

JESSIE'S SEA DIARY OF 1861-2

by Jessie Scott Brown

CREE BOOKLETS

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Jessie Scott (Cree) Brown in 1861.

INTRODUCTION

by Mike Spathaky

Jessie's Sea Diary is a remarkable document. Written in the form of a letter to her mother, it tells the story of the four-month voyage of a young woman from Scotland to New Zealand in 1861 on board the clipper ship *The Young America*.

Of all historical documents, personal diaries and letters are the most revealing about people's emotions and innermost thoughts, especially if they were written for the private readership of the writer only or for a particular intimate friend or relation, in Jessie's case her mother. There is not only the description of the minutiae of shipboard life, but also the delighted reaction of Jessie herself to the novelty and adventure of it all, whether it is her surreptitious observation of an impromptu concert by the sailors, or running before the mountainous waves of the roaring forties, or the sheer joy of her first sight of New Zealand on a bright sunny day as she had wished. Travelling to the farthest ends of the earth to join the husband who had departed just nine days after their wedding, she had a keen sense of wonderment and joy at being alive, together with a delightful ability to express those emotions on paper, that cannot but arouse similar feelings in us as readers who have ever felt how wonderful it is to be young or to set out on an adventure.

We also get a glimpse of the life she has left behind through her imaginings of the scene back home at Hogmanay. We note here her sensitivity in being sure to mention every one of her relatives, and passing an appropriate message to each.

We are most fortunate that Jessie's Sea Diary has been preserved, and proud that the Cree Family History Society has been invited to publish it. We believe that she would forgive our transgression of her modest request to her mother, "that you will not afflict any other person with a reading of it". We hope, as Jessie did, that "the reading of this may give you a little pleasure as it was designed to do, and as the keeping of it has been to me"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Robert Maxwell Hannay Cree is the person who kept the contact going between “those who went off” and “those who stayed behind.” Robin, as he is known to friends, is one of the latter, still living in Glasgow, the native city of his Cree forebears for seven generations. His grandfather Thomas Scott Cree LL D was Jessie Cree’s brother and so he is a second cousin of Johnston Cree Brown and Fiona Cree (Brown) Fountain of Christchurch, New Zealand.

Double thanks are due to Robin since it was he who first drew attention to the Cree merchant and trades families of Perth, who contributed three Provosts of that city and whose known ancestry stretches back to the sixteenth century.

Particular thanks are due to Johnston Cree Brown for encouraging us in the publication of the diaries, and for providing much additional material, including the photographs of Jessie and William.

Thanks also to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England, and the Mariners’ Museum of Newport News, Virginia, USA, who both sent details and illustrations of *The Young America*.

JESSIE SCOTT CREE (1840-1925)

by Morton Fountain

Among her New Zealand descendants in 1994 little is known about Jessie Cree’s life in Glasgow before her marriage and emigration to New Zealand in 1861, but something of her family life can be deduced from a few of her letters that remain, and from her sea diary that she wrote en route to join her husband at Oamaru in North Otago Province. These letters and her diary are in the possession of her grandson Mr. Johnston Cree Brown in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Jessie Scott Cree¹ was born in Glasgow on 27th May 1840, the second daughter of John Cree¹ (1809-1849), a manufacturing and wholesale stationer, and his wife Helen Inglis Scott who was a daughter of Thomas Scott and Helen Inglis. There is presumably a connection with the firm of James and William Inglis Scott & Co. which, in the 1850s, was the largest spinners and weavers in Scotland, since Jessie’s brother Thomas Scott Cree was later to join that firm.

All John and Helen’s children were given the name Scott. They were: the twins Thomas and Robert born in 1837, Helen 1838, Jessie 1840, Alexander 1842, George 1843, Jane 1845, Charles 1847 and Agnes (“Tag”) 1849. They grew up in comfortable but not affluent surroundings, first at 26 Cumberland St, Laurieston and then at 57 Rose Street, Garnethill. Their father John Cree died when Jessie was about nine years of age, and at some time the family moved to 305 St Vincent Street, Glasgow. She still enjoyed the love and affection of her siblings and a wider family of Cree and Scott aunts, uncles and cousins. That Christian values, good education, personal standards and social discipline were paramount in her upbringing was abundantly evident in Jessie’s spirit, character and gracious personality throughout her long life, in which she was loved and respected by all who knew her.

¹ The reader is invited to refer to the Appendix for biographical details of people mentioned in all sections of the book.

Figure 1. The known ancestries of Jessie Scott Cree and William Brown.

She married William Brown at Govan, Glasgow, on 18th July 1861 when she was 21 and he 25 years of age. In doing so she was “taking on board” a vigorous and forward-looking man of powerful frame and athletic prowess, who was also a clear strong thinker, a man of high Christian integrity, who was capable of expressing himself clearly and easily with great tenacity of purpose at times. If it was not his strong and forthright personality that won her, it was undoubtedly his “soft brown eyes”, revealing all else she loved so well.

William, born on 17th March 1836, was the second son of Alexander Brown (1789-1851) and Rachel Johnston (1798-1877) of Campbeltown, Kintyre, whose mother was Rachel Galbraith (b 1765). Alexander, like his father Thomas Brown of Dalpeddar near Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, was admitted a Burgess and Guild Brother of Glasgow on 2nd July 1814 and as a cotton manufacturer and foreign trader was made a member of the Merchants House of Glasgow on 20th October 1831.

Jessie’s father John Cree was the eldest son of Robert Cree (1776-1854), a manufacturer, of Surrey Place, Glasgow, who is mentioned in Glasgow trade directories up to 1847, and Janet Gilmour (b 1773). Robert’s parents were Sophia Dougal (b 1752) and John Cree (1754-1826), a surgeon, who matriculated at the University in 1767¹. John taught an English reading school in 1779 in a back court in Candleriggs at Wilson Street. He entered the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow in 1783² and practised in High Street and later in Gallowgate, Glasgow. John’s father in turn, also John Cree, was a Bootmaker and Deacon of the Incorporation of Cordiners in Glasgow³. He married Margaret Pow at Glasgow High Kirk in 1743⁴.

¹ Matriculation Albums of the University of Glasgow (1728-1858).

² Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

³ The Trades House of Glasgow by Lumsden

⁴ It seems fairly certain that John Cree senior came from Perthshire, having served his apprenticeship as a cordiner (shoemaker) to William Douglass of Perth in 1725. The Apprentices of Great Britain 1710-1762 (Volume 7) describes him as the son of John Cree of Tippermalloch, which is near Methven. The Indentures of Apprenticeship describe William Douglas as late Deacon of Shoemakers of Perth. John’s brother James became Deacon of Cordiners of Perth. Their grandfather William Crie (b 1641) was probably brother to James Crie (1639-1711) Provost of Perth, who in turn had two sons, Patrick and James Crie, who also became Provosts of Perth.

So both William Brown and his bride Jessie Scott Cree were members of respected trades families, many of whose members were leading citizens of the thriving City of Glasgow.

It is possible that William Brown acquired his initial interest in farming on the family farm at Dalpeddar, after which he would later name his home in Dunedin, New Zealand. At the time of Jessie and William’s marriage, plans were well advanced for their emigration to New Zealand where they were anticipating building a cottage in the country. William’s widowed mother Rachel (Mrs. Alexander Brown), his older brother Thomas (b 1833) and his sister Rachel Johnston Brown (b 1835) had also decided to emigrate with Jessie and William.⁵

In the event, just nine days after the wedding William sailed away without Jessie and the others on 27th July 1861 on The Winged Arrow (920 tons, Captain Berry). He was taking a consignment of 524 pure-bred Border, Leicester and Lincoln sheep for Dalgety & Rattray & Company, agents, to Matthew Holmes Esq., of Totara Estate near Oamaru, where William and Jessie planned to settle. This was one of several shipments of sheep which were to form the basis of the half-breed flocks which flourished at Totara at the beginning of this estate’s history. The first slaughterhouse for preparing and chilling meat for export was in fact to be established at Totara. The first shipment was loaded on the Dunedin at Port Chalmers in Otago Harbour, frozen on board and shipped to England on 15th February 1882. The estate buildings are now preserved by the New Zealand Historic Places Trust.

The Winged Arrow entered Otago Harbour, Dunedin’s port, on 1st November 1861 after 96 days at sea.

Two weeks later on Saturday 16th November, and four months after her wedding, Jessie sailed from Greenock on the Clyde on a substantial modern 2000 ton American vessel The Young America under Captain Carlisle. Also on board were the Captain’s wife and her young sister aged 19 years “just out of school”, Jessie’s mother-in-law Mrs. Alexander Brown, her brother-in-law Thomas Brown (referred to as Mr. Brown in the diary), and her sister-in-law Rachel Johnston Brown. There were also more sheep and a veritable menagerie of animals under the care of Thomas Brown and some shepherds. Two sheepdogs, Major and Fanny, from Dumfriesshire (possibly Dalpeddar) were in their care.

⁵ Jessie’s uncle John Cree was a ship agent in Glasgow so he may have made the necessary arrangements for the voyage.

The Young America was no ordinary sailing ship. She was very well known as an extreme clipper, the last to be built by William H Webb in New York, launched in 1853 and described in American Clipper Ships¹ as his masterpiece:

She had no figurehead, a billet substituting; the trail boards were ornamented with carvings of national emblems. The stern was elliptical and very graceful. A poop deck, 42 feet long, contained cabins handsomely fitted up and for many years she carried a number of passengers. She had three complete decks; was diagonally braced with iron plates five feet by 3 3/4 inches, four feet apart, bolted at intersections, forming a network of the utmost strength. That she was built of the best materials is evidenced by the fact that she saw 30 years of the hardest service. She was very lofty and heavily sparred, in her prime swinging a 104 foot mainyard, while her spanker boom was 86 feet long. Under her original rig of single topsails, her whole complement was 75 men, there being four mates and 60 seamen. For beautiful lines and general handsome appearance she was not excelled by anything afloat. She cost \$140,000...

In 1861 she was the first vessel chartered from Europe to Oamaru, N.Z. Loaded at Glasgow, her cargo consisting of merchandise and live sheep.

