pounds could not fail to double it in a very short time. I think that even had Father decided upon coming out it would have been the best thing he could have done to send us out first, as we shall soon pick up the most valuable thing of all – experience, and that coupled with a little money could be the very thing. However, I shall not say one word to persuade yet, until I have seen with my own eyes. It is quite certain that it is a perfect paradise of a country and a common labourer gets eight shillings a day and keep, so that even the poorest man can save if he has no incumbrances in the shape of a family. As regards the expense of living, the Captain says that meat is very cheap and a man can live for eightpence a day easily, which most of them do, and spend five shillings in

drink that is very expensive. A small glass of beer is sixpence and spirits, of course, more so. We care very little for either, so that can be easily saved.

September. We have passed several ships but there is too much wind for them to stop for letters, so I expect you will have to wait until we get there. The heat is tremendous here. The thermometer rose yesterday to 130 degrees. You may imagine we are glad to go about with only a shirt and trousers on. As for the paper collars, we never attempt to put one on, they are saturated in a minute. We caught two sharks yesterday. They were only small ones but they could give a nice little bite, for after their heads were taken off, they bit ferociously at their own tails which are pushed in the way, and clung to them so tightly that they could hardly be shaken off. I am afraid we shall make a long passage, for we have had such contrary winds, we ought to have passed the line by this time. It is a great bore, for it is awfully dull work (I should not be a sailor for a thousand a year) Not true. Charlie has been up on deck with me the last two mornings. I mean to make him follow it up, especially this hot weather. It is a positive luxury and so strengthening.

September 15. I dare say you have not forgotten that I came into the world this day twenty-two years ago. It is rather singular we crossed the line this morning. I suppose in honour of that auspicious event, Neptune does not think it worth his while to come on board as we carry so few of his children, so we are to be spared the shaving proceedings. We all stand them a bottle of grog which pleased them a great deal more. The Captain thinks we may make the run in 60 days from this line. I am sure I hope we may, for I am heartily sick of the voyage. I don't think we shall stay in Wellington more than a week. We propose going on to Nelson as the most likely to forward our farming views. I think I told you before that Mr. Smith and Humphries were going there. I hope we shall get that money on our arrival as I expect we shall want to buy one or two things. We must get two guns at any price; it was a great pity we did not buy them in London.

September 29. I expect you will say my letter is written in a very unconnected manner. I cannot do better; there is so little news. I have torn up one or two already it seemed such awful twaddle on reading it over. We have got out of the hot weather and we are sailing with a fine wind, so I hope we shall recover lost ground. Our vessel is a very fast one. We can go 13 miles an hour with the ship sails set. We expect to round the Cape next week. Several Cape pigeons have been keeping company with us the last day or two, which is a sign that the wind means to last. From the Cape, we can make the run in 30 days easily. The worst of the voyage is over. I am sick of this everlasting calm weather. Yesterday, at dinner, six of us emptied our soup plates into our laps which shows that the sea is going to begin in earnest. Since we left England, I have not seen the sea any rougher than I have at Margate.

I suppose you have written by this time. We shall be very glad to get the letters, I can tell you. It seems an age since we left. I should advise Arthur to wait until he

hears from us again and by that time, I hope we shall be settled at something and able to give him a lift.

October 3. The weather has been fearful the last few days, but we are getting on so splendidly that it quite reconciles us to the inconvenience. In fact, it is preferable, I think, so much more exciting, but it happens very unfortunately (on account of the hot weather) that the sides of the ship are not water tight, and our bunks are saturated. Charlie has slept in the Saloon the last two nights and I found a perfect pool of water on my rug, as you imagine the under blankets were not in the driest state; however, sea water, though very uncomfortable, is not dangerous, so we manage to sleep just the same. In another month, we hope to sight the extreme point of Stewarts Isle, which is three days sail from Wellington. So, our time is drawing to a close. I am very glad we took those Balbrigg hose with us for I detest staying below and we feel the cold so much more, having left the tropics so recently. The Captain has been kind enough to lend me a large pair of sea boots so nothing keeps me down stairs. There is never a dry corner on deck now, the water dashes over everywhere and the ship gets into such extraordinary positions that I can hardly hold on, much less walk about. Mrs. Muir has been in bed the last week in consequence of a severe fall, and I am afraid she has hurt herself very seriously. We have had some sport shooting the birds which follow the ship. It seems a great pity to kill them for, of course, we do not stop the ship to pick them up and no one gets any benefit. Perhaps it is good practice for it is most difficult to take aim with the ship one moment up in the clouds and the next in a deep valley. You will receive a visit about next May from Mr. Davidson, the second mate. I asked him to make a point of calling as I know you would be glad to have a chat with anyone who had seen us so lately. We shall give him a letter and I wish you would ask him to dinner on Sunday as then Father could speak to him. He will be in the Wellington trade, so that any direct message you could give him would be received by us and we, of course, should like to see anyone who had seen the old faces at home. He is not at all gentlemanly but exceedingly good natured and has been most kind to us.

