

John WARREN and Harriet HEARD Chart 52-53

(Weblink BE Warren Heard about 1843 England)
(Weblink John's parents to be created chart 104-105)
(Weblink Harriet's parents to be created chart 106-107)

John WARREN

B about 1808-1811 Castletan County May Ireland
D about 25 April 1851 Auckland
M 1st about 1843 England (2 Issue)

Harriett HEARD / HURD

B 16 March 1821 High Angar Essex England
D 31 October 1889 Gisborne NZ
M 1st about 1843 England (2 Issue)
M 2nd 08 November 1852 Auckland NZ (no Issue)

William Henry GUIRD

B about 1830
D about 1897 New Zealand
M about 08 November 1852 Auckland NZ (no Issue)

Children:

1. **John WARREN** born 15 January 1844 Woolwich England
2. Harriet WARREN born 21 September 1848 Auckland New Zealand

The family history of John WARREN and Harriet HURD

John WARREN was born about 1811 in Castletan County May Ireland
SEARCH (Reference LDS FHC microfilm of Parish records 1811 Ireland)

John WARREN age 19 years enlisted at Woolwich with the Royal Spatters and Miners around 1818 / 1830. His trade was carpenter and joiner in the Corps. In 1840 he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope and assisted in the Kaffir War the following year. He then returned to England in 1842

SEARCH (Reference LDS FHC microfilm of Soldiers documents)

My father's name was John Warren – he was born in the town of Castletan, County May, Ireland. In the year 1819 he enlisted in the Royal Spatters and Miners when he was 19 years of age, and followed his trade of Carpenter and Joiner in that Corps. In the year 1840 he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and assisted in the Kaffir War of that and the following year. In 1842 he returned to England, and on the 27th June 1842 was married to my mother in St Mary's Church, Woolwich.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

SEARCH 1841 Census Woolwich England for John WARREN

Harriet/Hariet HEARD/HURD was born 16 March 1821 England. Her parents were Nancy CROUCHMAN and John HEARD of High Angar Essex England. Harriet was the thirteenth child of twenty one born to her parents.

SEARCH (Reference LDS FHC microfilm of Parish records 1820 England)

My mother's name was Harriet Heard, daughter of John Heard of High Angar, Essex, England. She was born on the 16th March 1821. Her mother's name was Nancy Crouchman. My mother was one of twenty-one children, she being the thirteenth in order of her birth.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

SEARCH 1841 Census Essex or Woolwich England

John WARREN married Harriet HEARD on 27 June 1842 at St Mary's Church Woolwich England

SEARCH (Reference RGO UK marriage registration 1842 England)

In 1842 he returned to England, and on the 27th June 1842 was married to my mother in St Mary's Church, Woolwich.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

John and Harriet had a son John WARREN born around 10 minutes to eight in the morning of 15 January 1844 Woolwich England

SEARCH (Reference RGO UK birth registration)

They resided at Woolwich until I was nine months old, and in September 1844 my father was ordered to Gibraltar, that great fortress which for over a hundred years has been England's watchtower at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea. My father was appointed foreman of the King's Yard in Gibraltar, and during his time the famous "Snake in the grass" battery was constructed. We remained in Gibraltar until January 1847 when my father met with an accident by the fall of a portion of a bridge that was being erected to connect the fortress with the neutral ground. This caused him to be sent back to England for treatment; and having recovered his strength he was appointed Colour Sergeant of the 6th Company Royal Sappers and Miners, and ordered to proceed to New Zealand. We embarked at Chatham about the 12th April 1847 in a ship called the 'Ramilies'. The detachment of which my father was in charge consisted of 20 men, the whole under the command of Colonel Daniel Bolton. The Officers of the Sappers and Miners were then known by the name of Royal Engineers. The ship also carried about 150 soldiers whose service of 21 years had expired, and the English Government wished to provide them with homes in the new colony of New Zealand. These discharged soldiers were called 'Pensioners' and received a shilling a day pensions and an acre of land with a two-roomed cottage erected thereon. They were accompanied by their wives and families, and were under the command of Major Kenny and Captain Haultan. These Officers became, afterwards, very notable figures in the Parliament of New Zealand, being both known by their titles as Colonel, and were members of the Legislative Council and of the Ministries of their day. These pensioners were settled in the settlements of Onehunga, Howick, Panmure and Otahuhu and by stirring industry supplied the city of Auckland with butter, eggs, etc. The butter was carried to town by the women in a box strapped on their backs, and I have known many of them to arrive in town by 7 o'clock in the morning having walked the 10 miles from Panmure with some 10 to 15 pounds of butter in their boxes.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

I should have mentioned that upon my father's voyage to Gibraltar we travelled by the screw-steamer "Royal Tan", the first screw-steamer to enter the Mediterranean Sea. The gloomy people of that time (1844) considered that the advent of screw-steamers would destroy the whole fishing industry. The result of

the action of steamers' screws is now better known, but there are many people who oppose all advancement, particularly if they fear it will injure something upon which they have set their minds.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

John and Harriet WARREN and their son John left England and arrived in New Zealand in 1847.

SEARCH (Reference Archives NZ shipping records etc)

We arrived in Auckland in August 1847 after a good passage of 120 days, and our first home was in a large stone building in "Britomart Barracks". The site of fort "Britomart" as it was called, has been cut down to the sea level, and is now part of a slope that leads up from the harbour of Auckland to the Museum at the foot of Princess Street. The detachment of Sappers under my father were employed in building the Albert Barracks, a series of wooden houses each capable of holding 60 men – upon the site now called Albert Park. As soon as these new Barracks were completed we removed from Britomart to Albert Barracks. The 58th Regiment of British Infantry were then ordered home in 1858. These Albert Barracks comprised a hospital – a building of two storeys built with scoria rubble masonry, and were very cool but very sombre in appearance. A similar building was erected at the eastern end of the line of wooden houses and was occupied by the Grenadier Company of the 58th Regiment. There was also a school-house to which all the children on soldiers were sent. There I began my happy school days at the age of 5 years. The master was Sergeant John Robottom, a very model of accuracy, neatness, and cruelty. The general mode of punishment was being hoisted upon a bigger boy's back and the back portion of the pants lowered to afford a complete cohesion between the leather and the victim. Six to twelve cuts was a regular administration. But the cruelty was practised with a ruler; and if a boy held his pen with the fore-fingers bent the ruler would be brought down upon the offending fingers; and in my case the pen broke and was driven through the fore-finger. And I still have the mark in my right ear which was split by a blow from the ruler.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

John and Harriet had a daughter Harriet WARREN who was born 21 September 1848 in Auckland.

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1848 folio web reg. 1848/502)

On 21st September 1848 my sister Harriet was born in the Albert Barracks and as I was 4 ½ years older I had much to do with caring for her during her infancy. The tender care thus developed remained with me until her marriage. She was my lady companion everywhere – picnics, dances and parties – and for a mazurka I considered she had an equal.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

Harriet WARREN 1848 place New Zealand Regiment RE British Army in New Zealand volume 658 page 197

John WARREN died 1848 NZ

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ death registration 1848 folio web reg. 1848/1591)

I searched and could not locate a death registration for John WARREN in 1851 so I believe that he actually died in 1848 but his probate was settled in 1851.