During the four months since William had left, Jessie had not been pining away in anguished solitude with the romantic poets and smelling salts, as behaved Victorian gentle ladies bereft of their new husbands. She kept herself busy and was acquiring what she termed “bush accomplishments”. This included cooking lessons at Garrick’s Hotel and it suggests that a cook may have been employed, and possibly other servants, at her home. Her letters to William during these months are written from 305 St Vincent Street, Glasgow. She describes feeling “faint with fear” at the thought of mounting a small horse at her first riding lesson but soon found herself enjoying the experience, though “when I mount a tall horse in the bush, I daresay I will find that my cowardice is not quite gone”. She was looking forward to “riding out after the sheep with William”. She was imagining her Willie “in all possible and impossible circumstances, roughing it” together before their cottage was built. She was “happy in the prospect of standing at the ‘hut’ door and catching the first glimpse of you coming home from your day’s work”. But the “impossible circumstances” did not include meeting him again “with a red beard and not a bit of your mouth visible. So you need not expect me to know you unless you shave for the

² Volume 2, by O T Howe and F C Matthews, pub. Marine Research Society, Salem MA, 1927.

occasion.” She was certainly not expecting to have to fight her way through the undergrowth to get near him on meeting him again. History does not record if he was clean-shaven when he eventually came aboard The Young America off the Otago Harbour Heads to be united after six months and twelve days with what he had described in a letter to her brother Thomas Cree as “the precious freight on The Young America.”

There is no doubt that while very much desiring to be with William, and her mother “wearying to get me sent off to my husband,” Jessie was happy in anticipation of the adventure of their new life in New Zealand but painfully sad at the prospect of leaving her loved ones. She wrote,

Fortunately I have not much leisure or sad thoughts of leaving would often interfere with the bright visions that belong to the loved one to whom I am going. And you will not be angry when I confess that it sometimes requires all my love for you to make me cheerfully acquiesce when it is such a trial... Notwithstanding my heavy heart at leaving home, mother says I go singing through the house for the first time in my life at the prospect of rejoining you soon.

During these months her friendship with William’s sister Rachel deepened.

I am always so happy when I am beside Rachel. I feel as if she contains something of yourself... the more I see of her the better I love her and understand her.

A letter to William dated 27th September 1861 describes one of her visits to the Brown household.

We were over at your mother’s at tea the other night meeting Mr Morton for the first time (to me) and he was reading some newly arrived letters telling about the gold finding. He is quite in spirits about it being an advantage to you in the end, but I am afraid darling, that it will have to put you about a good deal on landing. Mr Morton gave me some comfort by saying that the carpenter at any rate would remain with you... What a clever man Mr Morton is! He kept us laughing all night when neither your mother nor my mother could get in a word. He is so kind too, I liked him very much...

A booklet describing the history of the Totara Estate describes the 1861-62 sheep shipments from Scotland and mentions that the New Zealand and Australian Land

Company was established in 1866 by the Glasgow financier James Morton. Since the Land Company was to own both Totara, where William and Jessie first settled, and Waitepeka, where they moved from there, this must surely be the Mr Morton whom Jessie met at her mother-in-law's house.

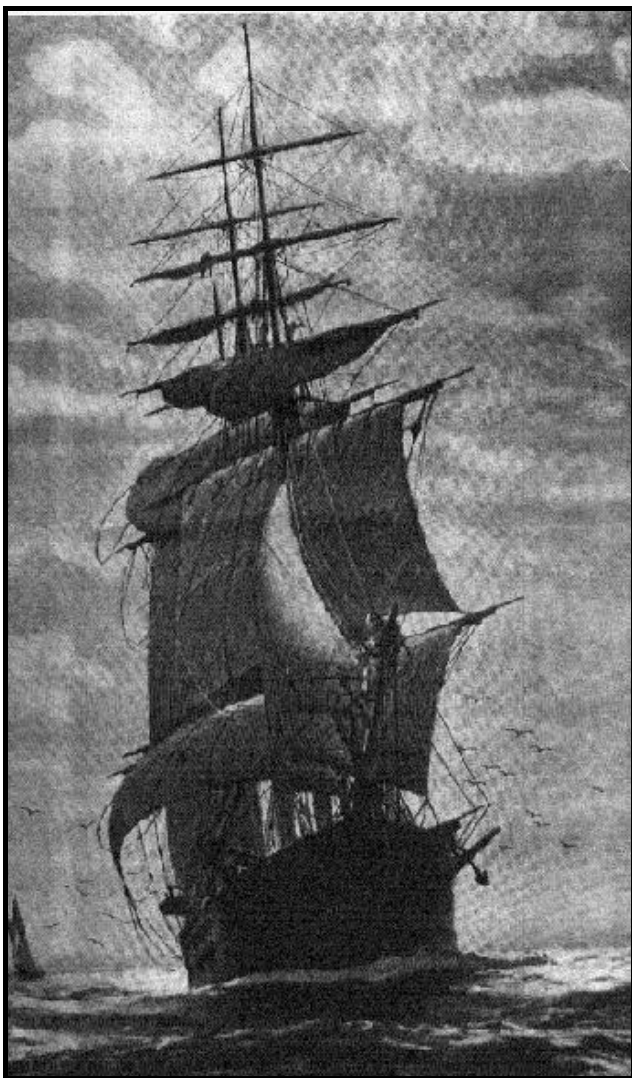
She spent a day or two with each of the three uncles and aunts and their families; William and Maggie Scott, mentioned with their children in her sea diary; her Aunt Janet Cree, Mrs. William Crawford, at Dunoon; and also Aunt Hannay (née Marion Scott), Mrs. Anthony Hannay at 6 Ashton, Gourcock.

After their passages were secured on The Young America she made it her business to get to know the American Captain Carlisle and his wife and her young sister Lucetta - Miss Libby. Miss Libby was invited to stay for two or three days at the Cree home, "to show her the town and a little of our society." Jessie wrote,

Miss Libby is very beautiful, very clever and very pleasant. She has taken all our friends by storm, and to tell you a secret, I really think Bob is a little bit in love with her. At any rate mother has confided in me that she has got her first fright in that way, and is afraid she will not take it [presumably Miss Libby capturing her son] so quietly as your mother did. Mother tries to make out that Miss Libby's Yankee expressions, manners and tone are not very lady-like. She is certainly rather smart for our ideas. Still, she is a very attractive girl and I like her very much. We promise to be good friends which I am glad of as we are to be so long together.

And so they were throughout the voyage of eighty-four days to the Tairua Head at the entrance to Otago Harbour leading to Dunedin. There on the morning of Friday 7th February 1862 The Young America was approached by a pilot boat bringing instructions to the captain to sail north to the Oamaru roadstead. A little later William came aboard to confirm this instruction, apparently with the authority of the ship's agents, so that the stock could be unloaded near their ultimate destination at Totara Estate. Jessie and William were again united. A mighty moment indeed and the beginning of their new life in New Zealand.

But it all very nearly came to an end right then. At the open roadstead at Oamaru the Beachmaster, Captain Sewell came off to the ship to warn of a southeasterly gale blowing up. It did, and The Young America, having lost an anchor and chain, was very nearly driven ashore. Captain Carlisle returned to Dunedin with all the stock and passengers on board, including William and the Beachmaster.



The Young America in her original rig, from a painting by Charles R Patterson, from the Proceedings of the US Naval Institute March 1940.

JESSIE'S DIARY

Sunday 17th November 1861.

My dear Mother,

As I am going to write this diary for your benefit, I may as well address you, it makes it more real, and not such a heartless thing as a mere narration of dry facts. This is my first Sunday and the second day at sea. The pilot left us last night at five o'clock and we have made great progress ever since. When the Captain made his reckoning to-day at twelve o'clock, he found we had gone some 300 miles since we left Gourock at seven yesterday morning, so that speaks well for The Young America's sailing qualities. I was the only person that appeared for breakfast with the Captain and Mr. Smith the First Officer. I was very proud and the Captain says I have undoubtedly obtained the medal for being the best sailor.

Mr, Mrs. and Miss Brown we re very sick and Miss Libby as bad as any but they are already on the convalescent list so they have got pretty easily over it - it is now nine o'clock and the moon is shining beautifully. We have had three splendid days. The Captain says he never saw such weather in these latitudes.

I could enlarge on the good things we get at table but I know that is a common failing in log books so I'm going to avoid it as much as possible. I was on deck all day except when attending to Mrs. and Miss Brown for although I was very brave and cheery in my talk I had some private misgivings and thought it better to take precautionary measures. So the life being so interestingly different I found it rather difficult to realise that it was Sunday, till on going downstairs I found the Captain and Mrs. Carlisle reading their Chapter and Rachel rather better. We followed their example and read a very beautiful sermon by the Rev. Williams Arnot, then went to bed at ten o'clock.

Monday 18th. A lovely morning, was on deck all forenoon with our patients and so pleasant that I had my work. Mrs. Brown is keeping well and relishing her food. Mr. Brown is rather shaky but hungry, but I am sorry to say that Rachel is still very ill, not sick but very weak and out of sorts. Miss Libby makes her appearance now and then looking pale and very vexed for herself. It has come on to blow rather hard but the wind is not in the right direction, South West. It is comforting to have such a

careful Captain. On opening my door just now I discovered him lying on the cabin sofa dressed. He seems always to do so and be regularly called during the night when there is the least doubt.

Tuesday 19th. Has been breezy all day, the wind almost right ahead so we are not making much progress, six miles an hour. The three sick ladies are very so-so still. Mrs. and Miss Brown did not make their appearance till tea-time.

Wednesday 20th. The first death, with the exception of some of Mr. Brown's feathered tribe, took place yesterday. A sheep died. It had been badly cut when it was being shorn and not recovered.

Thursday 21st. Had a very happy day. Rachel was able to rise to breakfast for the first time, and Miss Libby has regained her health and spirits and keeps us convulsed with laughter, often at nothing at all but just from force of example, and then we all are put in good humour by passing four vessels bound in the same direction. We distanced them so quickly we had barely time to exchange signals. One of them was the Early Morning going to Port Natal. It came very close to us. There were three ladies on board and we waved our handkerchiefs to each other.

Friday 22nd. Met a steamer in the morning and expected it would speak and report us but it took no notice of the Captain's signals at which we were all indignant. We have had to tack and just as we put about a strong wind began to blow. Miss Libby disappeared before tea and the rest of us are glad to go to bed early as it is the most comfortable place when the ship is uneasy. Captain is sleeping all night on the sofa.