October 5. We are so far south today that the Captain thinks it possible we shall see some icebergs. I hope we may. I should very much like to; the cold is insufferable. Just fancy, this day fortnight, we were in the tropics. I had my bath on deck for the last time yesterday; it was freezing work. I shall take to the cabin bath now as that is quite at my service, not a soul on board venturing near it now that the Captain himself has dropped it. But you know my weakness for cold bathing. I am so used to it from having the bath at home that I do not feel it at all cold downstairs. You will be glad that the carpenter has almost stopped the leaks in our cabin. Charlie's is quite dry but mine is still rather bad, that is, I wake up with a little shower on my face. We have been very unfortunate during these gales with our masts, having two or three carried away. Of course, the carpenter has replaced them but the time it has taken will retard our voyage considerably. I should think this vessel has seen her best days for all the berths are leaky. Other ships were met with similar weather, but I doubt whether they have to put up with

the same inconveniences. Messers Humphrey and Smith have both been obliged to take their turn at sleeping in the Saloon. Yesterday was Sunday, as you will see by the date. I dare say you would like to know how we pass that day. Mr. Muir conducts the Service. It begins at eleven lasts an hour only. I should think he was a very good man but not a very powerful preacher. He does not use the Church of England prayers, but both prayers and sermon are extempore. He talks very nicely to the sailors and distributes a plentiful supply of good books among them. I think you would enjoy the Sunday on board. Everything is so quiet. Of course, the men do nothing but that is absolutely necessary. I wonder they do not have Service twice. I believe they do on some ships, but I suppose Mr. Muir does not like to interfere with the regulations.

October 9. We passed the Cape this morning. It is awfully cold. The Captain says they never have fires in the trade. I think it is a great shame; we are all perished. The thermometer in the daytime is as low as 39, only seven degrees above freezing point. However, we manage to exercise by running about the deck wildly.

I forgot to tell you that Charlie and I had a taste of hard work in the tropics. You will never guess what work it was. We had a monster washing day. I rubbed so hard that my knuckles bled in three places, an unusual occurrence with a regular washerwoman. The things did not look at all bad and they dried beautifully in the hot sun.

Our ship is followed now by a large flock of birds of all sorts. We were fishing for them yesterday, with a piece of fat pork attached to a hook with a very long line. The weather is much calmer now so they come swimming after the vessel. They look like swans on the ornamental water in the parks, the sea is so smooth. We nabbed a beautiful Albatross in the morning with enormous wings. Mr. Smith killed it and has preserved the head as a trophy. Later in the day, we caught another bird. It was such a pretty little one that we let it fly again.

October 14. We are travelling in right down earnest. It seems strange but we have come very little more than half the distance. We have still 7000 miles to go, but the wind is always fair between the Cape and New Zealand and besides, there is always plenty of it, so the Captain can almost make certain to a day or two the time we shall arrive. We are making 240 miles every day, so if you reckon you will see that our journey is near its end. We both long to begin, for the more we converse with the Captain about it, the better planned we are that we have taken this step. I suppose you will not hear any news of any consequence from us until the middle of next year.

