OVERLAND FROM NELSON TO SOUTHLAND IN 1856. [By W. H. S. Roberts.]

Foreword by Keith Davidson, Great Grandson of Edmund Davidson. Edmund was one of Roberts' two companions on this journey.

This is the recollection of the first Europeans to travel from Nelson to Southland, by horseback, at a time of few roads or tracks, and very basic maps. William Henry Sherwood Roberts, Henry Young, and my Great Grandfather Edmund Davidson successfully completed the journey despite some extreme challenges. The one way journey took around 4 months to complete, having left Nelson in April and arriving in Bluff in July 1856. One can only wonder as to why they chose to make this journey during the winter! Today, the journey from Nelson to Bluff is very easy, all being on State Highway 1, some 900 kilometres in distance, and takes only 12 hours to drive.

This collection of Roberts diary notes of this journey was published 38 years later in the North Otago Times, in 26 parts.

There are numerous variant spellings used by Roberts, which I have, where appropriate, added a modern spelling or interpretation to assist, with <these brackets>. Also, it seems the North Otago Times had a preference for "American" spelling in words that we would normally use a "u" in, for example, color instead of colour".

And to many, some of the terminology may be difficult to interpret so I include some approximate conversions:

> *Middle Island: is now known in New Zealand as South Island*
> *Currency: £ s d = Pounds, Shillings and Pence. One pound = £1 = $2*
> *Weight: Pounds = lbs. 2.2lbs ≈ 1 kilogram. Hundredweight = 112 lbs ≈ 45 kilograms*
> *Distance: Mile ≈ 1.6 kilometres. One Foot ≈ .3 of a metre. One Inch ≈ 2.54 centimetres*
> *Square Area: Acre ≈ .4 hectare*
> *Volume: Gallon ≈ 4.5 litres. Bushel ≈ 36.4 litres*
> *Names: Roberts uses the ' symbol to indicate "Mc" or "Mac" surnames, e.g. M'Nab = McNab*

I so enjoyed the odd bit of humour that Roberts interjects in his narrative, including some quoted poetry. But the best example of his dry wit was his assessment of the profession of solicitors:

> *"The Constabulary Force Ordinance of New Munster, 1849, was in force in Otago. Alfred Chetham Strode was Resident Magistrate; Robert Chapman, Clerk to the Bench and there were fourteen Justices of the Peace in Dunedin, but, most fortunately, only two solicitors…"*

1856. - Thirty-eight years ago. The colony was then in Its infancy and no one oven dreamed that the progress would be half as rapid as it has been. Julius Vogel had not enunciated his public works policy which advanced Now Zealand by "leaps and bounds" and plunged it so heavily into debt and

taxation. No! Colonisation was then a novelty and progressed slowly but surely. Conveniences there were none, everything was rough, and necessity was indeed "the mother of invention' when the “makeshifts” of those days are thought of. Nelson in 1856 was only a village of some 4,000 inhabitants, but was a most delightful place to live in. The climate was delightful. With a very great amount of sunshine, the heat was never excessive, or even disagreeable, as the heat on the hottest day was tempered by a cool sea breeze and while there was an abundancy of rain it never lasted long nor did the winds blow so violently as at other places, it being well sheltered by the distant surrounding hills. The inhabitants were kind, hospitable, and sociable, and seemed to live to enjoy life, their pretty town, and lovely climate. The placing of Nelson at the foot of Blind Bay was partly accidental. It was the second of the New Zealand Company’s settlements. The success which attended the colonising effort at Wellington in 1839, induced that body to bring out the scheme for another settlement to be called Nelson, after England's great naval hero. At the end of April, 1841, two barques, the Whitby and Will Watch, accompanied by the brig Arrow laden with stores, left England, having on board a party of surveyors and about 70 laborers in charge of Captain Arthur Wakefield, intending to settle at Port Cooper. They reached Wellington at the end of September, after a voyage of five months, and found that Captain Hobson, who was Governor of the colony, objected to their settling at Port Cooper, and wanted them to take up a site north of Auckland. Captain Wakefield, while in Wellington, met a Captain Moore, who told him that favorable sites existed in Blind Bay and offered to pilot the vessels there. His offer was accepted, and after carefully examining both shores, the present site was fixed upon on the advice of a Maori chief who visited Captain Wakefield while anchored off Motueka. The Maori name of the site was Wakatu, which signifies a safe anchorage for canoes (or Whakatu - to perform a war dance, or make a speech to a war party), The harbor is sheltered from the north and north-west by the "Boulder Bank," a ridge of large rough stones, rising a few feet above the highest tides, which leaves the shore at Wakapuwaka, and runs in a south-westerly direction for eight or nine miles, about half a mile from the eastern shore, nearly to the bottom of the bay. The last mile and a half between the boulder bank and the mainland, forms the harbour, at the head of which Nelson stands, and in which there is always abundance of water for vessels of 600 tons, perfect shelter in every wind, and excellent holding ground. The boulder bank at its southern end approaches to within 200 yards of the shore, forming by its curve a fine bight. Between the end and the mainland stands the Arrow Rock, fifty or sixty feet high and pointed (also called the Fifeshire rock, since a vessel of that name was wrecked on it in the early forties). The expedition landed on 1st February, 1842. The first man who stepped ashore was Captain Cross, who had previously explored the harbour, and who was appointed harbourmaster, pilot, etc., at Nelson in 1850, and retained the office till he died on 19th January, 1882, the last survivors of the pioneers who came out in the Whitby. From the landing place a narrow flat ran eastward between the harbor and the hills, afterwards called the Britannia Heights. Adjoining this was an admirable site for a town, a flat of some 700 acres of good dry land, and about the same quantity of low hills. It was well watered by two small streams, was sheltered from the south, east and west, but open to the north, facing Blind Bay. On the south side of the stream called “the river" (or by the native name “Maitai”) the land was covered with manuka and fern with patches of flax, this was selected as the business part of the town. The other side, which still bears the name of “the wood"— was heavily timbered, the bush extending a considerable distance up the Brook-street Valley in all its primeval loveliness. A portion of the bush was soon converted into sawn timber by pit saws, and two large buildings were soon erected to house the men, after which the town was laid out and the land surveyed into sections. About four months after the expedition landed, the first immigrant ship arrived, and many were the hardships these early settlers had to undergo before they established anything like comfortable homes for their families. No houses had been provided for them, and until they could contrive to put up a whare of fern or long toi grass, with a sod chimney, they had to take up their abode under the broad canopy of the heavens, which, as in the middle of winter, was neither pleasant nor comfortable, though even at that season of the year the pleasant climate prevented any suffering from the effects of exposure. Matters went pretty smoothly with the settlers for about 18 months, as during that time employment in roadmaking, etc., could be obtained from the New Zealand Company. But the Company's works abruptly ceasing, the people were left almost destitute