Saturday 23rd. It is a week to-day since we set sail and we all unite in saying that it has passed very quickly. We were just remarking the other day when we were all sitting so happily and comfortably at work that Mrs. McNaught would be very much astonished to see us so little in need of the sympathy she was no doubt lavishing upon us. It was very stormy all night and a deluging rain but towards morning the wind 'took off' in nautical phraseology (in which I am getting quite learned) and to-day we are rolling about on a heavy sea with the sails flapping and making little or no progress. Mr. Brown and Miss Libby were both very sick again.

Sunday 24th. It has been a beautiful day and the wind in the right direction at last, at which the Captain is well pleased. We are now off Cape Finisterre and the Captain is quite pleased with the slow progress we are making. Mr. Brown reads prayers and a sermon to the shepherds and they seemed to like it.

Monday 25th. Another nice day. We played at shuffle-boards for the first time and we all like it very much. Mrs. Brown surprised Libby by offering to play against her but she was still more surprised when she beat her by more than two hundred. The man at the wheel could not keep his gravity. Mrs. Brown is wearing Rachel's old black hood lined with yellow and she looked so comical when she stood up to play. Major and Fanny are great friends with me now, they know my voice all over the ship. Indeed I have some difficulty in making them keep their distance as they are not allowed on the poop or in the cabin.

The Captain came down for us to-night to go up on the deck and see the stars. I never saw anything to compare with it. It actually looked as if there were not room in the firmament to contain them and Venus was more like a small moon than a star, it formed a broad path of light on the water like moon beams and when a cloud came it half dispelled it with a halo all round. I wished very much that Uncle Crawford was here with his telescope. He would have enjoyed it.

Thursday 26th. Captain Carlisle said I was to be sure and put in my diary that one of the pigs has taken the staggers, poor animal! They bled it, gave it sulphur, and cropped its ears but it was of no avail. It died shortly afterwards and was pitched overboard. We get great amusement with Mr. Brown and his menagerie. There is always some of them taking ill or not a day passes that he is not at the medicine chest. It is a standard joke with Miss Libby to suggest a new cure. His last exploit was to sew up the head of his pheasant. He put a hen that he thought was not getting fair play among the rest in beside the pheasants, and when he went back, found that it had attacked them and come off victorious. One poor beast was almost scalped, but owing to his judicious surgery is now recovering. You would fancy on a fine morning that you were on a farm steading. The sheep bleat, the dogs bark, and the cocks crow. A canary hangs in the lobby and whistles, a rabbit goes hopping about among our feet in the cabin.

Wednesday 27th. The finest day I have ever seen, an almost cloudless sky, a cool breeze and just enough ripple on the water to make it sparkle in the sun. We were on deck all day, playing shuffle boards and working. The sunset was beautiful and the evening starlight not less so. When we went up about half past seven to admire it, we were startled by a curious sight. A sailor reported a light on the weather bow. We all looked and sure enough there was a strong red light almost on the horizon. Of course we thought it was a vessel, till the Captain came up and said it was Venus setting.

We could hardly believe it. It disappeared for a short time behind a cloud, reappeared for a few minutes and then sank for the night.

Thursday 28th. A sailor was killed this morning. We had all been assembled for breakfast and were waiting on the Captain who was on deck, when we heard a loud rattling sound, as of a chain falling on the deck. Mrs. Carlisle guessed what it would be and ran upstairs. Miss Brown and I remained below trembling and not knowing what we feared but we very soon learned that two men had been thrown from the rigging and one of them killed on the spot. Three men were out on the yards doing something when the chain of the yard above them broke and the yard came down on top of them, the one that was killed, fell on the deck, the other (Harry Wilson, fourth mate) was saved by falling on the ropes and from that being tumbled comparatively lightly on deck. The third was caught by something in the rigging and was held suspended until they cut him down. He was not the least hurt and Harry, although feeling very much pain has not even a scratch on him. They were so busy repairing the damage that the funeral of the poor sailor did not take place till it was dark. The Captain read prayers by the light of a lamp. It was a grey sultry calm night and we were all up at it. I never felt anything so solemn and I am sure the impression it made on us will never fade. I trust it will not and that I will remember the lesson as long as I live. The lad was young and a German. He had a companion on board who says he knows his father and mother. We saw the link that gave way and was the cause of the accident. It was a strong chain without any symptoms of decay, so there was no blame attached to anyone.

Friday 29th. Yesterday was the first melancholy day we have had and it is strange how soon the depressing effect has worn off. We are working and talking the same as usual, the men are singing and laughing at their work and not a person seems to remember that one of our little community was so suddenly and awfully removed from among us. The Captain has been making enquiries about him and learned that he was to have been married on his return from this voyage. He was one of the nicest and best sailors on board, the Captain says. I think Harry is worse than they thought at first. He is not feeling much better. We passed Madeira to-day. It was only visible from aloft. There is a good deal of impatience at our slow progress but it is a comfort to know that if it was a tub of a vessel or heavily laden we would scarcely be moving at all so that we are not so bad as we might be.

Saturday 30th. We are enjoying lovely weather. As Mrs. Brown says "The very thing for sheep and old ladies." We were taking our accustomed promenade before turning in for the night when suddenly there was a bright light behind us that cast a glare on

the ship like lightning. We turned hastily round and we were just in time to see a meteor disappear. I had no idea I would enjoy the evenings so much. You would not know The Young America now. It is looking so beautiful and clean. More like a yacht than a merchant vessel. The Captain says we are only getting some of the dirty Glasgow smoke off. I think, Mother, if you ever think of coming out to see us you could not wish a more careful Captain or a finer vessel. The night before last when we were approaching Madeira, the Captain himself was on deck half the night. Mrs. Carlisle says he always does so when they approach land.

Sunday 1st December. Our third Sunday at sea. The time is certainly passing very quickly. We had a pleasant day and it is a very pleasant way of going to church, to read our Bibles and good books under such a sky and in such a climate. If we have lost the advantage of assembling with God's people we have another help in being surrounded by the grand works of his creation. Last Sabbath the Captain gave me a Swedish Bible to give to an old quartermaster who was at the wheel. He was a Swede and a very nice old man. We have been friends ever since. He always smiles and touches his cap when I meet him and he is very fond of a chat so he suits me nicely.

Monday 2nd December. We were awakened this morning at six o'clock by the Captain knocking at our door and crying Miss Jessie, Miss Jessie (he always calls me so) Do you wish to see the land? As we had not seen any since the day we left the Clyde, there was quite a strong enough inducement to make us hurry our dressing and rush on deck. We were passing the Canary Isles and the Captain wished us to see the peak of Teneriffe. It is seldom visible being generally covered with clouds and although it was quite plain when we rose it had entirely disappeared when Mr. Brown came up. The consequence was he thought it was all a hoax to make him leave his bed. There was another island nearer us that was in sight all day.

Tuesday 3rd. The Captain erected an awning upon the poop for us and it is so enjoyable to sit all day with our work. It is getting close and warm in our cabins during the day but there is always a pleasant cool air on deck. The Captain is always planning something kind. He takes a great deal of trouble of settling us comfortably with arm chairs, footstools, etc. Then when he thinks we will do in that respect, the steward will appear laden with apples, iced water seasoned with limes, or lemons, sponge cake, sandwiches or some other dainty. The ravenous sea appetite that Rachel and I were told to expect has never been felt but it would be strange if it was. We never have time allowed us to get hungry.

Wednesday 4th. We have been going beautifully for the last three days, nine knots and ten an hour. We are in the Trade Winds now but it is likely they will forsake us before we get to the Equator. We heard music on deck to-night and went up to listen. It was on the dark side of the ship and we could

1Possibly “a fine shilling concert”.

not see the performance but perhaps that enhanced the charm. I know that I never enjoyed a five shilling concert at home more. There was a concertina, a violin or two, bagpipes (but they prudently kept in the background). When we first went up they were dancing, but when they saw us on the poop, the performance was changed and we were favoured with a number of vocal solos including “Ye Banks and Braes o’ Bonny Doon”, “O why left I hame”, “Auld Robin Gray”, “Auld Lang Syne”, “Alphonse the brave” and that refined ditty (the boys will know it), “And when we got to the Clough light house it blew an awful blew” and so on. When it was finished Mrs. Brown, Rachel, Miss Libby and I squatted on the deck watching a beautiful moon holding the old one in its arms and not far from it Venus shining not less beautifully.

Thursday 5th. I have been very remiss in not introducing sooner to your notice two very important persons, the Steward and Jim the cabin boy. The Steward is originally Scotch but is Americanised. He is a first class steward and very obliging. He showed us how to make dough nuts and how to prepare yeast for bread. He is a great man and needs to be drawn out a little. Then if we want a laugh we have only to look at Jim and he is sure to respond. He is a good-looking gentlemanly boy. He was in a good situation in London but left it to go to sea. I lent him some books and he asked if I would allow him to print my name in any that had it not and he did it very nicely indeed.

Friday 6th. We saw some flying fish yesterday and as that is always a signal that the dolphin is not far off, we put out a line at the stern and caught one to-day. It is a very pretty fish and changes different colours when drawn on deck. We had it to dinner. It is very good but dry. But perhaps you do not believe in flying fish like the old lady the Captain talks of. She had a son home from abroad and she said, “Well Tom, what have you seen?”

“Oh,” says Tom, “I saw mountains of sugar, rivers of rum and flying fish.”

“That will do, Tom. I can believe in the mountains of sugar and the rivers of rum, but flying fish I cannot believe.”

Saturday 7th. Nothing particular.

Sunday 8th. A lovely day but very warm. The ship always looks so nice on Sunday. Everything is indeed tidied up. There is no work but what is absolutely necessary and the sailors have all their clean clothes. Rachel and I always have long talks of home on Sundays. We get into a quiet little corner and have a gossip (invariably an amiable one now) of all our relations and friends we have left behind.

Monday 9th. We are feeling very uncomfortable with the heat now. We were glad to get down to our boxes to-day to get our prints out, muslins, and even that exertion made Rachel and me feel quite ill for the rest of the day. It came on to rain at two o’clock and poured till nine.