October 20. Another week gone. We are getting further south every day. The weather, consequently, gets colder. You could scarcely credit the difference. The thermometer is below freezing point nearly all day. Just fancy, you know, that it is only a month at the most since we had it at a 130, so we have all been bullying the Captain for a fire. At last, we have gained our point. The carpenter made a hole in the deck for the funnel and we have got a little old stove (so Charlie says)

which belonged to the fore-castle. It is a great concession on his part as he declares that it is the first one he has ever seen in this trade, but I believe such intense cold as we have is rather unusual. You can imagine the kind of weather we are enjoying now by my writing. I am obliged to get a sentence down as quickly as possible whenever there is a little lull. We had a most dreadful catastrophe on board here yesterday. We had just finished the soup, a leg of mutton was before the Captain who was just beginning operations when a fearful sea struck the side of the ship, dashed over the poop, banged in the skylight window, deluging the saloon with about a ton of water, plates, dishes, everything disappeared. The leg of mutton floated gently into Mr. Muir's lap and we walked off dinnerless and wet through to our respective cabins. It is an awful bore; after all, the fine weather is pleasantest. Messrs. Humphrey and Smith have got rather a sensible plan of not getting out of bed until two o'clock every day. Charlie, too, never shows up until one o'clock. I wish I could do it, but I get so wretchedly sick of that bunk with the water always christening me that I am glad to turn out at seven. Well, there is an end to everything, so I suppose we shall get to New Zealand some day. We had such bad winds the first part of our voyage that however quickly we may go now, we cannot possibly make up for lost time.

Do you remember the letter Mr. Duckworth gave us for a Mr. Moore of Woodlands East Coast? We were puzzling our brains about it one morning and wondering whether or not it was near Wellington. Charlie happened to be looking over his pocket book the other day and found a little memorandum which Mr. D. had told him to make some time before we had the letter. It was very short, but it stated that this Woodlands was near Wellington. We asked the Captain if he knew the name and fortunately, he remembered having seen a Mr. John Moore at the New Zealander Hotel well known in the town as a large sheep farmer. He is an elderly man and very rich. Let us hope he will take a fancy to two such interesting young men. (I fancy I hear Aunt Mary say how dreadfully conceited). It forgot to say that the Christian name is the same so there is scarcely a doubt about it being the same person.

October 23. Here we are again, still four thousand miles from our destination. We have been nearly eighty-four days already and expect to be another twenty, but they have a trick in this trade as well as in others you must know that they prefer only to count from shore to shore, so that although, in reality, we shall have been on board nearly a hundred days or perhaps more, they will call it a voyage of 87 days deducting the ten days we were getting to the mouth of the channel. Perhaps it is fair enough for we had not really left England, but still it does not shorten the time to us at all.

October 29. This morning is very fine and we saw two large lots of seaweed floating by. It is a sign that we are not far off Australia. We shall be abreast of land by tomorrow night. In another month, it will seem like a dream although the time has appeared so long. It is twelve o'clock now with us. I expect you are all snugly in bed by this time. The time has altered about twenty minutes a day since we left the Cape. It will be just the beginning of spring when we arrive. I am very

glad it is not to be winter for we shall have had enough cold weather to last us some time. In fact, unless we leave New Zealand, we shall never see such cold again as the glass never goes as low as freezing point. I hope we shall get in before the 12<sup>th</sup> of next month as the mail leaves on that day. If we do not, you will not get a letter from us before February.

November 8. I have got bad news to write today. We have had a foul wind this last week, and, of course, we have lost the mail. Never mind, you will still get more news when you do get a letter. We shall be ten more days on the water. The weather is much warmer on account of our proximity to Australia. The foul wind drives us much nearer than we should otherwise go. I expect you will be worrying yourself about our long silence but I dare say Edward Hargon has given you some news of the Ship as she must have reported at home about a month ago.

November 12. Nothing could be more unfortunate than the contrary winds we have got just now. It is still dead against us. We shall make a four months' voyage of it. The weather is so magnificent, deliciously warm. What a contrast to a November at home. I can only compare the sky to that which I saw in the south of France, but it is even bluer, and the air is so balmy and warm yet without being at all relaxing. Of course, we shall find a difference on landing. It is always much warmer on shore, but still the atmosphere is so light and airy that it can never be oppressive. I don't think I shall add any more to my letter until we arrive in Wellington as my news is so scanty.