of the ordinary means of subsistence They had not yet cultivated sufficient land to enable them to make a living for themselves, therefore the distress which followed was very great, numbers were thrown out of employment, without having made the least provision for such an emergency, and the few who were fortunate enough to obtain work could only earn about eight shillings a week, payment of which had, in many instances, to be taken in stores or goods; while some depended upon what fish they could catch, and a sort of wild turnip which was to be found in abundance at the time. Others even dug up the seed potatoes they had planted for the coming year's crop, while those who could left the poverty-stricken settlement; but they were few, as it was no easy matter to get away, for vessels seldom called at Nelson, and hardly any-one had money wherewith to pay their passage. The Maori population of Blind Bay was only about 600, their principal pahs being Wakapuwaka, ten miles north-east of Nelson; Motueka, 18 miles westward; and Motupipi, about 50 miles north-west. They were peaceable and friendly inclined towards the new arrivals; most of them belonged to the Ngati Kahuhuna and Ngatiawa Iwi (or tribes), and a few to the Rangitane, who originally possessed a great deal of the land. One hundred allotments of 150 acres each were reserved for them. But a different Hapu claimed the Wairau by right of conquest - the Ngatitoa, who, under their great chief Rauparaha, had driven away the former tribes. He now disputed the sale to Captain Wakefield, and with his colleague Rangihaeata crossed over from the island of Kapiti with a strong body of followers, to prevent the British surveyors laying off the sections. They burned the survey pegs and tent poles, but did no violence to the men or their property. When intelligence of this reached Nelson, Mr H. A. Thompson, Police Magistrate, swore in 70 special constables, and with Captain Wakefield, sailed in the Government brig for the Wairau mouth, and proceeded to the Tua Marina Valley, where he found Te Rauparaha and his men. This was on the 17th June, 1843. Mr Thompson, by his want of tact and threats, so exasperated the Maoris that a collision ensued, and the Europeans, unaccustomed to the use of firearms and untrained, were no match for born warriors of a hundred fights, and twenty-two of the colonists were shot or tomahawked. The Wairau Massacre, as it is called, was fortunately the first and last collision in the Middle Island between the Maoris and colonists.

But notwithstanding all the troubles and adversities of the young settlement the colonists prospered and progressed, having learned a salutary lesson of self-dependance and determination. When I landed there in May, 1855, it was the most charming little town imaginable, its clean neat streets, its comfortable houses, surrounded in nearly every case with lovely gardens with flowers and trees of all descriptions, its well-stocked shops, where any article could be procured at reasonable cost, even, as one milliner advertised, to "babies ready made!" and it's healthy, well-to-do, contented population. All the English fruits and flowers grow to perfection. Geraniums, fuchsias, aenotheras, picotees and other summer flowers, frequently bloom all through the winter months. Grapes and figs ripen to perfection in the open air without the assistance of glass, and even pomegranates ripen in favorable seasons. There were large grape gardens and orchards, to which a shilling admission fee entitled anyone to eat as much as one wished of the most luscious grapes or peaches that would melt like honey in the mouth, and for another shilling could carry away enough to last a family for a day or two; in fact, fruit was so plentiful that the pigs were fed on it, for Nelson had not then heard of the Yankees who “eat all the fruit they can, and can all they can't."