Tuesday 10th. I think I never got such a treat as I got to-day, in the shape of a cold water bath. It was the most delicious sensation you could imagine. You will never experience it in our cold Scottish climate but I think I would rather miss the luxury and escape the heat. I was in the middle of my second pair of socks for William but have been obliged to put them aside till we get cooler weather and Mrs. Brown has commenced to teach me some of her fancy knitting work and I am making some progress at a round thread doyley to put on my bread and cheese plate.

Saturday 14th. We crossed the line to-night at eight o’clock. Neptune sent his compliments and asked permission to pay us a visit but it was not accepted as the Captain thinks he often carries his pranks too far. I lost a bet to the Captain to-day. He proposed it about a fortnight ago and we all chose different days. Mine was that we would cross the line before noon to-day so that I only lost it by 8 hours. You see that I have neglected to write for some days but you wouldn’t blame me if you had been becalmed in this miserable “nigger country” as the Captain calls it. Besides now that the novelty has worn off, one day is very much like another and even when I am inclined to write I am afraid I bore you with nothings. However, as it was you who asked me to keep a diary you must suffer it. Only I beg of you that you will not afflict any other person with a reading of it.

Thursday 19th. Another lazy week without entries. We are going beautifully now and in the South East Trades. We are so much impressed with the idea now that we must overtake and pass every ship that comes in sight that we would be quite astonished to find ourselves beaten. We passed a barque last week, the Clyde Liverpool from Cadiz bound for Monte Video. We were near enough to speak and the Captain of it,

in wishing us a good passage added "I presume you will not be long in getting to your destination." An opinion I suppose founded on the way we had left him behind. Yesterday we overtook and spoke to the Sirocco, Liverpool from London to Melbourne. There seemed to be a great many passengers on board. We waved handkerchiefs and hats which was warmly responded to. This was at half past eleven, and at four o'clock she had sunk below the horizon behind us. The Captain often talks of Tag and wishes she had come with us. I got quite a scold for leaving her behind. He is very fond of a joke and discovering my weak point, he declares it will be necessary to confine me to a red herring and a pint of water a day I am getting so fat and [he] proposed I should get straps made to support my cheeks but I grieve to say that this is entirely imagination and that I am not a bit improved in that respect as yet.

I have finished my doyley and Mrs. Brown is quite proud of it. She says she never saw such a perfect one for a first attempt so she is pushing me on to something finer and I am afraid I must let my beautiful bead cushion stand till another time. My old brown has turned out very useful. Mrs. Brown has had to discard the yellow hood and I mended up the hat, bound and trimmed it with gingham and it is now in constant use on the top of her cap.

Saturday 21st. We passed the Isle of Trinidad to-day. It was fifty miles to the east of us but we saw it quite distinctly. The Captain never managed to keep so far to the east in an outward passage before.

Monday 23rd. We have been becalmed for two days. The water is like a sheet of glass. We have only gone 18 miles in the last 24 hours, the least we have made yet. Of course we found the heat disagreeable but we are wonderfully comfortable. Our rooms are just as cool and fresh as possible. I think much fresher than they often are at home.

CHRISTMAS DAY. My dear Mother. This my first Christmas I have ever been away from home and many are the thoughts I send you all, wishing you with my whole heart many Christmases for many long years and I am already picturing to myself what a joyful one that will be, which William and I will at length spend with you. Is it to be at Glasgow or New Zealand? I have been wondering what sort of fruit the trees yielded this year, whether James Sime and Sandeman Johnnie said their pieces without mistakes and if one cab would hold you all, seeing that Jane and I are both absent. Rachel and I were flattering ourselves that you would drink our healths with all the honours so I take this opportunity of returning thanks to Uncle and Aunt

Crawford and all their guests. It will seem rather out of date when you get this, but I do not think they will be ill pleased at getting my best love, and knowing that they are remembered every one of them by the niece and cousin who has hitherto shared all their festivities, and had so much happiness in going out and in among them.

But perhaps you would think it more profitable to get an account of how we spent Christmas than to listen to my surmises of yours. When I went on deck this morning I exchanged the compliments of the season with all the men I knew. It was invariably responded to with beaming faces, for from Mr. Smith to the cabin boy, they are all fond of a chat and I have made friends with them all as far as the rules of the ship would allow me. Then when I came down to breakfast, Rachel and I distributed a few nick-nacks of presents we had made in the shape of emery bags, crochet-trimmings, pin cushions for the gentlemen, etc. You would have been amused at the almost childish pleasure of Captain and Mrs. Carlisle. I think they had not been accustomed to get anything of the kind when away from home, and were not prepared for it. Mrs. Brown gave Mrs. Carlisle a most beautifully fine pin-cushion knitted by herself. So, not to be behind, the Captain and his wife gave Rachel, Miss Libby and me each a pretty little gold dollar with a hole in it, and we have appended them to our watch chains. When Mrs. Brown saw the general giving she thought it a pity it should be confined to the cabin, so she bought some gay shirts and stockings from the Captain (who has always to keep a store) and gave them to the second table, the stewards and cooks, the 4 quarter-masters and the shepherds.

Oh, I was almost forgetting the dinner. We tried hard not to offend the cook by leaving untasted any of the good things, but it was too much. There was a delicious plum pudding and Christmas pie and then a capital Scotch bun to cut up with the fruit and wine. In the afternoon we played with Tag's spelling game; Mrs. C. and Miss L. like to play it with them. Tell Robert Crawford that I do not know what we would have done without his bags of coloured silk. They were such a help to us in getting up our little presents.

Fig 2. Relations of Jessie Scott Cree in the 1860s

Monday 30th. I could not have believed that eight days would have made such a difference in the climate. Last Sunday was overpoweringly warm. To-day it is cold and stormy. I thought I would at length relieve the monotony of my diary by at last saying that we had a storm, but on appealing to the Captain if I could say it with truth, he said it was only a stiff breeze. But be that as it may I saw a large heap of sails piled on deck that had been literally torn to ribbons, and we had to lay to all morning. For the first time I can say I saw it stormier than at Greenock. The waves all along have been large, but not rough or the least terrible till today and they were really grand. But as yet I have not been the least frightened. I think I disposed of all my cowardice that night I was lost in the fog with Bob. The ship was pitching so much that Mrs. Brown lay in her bed all day. She thought she would be safer. If you had seen Rachel and me dressing you would have laughed, we were as helpless as a pair of shuttlecocks, now thrown on this side, now on that. Rachel is black and blue all over.

Mrs. Carlisle is one of the nicest little women in the world. The more we see of her the more we like her, she is so unwearied in her cheerfulness, even when suffering, which she does more than she allows I think. She is so kind and attentive to us and never tired of getting up nice things for us. Then the Captain is so fond and proud of his wife. They are a happy couple. Today the Captain made a face at Rachel from his own cabin where he and his wife were sitting. His wife saw him and said reprovingly, "Oh, John Dexter, don't you know that's very naughty?" He made no reply but hummed in a contemplative manner "Oh don't I love my Betsy, I do, I do", which is the way he usually affects to appease her. Not that she is ever angry, but she pretends to be.

Tuesday 31st. Rachel and I were awakened with a start by a voice calling, "Jessie, Jessie, Rachel" and on opening our eyes we saw the Captain standing in the door with a beautiful little whale bird in his hand which he had managed to catch. It was brown or grey and white with a long black bill and very bright eyes. The Captain knew we wanted to see one close and as he intended to let it go again he brought it to show us. This is Hogmanay and you will be going to dine with Aunt Christina. We are not going to sit up till the New Year comes in. Bed at the usual hour.

January 1st, 1862. A Happy New Year, Mother, and many of them and a good new year, Bob. Shall I wish you a wife before it is done? A Happy New Year to you, Tom. It is you I should wish the wife to seeing you have a cage ready for her. A good New Year to you and your housekeeper, George. Tell Jean I did not forget her. And

the same good wishes that get stale to you Charley and Tag. I would like to give you all a hearty shake of the hand. I must write to Jane direct.

Well, what are you all doing? Mother's sitting in state with her cake and wine on the table and by and by a cab drives up to the door with Uncle William and Aunt Maggie, Gay and Norman. Then they are followed by Helen, Joe, Louise and Nora. I hope there is a toy for each, but Maggie, Tom and Andy who accompany their Mama and Papa are quite too big now for anything but books. Maggie and Tag have a great whispering in the corner comparing notes about presents they have received and Tom and Andy are rattling their money and trying to astonish Bob and Tom with the sight of so much wealth. All the visits are over for the day, and now Tag and her four brothers are off to Aunt Christina's and Mother to Aunt Hannay's. And now I must be admitted too amongst the nephews and nieces and wish Aunt Christina and Aunt Isabella a Happy New Year. I can almost fancy I am really among you all and see the wee-est Paterson with the doll that is bigger than herself and Bob and Tom quite hard wrought dancing with the old cousins who cannot and the little ones who will not be passed over.

These and a hundred other recollections are passing through my mind, but you must not think that because I found time for them we spent a cheerless or do-nothing day. We got into bed last night about 11 o'clock and had just fallen asleep when we were roused by a fearful noise. Rachel could not think what it was and we got a fearful fright. But I remembered a story Mrs. Carlisle told me and accounted for it. It was Mr. Smith had pushed off the sky-light of the main cabin and caused the din by roaring through a speaking trumpet and then shouting "A Happy New Year." After first footing one another we assembled to breakfast and discovered that each had a pretty watch pocket or some other nice trifle, the work of Mrs. Carlisle and her sister during the past week. In the forenoon Aunt Maggie's bun was produced and proved a very good one and there was ample justice done it. I never saw such large pieces of bun devoured at home. Mrs. Carlisle made some egg-nog to take along with it. After we had all partaken liberally I distributed the rest as I thought there was no use keeping it up. Altogether we spent a very pleasant day. I hope that William spent it as happily.

I forgot to tell you that a little lamb was born yesterday. The goats were turned out of their house to accommodate it and its mother and the Captain says it is the most wonderful sheep in the world. It's been dubbed "The Young America."