John WARREN age 40 died about 25 April 1851 in Auckland and was buried in the Roman Catholic section of the Symonds Street cemetery Auckland. John's death may

have been the result of an accident in Gibraltar a few years earlier. He is buried in the Roman Catholic section of Symonds Street Cemetery Auckland. He has a headstone.
ORDER (Reference Archives NZ Wellington A1 series 76/16-8 Historical/Maori Wars index cards non war graves)

John WARREN Auckland occupation colour sergeant death date 25 April 1851 court Auckland filed date 03 February 1852
ORDER (Reference Archives NZ Auckland officer agency BBAE series 1568 box 1 item 0018/52)

Harriet WARREN date 1851 place Auckland occupation Land Owner New Zealand Gazette 1851 page 118 record type Crown Land

A female WARREN was born 1849 and died same year 1849. I believe she may have been the daughter of Harriet and the late John WARREN
ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1849 folio web reg. 1849/ and reference RGO NZ death registration 1849 folio website 1849/93)

At the regimental school at Albert Barracks I remained until the death of my father. The injury he sustained in Gibraltar caused an accumulation of blood upon the brain and after suffering great pain in the head for some months he died on 25th April 1851, and was buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Symonds St, Auckland, where his grave is still marked by a stone tablet. After the death of my father it became necessary for my mother to leave the barracks, and she bought a section of land containing 20 poles for the sum of 15 pounds. That was to Govt. price. It was situated in what was called "Barrack Street: but has since been re-named "Abercrombie Street". Upon this section she built a four-roomed cottage and earned a living for me and my sister by means of making Maori dresses and cloaks, and whipping blankets, and at times making 'gentlemen's' shirts with 9 to 12 pleats in the breast. There were no sewing machines, and her day began at 4 in the morning and finished at 8 at night – and during those hours she earned about 4 shillings. The Maori gowns were overalls with sleeves and a draw-string around the neck. The price paid was 4 shillings per dozen, representing one day's work. The cloaks were made of black alpaca, lined with turkey red, and the price paid was 4/- each – a whole day's work. These labours were afterwards replaced by a Mangle – a huge box two feet long filled with stones, and propelled by a rope wound round a spindle and connected by a series of cog wheels to an iron handle, the clothes being placed upon rollers about 4 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. The clothes were brought home each evening by me and taken back in the morning on my way to school. People who lived near brought them, and in this way my mother earned about 30/- per week.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

Intention to marry application 1852 Auckland district
SEARCH (Reference Archives NZ Wellington Intention to marry application 1852 agency BDM series 20 item)

Harriet WARREN formerly HEARD married William GUIRD 08 November 1852 St Pauls Auckland New Zealand
ORDER (Reference RGO NZ marriage registration 1851-1854 folio 0321 web reg. 1852/10)

Harriet WARREN (Mrs Guird) Roll of Early Settlers & Descendants in the Auckland Province before 1852 page 97

In November 1852 my mother married again, to a man called William Guird. He was a member of my father's Company, but came out in a ship called the "Lord

William Bentwich". He was a tall handsome man, industrious, proud, and having a dreadful temper. He was a bricklayer by trade, and only had his soldier's pay and allowances – about 2/- per day. He was very kind to me and my sister and took a great interest in what we learned at school. My mother then took up nursing ladies and obtained more money than my mangling or sewing, but she was away from home; and this caused Mr Guird to display his temper in some savage way – throwing her bonnet in the fire, smashing the windows of the house, and threatening to burn us all out. This was not caused by drink but only bad temper. As the city of Auckland grew bricklayers were in demand and Mr Guird obtained his discharge and was able to earn 15/- per day at his trade. With this money my mother built two more rooms to our house and let them to an old couple called Manning. Mrs Manning was an expert jam maker and from her my mother learned the art, so that in time she too became an expert.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

Harriet GUIRD ex WARREN formerly HEARD died 31 October 1889 aged 68 years in Gisborne (born 1821)

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ death registration 1889 folio web reg. 1889/4313 age 68 years)

SEARCH Gisborne cemetery records for Harriet GUIRD

William Henry GUIRD age 67 years died 1897 (born about 1830)

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ death registration 1897 folio web reg. 1897/1697 age 67 years)

John & Harriet WARREN their children and descendants

1 – John WARREN born about 15 January 1844 Woolwich England died 31 March 1919 Gisborne New Zealand married 1867 New Zealand (Warner) Elizabeth **Lorimer**
INGLIS refer chart 26-27

2- Harriet WARREN born 21 September 1848 Auckland New Zealand died 12 January 1937 Kamo Whangarei New Zealand buried Kamo cemetery Whangarei New Zealand married 1870 New Zealand William Goodwin/ Gardiner SCOTTER born about 1846 Norfolk England died March 1908 Gisborne New Zealand buried Makaraka cemetery Gisborne New Zealand

2-1- **Harriet Ella** SCOTTER born 1878 New Zealand died February 1878 Gisborne New Zealand buried Makaraka cemetery Gisborne New Zealand
#Harriet Ella SCOTTER born 1878 reference RGO NZ birth registration 1878 folio web reg. 1878/11067 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter

2-2- **Ida Kate** SCOTTER born about 1880 New Zealand died 1956 New Zealand married 1911 New Zealand John Thomas WILLIAMS born died
#Ida Kate SCOTTER born 1880 reference RGO NZ birth registration 1880 folio web reg. 1880/641 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter
#Ida Kate SCOTTER married John Thomas WILLIAMS reference RGO NZ marriage registration 1911 folio website 1911/4835
#Ida Katie WILLIAMS formerly SCOOTER died 1956 reference RGO NZ death registration 1956 folio web reg. 1956 26654 age 76 years

2-2-1- Owen Scotter WILLIAM born about 1913 New Zealand died 1963 Kaitaia New Zealand married 1948 New Zealand Nellie Emma KATZ
#Owen Scotter WILLIAMS died 1963 New Zealand reference RGO NZ death registration 1963 folio website 1963/30919 age 50 born about 1913

- 2-3- **Herbert William** SCOTTER born about 1881 New Zealand died 1881 New Zealand (died young age 7 months never married)
#Herbert William SCOTTER born 1881 reference RGO NZ birth registration 1881 folio web reg. 1881/17489 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter
#Herbert William SCOTTER died 1881 reference RGO NZ death registration 1881 folio website 1881/3234 age 7 months born 1881
- 2-4- **William Goodwin** SCOTTER born about 1883 New Zealand died 1915 New Zealand (never married)
#William Goodwin (registered Goodiom) SCOTTER born 1883 reference RGO NZ birth registration 1883 folio website 1883/2214 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter
William Goodwin Percy SCOTTER died 1915 reference RGO NZ death registration 1915 folio website 1915/338 age 32 years born about 1883
- 2-5- **Frances Lillian** SCOTTER born about 1885 NZ died 1962 Lower Hutt NZ married 1912 Sydney James DADSON born 1890 died 1958 Auckland NZ
#Frances Lillian SCOTTER born 1885 reference RGO NZ birth registration 1885 folio website 1885/17634 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter
#Frances Lillian SCOTTER married 1912 Sydney James DADSON reference RGO NZ marriage registration 1912 folio 7216 website 1912/6977
#Sydney James DADSON died 1958 cremated 27 May 1958 age 68 years last residence 6 Buliver Street Devonport Auckland
#Frances Lillian DADSON died 1962 New Zealand reference RGO NZ death registration 1962 folio website 1962/37281 age 76 born about 1886
#Frances Lillian DADSON place Lower Hutt occupation widow court Wellington filed date 12 September 1962 type Will reference Archives NZ Wellington Probate agency AAOM series 6031 item 0967/62 Wellington Court

