

Anderson's account of the Tasman crossing in the *Ariel*, omitted from these extracts, his impressions of the Barnes family in Karori, Peter Christison, the Wellington baker, and the storekeeper, John Sutherland and his wife, Robert Park, surveyor, and the arrival of the emigrant "hell-ship" the *Ann Wilson*, give us something of Wellington which no other known letters and journals quite do in this period. In Auckland and Whangarei he is again more unsettled, and spends less time in recording personalities and occurrences. However for the local historian the Maungatapere visit of 1858 has possible interest, while the two brothers' photographic studio in Auckland in September 1857 must be very nearly a "first".

Two features of the narrative call for comment. The references to Maoris are very few. Urban Wellington, even in 1856, had already asserted its European character and the newcomer, unless temperamentally or occupationally drawn to the Maori, seems to have ignored his as far as possible, certainly in the circle of Andersons' associates. The other aspect is the relatively frequent migration between Australia and New Zealand which would appear to have been greater in proportion to the population than now.

Robert Anderson's medium was the pencil not the pen and somewhat lengthy extracts with minimal editing are necessary to achieve their modest effect. In the selections which it is proposed to publish in the next two or three numbers of the *Record* all textual omissions are indicated. As far as possible his unusual, almost irrelevant punctuation has been followed, except where it has been necessary to change commas to full-stops. Capitals have been provided for place-names and at the commencement of sentences. The subdivision into chapters in the original has been ignored.

The first extract begins after he has described Wellington and its harbour and is about to disembark. "... It was Saturday morning. I arranged and tied up my bundle and with infinite satisfaction bade adieu to my lodgings with a faint hope that I might never have occasion to go to sea again – But at the first offset in New Zealand my troubles appeared to commence. I had no cash to pay the boatman to 'row me over the water' and found it necessary to sell my cherished Tobacco box for which I received two shillings – I paid the waterman 1/- and with the other I had some refreshment when I landed – After doing ample justice to coffee milk, new bread and fresh butter, I lit my pipe and walked leisurely along with my 'swag'. The place appeared novel enough to me. I wandered about a good while, and while smoking I got lost in a train of reflections, the whole of my previous life at home, scenes and life at Australia – My wife, my dismissal from employment all rose up in order. I started up suddenly and thought of my situation at present, and being dinner time, I considered the best way of providing