Wednesday 8th Jan. The first time I could attempt to write for 4 days. It never does to boast. I think I said that I had not been the least frightened since I left home and now I know I must retract my words and confess to having got a dreadful fright on Sunday. But it was for others not myself. When we rose it was very stormy, so we remained downstairs all forenoon and we were sitting over our fruit after dinner, the Captain had gone upstairs, when suddenly everything seemed to swim before my eyes, we were jerked back and forwards, but I did not feel it I was so shocked to see the opposite seat with Mrs. Brown and Rachel and Mrs. Carlisle thrown back on the floor and Mrs. Brown lying almost doubled up. I flew to her side, certain that some of her bones must be broken, but no, she was not the least hurt at which we were all very much astonished. Mrs. Carlisle caught the table and raised herself before the seat fell back, so that Rachel was the only one that was the worse for it. She hurt her back and elbows. The seat was fastened to the floor with strong screws but they cannot be very secure and had got loosened with their weight always swinging back and forth on it. And then when the big sea came unexpectedly over they went.

This is the second severe fall Mrs. B. has had. Once before she was thrown off a stool in the same way, but she has fortunately escaped injury both times. I felt quite sick and faint with the fright and gladly accepted Mrs. C's invitation to go on deck and see the waves. It was splendid, but to me rather a fearful sight. They were literally mountains high. We were running before the wind and they came towering over the stern threatening every moment to fall on top of us. When the bow sinks it just looks like one steep hill to the horizon. There are 2 men at the wheel and main top-sail yard is broken. After enjoying and trembling at this Miss Libby and I went to the smoking room at the head of the stairs and Mrs. C went below.

After sitting a little we felt an extra large sea and before we could turn, in dashed the sea on us. We tried to escape but it lifted Miss L. off her feet and it was a little before we could get to the stairs. I rushed down first and stopped myself in Mr. Smith's door. Miss Libby was not so fortunate. She was behind me and after getting down lost her footing and when I turned round I saw her disappearing head foremost into the armoury till nothing was visible but her feet. The ship gave a lurch as she fell and carried her forward. The wind was not so very high but the Captain says he never saw such a sea here before.

We had to lay-to on account of the poor ship for 24 hours, but as it looked as if it was moderating on Tuesday morning we turned to scud before the wind. But it got worse again. A large sea came over and knocked off one of the smoking room doors, scattering every thing about, so the head shepherd requested the Captain once more

to lay-to which he did till about 7 o'clock when it calmed down and Capt. ordered Mr. Smith to ware ship. It is quite smooth and comfortable to-day.

For the last 2 nights I have slept at the foot of Rachel's berth. We have discovered that there is nothing so uncomfortable as a large cabin berth at sea. Mrs. Brown has got hers stuffed with trunks and pillows to make it small enough for her. We do not heed small inconveniences such as waking each other up in the night to ask if we want to turn.

Friday 10th. A beautiful sparkling day, a very fresh cool breeze, a blue sky and the sea dancing in the sunbeams. Just such a day as I would like to arrive in New Zealand on. When we were lying-to the other day we caught some albatross, the most beautiful sea bird that flies. Those that were caught measured ten feet six inches across the wings which they double up in a curious manner when they are sitting. When they light on the water they lift them as daintily as a lady would on a rainy day. The sailors killed them as they wished to make tobacco pouches of their feet and needle cases of their hollow oily bones. Mr. Brown gave us some of the feathers. I am going to wear them in my hat.

We had a little play[?] last night in the shape of candy-making, or in other words rock. Miss Libby showed us how to make it. Here is the recipe: Put into a pan 1/2 breakfast cup of boiling water, 2 breakfast cupfuls of loaf sugar & 1/2 a tea cupful of vinegar. Stir constantly for about 20 minutes, then try it on a saucer as you would jelly. When hard take off & put it on a buttered dish to cool a little. Whenever you can touch it draw it out with both hands till it becomes white. Cut it in neat slices and let it stand. It is better after a day or two. You must let Tag try it, but I would advise her to butter her hands well as Rachel blistered hers.

Miss Libby came to us one night after we had retired and asked us if we knew where the water biscuits were kept in the pantry. I had seen the steward in at them & said I would get her one. The pantry was dark but I went up to the drawer & plunged my hand boldly in on a white substance I thought was biscuit, but I quickly drew it out again & held it up to Miss Libby's astonished gaze covered with butter which was very soft and adhered well. So much for stealing. As I had left such visible traces of my nocturnal visit I had to confess my misdemeanours to the steward next morning.

Saturday 18th. All this time I have been writing I have never described a day in detail, so will do so now.

The first bell rings at half past seven, but I am generally up and dressed by that hour as there are 2 of us in the cabin & I waken Rachel before I leave the room. We breakfast at eight & separate immediately to our separate duties. The ladies to sort the cabins & the Captain goes on deck with his cigar & Mr. Brown looks after his livestock. In about an hour the ladies meet again with their work, as long as it was warm upon the deck, but now in the main cabin. The ship has been rolling so much lately that we are obliged to sit on the floor with our backs against the wall and our feet braced against the fixed seats. We are all as busy as we can be & the forenoons pass quickly and pleasantly.

We dine at one o'clock, and often linger round the table chatting a little, after which the Captain, Mrs. Carlisle & Miss Libby disappear & we are at liberty to read, work or rest as we please. The Carlisles have a sleep every afternoon & Mrs. Brown & Rachel have often one too. I tried it once or twice but did not succeed & thought it the hardest work I had had since I came on board. We assemble again at six for tea or supper as they call it, after that work or a game of Ucah¹ or on a fine night a walk on deck, & retire to our cabins at 10 o'clock.

Then if you care about our bill of fare here it is. Breakfast: white and brown bread, toast, hot rolls, tea, coffee & chocolate, ham, pork, all kinds of preserved fish, fish-balls and potatoes, or in the hot weather rice. Then as for dinner, I have only tasted salt beef twice since I came on board & that from choice. In the hot weather we had soups, chickens, preserved meats & now fresh pork, & always puddings, dumplings or tarts for sweets. On Thursdays & Sundays we have fruit, prunes, raisons, almonds & nuts. Tea:- all sorts of bread, hot scones, cookies, ginger-bread biscuits, jam or preserved fruits, ham, tongue or sardines etc. In addition to all this Mrs. Carlisle gets up lunches with cake, biscuits, wine & egg-nogg. There I think I have given plenty details.

I am not going to say anything of the harmony that prevails among us till we are fairly at the end of our journey. Mrs. Brown was in bed the day the albatross was caught & was very much disappointed that she did not see them so as there was a great many flying about today & we were not going fast Mr. B. got out the hooks, for you fish for them. They caught 2, & let one away. The other was drowned on putting it on deck. We got some of the beautiful feathers & Miss Libby made them up for our hats. I have got 2. I wish I could send them home to you & Tag.

¹ Jessie is almost certainly referring to the card game Euchre which was popular in American homes until supplanted by Bridge in the 1920s.

Thursday 23rd. We have had more stormy weather again & of course the sailors attribute it to the killing of the birds. The gale started the same afternoon. It was even worse than the last & we have lost another 2 days in laying-to. I confessed to feeling a little alarmed during these gales even with the consciousness that we are as surely in God's hands as on the dry land, but that knowledge comforted & quieted me as nothing else could & we have great cause to be thankful that not only have we been preserved thus far but that we have enjoyed such happiness and calm. The sheep are remarkably well. There are 4 lambs now.

Sunday 26th. Our last 3 Sundays have all been stormy and it is a great comfort to be able to read & think today. I have so often wished on the passage that Mr. Watson had his sermons published. We are very fortunate in having so many to choose from but still I think often of Mr. Watson & wish I could hear him, or next best, read his discourses. I suppose you will soon be missing him too. I do trust you will find a worthy successor but I will not be able to think of Mr. Matthews without him. I enjoyed the reading of Mr. Morton's parting present very much (Christ or the Inheritance of the Saints by Dr Guthrie). Mr. Brown still reads a sermon to the shepherds. I think if all goes well we will only spend 2 more Sundays on the sea. In the last 24 hours we have gone 330 miles of a direct course & as it is rough and the ship has to be held off a good deal we have in reality gone 10 or 15 more.

You will remember that the second cook fell and broke his arm in Glasgow. He has only lately been fit for any duties & yesterday he fell and broke it again. The Captain thinks it had not been properly set in Glasgow, & has reset it himself, being a very good surgeon. The man is feeling pretty well today, & slept well.

Whenever a storm comes now we confine Mrs. Brown to her bed for she is always walking about when the ship is rolling thereby endangering her limbs and frightening everybody. Rachel has never regained her usual health & when it is rough is always more or less bilious. Mrs. Brown complains of want of appetite & altogether I am the only hale one of the whole company. Mrs. Carlisle is not always well & Miss Libby is afflicted with sick headaches but I dare say all the little ailments will fly before the sight of land & work.

The Captain took us forward one morning when the ship was going very fast to see the boat going through the water & I thought it one of the prettiest sights I have seen since I came on board. The water was thrown off in such a way as to form a large waterfall & just below that there was a brilliant rainbow. Rachel & I are looking

forward now with a pleasant longing to the meeting with our dear brother & husband, and to the very large bundle of letters that I hope is awaiting us, but we do not like to mention our wishes before Captain & Mrs. Carlisle, they having been so very kind & we have been so happy.

Saturday, 1st February. We are now within our last thousand miles of New Zealand. In the last seven days we went 1830 miles & in the last 24 hours 325 miles. The Young America is certainly a noble ship. She is getting another coat of varnish & tar to smarten her up for port but I can't say I thought she needed it as it is in more perfect order than when we left the Clyde. As for the sheep there has not been more than four nights that we could tell they were on board & even on these occasions the smell was not strong enough to be disagreeable. Mrs. Carlisle says that emigrants would be ten times worse. We are so much at home with the people too that altogether it would be very hard to persuade us that we could have been as comfortable in any London ship, even the best.

Yesterday we had our second race with porpoises. We are going at about 12 knots an hour & when they came along side to try us a race they kept up a long time flying through the water & often leaping out of it & then diving with a loud splash but at last they shared the fate of all that compete with The Young America - viz they were beaten. They were very large and handsome - black & white, piebald. The weather has moderated since we got south of Australia but for 3 or 4 weeks it was very cold. We were comfortable down below thanks to the stove & warm dresses but I pitied the man at the wheel who looked miserable in spite of comforters & worsted mittens etc. We had a laughable scene on deck one day after a snow storm. The Captain & Miss Libby were pelting each other with snowballs & at last came to closer quarters in rubbing each others faces with it. While they were so engaged their feet slipped & down they went on deck locked in each others arms. The ship was rolling heavily & before they could recover themselves away they slid along the slushy deck till they were stopped by the hatchway. The next roll carried them back to the bulwarks again, & so on for half a dozen times to the great delight of the sailors who laughed immoderately at seeing "the old man" (as he is always called) in such a plight and being muzzled by a girl.