But Nelson was not a place to make money in, and that is generally the reason why people emigrate from their mother land. It was a lovely place to rest, to recruit, to enjoy life, to spend your money *otium cum dignitati <leisure with dignity>*, and many a worn out Indian officer or merchant took advantage of its sanitary influence. Oh! the pleasure of basking in the warm sun, fanned by the gentle cooling sea breeze, listening to the murmur of the waves as they lave the rough stones of the boulder bank, or to lie in the shade of the grand native forest trees, and hear the serenade of the joyful birds. Who in such place would think of money grubbing or business? Yet Butter says:

> *Money is the sov'reign power*
> *That all mankind falls down. before*.

So I made up my mind to look out for pasture new. Reports reached Nelson of the vast extent of unoccupied land in Otago and Muriheku, afterwards called Southland. Like the "Three Black Crows,' the report lost nothing by the distance it travelled, the grass was luxuriant and always green, never dried up as the hill pastures in the Wairau were sometimes in hot summers, it would carry a sheep to the acre, and the rental was nominal! So the youth of Nelson were astir, and a number of them started for that "*Ultima Thule*" <distant territory> with the intention of taking up runs for sheep or cattle. The distance over land was nearly 600 miles, and except in the vicinity of the towns there were no roads. Very little of the country between Nelson and Christchurch was occupied, and the Upper Wairau and Clarence districts were very high and unexplored. Yet there were no steamers to go by sea, and very seldom sailing vessels, for there was little commerce with the young Scotch settlement, then only eight years old (the first immigrants having arrived on 23rd March, 1848). Vessels occasionally went to Port Cooper, as Lyttelton was then called, so some went that way, purchasing horses there, and proceeding to Otago overland. Others rode from Nelson, via Wairau, Awatere, and Barefell Pass, a very circuitous route, lengthening the journey by over 100 miles, the track being far from a good one, especially through the Pass. About this time a party of reconnaissance surveyors reported that a road to Canterbury could be made by following up the Wairau river and down the Clarence or Waiau-to-a river, leaving the old route at Top House and rejoining it at Jolly's Pass, and that the saddle between the Wairau and Clarence could be easily crossed when not covered with snow.

I arranged with two friends, Messrs Henry Young and Edmund Davidson, to try and find our way by the latter route, which was called the Tarndale route. As no one had been over the country except the surveyors, people tried hard to dissuade us from attempting it. Knowing that the country was very mountainous and heavily timbered to the rivers edge, which they said rendered it impossible to travel with horses. We however determined to try, as none of us were what were called "New Chums," a term of reproach given to new comers. Mr Young was a runholder, the country where the Canterbury railway now ends - Culverden - being his. Mr Davidson had been some time in the colony, and I, although I had only been 11 months out, had served my apprenticeship on a sheep and cattle run in the Wairau, and had gained a "colonial experience," which in my case was very general. The eight hour system was not in force then, it was work from daylight to dark, and often longer - in fact it was like "woman's work that's never done." I was made to milk cows, drive bullocks or horses, help to break-in horses, and ride them when only half-broken, ride after cattle, and wield the pondrous 18 feet plaited raw-bullock hide stockwhip, which was attached to an eighteen inch handle loaded at the thick end with lead, climb the high rocky mountains after sheep at mustering time that was the worst work of all, we had to carry provisions for two or three days and a blanket, clamber over high hills and rocks under a piercing hot sun, longing with parched throat and mouth for a drop of water, none of which could we obtain, although we could see it running in a clear limpid stream at the bottom of the valley, thousands of feet below us, then at night rolling ourselves in the blanket under a shelving rock, or spreading birch tree, and waiting for daylight to enable us to catch the sheep before they broke camp. Then I was sent to split posts and rails, to put up sheep yards, to shear sheep and dress them for scab, a disease very prevalent in the Wairau at that time. In fact I had to turn my hand to any and everything, and I thought a "cadet's" life on a station was not altogether a happy one, so I left and went out with a survey party, and although I saw a great deal of the country, I found it a much rougher life than on a station. On the afternoon of the 23rd April, I860, Mr Young and I left Nelson on horse-back, leading a horse packed with tent, blankets, change of clothes, food and a tether-rope, for we knew it would be necessary to camp out several nights We also carried a compass which we found very useful. We rode up the fine farming district of Waimea, along a good macadamised load, with hedges, and well cultivated fields on both sides. Eight miles brought us to the hamlet of Richmond, in which was a store called "The Noah's Ark," noted for the great variety of its merchandise.

The Wairau, which is a large pastoral district belonged, under the Constitution Act of 1852, to the Province of Nelson, but on the 1st November 1859 the inhabitants availed themselves of the provisions of “The new Provinces Act 1858, and formed a new province" which was named Marlborough. The “Top House” at which we stayed was just on the boundary line between the new and the old province. The Wairau, or as the early settlers called it, the Providence river, has its source in the back bone of the Island, and after flowing in a northerly direction for some 25 miles, through a narrow valley, fenced by lofty mountains, turns near the Top House to a more easterly course, while the valley widens and the mountains decrease in height, exchanging the timbered and rocky precipices for fine grassy slopes, which were at an early stage of the colony's history, occupied as sheep and cattle runs, all the frontage being purchased by the proprietors. The river, though very rapid, is easily forded until it is joined by the Waihopai, a large stream which flows into it from the southward, The Wairau, after a journey of over 100 miles, empties into Cloudy Bay. For a few miles it is navigable for boats, and in the early days supplies were brought from Wellington in schooners, and land at a busy store known as “The Beaver”, where the bullock teams loft the wool and reloaded with stores. “The Beaver” has now developed into the substantial town called Blenheim. Mr H. P. Macklin says:

> *“The Plain of the Wairau is a tract of flat alluvial country, averaging about 10 miles by 70, and has been formed on the channel of an ancient iceberg (mer-de glace) <glacier> by the streams from the surrounding hills, and the Wairau river, which traverses its entire length, rising on Mount Mackay and debouching in Cloudy Bay, a portion of Cook's Strait. Geologically the plain is of post-pliocene formation, surrounded towards the north and west by mountains of metamorphic and palaeozoic origin, and on the south by low marine tertiary drift. The Wairau river has evidently formed the greater part of the plain, and carries with it immense quantities of shingle, of which it is made the receptacle by the rivulets from the hills."* — Transactions of N.Z. Institute, 1878.

There is a boulder bank at the mouth of the Wairau, where the larger craft anchored under its shelter, while the boats took the stores to the Beaver, and returned with the wool. A low range of grassy hills separate the Wairau plain from that of the Awatere, or Kaiparitihau. The track generally used followed the Wairau river till the Waihopai was reached, then along the foot of the southern hills to Maxwell's Pass, by which the traveller reached the Awatere plain. I remember noticing a crack or chasm across the hills at this pass, in places more than a foot wide, which had been made by the earthquake in 1854. It was very dangerous. I dropped stones into it to try and ascertain the depth, but could only hear them tumbling from side to side, until the sound was lost in the unknown abyss. The track on reaching the Awatere plain turned westward, and after crossing the Farfield Downs (better known as the “fearful downs”) entered the Barefells Pass where the track lay along the steep sides of the hills, over loose shingle, making travelling very difficult, till it reached the head waters of the Acheron, which it followed to the Clarence river, where it joined the track I shall hereafter describe. On Saturday, 26 April, the three of us started at 8.30 a m in a south-westerly direction up the Wairau valley, instead of following the usual track as before mentioned, down the river side. We led two packed horses in addition to the three we rode. For two miles the country was open grass land, fairly flat and dry; then we came to the Birch Forest again, into which a track twelve feet wide had been cut for some distance. There was not much undergrowth or scrub, but a thick bed of fallen leaves. When we reached the end of the cut track, we found the bush too close to allow of our travelling through it, so we were compelled to take to the bed of the river, which two nights of hard frost and fine days, assisted by the great fall in its course, had reduced to its usual depth of water. But the large boulders, jutting rocks, and frequent pools, made travelling up the river bed anything but easy or pleasant, and while we found it impossible to avoid wetting our legs in the pools, we had to roll our swags in oilskins, and pack them on top of the saddles to keep them dry. Progress was very slow, as we followed each other in single file, our steeds, slipping and stumbling over the rocks and stones, and splashing the water in every direction. The valley was comparatively narrow, the high St. Anand Range, with its wooded slopes on our right, and the steep spurs of the Ragland Range on our

left, through gaps in which we occasionally observed the towering pinnacles of the rocky mountains, with the bare crags pointing skyward like the great teeth of a vast rust-eaten saw. The scenery was magnificently grand, with occasional lovely picturesque peeps that would have gladdened the heart of any artist. In places the hills were wooded to the summit, in others bare rocks, with frequent gullies. We noticed four fine water falls. Occasional open flats invited us to leave the river bed, though the large speargrass, called Spaniard (Aciphylla), was very troublesome to the horses. Thus crossing and recrossing the Wairau, we worked our way for 14 miles, where, on a nice grassy flat we outspanned to feed ourselves and horses. From here we scrambled along a steep siding, with loose shale, for a mile and a half, till we arrived at a larger tributary than any of the numerous streams we had previously crossed. We then traversed a flat from which the grass had lately been burnt, which was fortunate, as it proved rather swampy. We now approached Mount Cashel, towering perpendicularly to a great height to the westward of our route. Its summit is 8000 feet above sea level. We could see the water issuing from its rocks and falling in pretty cascades of different heights. Beyond Mount Cashel the river forked, one branch flowing from west, the other, which seemed to be the main river, from the south-east. We crossed both streams above the junction, and followed the south-east branch, which curved round the base of the Turk Mountain. We had to cross the river several times, and about two miles from the forks we camped at the end of a small grass flat in a clump of birch trees. The distance travelled being fully 23 miles. The fall in the river is very great, and there was a splendid rapid a little above the forks. We carried a lot of clover seed with us which we scattered as we road along, in hopes of its growing to improve the pasture.
27th.— There was a sharp frost during the night, and we found the tent very stiff to fold on the pack horse. We were in the saddle by half past seven o'clock, and, having crossed the Wairau, found ourselves in a deep and narrow gorge, and had to pick our way through scrub, tomataguru, speargrass, and rocks, the latter frequently barring our progress and forcing us to cross and re- cross the river. A mile and a half of very difficult travelling brought us to a more open part with little flats, first on one side of the river, then on the other, compelling us to ford the river very often, which was not an easy task as the river was exceedingly rapid, bitterly cold, and full of rocks and boulders. In places the rocks on both sides would contract the stream, leaving us no alternative but to ride in the river, with the water occasionally rushing over the horses' backs. Fortunately, in narrow deep placed, the water seemed to have washed the bounders away, leaving a comparatively smooth rocky bottom, on which the horses had sound footing, though occasionally an unseen ledge would trip the poor beast, and dip the rider in the clear cold water without leaving the saddle. For three miles further the hills continued steep and bold, with immense rocks partly covered with loose shingle, showing the effect of centuries of frost and snow, rain and sunshine, which were gradually preparing them to become pasture grounds for sheep. Beyond this the hills fall back, throwing out high spurs down to the river's bank, having small grassy flats - in-tables— between each ridge, intersected by small rivulets. Some of the flats were swampy in places, others stoney. The herbage was principally the large coarse snow grass (Danthonia Raoulii); to this we set fire in several places, which rapidly spread over the rough hill side.