Harriet WARREN was born 21 September 1848 Auckland NZ

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1848 folio website 1848/502)

On 21st September 1848 my sister Harriet was born in the Albert Barracks and as I was 4 ½ years older I had much to do with caring for her during her infancy. The tender care thus developed remained with me until her marriage. She was my lady companion everywhere – picnics, dances and parties – and for a mazurka I considered she had an equal.

(Reference 'The Story of my life at the end of 72 years' by John Warren transcribed by Female living Perry)

William Goodwin/ Gardiner SCOTTER born about 1846 Norfolk England

SEARCH (Reference RGO UK birth registration 1846 Norfolk England)

William SCOTTER served in the New Zealand Wars

ORDER (Reference Archives NZ Wellington Maori War series files agency AD Army Department series 32 box 62 record number 4091)

Intention to marry application 1870

SEARCH (Reference Archives NZ Wellington Intention to Marry 1870 agency BDM series 20 item)

Harriett WARREN married 1870 New Zealand William (middle name registered Gardiner) SCOTTER

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ marriage registration 1870 folio 0235 website 1870/4734)

Harriet and William had a daughter Harriet Ella SCOTTER who was born about 1878

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1878 folio website 1878/11067 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter)

Harriet and William's daughter Harriet E. SCOTTER died 1878 and was buried 19 February 1878 Makaraka cemetery Gisborne New Zealand block MK old plot 207 (Reference Gisborne cemetery on line)

Harriet and William had a daughter Ida Kate SCOTTER who was born about 1880 New Zealand

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1880 folio website 1880/641 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter)

Harriet and William had a son Herbert William SCOTTER who was born about 1881 New Zealand

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1881 folio website 1881/17489 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter)

Harriet and William had a son William Goodwin (registered Goodiom) SCOTTER who was born about 1883 New Zealand

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1883 folio website 1883/2214 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter)

Harriet and William had a daughter Frances Lillian SCOTTER who was born about 1885 New Zealand

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ birth registration 1885 folio website 1885/17634 parents Harriet and William Goodwin Scotter)

1893 Waiapu Electoral Roll

- Harriet SCOTTER residence Gisborne occupation married number 4614
- Harriett SCOTTER residence Gisborne occupation married number 3169

William Goodwin SCOTTER died 19 March 1908 Gisborne New Zealand

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ death registration 1908 folio website 1908/1222 age 62 years born about 1846)

William Goodwin SCOTTER place Gisborne occupation Blacksmith death date 19 March 1908 court Gisborne filed date 27 March 1908 type Will

ORDER (Reference Archives NZ Auckland Probate agency BAJI series 1594 box 20 item 334/08 Gisborne Court)

and

William Goodwin SCOTTER place Gisborne occupation Blacksmith death date 19 March 1908 court Gisborne filed date 09 May 1908 type Will

ORDER (Reference Archives NZ Auckland Probate agency BAJI series 1594 box 20 item 335/08 Gisborne Court)

Harriet SCOTTER age 88 died 12 January 1937 buried Kamo Whangarei New Zealand

ORDER (Reference RGO NZ death registration 1937 folio website 1937/20676 age 88 years born about 1849)

Harriet SCOTTER death date 20 January 1937 buried 20 January 1937 Kamo Ketenikau Road Kamo Whangarei NZ block II row A plot 26.

(Reference burial Kamo Whangarei records on line)

WARREN Miscellaneous Information

Marriage registration

- Harriett WARREN married 1851 William GUIRD reference RGO NZ marriage registration 1851 folio 0321 website 1851/848)

- Harriett R WARREN married 1861 William J WATKIN reference RGO NZ marriage registration 1861 folio 0338 website 1867/1567
- Harriett WARREN married John PETERSEN reference RGO marriage registration 1867 folio 1246 website 1867/8008

The information below was kindly sent to me by Female living PERRY in New Zealand. I would like to acknowledge my grateful thank to her in sharing this most valuable family history information with us all.

The Story of my life at the end of 72 years

Written by John WARREN of chart 26-27

Prologue: I have been induced to write this story at the instance of the daughter Harriet who for some ten years has been my confidential assistant in the office of the Cook County Council (Gisborne, NZ), and during our lunch hours several pleasant conversations have taken place, interspersed largely with tales of childhood, courtship, Maori War, strikes, and other matters that have had a direct bearing upon my life and conduct. My daughter pleaded that although she had lived with me at home nearly all her life, there was no written record to which she could refer; and it has been apparent to me that our family was just following the careless manner of many others who in some cases did not even know their progenitors' names for more than two generations.

I was born in the English town of Woolwich, at that time one of England's great arsenals and is still one of the most important places in England for the manufacture and storage of mighty armaments that have been called into activity by the dreadful German War.

My birthday was the 15th January 1844, and to be exact my life began at ten minutes to eight o'clock in the morning of that day. Some may doubt the accuracy of that statement but I was present in my best form, and there is added an entry by me father in the family Bible which is still in possession of my sister, Mrs Harriet Scotter of Devonport, North Shore, Auckland.

My father's name was John Warren – he was born in the town of Castletan, County May, Ireland. In the year 1819 he enlisted in the Royal Spatters and Miners when he was 19 years of age, and followed his trade of Carpenter and Joiner in that Corps. In the year 1840 he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and assisted in the Kaffir War of that and the following year. In 1842 he returned to England, and on the 27th June 1842 was married to my mother in St Mary's Church, Woolwich. My mother's name was Harriet Heard, daughter of John Heard of High Angar, Essex, England. She was born on the 16th March, 1821. Her mother's name was Nancy Crouchman. My mother was one of twenty-one children, she being the thirteenth in order of her birth.