Wednesday 5th February. We came in sight of land tonight at six o'clock but at too great a distance to know what it is like. The sunset was very beautiful and Mrs. Brown & I were both struck with the similarity to the last one we saw on leaving the coast of Ireland. When I lost my bet with the Captain at the line we took up another as to when we would arrive. Strange to say it expires today at noon & I have won a

pair of gloves which however he never gave me. We are now within a hundred miles of Dunedin but the sky looks as if we are going to have a calm.

Friday 7th February. We have taken 3 days to make that 100 miles between calms & light contrary winds & fogs. We were beating up along the coast all yesterday & we saw a ship ahead of us. We made up to it about 10 o'clock and hailed it & told our name but got no information in return. From the yelling and shouting however that was heard from on board the Captain thought it must either be an immigrant vessel or one from Melbourne with diggers & this morning it has proved the latter & rough-looking men they seem. The ship is called The Laughing Waters.

It is now 10 am & we are lying becalmed 6 miles off the mouth of the harbour. And now how am I to make you see it with mine own eyes? First of all Rachel & I think it is far more beautiful than we expected. I have been wishing all along that we could approach it on a fine day and get a favourable impression & I have got my wish. You never saw a lovelier summer day. Looking out from land it is one wide expanse of blue sky & sparkling sea. Looking towards the shore it is a pretty undulating country, some of the hills wooded & some with the shadows of the light summer clouds resting on them like those opposite Gourock but all the hills have the appearance of having been thrown up by volcanic agency. They have all something the same shape - peaked. Approaching the harbour there is a point to the left that only needs a lighthouse on it to make it Clough Point. We can make out villages & houses along the coast & no less than 3 steamers have left or entered the harbour this morning.

Altogether it has an inviting look as if it was promising great things for our future life there & I am glad that we are going to land with such good heart and spirit. We will likely however find some little disappointments in trying it. It is with a deeply thankful heart that I close my diary & I feel that had I to return tomorrow I would do so as far as the voyage is concerned without a moment's hesitation. So you may be sure that no fear of the voyage will prevent me paying my promised visit home. And I am very glad my dear Mother that you made me keep a diary as it has been a source of great pleasure to me.

Saturday 8th February. I had written thus far yesterday when I was called on deck to see a small boat that was approaching the vessel. A pilot came on board from it & said that we were not to go to Dunedin & that the ship was bound to Oamaru but that the Captain would learn all particulars from Mr. Brown who would be on board in fifteen minutes. You may guess what a happy surprise we got for I had made up my mind that we would not see him till we sent for him.

I will give you all the particulars of him & his news in my letter & confine myself here to our sea voyage. The Captain was very much annoyed at being ordered off to an open roadstead he knew nothing about but I suppose there was no help for it, as we once more stood out to sea & to make matters worse we had a head wind. This morning (Saturday) we again neared land but the coast is here all so much alike that we had some difficulty in finding the place we were bound for although William knew it well enough when close in shore. At 2 pm. we stood well into the bay in which Oamaru stands & a boat came off with Captain Sewell, the Beach-master who remained on board. He said there would be a gale from the South East & sure enough, although it was calm then, it is on already & we are going to beat about in the offing all night to let the storm pass over.

April 8th:- I always intended finishing my diary by detailing our subsequent mishaps in Oamaru Bay, but I think William wrote home about them before. It was a very narrow escape from shipwreck. I shall never forget the terror & suspense of that half hour, for I think it would not be longer. Fortunately we were soon relieved from our anxiety. The rest you know, of our slow beating back to Dunedin, our sticking in the harbour & finally my nocturnal journey back to Oamaru in the dirty little steamer.

So I am at last settled in New Zealand & the voyage already seems a far-back occurrence. On the whole, I enjoyed it but something may be attributed to the fact of me not having had a moment of seasickness. I wished to tell you, my dear Mother, that the arrangements I made for the voyage in the way of dress were very complete, answered the purpose perfectly. My 2 prints & 2 muslins served me during the hot weather quite well, & my heavy grey with the little flounces at the foot afterwards in the cold weather. We made our black silks our afternoon dress. I mention this in case you have to advise anyone in the same circumstances.

And now, dear Mother, I hope the reading of this may give you a little pleasure as it was designed to do, and as the keeping of it has been to me. It is not worthy I know. I always felt when I was writing it that it was a few words daily spoken to you. I think I must carry out the same idea now in my home. I will try how it answers but I must at length conclude this with warmest love from your

affectionate daughter

Jessie S. Brown

Totara Tree

Oamaru

8th April 1862

ARRIVAL AT OAMARU

From the *Otago Witness*, February 15 1862 page 5

Outwards Coastline.

The ship "*Young America*," 1741 tons, Carlyle, from the Clyde, arrived in Oamaru, on Sunday morning, having on board 1,100 sheep, for M. Holmes, Esq. This is the first vessel direct from Europe, that ever went to Oamaru, and it is particularly unfortunate that scarcely had she dropped anchor in the roadstead when it came up a dreadful gale, and she was blown out again with the loss of an anchor and chain. She brought away **Captain Sewell**, beach-master. She came round to Dunedin Port, arriving on Wednesday. 4 passengers.

Saturday February 22 1862 page 5

An inquest was held at Port Chalmers on Tuesday on the body of James Fleming, the seaman who was drowned on the previous day, when attempting to swim ashore from the "*Young America*." A verdict of accidental drowning was returned.

Saturday March 5 1862 page 5

On Thursday, Fe. 21, the body of a man was found at the Heads, half buried in the sand, and a pair of boots tied to the belt round his waist. The Water Police had the corpse removed to the Port Chalmers Hotel. It was there identified by the Captain of the "*Young America*," as one of the missing seaman from his ship who attempted to escape at the same time as the man Fleming, who drowned while attempted to swim ashore with a bundle of corks attached to his back. It was known that the man who accompanied Fleming had tied his boots to his belt.

The inquest was held the next day on the body of Alfred Harwood, a seaman belonging to the *Young America*. John Joyce disposed of finding the body. He brought the body to Port Chalmers. Alonzo Merchant, second officer of the *America* disposed that he knew the deceased. Shortly after the vessel had anchored at the heads, on the 12 inst., he missed some of the men, he had them mustered and found three missing, the deceased was one of the missing ones. Robert Watts said he was a seaman belonging to the ship "*Young American*." He saw the deceased step on the rail to jump overboard, deceased told him he was going to swim ashore. Deceased had a pair of boots, two shirts, and a pair of drawers fastened to the belt round his waist, he told the deceased he was afraid he would not reach the shore with that load, deceased replied "he could cut them adrift."

Fig 3. Descendants of Thomas Brown of Dalpeddar



The Young America, an oil painting by Antonio Jacobsen dated 1916

[original picture was:

The Young America in full sail, from American Clipper Ships by O T Howe and F C Matthews, pub. Marine Research Society, Salem MA, 1927.]



William Brown 1861 Scotland

WILLIAM AND JESSIE BROWN IN NEW ZEALAND

One week before Jessie's arrival off Dunedin, her husband William wrote to her brother Tom back in Glasgow:

*Port Chalmers
31 January 1862*

Dear Tom,

I was highly gratified at receiving your epistle of 25 October and as I am killing time just now waiting for the arrival of the Young America I write at the present date to give "the enemy" another punch in the ribs. Not that I need such an excuse to write to you but on account of your enquiry regarding emigration and your request that the answer should be kept apart from general subjects. I am aware of the fascinating nature of the picture of New Zealand as drawn by Hursthouse and others and the desire to emigrate which a perusal of his book inspires but I should advise you in consequence of the great change which has taken place in the aspect of the colony since the gold diggings to be well advised of your own tastes and wishes before thinking of coming out here.

The old model and moral community which populated the province before and the "ancient city" of Dunedin are no more. The peaceful town slumbering in the bosom of this beautiful harbor has suddenly roused itself to bustle and confusion. The stillness of the scene is broken by the perpetual sound of the carpenter's hammer and saw. The waters bear testimony to the growing commerce. Ships, barques and steamers are all bustling about. The old colonists are threatened with annihilation by a towering wave of Victorian origin and in their turn are being pushed back even as the Maori gave place to them.

Capital, that all powerful resuscitator is pouring into the colony and is passing an alternative hand over all that it contains - hotels large and capacious are overcrowded as soon as erected and their bars swarm with roughly clad characters

of all descriptions, drinking, smoking and swearing in such a manner as could never have been anticipated by the early settlers when they passed a law that none should emigrate here except those belonging to the Free Kirk of Douce Auld Scotland.

The Victorians were from their proximity the first who could take advantage of the gold discovery and they with their usual cuteness (for they bear a certain resemblance to the Yankees and more especially to the Californians) did not throw away the chance of making money before our home immigrants could have time to arrive. Capitalists large and small came over, bought up at an early date as many of the best town sections as they could - built hotels - opened stores and sold at fabulous prices the scourings of the Melbourne market - and many are now almost before immigrants had time to arrive from Britain - returning with the proceeds of their speculation after dropping a nest egg in the colony in the shape of purchased land - town or rural.

Such is a rough sketch of what has taken place here within six months of the existing state of affairs and although it may disappoint many who would prefer a quiet life, it indicates and predicts a more rapid progress to a more important position amongst colonies and emigration fields. Should the gold fields continue and become a permanent institution, Otago must rise and their permanency is believed in by all with whom I have conversed on the subject & amongst those I may include many who have been diggers and gold seekers, professional & amateur, since its discovery in Victoria...

The letter continues for several pages on the economic prospects of Otago province, and concludes,

I have now written you a pretty long letter & I have not as yet said a word about myself which you will admit is a remarkable proof of the absence of egotism! bit I shall make up for this sacrifice on my part in another letter which will no doubt arrive at the same time & by which I hope to advise the arrival of the Young America with her precious freight.

*Till then I remain Dear Tom,
Your affectionate brother.*

After the heavy circumlocutions which seem to be a permanent characteristic of William's writing, a postscript ends by offering a little glimpse of his lifestyle as he awaits his loved one:

My "bedfellow" (for in this little room there are two beds) has just come in in a state of hiccuping intoxication & insists that I am "schriting to my shweetty" &

there is a quarrel down in the billiard room amongst the pool players so I must now stop for good.