Wellington Saturday 22 November.

We arrived this morning. It is exactly this day week since we sighted land but we have been knocking about for seven days with a foul wind. I can hardly find words to tell you of the beauty of the scenery we saw coasting along. It was like a beautiful panorama: hills, valleys and lofty mountains which, notwithstanding the hot weather, are covered entirely with snow, yet it looks very desolate and uninhabited, no cattle or sheep grazing on the rich pastures. I shall be able to write more about the country another time. At present, I must stick to badinage. We were disappointed at finding no letters for us. Our funds are low. We gave the Steward two pounds and paid for what we have had on board. We are staying at the New Zealander until the mail comes in which is expected hourly.

Wednesday evening.

The mail has only just arrived. We received two letters, one which we should have had before, having come by the October mail directly. We find no remittance. We saw the necessity of leaving Wellington at once as it is not exactly the sort of place for young men with no money. I forgot to tell you that our expectations about Mr. Moore were disappointed for Woodlands is a hundred miles from Wellington and it would take a good time to get there presuming that

he could find an opening for us. You know that the North Island is disturbed by these niggers just now and they are training a mounted troop for protection of the town. It is not everyone whom they will take; however, we had an offer this morning. The pay is 150 a year for a private. We went down to the barracks this morning to get sworn in on the spot but the Captain was up the country and we are glad of it now, for we were advised in the afternoon not to do it, for the troop has the reputation of being composed of broken down swells and the greatest drunkards in the town. However, we determined to do something that very day, so, as we had not money enough to pay our passage to Canterbury, where Humphreys and Smith were going, we settled to walk to Hawkes Bay which we discovered is 240 miles instead of sixty as we thought. We got our luggage ashore. It cost us another sovereign humbugging about with that. We took out a couple of Crimean shirts and slung them across our shoulders. We wore our top boots and breeches but, after all, we were obliged to abandon the scheme, for there are three rivers to cross on our way which are swollen just now and Charlie cannot swim. There is a good-natured fellow here ( I mean at the hotel) with whom I have made friends, (he is the Captain of a Ship (his own) called The Defiance) , who is going to Hawkes Bay tonight. The fare is five pounds by steamer but I explained just how I was situated and he will take us both for 4 pounds. We are going to leave all our livery here and send for it when we both get settled. You must not imagine that we are at all low-spirited about this. We never felt more jolly or looked better in our lives. It is rather unfortunate that we have not had a single letter for Wellington; therefore, we do not know a soul. However, we would neither of us of us be back again in England for anything. We read dear little Emily's nice letter and we both send our thanks for it. I hope she will write again or one of the girls. As to your fears about our wanting for anything, this is absurd. Two young men without any incumbrances are sure to get on. We paid our bill at the hotel. Living, on the whole, is cheap but what the Captain said about spirits is quite true: a small glass of swipes is sixpence, not half a pint, and yet the boatmen and working men all take a great deal more than in England. The drinking beats anything I ever saw. I do not like the town of Wellington much. The scenery around is very pretty but the houses being all built of wood give it a very mean appearance. The churches are well filled on Sunday. Of course, when I speak about the drinking, I don't profess to give a fair example of the regular townspeople. I shall add more at Hawkes Bay and I hope to have a flourishing account to write.

Hawkes Bay December 1<sup>st</sup>.

We arrived late last night and anchored off the town in the bay. I came ashore this morning with the Captain. He is a regular brick. We have had a capital bunk each and lived with him. He could not have treated us better had we been his own relations. He pressed cigars and wine upon us every day and offered to return me the money we paid this morning and give us our passage and living five days for nothing. Of course, I refused to take the money as we have still six pounds left. Charlie, however, has stayed on board at his request that there

might be only the expense of one living at the hotel. I like the look of Napier much better than Wellington. It is very small but very pretty and the view is magnificent. There seem to be a great many more natives here than in Wellington. I only saw two or three there but here, there are quantities. You must not listen to all the absurd reports you hear about the risings. You may imagine that it is pretty well discussed by the settlers and the general impression is that they will soon be put down with little or no fighting. Every settler, or, in fact, every white man between the ages of eighteen and 40 is armed by government and the natives, of course, are not allowed to have any. Any one who is discovered selling arms to them is fined heavily, yet there are still some wretches who will provide them with powder and firearms to murder their own county men (the English) for to get it, the natives will pay enormous prices.