They resided at Woolwich until I was nine months old, and in September 1844 my father was ordered to Gibraltar, that great fortress which for over a hundred years has been England's watchtower at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea. My father was appointed foreman of the King's Yard in Gibraltar, and during his time the famous "Snake in the grass" battery was constructed. We remained in Gibraltar until January 1847 when my father met with an accident by the fall of a portion of a bridge that was being erected to connect the fortress with the neutral ground. This caused him to be sent back to England for treatment; and having recovered his strength he was appointed Colour

Sergeant of the 6th Company Royal Sappers and Miners, and ordered to proceed to New Zealand. We embarked at Chatham about the 12th April 1847 in a ship called the 'Ramilies'. The detachment of which my father was in charge consisted of 20 men, the whole under the command of Colonel Daniel Bolton. The Officers of the Sappers and Miners were then known by the name of Royal Engineers. The ship also carried about 150 soldiers whose service of 21 years had expired, and the English Government wished to provide them with homes in the new colony of New Zealand. These discharged soldiers were called 'Pensioners' and received a shilling a day pensions and an acre of land with a two-roomed cottage erected thereon. They were accompanied by their wives and families, and were under the command of Major Kenny and Captain Haultan. These Officers became, afterwards, very notable figures in the Parliament of New Zealand, being both know by their titles as Colonel, and were members of the Legislative Council and of the Ministries of their day. These pensioners were settles in the settlements of Onehunga, Howick, Panmure and Otahuhu and by stirling industry supplied the city of Auckland with butter, eggs, etc. The butter was carried to town by the women in a box strapped on their backs, and I have know many of them to arrive in town by 7 o'clock in the morning having walked the 10 miles from Panmure with some 10 to 15 pounds of butter in their boxes.

We arrived in Auckland in August 1847 after a good passage of 120 days, and our first home was in a large stone building in "Britomart Barracks". The site of fort "Britomart" as it was called, has been cut down to the sea level, and is now part of a slope that leads up from the harbour of Auckland to the Museum at the foot of Princess Street. The detachment of Sappers under my father were employed in building the Albert Barracks, a series of wooden houses each capable of holding 60 men – upon the site now called Albert Park. As soon as these new Barracks were completed we removed from Britomart to Albert Barracks. The 58th Regiment of British Infantry were then ordered home in 1858. These Albert Barracks comprised a hospital – a building of two storeys built with scoria rubble masonry, and were very cool but very sombre in appearance. A similar building was erected at the eastern end of the line of wooden houses and was occupied by the Grenadier Company of the 58th Regiment. There was also a school-house to which all the children on solders were sent. There I began my happy school days at the age of 5 years. The master was Sergeant John Robottom, a very model of accuracy, neatness, and cruelty. The general mode of punishment was being hoisted upon a bigger boy's back and the back portion of the pants lowered to afford a complete cohesion between the leather and the victim. Six to twelve cuts was a regular administration. But the cruelty was practised with a ruler; and if a boy held his pen with the fore-fingers bent the ruler would be brought down upon the offending fingers; and in my case the pen broke and was driven through the fore-finger. And I still have the mark in my right ear which was split by a blow from the ruler.

On 21st September 1848 my sister Harriet was born in the Albert Barracks and as I was 4 ½ years older I had much to do with caring for her during her infancy. The tender care thus developed remained with me until her marriage. She was my lady companion everywhere – picnics, dances and parties – and for a mazurka I considered she had an equal.

I should have mentions that upon my father's voyage to Gibraltar we travelled by the screw-steamer "Royal Tan", the first screw-steamer to enter the Mediterranean Sea. The gloomy people of that time (1844) considered that the advent of screw-steamers would destroy the whole fishing industry. The result of the action of steamers' screws is now better known, but there are many people who oppose all advancement, particularly if they fear it will injure something upon which they have set their minds.

At the regimental school at Albert Barracks I remained until the death of my father. The injury he sustained in Gibraltar caused an accumulation of blood upon the brain and after suffering great pain in the head for some months he died on 25th April 1851, and was buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Symonds St, Auckland, where his grave is still marked by a stone tablet. After the death of my father it became necessary for my mother to leave the barracks, and she bought a section of land containing 20 poles for the sum of 15 pounds. That was to Govt. price. It was situated in what was called "Barrack Street: but has since been re-named "Abercrombie Street". Upon this section she built a four-roomed cottage and earned a living for me and my sister by means of making Maori dresses and cloaks, and whipping blankets, and at times making 'gentlemen's' shirts with 9 to 12 pleats in the breast. There were no sewing machines, and her day began at 4 in the morning and finished at 8 at night – and during those hours she earned about 4 shillings. The Maori gowns were overalls with sleeves and a draw-string around the neck. The price paid was 4 shillings per dozen, representing one day's work. The cloaks were made of black alpaca, lined with turkey red, and the price paid was 4/- each – a whole day's work. These labours were afterwards replaced by a Mangle – a huge box two feet long filled with stones, and propelled by a rope wound round a spindle and connected by a series of cog wheels to an iron handle, the clothes being placed upon rollers about 4 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. The clothes were brought home each evening by me and taken back in the morning on my way to school. People who lived near brought them, and in this way my mother earned about 30/- per week.

In November 1852 my mother married again, to a man called William Guird. He was a member of my father's Company, but came out in a ship called the "Lord William Bentwich". He was a tall handsome man, industrious, proud, and having a dreadful temper. He was a bricklayer by trade, and only had his soldier's pay and allowances – about 2/- per day. He was very kind to me and my sister and took a great interest in what we learned at school. My mother then took up nursing ladies and obtained more money than my mangling or sewing, but she was away from home; and this caused Mr Guird to display his temper in some savage way – throwing her bonnet in the fire, smashing the windows of the house, and threatening to burn us all out. This was not caused by drink but only bad temper. As the city of Auckland grew bricklayers were in demand and Mr Guird obtained his discharge and was able to earn 15/- per day at his trade. With this money my mother built two more rooms to our house and let them to an old couple called Manning. Mrs Manning was an expert jam maker and from her my mother learned the art, so that in time she too became an expert.

I had been sent to a school in Albert St kept by a Mr Reynolds, a kind good man who treated boys most lovingly, and I think his only mistake was to give us lessons far beyond our comprehension. The charge was a guinea a quarter. He gave up teaching; and at ten years of age I was sent to John Gorrie's Auckland Academy in Chancery Lane on the site of the present Police Barracks at the corner of High Street. The price was two guineas a quarter and the books required cost about 10/- per quarter now. Mr Gorrie was a godly, kind and lovable man. His only desire was to turn out the boys as good men having all practical knowledge. And I remained at his school until December 1855. During 1855 Auckland was visited by a terrible outbreak of measles and scarlatina. I recovered from both in about 6 weeks, but my sister incurred a chill which caused internal laceration – she lost her voice for four months and for quite two years was a delicate child requiring doctor's attendance and expensive nourishment and medicines, the doctor's bills using up nearly all the money that Mr Guird could earn.