*Yours affectionately,
as before.*

Eight days later William was reunited with Jessie as we have seen, and they settled at Totara Estate where their first child, Alexander Johnston Cree Brown was born on 29th December 1862. William was described on the birth certificate as a stockholder. Then they moved south to Waitepeka about seven kilometres south-west of Balclutha. If William's original intention was to farm, there was plenty in his cultural and family background to dispose him towards trade and commerce as a quicker route than shepherding to sufficient capital. Some time before 1866 he had opened a General Store in Port Molyneux, a very promising settlement at the mouth of the deep and fast-flowing Clutha River. On 18th October of that year he wrote again to his good friend and brother-in-law.

There is very little personal news from here. We live in a very quiet way in a cottage by the sea, and as we can't get much society of the class we wish, we do very little, and don't hear much of what is going on in the outer world. However we are very comfortable & going on the motto, 'when you want a thing well done, do it yourself'. Jessie has undertaken all the work herself again, and says that, in a small house, she would ten times rather be without help, and have our evenings to ourselves than have help and a stranger with us. So long as she is of this mind and does not overwork herself, I can't complain. Jessie is a first class cook, and a very clean orderly housekeeper. Indeed I am very much more comfortable thus (without a housekeeper). So much so that I sometimes tell her that I don't wonder at men marrying their cooks!

They now had two children adding to Jessie's domestic cares, Alexander had been joined by Helen Scott Cree Brown, born in Dunedin on 15th July 1864.

In the 1850s and early '60s the Port Molyneux district where they lived was a very promising place for any canny Scot to invest in trade or land. Indeed Jessie's economist brother Thomas Cree had invested there at the time, but by 1866 William was writing to Thomas, "There is not that rush for land that there was indeed for some time. It has been rather slow of sale... As you seem desirous of getting your money home, I think I had better try to sell the 150 acres of rural land..."



Mrs William Brown née Jessie Cree in Dunedin NZ after 1862



Mrs William Brown née Jessie Cree 1865 with her children
Alexander Johnston Cree Brown and Helen Scott Cree Brown.
In Dunedin NZ.

The writing was on the wall. The deep water Port Chalmers in Otago Harbour and the political clout and acumen of equally Scottish businessmen in Dunedin gave that more established city considerable advantage in reaping the commercial and financial benefits of the Otago gold rush and rural development.

Perhaps it was William's business acumen that foresaw the decline of Port Molyneux. Perhaps it was for both of them a want of society and interests more in line with the life they had left in Scotland. Perhaps it was also the declining health of William's mother in Dunedin. It was almost certainly for the better education of their children, Johnston now aged ten or eleven and eight-year-old Helen, that William sold his Molyneux General Store to Brewer and Levinson and the family moved to Dunedin in 1872. It was a timely move. In 1878 a disastrous flood in the Clutha, which swept scores of gold miners to their deaths in the upper reaches, carrying away their dams, tail-races and settlements, also shifted the main stream further north at the mouth leaving the once bustling river port Molyneux high and dry without a waterfront. The town section at the Ferry where ships had docked and where William had his store at what would have been the centre of the commercial district of the planned new city, was now virtually worthless. Port Molyneux quickly became a ghost town and eventually disappeared almost without trace. Nothing remains today but the name on some maps, some old wharf piles and a road sign pointing to Kaka Point (possibly where the Browns' "cottage by the sea" was located), to Romahapa along Pendennis Street past William's store - second on the right from the T-road junction, and to Paretai to the north along what was to be Flatholm Street.

*But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.*

In Dunedin William founded an accounting and auditing practice. William's sister Rachel married James Whitelaw, a merchant, in Dunedin on 29th July 1863. Their mother Rachel (Mrs Alexander Brown) who had also emigrated with Jessie on The Young America, died in Dunedin on 10th January 1877 aged 79 years. William and Jessie's son Johnston attended Rev R L Stonford's school and then Otago Boys' High School, eventually becoming a partner in his father's firm in 1888. It is not known where Helen was educated. On 23rd December 1881 a second son Robert

Scott Cree Brown was born, seventeen and a half years after his sister Helen. He would always be known as Cree.

In October 1887 word was received from Scotland that two older cousins of William had both died within a month of each other. They were the Thomson brothers, Thomas and John, sons of James Thomson of Glenim, Sanquhar, and Jessie Brown, sister of Alexander Brown. William's mother Rachel had taken a special interest in the Thomson brothers and William grew up to regard them with affection and respect. Both became wealthy merchants. Thomas, the elder was in his sixteenth year when he went to Glasgow to work. His original notebook survives in which he kept a detailed account of every penny he spent on his personal needs. It was the foundation stone of the fortune he later made. John spent much of his life in Valparaiso, Chile. With the notice of their death came four words of which fairy tales are made, "You three inherit largely", that is, Thomas, Rachel and William Brown.

William as an executor was invited to Scotland to help Thomas Cree and other executors with the distribution of the Thomson brothers' very substantial estate. The decision was made that Jessie and young Cree (Robert S C Brown), nearly six years of age, would go with him for an extended period in Scotland and a trip to the Continent. But first there was Johnston's wedding on the 12th November 1887 when he married Ada Gibson, a daughter of Dunedin's Town Clerk. They sailed on the 15th to Wellington to catch the Rimutaka for the United Kingdom on the 17th.

On their return to Dunedin they built a substantial new home in Dunedin which they named Dalpeddar after the Brown's ancestral farm in Dumfriesshire. This home is now part of a students' residential hostel of Otago University. To equip this large house initially, some of the furniture was purchased in Europe while on their Continental tour. Some of it, notably a Queen Anne chair and other Italian pieces, are in the possession of Fiona (Brown) Fountain in Christchurch. William and Jessie were dedicated Christians, both much involved in church activities and interdenominational associations and missions such as The Bible Society and the China Inland Mission. Their daughter Helen married John Southey who had served in China with the CIM. Dalpeddar was a name synonymous with hospitality where, not only a wide circle of William and Jessie's friends were entertained, but also open house for Christian workers, leaders and missionaries from all over the world to stay. Jessie's rare gift for gracious hospitality and friendship was a ministry which brought inspiration and much pleasure to many people. Her commendable qualities were amply inherited by her granddaughter Fiona Frances Cree Brown.

Scotland was the home of the world's first Society of Accountants, and William Brown was one of the early founders of the Incorporated Institute of Accountants of New Zealand in May 1894. He was an ardent champion of professional qualification and standards, serving as President (1895-99) and preparing and marking the first papers for qualifying examinations in 1896. His own firm of William Brown & Co. prospered and was held in high regard for the integrity of its professional standards. His son Alexander having joined in 1888, William retired from active participation in 1900. In the tradition of the Kirk he was an evangelical like his forebears; and like his distinguished friend and brother-in-law in Glasgow, Thomas Scott Cree LL.D. his economics were those of an old-fashioned Liberal, free market believer in freedom from state interference in every direction - except perhaps where labour unions or universal and women's suffrage seemed to threaten too much the wisdom and freedoms of citizens with capital. His letters to Thomas often reveal a strength of invective about Government and suchlike insufferable concepts, which suggests tongue-in-cheek overstatement, definitely not for publication in the Otago Daily Times. But isn't that what good friends and brothers are for? If William was not exactly a Radical in a new country pioneering new social, economic and political reforms, he certainly built constructively on the best elements of his Scottish and Christian heritage. Perhaps the best portrait of his forthright and strong personality was captured when Jessie asked late one night, "Willie, why are you so late home from your [twelve member] Kirk Session?" He replied, "Because, dear, I have wasted three hours trying to persuade eleven obstinate men!"

Before his death on 13th December 1918, William was confined to bed for eight months, at times suffering much pain, but up to the last taking a keen interest in current events, while his quiet fund of humour was, until shortly before his passing, a cheer to those who visited him. He was 82 years old.

During the six years and eight months that were to remain for Jessie, she would mourn the loss of her son Alexander Johnston Cree Brown who died on 2nd April 1920 aged 57 from a painful illness causing inflammation of the spinal chord. Just prior to William's death they had lost their grandson, Johnston's son, Lloyd Brown, who was killed in action at Bucoy in France on 15th August 1918. He was 27 years old.

In January 1922 Jessie's son-in-law John Southey died in Queenstown and Helen, his widow, came to live with her mother at Dalpeddar. That year they welcomed home from India Jessie's youngest son Cree (Robert Scott Cree Brown), his wife Kathleen Glasgow and their two children who had been born in India, Alison Cree Brown and

Johnston Cree Brown. They were to have two more children, Jessie Morven Cree Brown in 1926 and Fiona Frances Cree Brown in 1927. But Jessie was not to see these grandchildren. She died on 10th August 1925, aged 85 years, and was buried with her husband in Dunedin North Cemetery.

BIOGRAPHIES

Andy. See Scott.

Aunt Christina. Christina Scott qv.

Aunt Isabella. Isabella Scott qv.

Aunt Maggie. See Scott, William Inglis.

Bob. See Cree, Robert Scott

Brown, Alexander Johnston Cree (1862-1920). William and Jessie's first child, born at Totara Estate, Oamaru. He joined his father's firm of accountants and was a founder of the New Zealand Institute of Accountants. In 1887 Alexander married Ada Jessie Gibson, daughter of the Town Clerk of Dunedin, and they had a son Lloyd (1890-1918) and a daughter Freyda.

Brown, Alison Cree (born 1918 Poona, India). Eldest child of Robert and Kathleen Cree Brown, in 1941 she married Colin Becroft, General Secretary of the NZ Scripture Union. They have lived in Queensland and the USA and had four children, Stephen, Jennifer, Priscilla and Susan.

Brown, Fiona Cree (b 1927 Dunedin). Fourth and youngest child of Robert and Kathleen Cree Brown. In the summer of 1927-8 Robert Brown met a Mr K H Fountain while camping and invited his family to break their journey home at the Brown's beach cottage at Karitane, where Mrs Brown and her children were staying. A photograph of the children was taken which includes Alison, Johnston, Morven and Fiona Cree Brown with Marjorie and Morton Fountain. Fiona entered Otago University with schoolteaching in mind. Happily she avoided that future when she again met Morton Fountain in 1945. They married in 1949 and have five daughters, Rachel, Roslyn, Andrea, Gillian and Marian.