After travelling about seven miles, which took us four hours, we reached Tarndale. This is a large undulating flat at a very high altitude, on which are a number of small lagoons— called tarns in Cumberland lingo - from which issue numerous streams, most of them flowing in a south-easterly direction to join the Acheron river, which is a tributary of the Clarence. We could have struck across this plain and joined the Barefell's Pass route at the junction of the Guide and Acheron rivers, but it looked too swampy, so we followed the Wairau about a mile up, and halted on a nice grass flat to feed. All this part had been burnt by Mr Weld last year, and now that the snow had melted the grass was springing fresh and green, but the ground was exceedingly soft as the snow water still saturated it. There was no wood or scrub excepting tomataguru which had been killed by the fire, so we gathered a quantity of it and lighted a large fire by which we tried to dry our soaked clothes. We boiled some water and made tea for our picnic dinner, as was our custom at every meal. At 2 pm we again started. We climbed up to a piece of table land and had a fine view of the surrounding

mountains and part of Tarndale, but the steep spurs from the lnkermann range soon terminated the table, and we had to lead our horses over the sidlings, many of which were loose shale, standing at angles from 40 to 60 degrees. About four miles brought us to another fork in the river, we followed the one coming from the south, having to skirt the spurs, as the flats, where any occurred, were too swampy to admit of our horses passing along them. The travelling was very rough and difficult, as the large sharp stones that had rolled from the ranges were thick along the foot of the spurs and even on the swampy ground. The valley for three or four miles had a breadth of only some eight to ten chains, beyond this it widened a little as it rose, till it was divided by a small round hill standing in the centre near the end. A stream ran on each side of this hill, the western one, which was the source of the Wairau, rising out of a saddle a little beyond it. The ground was so swampy we had to keep to the side of the hill, and with all our care one of our horses got completely bogged and we had to pull her out with ropes. This, of course, delayed us some time, and it was nearly dark before we reached the saddle in the dividing range between the Wairau and Clarence or Waiau-toa (the greater water current). We crossed the ridge and descended a short distance, but darkness compelled us to camp on damp ground with very little feed for the horses, but fortunately plenty of scrub for a fire. We were very tired, wet and cold, as we had experienced so much difficult travelling all day, though we had only progressed about 14 or 15 miles we reckoned we were 90 miles from Nelson.

28th.— It froze very hard during the night, which was not to be wondered at considering the high altitude we were in. The morning broke bright and clear, and we could see Mounts Franklin and Princess towards the north-west, with the Spencer Mountains stretching away to the south-west, and the Inkermann range close to us on the east, with the valley of the Clarence winding along towards the south-east. There was nothing grand or picturesque in any of the views, on the contrary, they impressed one with a feeling of loneliness and melancholy, and a desire to hasten back to a more genial locality. We therefore hurried over our breakfast and started at eight o'clock, leading our horses along the south side of a steep gully for nearly a mile to where it joined the N.N.E. branch of the Clarence river. We followed this for a mile, when coming to a patch of long grass we let the horses feed till 11 a.m. for they had not been able to obtain much feed while tethered during the night. The water in the Clarence was intensely cold, and we could see patches of snow on the hills where it had its source. On staring we crossed the river to the west side, and rising to a high table had a fine view of the valleys where ran the other two branches of the Clarence, with the lofty snow covered range beyond, but we could not see Lake Tennyson, which we knew was only a few miles on the north-west. There was a small bush on the hill side, up the valley, the rest of the country being all open. The valley was not wide, and at no great distance appeared to lose itself in the mountains. We crossed the main stream of the Clarence just above its junction with the north-east branch. It was a large mountain stream even here, and very cold and rapid, but free from large boulders. We ascended a table about 20 feet above the river bed, which had been cleared of herbage by fire, and was very swampy in places, and broken with deep, narrow ravines, which we found difficult to cross, and had rather too much practice in getting off and on our horses walking and riding as the ground suited. About two and a-half miles from the fork, the Clarence received another tributary from the north east, and half a mile further a small stream from the west, with a clump of bush near its head. This stream we crossed, and was pleased to find that the ground was not nearly so saturated, so that travelling was much easier, coming, however, to some very long snow-grass, we set fire to it and crossed the river. We were now passing along a fine valley about six miles long by one broad at the lower end of which were the “narrows” that contracted the valley for a mile or so, it then opened to about half a mile wide for a couple of miles further. There was a nice clump of trees on the western hill side, but of small extent, the whole country being splendid pasture land, if one excepts the speargrass which was a great nuisance to our horses. The day had now clouded over, and brisk N.W.