The result was that in January 1856 I was sent to work in Mr Asher's Clothing Store in Shortland Street. The hours were from 7 o'clock in the morning, having breakfasted at home, and closing at 7 o'clock at night for five days in the week, and on Saturdays, my

master being Jew, my work began at 5 o'clock in the evening and continued until midnight. He gave me my dinner at 12 o'clock and my tea at 6 o'clock along with the servants in the kitchen; and my pay was 7 shillings per week. How proud I was to carry home that 7 shillings at the close of the first week's labour. Here I picked up a smattering of Maori, and conducted sales of clothing, blankets and tobacco, all for cash – sometimes the day's sack reached 50 pounds. There was no other person employed in the store, and the stock value was about 2,000 pounds. As my mother feared that I would lose the value of my former school lessons she sent me to a night school conducted by the same Mr Reynolds with whom I had formerly studies. Their terms were 1/- per week for one hour per night – 7.30 to 8.30. This continued until January 1857 when I returned to Mr Gorrie's school. He had built a new school in brick at the upper end of Coburg St above Victoria St East and there I remained until December 1857. I was taught bookkeeping, practical geometry, and the usual English subjects. But arithmetic was to me a difficulty and I often had to stay in to complete my work. I obtained a gold medal for geography and a silver medal for spelling – and in compound additions reached fourth place; but decimals, vulgar fractions, compound interest, and compound proportion I could not learn. For these subjects my mother paid 6/6 for weeks for me, and at that same time sent my sister to a Ladies School – Mrs Pittocks in Wakefield St – at a charge of 4/6 per week paid quarterly in advance. This could not last as wages had fallen to 8/- per day, and on 28th January 1858 I was apprenticed to Mr Edmund Mahoney of Albert St to learn the trade of Carpenter and Joiner.

Before proceeding with my workshop experiences, I return to my younger days in the Sunday School in St Paul's Church of England, Eden Cres. The buildings were owned by the Church and used as a day school. The master was Mr John Bates. The fee was 1/- per week. In this building I began my career as a Sunday scholar. The Superintendent was a Dr Prendergast and we attended from 9.30am to 10.30, then to church at 11 o'clock, home for dinner at 1 pm – the service was never less than an hour and three quarters and on Communion Sundays two and a quarter hours – back to Sunday School at 2.30 until 4.00 pm – then home for tea and back to church at 6 pm I do not remember that anyone was in a hurry, and we were not late. My distance from home was not less than three quarters of a mile.

We learned our catechism, the collect for the day, and once a month a whole chapter or a Psalm. I have today a little volume, which I gained as a prize in 1851 for learning the 55th chapter of Isaiah. The teachers were Military Officers and their wives or gentlemen holding some official position. The prizes were given at Christmas, and the annual treat was held in the Governor's house. We did not contribute any money for Missions or school purposes, but we carried our own Bible and Prayer Book. The Prayer Book contained the Psalms in metre, a very much smoother rendering than the Presbyterian form. My first teacher was Mr Bates, the day-school master. After him, Mr James Gibberd who built the first steam sash and door factory in New Zealand. I think he made a mistake – he advised us boys to believe what we were taught and if we served God faithfully our reward would be eternal life and happiness; but if all the religious teaching was a fable, then when we died we had lost nothing, and we would be happier while we lived here. He was succeeded by Mr Thomas Jackson, a printer, who spent all his spare time for his class. He printed a series of questions for every Sunday, and expected us to fill in the answers during the week. In this way I learned more of the Bible than any other system I have seen.

I remained at Sunday School until I was 14 years of age, and then left because I thought I was unfairly treated. I held a full number of tickets for the year, all marked good; and I was given a little book on Bird architecture, while the other boys had large books. I threw mine on the floor of Government House and said I would not be back to the school. The matter was reported to the Minister, the Rev. John Frederick Lloyd, and he gave me a

beautiful copy of the Israel of the Alps – but I did not go back to school. Shortly after, my companion John Rathbone, invited me to join the young men's Bible Class at the Y.M.C.A. rooms in Durham St – and I attended it until the building was destroyed by fire. I was confirmed in St Paul's Church, Auckland, by Bishop Selwyn on the 9th August, 1859. I received both hands, and it is clear in my mind today, his remark when he gave me my church certificate "God bless you, my boy". Along with John Rathbone I joined St Paul's Choir and sang the alto for 4 years. The whole of the music was manuscript and each member of the Choir wrote his own copy of one part only. I had learned to read music by the kindness of Dr. Arthur G. Purchase of Onehunga. He taught the boys and girls of Auckland music under the 'Hullah's' (??) system – from sheets of about 5ft by 3ft – and the whole foundation of music was clearly explained and practised. The price was 2/6 per quarter; and the school was lighted by sperm candles placed in tin sconces on a large chandelier. The organist at the time was Mr William Culpan and he took great interest in us two boys. Rathbone was a wonder for he joined the Auckland Choral Society and was given some of the principal alto solos in the oratorios of St Paul, Elijah and the Messiah. My companion on the alto side was Miss Eleanor Abraham, the daughter of a barrister who conducted his business in Melbourne, but his family resided in Symonds St, members of St Paul's. Miss Abraham was short sighted, and leaned over my book close to my shoulder and then we walked home together, and by the time I was 16 I was desperately in love with her. My dear Mother encouraged me in all my church attendances and when I attended my first communion in 1859 she was exceedingly proud of me.

In the year 1860 The Maori War broke out in Taranaki and all boys of 16 were ordered to attend for drill as militiamen. The drill was held in the Albert Barracks Square at 6 a.m. and lasted until 7.30 every morning. We were late for work, and the men lost time about half an hour a day. The boys stayed until 5.30 p.m. to make up for the late start. I was clothed in a long brown coat, which my mother bought for me. The Govt. supplied Brown Bess muskets for men, and ship's carbines for us who were not big enough to carry a musket. Our ammunition pouch was about 12 inches long and 4 inches square, covered with a large flap of brown leather, and held by the waist belt, which carried the bayonet. The Militia did not like this drill; and some of them came in every description of dress, and carried their musket in pieces together with the pouch and bayonet, in a Maori basket. However, I learned my drill very well, and on the 12th May 1862 I joined the Victoria Company of Rifle Volunteers under Capt James Durom (?); Mr William Maddel was First Lieutenant, and Mr Thomas Thomson the Second Lieutenant.

There were 88 members and as I was the shortest my place was the centre of the rear rank. Soon after the Volunteers were called upon to furnish all the guards required in the magazines, Govt House, jails, and Fort Britomart. For this we received no payment, and we found our own uniform. The merchants of Auckland sent us a good dinner every day. On guard at the Mt Eden jail we had our rifles loaded and capped, and our orders were to shoot any prisoner who came near to us or who ran away from the working parties, getting the stone to build the great prison of today. During all that time I was serving my time as an apprentice, and one of the great contracts my master had was to build the huts that formed the Camp at Otahuhu. In order to fill up the time at night I bought a German lexicon and made some progress with that harsh and difficult language – but today, (little) beyond a few simple sentences – I have quite forgotten it. Then we walked home every Saturday evening – five miles – and on the way the foreman spoke to us boys on astronomy and geology. His name was Edward Mahoney, a Cork man who had travelled over the United States and Australia, and was as fine a man as ever broke the world's bread and stood at the top of his profession as a carpenter. Truly the men with whom I have worked and served were cast in a mould that has been of the greatest value to me in my after life. In June 1863 we were ordered to proceed to Papatoetoe, about 12 miles from Auckland, and we started to build St John's redoubt, named after the Major who commanded about 400 Auckland Volunteers and Militia and the Onehunga

volunteers. From that point as a base we scoured all the hills towards Papakura and over towards the Thames on the Northern side where there was a redoubt called the 'Miranda'. On one of these raids we came upon a farm house that had been sacked by the Maoris a few days before, and after crawling to the highest point of the farm in order to capture the Maoris, we rushed in with fixed bayonets – but the Maoris had gone. Our fellows then set to capture all the fowls, ducks, turkeys and peacocks, and having killed them took them to the camp and ate them. Poor settler, he would not have suffered more loss from the enemy. I cannot understand why Major Heaphy, who afterwards won the New Zealand Cross, did not stop the mischief, as he was the Officer in charge. After we had remained there a month we returned to town and were relieved by other militiamen. The tents supplied were marked 'condemned' – they had been condemned some years before and were full of holes, and consequently the rain poured in on our fern beds. I was on sentry at St Johns Redoubt on the outside line that is 30 paces beyond the walk and marching up and down to meet the other sentry on the other face about every 5 minutes. The orders were to shoot anything coming from the gully in front. I saw the manuka stir, and challenged twice, and as I was about to press my trigger, a which faced cow lifted its head about 10 yards from me. The rifle cam down with a thump, and if anyone could have seen me they would have noticed my heart beating on my breast.