Brown, Helen Scott Cree (1864-1931). William and Jessie's second child. She married John Southey (1856-1922), an English missionary in China.

Brown, Jessie Morvern Cree (b 1926 Dunedin). Third child of Robert and Kathleen Cree Brown, Morvern trained as a nurse and then graduated from the New

Zealand Bible College. After early missionary service in the Philippines she spent most of her adult life ministering to the Alangan people, sharing their hardships and reducing their language to writing for the first time. Soon after retiring she married Lewis Wilson in 1949.

Brown, Johnston Cree (b 1920 India). Second child of Robert and Kathleen Cree Brown, he served in the Fleet Air Arm, notably against the Italian Navy over Taranto and on the Arctic Convoy operations. He then followed a career as a chartered accountant. In 1948 he married Elaine Barham (died 1976) and they had four children, Martyn, Christopher, Nicholas and Felicia.

Brown, Miss. See Brown, Rachel Johnston.

Brown, Mr. See Brown, Thomas. (but the 8th February reference is clearly to Jessie's husband William Brown)

Brown, Mrs. See Brown, Rachel.

Brown, Rachel (1797-1877). Jessie's widowed mother-in-law, Rachel, formerly Rachel Johnston born daughter of Rachel Galbraith (b 1765) of Campbeltown. In 1830 she married Alexander Brown (died 1751) and they had four children, Thomas, William, Alexander Johnston (who died aged 2) and Rachel Johnston. Aged 64 on setting sail for New Zealand as a widow to settle with her three surviving children, she lived for fifteen years in Dunedin until her death on 10th January 1877 aged 79 years. Her last ten years saw her in declining health which her death certificate suggests may have been due to Alzheimer's disease.

Brown, Rachel Johnston (1835-?). Jessie's sister-in-law, daughter of Alexander and Rachel Brown, Rachel married James Whitelaw, a merchant, in Dunedin in 1863, probably at her brother Thomas's home. They had six children, Rachel, James, Eleanor, Norman, Stuart and Graham.

Brown, Robert Scott Cree (1881-1934). Third and last child of William and Jessie Brown. An engineering graduate of Canterbury University College, Robert worked in municipal water supply and drainage before furthering his experience as a railway engineer in Scotland. He then became Professor of Engineering at Poona, India where he served for thirteen years. He married Kathleen More Glasgow in 1891 while on leave in New Zealand. They had two children in India, Alison in 1918 and Johnston in 1920, and two after their return to New Zealand, Morvern in 1926 and

Fiona in 1927. Robert Cree Brown continued as a consulting engineer but died in a tragic accident at the age of 52 when his coat became entangled in a diesel engine that was under test.

Brown, Thomas (1833-1893). Jessie's brother-in-law. Thomas remained a bachelor for 27 years after his arrival in New Zealand. Little is known of his activities for much of that time. In 1887 William Brown wrote to Thomas Cree in Glasgow, apropos an inheritance, "I shall not tell Tom - he will know soon enough. I have had to cast him on his own efforts lately and he is better to continue so as long as possible." However after receiving his third of the inheritance Thomas Brown became highly regarded for the prudent use he made of it in the interest of scores of struggling farmers in the Owaka and Catlins district south of Dunedin. He purchased a heavily timbered property which included a dairy factory. He employed a hundred men to clear the property and five more to operate the factory which served 40-100 dairy farmers on the co-operative principle.

In 1889 he married a 29-year-old widow with five children, Mrs Elizabeth Oaten Barker (née Leith). He built a substantial property below Totara Hill which in its day was regarded as something of a mansion. Thomas and Elizabeth made a considerable social and financial impact on the Owaka district in four short years before his death following severe burns when an oil lamp spilled and set fire to his bedding. He left a daughter Elizabeth, five step-children and his wife widowed for the second time in six years. Elizabeth carried on her father's example of public service and received the OBE from Queen Elizabeth in 1950.

Brown, William (1836-1918). Jessie's husband who boarded The Young America on 8th February 1862 off Otago Harbour. See page 28.

Carlisle, Captain, Mrs and Miss Libby. The Master of The Young America was accompanied by his wife and her sister Lucetta, known as Miss Libby, aged nineteen. The family were American, and while in Glasgow Miss Libby was invited to stay with Jessie and her mother for a few days. It would be most interesting to discover what happened to the "very beautiful, very clever, very pleasant, attractive" though fascinatingly "rather smart and not quite lady-like" nineteen-year-old Miss Lucetta. One rather wishes she had swept Bob Cree off his canny Scottish feet into the riotous matrimonial joys of living happily ever after. See page 14.

Charley. See Cree, Charles Scott.

Crawford Uncle and Aunt. William Crawford of Claremont Gardens who had married Jessie's sister Janet Cree (1811-1892) in 1836.

Crawford, Robert (1842-1924). Jessie's cousin, son of William Crawford and Janet Cree. He married another of Jessie's cousins, Sophia Jean Cree, daughter of Alexander Cree and Janet Sime. The Christmas Day reference may be to an older member of that family.

Cree, Agnes Scott (1849-1874)("Tag"). A sister of Jessie, now aged 12.

Cree, Charles Scott (1847-1867)("Charley"). A younger brother of Jessie.

Cree, George Scott (1843-1918). A younger brother of Jessie. He later married Hannah Gault. George became works manager at the Doune (Perthshire) textile mill of James Finlay & Co., Eastern merchants.

Cree, James Sime (b 1858). Son of Jessie's uncle Alexander Cree and Janet Sime.

Cree, Jane (b 1845). A younger sister of Jessie.

Cree, Jessie (1840-1925). Author of the Diary, daughter of John Cree (1809-1840) and Helen Inglis Scott (1811-1883). See page 9.

Cree, John (1809-1849). Jessie's father, who had died when she was about nine years old. He was a manufacturing and wholesale stationer. and married Helen Inglis Scott on 6th September 1836

Cree, John Sandeman (1858-1934). A cousin of Jessie's, son of William James Cree and Isabella Sandeman.

Cree, Robert Scott (1837-1883)("Bob"). Jessie's eldest (twin) brother. Little is known about Bob. He was an executor of his mother's will, but is identified by his address (7 Roseberry Terrace) rather than by his occupation. He died within a year of her death.

Cree, Thomas Scott (1837-1909)("Tom"). Jessie's eldest (twin) brother. After the death of his father John Cree, "leaving the High School, entered the business of James Black & Co. in which his uncles were partners. Seven years later he became cashier to the firm of James and William Inglis Scott & Co., then the largest spinners

and weavers in Scotland, and for two years he afterwards ran a spinning mill of his own in paisley. His next experience was with a large firm of coalmasters who failed; and it was only after that event that he entered the wholesale stationery business which had been his father's..." (Who's Who in Glasgow by G Eyre-Todd, Glasgow 1909.)

On 31st March 1905 William Brown wrote from Dunedin:

Mr Dear Doctor... My first duty and pleasure is to congratulate you most heartily on the high honor done you by the University Council in conferring on you the degree of LL.D...

Your afft. brother, William Brown.

Thomas Scott Cree was known for "old-fashioned liberal" political views, which he regularly expounded in the columns of the Glasgow Herald and to learned societies of the City.

Fanny. Sheepdog on board belonging to Thomas Brown. See also Major.

Fountain, Morton (born 1919). Husband of Fiona Cree Brown (qv) and transcriber and editor of this diary, Morton graduated at Canterbury University before World War II and BA, Dip Ed after serving in the New Zealand Air Force in the Pacific. In 1949 he married Fiona Cree Brown (qv). Thirty-one years in Australian and New Zealand schools led to retirement a principal of Wanganui High School in 1979 with another year in a Solomon Island school.

Gay. See Scott.

George. See Cree, George.

Hannay, Anthony. Husband of Jessie's aunt Marion Scott who was thus Aunt Hannay.

Helen. See Scott.

Jane. See Cree, Jane Scott.

Jean. Uncertain. Logically should be Jane Cree, qv. but two sentences on she refers to a Jane. Perhaps George Cree's housekeeper or Jessie's aunt Jean Cree who had married Robert McFeat, or her cousin Sophia Jean Cree. (See Crawford, Robert)

Joe. See Scott.

Libby Miss. See Carlisle.

Louise. See Scott.

Maggie. See Scott.

Major. One of the two sheepdogs on board belonging to Thomas Brown. See also Fanny.

Matthews Mr. Apparently the successor to Mr Watson qv.

Morton Mr. James Morton the Glasgow financier who established the New Zealand & Australian Land Company which later owned the Totara Estate and Waitepeka where William and Jessie Brown lived for a short while after leaving Totara.

Nora. See Scott.

Norman. See Scott.

Paterson. Jessie's aunt Janet Scott had married T L Paterson of Dowanhill, so the "wee-est Paterson" was their youngest

Rachel. See Brown

Sandeman, Johnnie. See Cree, John Sandeman.

Scott, Christina. Jessie's aunt, sister of her mother Helen Inglis Scott.

Scott, Helen Inglis (1811-1883). Jessie's mother, to whom the Diary was written. She had married John Cree (1809-1849) on 6th September 1836. In spite of John's early death and the burden of bringing up a large family alone, she died a wealthy woman leaving £8,757 in her will. She named as executors, her three surviving sons, Robert and Thomas and George, as well as "James Brown, Merchant and Shipowner,

William Scott Paterson, Merchant and Robert Gourley, Manager, bank of Scotland.”
Was James Brown the uncle of her son-in-law William Brown? Or was he another
James Brown who married her husband’s niece Mary Cree?

Scott, Isabella. Jessie’s aunt, sister of her mother Helen Inglis Scott.

Scott, William Inglis. Jessie’s uncle, brother of her mother. William married
Margaret Galbraith (“Aunt Maggie”) and their children were Maggie, Tom, Andy,
Helen, Joe, Louise, Nora, Gay and Norman.

Sime, James. See Cree, James Sime.

Smith Mr. First Officer of The Young America.

Tag. See Cree, Agnes Scott

Tom. See Cree, Thomas Scott and also under Scott, William Inglis.

Uncle William and Aunt Maggie. See Scott, William Inglis.

Watson Mr. Probably Jessie’s church minister in Glasgow.

William. See Brown William.