wind was blowing. The smoke from the fire we had lighted rose thick and black, obscuring every object behind us. Three miles further brought us to a wider part of the valley, the high hill receding and descending by undulating downs to the valley, which was more than a mile wide. On one of the low hills to the east there was a peculiar small clump of trees, apparently manuka. A little further we came to the Leader Dale, a narrow valley running north-east, with a small stream flowing through it and backed by low hills well grassed. To the west was an opening extending some way through the hills, which would afford a good route to the Waiau-ua river. We were now in the Amuri district of the Nelson Province, but the country had not yet been occupied so far up the river. After passing the Leader Dale the valley became very narrow and the hills steep on both sides, with patches of bush here and there. After travelling a mile and a half we found that the river, which had been running nearly due south from the forks, turned sharply to the south. At the turn it received a small tributary from the west. By the time we reached this bend it was getting dark, so we tried to reach small bush on the east, but a long swamp intervening, we changed our course, and passed through some scrub, and crossing the river made for a bush a little way down on the south-west side. Though the fall of the Clarence was very great it was much more easily forded than the Wairau, as it was not so full of boulders, and as it formed a great many islands, could often be crossed in two or three streams. We camped in a small bush of black birch, on a rise, with the river a little to the east and a rivulet at our feet, the trees forming our tent, and the thick deposit of dry leaves a soft and comfortable bed. We kept up a good fire, by the light of which I wrote the notes from which I now copy. Our day's journey had advanced us about 18 miles, so that we were 108 miles from Nelson, and at a much lower altitude than our camp last night.

29th.— The wind blew a strong gale all night, followed in the morning by heavy rain, so we could not light a fire. We had to breakfast off biscuits and mounted on our horses at half past seven. About a mile down we came to a picturesque gully on the north-east side, wooded at the head and dotted here and there with clumps of black birch on both sides. We crossed the Clarence four times, as the valley was narrow with spurs jutting on to the river. About three miles from our camp we struck the track from Barefell's Pass, and observed Jollies Pass a little to the south-west. The Clarence here took another decided turn from an E.S.E. course to one nearly E.N.E. The hills on the south were dotted with trees and rose boldly. On the west was a high rocky spur well wooded. The north side of Jollies Pass rose gradually, and the hills were lower and dotted with bush, the stunted appearance of which showed the high elevation and the prevalence of strong cold winds. A fine creek emptied itself into the Clarence here and there was a peculiar rock, like the Arrow rock in Nelson harbor, standing sentry near the junction. From the top of the Pass we had a fine view of the Hanmer Plain and the valley of the Waiau ua (or lesser water current) down a deep wooded gully. The track was not plain enough to be easily followed, so we had a good hunt before we found the cutting through the bush, which had been made at the only available place to descend. It led us to a stoney spur, which we followed for nearly five miles down to the plain. At the foot of the spur, among some manuka scrub, we noticed a hut, for which we made, and found our late acquaintances Messrs Duppa and Brown just starting on their journey at 11 a.m., they having preceded us. The hut had been built by Mr Bush's men a few months ago. The Hanmer Plain was about ten miles long by four miles broad, and was leased by Mr Bush from the Government as a cattle run. Mr Link, who was living in the hut, in charge of the cattle, gave us a dinner of mutton and scones. We had seen very few birds between the Top House and the Hanmer Plain, only a few blue ducks (Wiho-Malacorynchus Forsterorum), woodhens (Weka-Ocydromus Australis), and Paradise ducks (Putangitangi - Caesarea Variegata). The Hanmer Plain falls to the centre, and on the south is divided from the high hills by the Waiau-ua river, flowing from the N.W. for six miles down the plain, where it is joined by the Hanmer river from the east, and then strikes boldly through the Leslie hills towards the south. We did not hear anything

about the now famous Hot Springs, nor did we feel any earthquakes or hear any subterranean noises. We left Mr Link's hospitable hut at 2 p.m., and cantered across the plain till we came to a raupo (bullrush, Typha Augustifolia) swamp, where we were delayed some time in finding a crossing. We succeeded in crossing at a flax swamp to the east of a bush of small manuka or kilmos (Leptospermum Scoparium). We then rode westward, and descended to the Hanmer river by a little gully near the end of some manuka scrub.