In running over my volunteer service I have passed by the more real portion of my life – from 16 to 19 years of age. Although the military service disturbed our ordinary occupation, I was a member of the Mechanics Institute, which had a valuable library. I read history and travel in preference to novels. I could not understand Dickens, and have not yet learned to love him. Sir Walter Scott was very dull, and but for the racy stories of G.P.A. Grant, the tales of Indian life by Mayne Reid, and the sea stories of Capt. Marryatt I should never have read a novel. The Artic adventure of McClure, McClintoch and others were a great delight. But the crowning joy of membership of the Mechanics Institute was its staff of lectures giving a lecture on some useful subject once a fortnight. The Rev. Mr Hamer gave lectures on Armstrong, illustrated by a magic lantern from which I obtained a passionate desire to learn all that was possible on the subject, and have since been reading Proctor, Hall, and other notable works on that fascinating subject. While working at my task as an apprentice, my master employed us for some 8 months attending the roof of St Patrick's Church. Occasionally we had to cease work for marriages, funerals, and high masses for the dead, so that I became familiar with the whole Catholic ritual. Mr Mahoney, the foreman, explained the services to me, and showed me that Protestantism laid down no course of life to please God, whereas the Catholic Church enjoined fasts, penances, prayers, contributions, by which the favour of God might be obtained, but always leaving it to the judgment day of God to decide whether I was fitted for Heaven. The consequence was that I had serious thoughts of joining the Catholic Church. While considering the matter I happened to go to work in St Patrick's Church while the high mass was being celebrated for Lord Clifford who had died at Rome some months before. I waited during the mass for the men to come to work as usual, but they did not come, and the mass proceeded. The coffin was placed in the aisle, and with the Bishop and about a dozen acolytes the procession passed around the coffin, sprinkled it with Holy Water, burned incense around it and the choir of Nuns sang the whole mass. This occupied about three quarter of an hour, and when the people had retired, the priests stripped the pall off the coffin, and I saw that it was a wooden frame raised upon a table and no body there. This shocked me very much, and I decided that I could not be a catholic.

In March 1863 I joined the Parnell Lodge of Oddfellows, and on the next Lodge night I was appointed Warden, and took such an interest in the work that I continued to attend every meeting until 1865, then becoming Permanent Secretary with a salary of 25 pounds. During my term of office I was a regular delegate to the District meetings and became Secretary to the Mutual Improvement Society where papers were read on

various subjects. During this time I made the acquaintance of my dear wife, but although I was a faithful lover, I could not spare one night a week to visit her. My Secretarial duties and my Volunteer parades occupied my whole spare time. I was appointed Colour Sergeant of Victoria Company Auckland Rifles, and the work it entailed became quite a tax on my spare time. I used to go to practice shooting at Pt Chevalier some five miles from home on holidays and Saturday afternoons and soon became an aspirant for the belt of New Zealand, as I was winning a fair sum in money and small prizes.

I had forgotten to mention that in September 1863 the Volunteers were again ordered to Papakura some 17 miles from Auckland, and while there the Maoris attacked our three companies that were stationed in the Galloway Redoubt at Wairoa. We had no telegraph, but mounted men of the Auckland Cavalry and Defence Force rode to the high land overlooking our redoubt, and signalled that help was required. Some of the messengers had their hats decorated with feathers they had taken from the Maori whares, Captain Durom (?) called for 50 volunteers to do to the relief of our comrades – 200 offered to go at once. I was one of the 50 selected, and it was a terrible march of 9 miles over a muddy road cut through the bush in the winter time. We rested at the Travellers Rest Hotel kept by Mr Ben Smith, the father of Mr Ezra Smith of Gladstone Rd, and reached the Galloway Redoubt where Col. Lyon was in command at 11 o'clock that night. We had take 6 hours to cover the 9 miles as the ammunition and stores carts were so slow. We were appointed to sleep in the Church, and had just unrolled our coats and had a cup of coffee when in marched a regiment of Waikato Militia that had been raised in Australia. We were ordered to return to our own camp and to take with us five dray loads of women and children – the families of the Wairoa settlers – and convey them to Auckland. These drays were expectedly stuck on the bush road, and we got underneath them and lifted them out of the ruts. One of these drays was stuck on a bush stump and as it slipped off it struck me on the back, and I was just able to march into the Camp with the others at 7 a.m. We were allowed to sleep until 11 a.m. and then paraded to fire our rifles, but only 17 were fired (rifles) – the others were choked with mud. Had 20 Maoris met us on that awful night the whole 50 men and all on the drays would have been destroyed.

After we reached Auckland in October 1863 I was examined and found unfit for duty, owing to the injury to my back; and I was allowed 6 months leave from service. On 6th November 1863 I took my passage to Lyttleton in the SS Lord Ashby, and after a glorious week in which my back was forgotten I arrived in Christchurch and went to work for a Mr John Lee building a large grocer's shop in Cashel St for Mr Joseph Hall. I became foreman for Mr Lee and stayed with him all the time I was in Christchurch. I lived in a Boarding House in Colombo St, kept by Mrs Virtue. There were 8 Auckland boys there – Alec Martin, Fred Hatch, Billy Casey, Ted Hynes, Alf Chitham, and some others. We were very happy, but only Alf Chitham went with me to church, and they called me 'Method Jake'. I tried to learn to smoke, and I bought two cigars at 6d each, but the first burnt my tongue and I threw it away after puffs, and gave the other to Ted Hynes. Thank God for that escape from what I consider the most filthy habit of the white race. For amusement we attended a weekly dance at Kohlers Gardens. Kohler played a French flageolet with great skill, his brother played the cornet and at the same time the drum with his foot. I have never enjoyed a dance more than in that room with such sweet music. The gardens were about a mile out of the city and were nicely lighted with Chinese lanterns – and I should say a great many marriages resulted from the beautiful walks between the dances. I had a sweetheart that did not dance, so I danced with all the old maids that the smarter men passed by.