December 3<sup>rd</sup>.

I have delivered the letter addressed to Mrs. Wilson. She is not in town just now but Mr. Begg, her son, received us very well. He is a merchant and sheep farmer. As they are rather in want of good accountants in Napier, he has offered Charlie a hundred a year to be his clerk. He will raise the salary at the end of three months if he is satisfied. Charlie has accepted it as our main point is to scrape together 200 pounds by rigid economy to go into sheep farming on our own account. Charlie will continue to add the news until the 9<sup>th</sup> when the mail leaves. We spent last evening at Mr. Begg's house. He is a stern, just sort of man, not very prepossessing on first acquaintance, but he has only been in the colony four years, knew nothing whatever of sheep on his arrival, but he candidly told us that he has found the profits of it enormous, more than doubling the capital in two years. He does not intend staying here much longer. He wishes his two sons to go to Cambridge and, as soon as they are old enough, to go to a good school in England, he will leave the colony. All this is very encouraging to us, for he only bought 300 sheep at first, and besides getting the wool from them, they had increased in two years to double the number. He has a run up the country on the east coast to which I am going tomorrow for three months. At the end of that time, if I choose to stay with him, he will pay me, or recommend me to some other Station, of course. I shall save every copper at first and so will Charlie as much as possible, and I am quite certain that it will be our own faults if we do not make money. Of course, it will be a great advantage to us to have three hundred pounds at the end of two years for I do not think we shall be able to start in less time. If the governor feels disposed to trust that sum to us, it will be all for our benefit. I shall have an opportunity of giving more particulars when I return in three months but you must not expect to get any letters from me up there. It is a new run and very wild. Besides, our desks and above all, our boxes with our clothes are down at Wellington. Charlie will send for them next week. I am going to take a Molestone grammar up the bush with me. Scarcely anyone understands the Maori language and there are so many natives here that it is most useful in buying land or sheep. Several squatters have told me that they might have saved hundreds by knowing the language. I think I have an aptitude

for learning languages and I will master it or know the reason why. The unfortunate part of it is that it is a large book and rather dear but Charlie will be paid weekly and he is going tomorrow morning to begin so we shall soon have some coming in. I have not got time to say much more just now but I must tell you of something which happened this morning. We were dining yesterday at the table d'hote and I heard a gentleman addressed as Mr. Kennedy, which you will remember was a name Mr. Duckworth told us to put down. In the evening, I made casually some enquiries about him mentioned Mr. D's name. He is a most gentlemanly man and invited us to see his warehouses. He told us in conversation afterward that he came out without any money at all, and is now one of the largest merchants in the town. He does not keep a store, but his warehouse is on the wharf and he ships wool to England. He has a nice house a short distance from here and we are going to spend the evening there to be introduced to Mrs. K. He has six children. He desires to send his kind regards to the Duckworth family. I must now say goodbye. I could tell you an immense deal about the country but must leave it for the present. Give my love to Sarah, Marion, Emily, Father, everybody at home and believe me I remain

Your affectionate son

William Cazaly

P.S. Tell Emily I have not forgotten my promise to write to Mr. B but will keep it when I have some decent news to give him. We saw the house Uncle Samuel lived in at Wellington.

**Note:** *A typed transcript of this diary in the form of letters was given to Peter Duncan Cazaly, great-grandson of the author, William Henry Cazaly by his cousin, Dorothy Bell. Dorothy is the daughter of George Cazaly, one of the sons of William Cazaly. The original transcript of the material was made by John Graham Dewey, whose mother was Lucy Cazaly, a daughter of William Cazaly. Peter Duncan Cazaly, who lives in Ottawa, Canada, is descended from another of William Cazaly's sons, Cuthbert, whose son, Sgt. Duncan Cazaly, killed in Italy in 1944, is Peter's father.*

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