The bed of the Hanmer river was very broad, though there was very little water in it when we crossed. We ascended the Leslie Hills on the south of the Hanmer Plain, and found a track leading up and down, over low but steep ridges, till we reached the saddle. The descent was by a steep stony sidling, fairly grassed with the coarse tussac some three or four feet long, till we reached the gully which had very steep banks. Here and there we found little flats, but more often had to scramble along steep sidlings, which as it was getting dark, we found great difficulty in doing. We had to walk and lead the horses, who managed to keep their footing much better than I could. As there was now a good deal of travelling along this route, we wondered why the Provincial Government had not made cuttings along the worst places. When we reached the end of the gully we turned to the east along a high flat terrace, making for Lees' out-station. As it was very dark and there was no track, we had some difficulty in finding it, but at last struck the deep ravine on the banks of which the hut was built, nicely sheltered (by the hills on three sides, which were low, undulating and well grassed. When we coo ed, Mr Knyvitt, who lived in the hut and had gone to bed, did not at first reply, as he had been stuck up a few days previously by a man who had escaped from gaol and wanted food. When we repeated our call, he replied, “Who are you? answer or I fire!”. Mr Young, who knew him, said “It is Young, of Culverden”. Knyvitt then made us most welcome, dressed himself and cooked us some supper. The ravine was so steep that a ladder had to be provided to go down for water. The hut was built of boulder stones and clay, with a clay floor. The distance travelled to-day had been 21 miles. The run was called the Leslie run, and belonged to Mr E. Lees, of Parnassus, a station on the Waiau-ua, nearer the east coast.

The 30th broke with heavy rain, but cleared up during the afternoon. We waited till half-past eleven, when we started for the Waiau-ua river, which bore the English name of Dillon, five miles across flat terraces. The river was rather high, swift and muddy, evidently too deep to ford, but as Mr Young's station was only seven miles distant, we resolved to swim our horses. We selected a place where a shingle bank divided the river into two streams, some distance above the usual ford. Davidson started first, riding a fine chestnut mare. He had, however, miscalculated the strength of the current, and was carried down over the ford, before he could reach the sand bank below the ford the two branches joined, and formed a deep pool against a perpendicular bank, which stood about three feet above the water. Davidson and his horse were washed against this bank, and with wonderful presence of mind he seized a large flax bush and drew himself out of the saddle on to the bank, still holding the horse by the bridle rein, he then towed her up the stream to where she succeeded in getting ashore. Mr Young and I stood on the north bank anxiously watching, but quite unable to render any assistance. I then started, riding one horse and leading a packhorse, but I took the water higher up, and succeeded in reaching the gravel bank safely. Mr Young then followed, but just as he reached the sand bank, his horse plunged, as if she had struck something while swimming, and threw her rider in deep water. He was washed a little way down into shoal water, when Davidson assisted him ashore safely, but much exhausted. We had expected the other packhorse to follow her sister, as she always did, but she did not seem to relish the swim, so after waiting some time, Mr Davidson swam back and led her across. His horse did well to swim the river three times, especially as the water was so excessively cold. After leaving the shingle bank we had a number of streams to

cross, as the river bed altogether was a mile wide, but only the one stream of any size, fortunately the stones were not large. Having crossed the river we were on Mr Young's run, and riding in a north-west direction for six miles over a fine dry flat, arrived safely at the station by 4p.m. We had to borrow dry clothes, as both those we wore, and those in the swags were soaking wet. The house was built at the foot of some low grassy hills with a south-east aspect, the walls were cob and the roof thatched with Toitoi grass (arundo conspicua). A new house was being built of wood by two carpenters. Mr Duppa's run adjoined Culverden on the south, and was a particularly good one, low well grassed downs. His brother, Darell Duppa, had a run on the same hills on the east of Mr George Duppa's. We had only travelled 12 miles, making 141 from Nelson.

May 1st.— We remained at Culverden to rest and dry our clothes. There had been a sharp frost during the night, followed by a lovely day. The run was a large one and very well grassed, the plain extensive, stretching from the Waiau-ua to the Hurunui, nearly 13 miles, but not so wide The soil a good loam, with a sandy clay subsoil. The rocks about were limestone, and a very pretty gully ran up behind the house, down which a clear stream flowed, supplying the house and sheep yard tanks, etc. with a supply of pure water. Three more visitors came in at night, so the house was very crowded.

3rd. - We left Culverden and rode across the plain in a southerly direction. At four miles we came to the Pahau river, a small tributary of the Hurunui. Passed Reid's or Briant's station, and rode towards the west for nearly three miles, as we could not get through the thick manuka scrub, till we reached the dray road. The manuka scrub extended 10 or 12 miles along the plain, and the track had been cut through it in a S.S.W. direction for two miles. When we reached the Hurunui river we found it rather high and muddy, but as we had come 13 miles, we did not like to return. We succeeded in crossing it in five streams, the deepest part a little over four feet and very swift. We we're now in the Province of Canterbury, the Hurunui river being the boundary between it and the Nelson Province from the Southern Alps to the ocean.

We then rode in a S.E. direction to Mr Mason's station four miles; for nearly a mile we passed through manuka scrub, which happened to be pretty open, but still difficult to ride through. We crossed a small river called the Waitohi, which gives the name to the station. The house was situated at the base of a low, rounded hill, and was a good one though limited in accommodation. There was a cottage for the men, a shed, a garden, and potato paddock and grass paddock. We were hospitably received by Messrs Wilson and Gladstone, as Mr and Mrs Mason were at Port Cooper.