In 1864, I returned to Auckland in the S.S. Lord Ashby, arriving there on 29th April. It was a misty afternoon as we steamed up the harbour, and I felt that it was the most beautiful spot on earth. I obtained work with Mr Bunting at 11/- a day and continued with

him for some time. I returned to duty as a Volunteer and did the garrison guard all that year. I also resumed office in the Oddfellows and assisted my step-father, Mr William Guird, to buy a section of land in Grafton Rd. It was 54ft frontage, and 250ft deep. We had a splendid garden and the peach trees growing in the lower tract of that section were very fine. After we lived in Grafton about a year I started to build a second house on the same section leaving a passage of 4 ft between the two houses. I designed it to have a ball-room with sliding doors, made the windows with side or margin lights with stained glass, used only heart Kauri in all parts, and built it on a brick foundation – as the section sloped sharply at the back, I made the kitchen and storeroom downstairs as I had learned stair building under an American called Robert Riddall. I built a modern staircase with continuous rail and a scroll at the bottom. The whole of the joiners work was made by hand – I had Jim McIntyre to help me for four months. The whole cost was 380 pounds without my labour and there was no mortgage or debt of any kind. We then lived in the new house and let the first one to Mrs George Reid, a widow who earned her living by teaching piano. She was a splendid player. Matters progressed smoothly, Mr Guird undertaking the building of several large warehouses. But unfortunately he was induced to purchase a brickyard, and to raise the money he mortgaged the whole Grafton Rd property for 700 pounds without any reference to me. The bills for the balance of the cost of the brickyard became due and the Bank of Australia – a Bank that caused the downfall of many Auckland men – put the bailiffs in our house and took possession of the whole property. I had to leave home. I could not bear the ill-temper of Mr Guird, and the misery of the loss of everything caused my mother to bread kwon. The houses were sold, but we had to pay rent for what my mother and I had paid for by hard work. I gave up all hope of being married, but worked on for some time at the Supreme Court House, Auckland. John Harvey, of Parnell, was my fellow workman, and we made the whole of the doors in that building and were then put to work on the wainscot of the Court Room. The mouldings were all worked in the sold and the panels were placed in a groove from the back, Mr Bartly for who we worked insisted on gauging the rebate from the back while the mouldings were worked from the front. Harvey and I pleaded with him that the work would not go together and he became angry with us for presuming to tell him how to do the work. He was the finest carpenter I have ever known, and we were compelled to yield to his opinion. The consequence was that after breaking six cramps, the mouldings would not fit, and the architect condemned the work that had taken the two of us six weeks to do. If ever you visit Auckland, visits the Supreme Courthouse; and in the main room you will see that wainscot with small carved corners fitted in there to cover the badly fitted mouldings which were entirely spoiled by Mr Martly's directions to gauge from the back. The big doors are there today, made 49 years ago.

While I was engaged in making those doors, on the 24th September 1867 I was married to MISS ELIZABETH LORIMER INGLIS, the eldest daughter of Mr James Inglis, a storeman, a native of Glasgow, and who lived in Blue Vale St. My wife's mother's name was Margaret French, a tall sturdy woman who was ever on the lookout to help some poor sick woman – one of that sort of women who knows how to do everything from the nursing of the most delicate cases to the hard gring of keeping a family respectable and well dressed upon about one half of what the average man would consider necessary.

In consequence of the loss of my house I was compelled to rent a cottage from the Parnell Oddfellows Lodge situated at the back of the present Oddfellows Hall and looking out over the beautiful native bush that forms the Auckland Domain. Here we spent a few happy weeks, I going home for dinner every day by way of the railway embankment that runs up from Mechanics Bay, she meeting me at the garden gate at evening time and then passing into that house hand in hand feeling that all the world was filled with love and beauty. Four months after the Courthouse was finished, and then there was no work to be had. A great many young men had gone to the Thames gold fields – Messrs Hunt, White and Colby had become very rich by finding large quantities of gold. So I joined a party of Parnell boys and pegged out a claim on the Moanataiari Creek and called it the

Cape of Good Hope. We worked hard, but without knowledge; and after two months we carried the quartz on our backs to a crushing mill. After pouring in a large jar of quick-silver to form the amalgam we received half an ounce of gold for six men's labour for two months; and the attendant expenses for tools, picks, shovels, cooking utensils. As my mother had kept to old house in Barrack St, I went to Auckland and mortgaged it for 200 pounds. With that money I paid off my debts incurred in the two months mining, broke up my home in Parnell, sent my sorrowing wife to live with my mother who had been obliged to rent a house in Seafeild View, and went back to the Thames to work at my trade. I built a two roomed cottage on Torkeys Flat on a little section of sandy land for which I had to pay 7 pounds a year ground rent. That house had a wooden chimney. I worked for a while at Andrew Gold, and during that time built the Imperial Hotel. Her our fist baby was born. The only doctor available was a Dr Hunter who had no knowledge of midwifery; and the poor little chap bled to death the next day. I buried him in a nice little box at the foot of a peach tree at Tararu Creek, and I shed some bitter tears over that little grave. Soon after my friend Fred Hatch, whom my mother had raised as an orphan taken over by St Paul's Church, Auckland, induced me to join him and a party at Puriri some ten miles up the Thames River; but Macisaacs (Maclsaacs) after working the claim for 3 months we did not get a speck of gold. But William Webb, now in Gisborne, had got some good prospects of gold in their claim adjoining. And between us a battery of 4 stampers driven by a 30ft water wheel was built. After crushing all the quartz we could get we abandoned the whole thing – tools, mill wheel, butts and everything – that must have cost in labour and material 1200 pounds. I had forgotten to say that before going to Puriri, Ted Heynes, Alf and Napier Pollard went to the Tapu Creek where the Macisaacs (Maclsaacs) had found cakes of gold, something like broken ships biscuits; but thought we toiled for six weeks, we did not get a speck of gold. Here I collected signatures to a petition to the Government to establish a Post Office as there were 400 men in the camp; and while I was collecting the signatures one of my mates was reading in bed and set fire to the hut. I lost blankets and clothes and had to start next morning to buy a new outfit. Here I learned to eat oysters. There were no butcher shops, and some men from the Thames brought meat once a week. so as there were plenty of oysters on the rocks on the beach, we cooked them in various ways, and I got over the dislike that had formerly prevented me from eating them.

After leaving Puriri, and all my money gone, I returned to work in the Thames for Andrew Gold, and built the Pacific Hotel at the end of the Long Wharf. On the 13th July 1869, my dear daughter Edith French was born. It was a dreadful night. I did not expect the time was so near, and dear Mamma was complaining. I call Dr Trossiau. He told me to get the nurse, so I started out in the storm. She was s stout lady, and when we reached the Karako Creek it was flooded but had a 9' plank across it. She could not walk the plank, so getting into the creek and holding the plank I got her on my back and crossed in safety. In a few hours I had the dear baby placed in my arms. I think she was about a foot long, and would certainly have slipped into a milk jug.

At this time I assisted in opening the Waikato Lodge of Oddfellows. It is called Waikato because it was first opened at Ngaruawahia, but as the Waikato was poor country and so many people left for the Thames, it was closed. It re-opened in the Imperial Hotel, Thames, and I became the Secretary. It was a great success and I threw my heart into the work, and carried the books every Lodge night from my little home in Torkeys Flat to the Imperial Hotel, quite three quarters of a mile over an unformed road without lights. I remained in Thames until March 1870, and then sold out my little hut and went to live in the old home in Barrack St, Auckland, having to pay 20 pounds a year as interest on the 200 pounds I had borrowed two years before.

Work was scarce as the Thames goldfields had attracted large numbers of men from Otago and Australia. I obtained work on the NZ Insurance Building in Queen St, and put

on the great lantern that covers the Stock Exchange. During that time the great Franco-Russian War broke out, and our daily talk was of the amazing power of the German Armies. I also worked on Clark's Drapery Warehouse in Shortland St under the great Sandy Watson who regarded his men as so many beasts, using frightful language towards us as a means of getting more work done. My wages were 8/- per day. I left his service as the result of a threat on his part to throw me off the top of the third storey where I was staining my body to fix a heavy sash frame. He ran up the ladder to get me, so I took the ladder in my hands when he was 20ft up and threatened to throw him down. His life was in my hands, and he went down again. I said I could not take any further risks, and left his service. It was a difficulty to get work, and after walking about Auckland for three weeks, I hear of work at Coromandel, a little town on the Cape Colville peninsula. So leaving home again, I went to Coromandel. I tramped over the range to the mill site, and was told to sleep in an old whare. The rats ate my hair and also the candle at my bedside. So at daylight on the Sunday morning, I packed my swag and tools again, and tramped over the range into the township. A friend let me sleep in his plumber's workshop, and on Monday Mr Allen gave me some work to fit up a shop. And a week later I returned to Auckland without a shilling.

I had forgotten to say that on the 18th November 1870 my son Harold John was born in Barrack St where we lived until an opportunity offered to take care of the Oddfellows Hall in Coburg St. On 17 August 1872 my son George was born in Coburg St. On that occasion the nurse that was engaged stated that she could not come; and I started out to engage a Mrs White and brought her to the house. It was the coldest night I have ever felt, and that old lady sat in the bedroom while I made the fire and prepared all the necessaries for the arrival of 'King' George. We kept the Lodge room clean and the garden tidy for the privilege of living rent free. There were two large fig trees in the garden and they bore large crops of fruit of the finest kind. The Oddfellows, having decided to build their present Hall, we removed to a double house in Wellington St owned by John Harvey. He lived in one half and we in the other. After struggling on for some time I was heart-broken with the thought that I had a wife and three children and could not get sufficient work to keep them' and I went to work at Tauranga for David Landon at 7/- a day. I had for a mate George Sealy. I had to row myself across the Judea Ford where I repaired a house for Capt. Turner. After three months I returned to Auckland, and in a few days Jack Jones asked me if I would go to Poverty Bay. My answer was 'Yes', anywhere to get a decent living. And on 27th September 1873 I went on board the ketch 'Julius Vogel' – Captain Joe Kennedy – and sailed for Gisborne, which I supposed, was at Cape Turn again. We made a quiet passage to Tolaga Bay, where I met Mick Mullooly. A few hours later we sailed into Poverty Bay, and on 30th September 1873 I carried my tools and swag on to the Shamrock Hotel (the present Gisborne Hotel) and lived there for a month until we build a shanty on the site of the Masonic Hotel. We started to build the Masonic Hotel for Mr Stapylton Cault and worked 10 hours a day for 12/6 a day. I thought paradise was regained, as I was able to send 5 pounds home by every mail.

Here I may say that I made my great start in Church life and work. Mr Herringham Root, the Presbyterian Minister, came to visit the men on the building and invited us to the services at the Court House – the building now occupied by Mr P. Ironmonger was the Court House, and it stood where Adair Bros. shop is at the corner of Gladstone Rd and Lowe St. Mr Root was a famous preacher and a musician, and started practises for a concert to raise funds to build St Andrews Church. We met in his house on Read's Quay, and at Miss Mesbitt's house in Lowe St; and in November 1873 in company with George Pulsford and Steve Hair I sang in character "The Indian Hunter". We yelled the chorus and brandished our tomahawks, and received an encore. Mrs Willie Good and Joe Adams sang 'Hold the Fort' for the first time in Gisborne – they were about ten years old. Mr Root's services were a great delight to me. The organist was William Gay, a clerk in Capt. Read's store. After completing the Masonic Hotel I was sent to Ormond to

build the Hormond Hotel, and walked to Gisborne when that house was finished. I looked at the 2 acre sections in Childers Rd, but they were so sandy that I thought my little boys would be dirty and miserable if I made a home there. And so I lost a chance at becoming rich as Childers Rd was then 20 pounds per acre. We then built Crawfords Brewery in Peel St, and afterwards started St Andres Church. It was a dreadful place. A great water course ran through the site and passed under a hedge in Childers Rd. We removed our pants to get to work every day for some weeks. The old Church was built by Mr J.R.Morgan. The timber was green white pine. I have just put up the frame in April 1874 when I was called to Auckland. What a joy to be home again after 8 months living in sheds and cooking my own dinners. My little chaps did not know me, but Edie, being 5 years old, remembered me quite well. It then determined to remove to Gisborne for good; and after packing up we set sail for Poverty Bay. One the way we called at Tairua to load timer, there I bought the timber for my house and cut the frame ready to set up. We arrived in Gisborne on the 4th May 1874, and were landed in a dreadful rain storm. We took up lodgings in the Shamrock Hotel until our things were landed and we could get a two-roomed house that was being built in Carnavon St by Josiah Lutcher. We removed to that house, and in a short time it was surrounded by clear rain water – Gisborne had no drains. I secured from Capt. Read Section 294 Gladstone Rd for 20 pounds and had my house frame and timber carted as far as Mr East's corner. As the swamp was too deep for a horse to travel over I carried the whole of the timber from Carnavon St to Roebuck Rd and stacked it among the manuka on the section. Mr Lutcher shortly afterwards cut down the manuka on the next section, and set it on fire, so that I had some trouble to save that priceless timber. However, I managed to put up the shell of that house and moved in to it, thus saving the rent of 7/- per week. I continued to work at the Presbyterian Church, and to take an active part in the choir and concerts to raise the money to build the church. On 28th October 1874 the Church was opened with much joy. During that time I had made the friendship of Mr William Teat who played the flute, sang the bass in the choir and started the Sunday School; also of Mr James East who assisted at all the concerts singing the loveliest songs I had ever heard. After St Andrews Church was finished Mr Morgan contracted to build Holy Trinity Church and I worked then as his foreman. At this time I obtained a authority to open the Gisborne Lodge of Oddfellows, and on 24th October 1874 I opened the Lodge with ten members, of whom John Mogridge – Compositor – was and still is No.1 on the Lodge Roll.

This transcript has been typed from the original hand-written MSS which at this date (1 March 1983) is in the possession of John Warren's youngest daughter, Mrs Grace Bousfield, 10 Tait Place, Carterton – aged 92.

The following details of John Warren's family have been taken from the Family Bible of that family, this being the proud possession of Stewart Warren Perry, son of Elsie Janet Perry (nee Warren).

WARREN & HEARD miscellaneous information