4th.— Fine day with a cold S.E. wind. We left Mr Mason's station at 11 a.m. The road (for we were now in a civilised part of the country) for some distance struck across the plain, then ascended a gully between two chalk or limestone hills. From the saddle at the top of this gully we had a fine view of the sea and Bank's Peninsula, the latter about 30 miles distant. The descent from the saddle was very steep, and brought us to the Waipara plain. We followed the Wicker creek till it joined the Waipara, which came from the west beyond Mount Grey, and proceeded eastward through a deep gorge in the hills. We crossed it and followed its south bank along a high table for a considerable distance, then descended down a steep place to the river bed. The Waipara was very low and the water beautifully clear; the bed was fine gravel, which gave very much under the horses' hoofs. We rode along the river bed for a mile, with high sandy cliffs on both sides. We then again climbed up on to the table land on the northern bank, and at 5 o'clock arrived at Mr Meldron's station - a fine large house, surrounded by low hills, with a view of the sea. We were about 177 miles from Nelson and 35 from Christchurch. All the country we passed over to-day was splendidly grassed rolling downs. The owner of the station was Mr Wait, and called by him Teviotdale. He was at this time on a trip to England, but Mrs Wait and the children were at the station. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs

Macdonald, Mr J. S. Caverhill, of Motanau and Cheviot stations, and a few other Canterbury residents, for the Waits were great favorites, and always had lots of visitors.

From here, before proceeding to Christchurch, I visited several runs to the northward. Messrs Young and Davidson went direct, but about 2 p.m. on the 5th of May Mr Caverhill and I started for Mr Moore's station. We rode across some well grassed low hills to the Waipara river, then following the Omie creek some way up, met Mr George Henry Moore. He was the largest freeholder in New Zealand, having purchased 56,000 acres, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr Kermadec, of Tasmania. Some of the land was flat, some hilly, but all good. He had a lot of cattle lately imported from Norfolk Island, and shore over 11,000 sheep last shearing. We went to his whare or hut, a poor miserable place, built by Mr Meldrum for an outstation, and called Glenmark. Formerly it had been surrounded by a raupo swamp, which Moore had drained and made into a garden. He had a fine crop of young seedling oaks, blue gums, wattle, and other trees. The district is principally limestone, and the water hard, except that in the Omie creek. Here and there a mass of sandstone protruded, frequently showing a number of shells, muscles, oysters, etc., mixed with it. Just at nightfall three more visitors arrived and remained all night. One was Macfarlane, a shipmate of mine on the voyage from England, who took up a cattle run at Forest Hill near Invercargill; another was Chubbin, who later on had a run at Hokinui, Southland; the third was a Mr Steward from Christchurch. To show the extent of Mr G H. Moore's property I may mention that the Government “Doomsday Book” published in 1882 returned his freehold land as 77,483 acres, valued at £354,280, and his town property at £8500.

6th. - There was a hard frost during the night, followed as usual by a fine sunshiny day. Mr Caverhill and I left Glenmark at 8 o'clock. We rode over a well grassed flat in a northerly direction, keeping near the foot of the hills to avoid a number of small swamps. A great number of cabbage trees (cordyline Australis) grew on this flat and the hill sides, and wild pigs (Captain Cook's breed) abounded, young and old they were in hundreds. Among them we spied a fine fat barrow, which had been earmarked, so Mr Caverhill proposed a pig hunt. He asked for my tether rope with which he said he would lassoo him. Off we galloped, the horses joining in the excitement and fun, poor fat piggy trying his best to outstrip or dodge us; but after a good chase, Mr Caverhill succeeded in throwing the noose over his head. I quickly jumped off my horse, and seizing the rope, took a turn round a big cabbage tree. We then proceeded to pull our captive up to the tree, while he sprang and charged, and rushed in every direction, particularly making for us. The rope, however, held him, and after an exciting struggle, we got him by the hind leg and tied him to the tree, Mr Caverhill saying he would send a man for it. We then rode the Black Hills in an easterly direction, by a steep rocky spur. On reaching the summit, which was not very high, we had a splendid view of the country. Bank's Peninsula forming the horizon, the Pacific Ocean on the east, the Kaikoras towards the north, and the Southern Alps in the far western distance, with a vast pastoral country intervening, plains and hills, spurs and gullies, well grassed and splendidly watered, but bare and utterly void of trees, We descended a spur towards the east, near the source of the Mutanau river, and made for one of Mr Caverhill s out-stations, where we found seven of his men dipping his sheep with arsenic for scab. The whare, which was a good large house of two rooms, built with slabs and plastered inside, was called Glendhu, and was situated in a deep gully near a small bush. We got a good dinner, cooked and served by a Maori. At the invitation of Mr Thompson, the manager, I remained at Glendhu and slept on the kitchen table.

7th - Mr Luff went a couple of miles with me this morning to show me the right track, as it was not an easy one to follow. It took us up hills and across gullies in anything but a pleasant manner, and near the Grata creek I crossed two very bad gullies and along some high steep sidlings. I reached the

Hurinui river about noon, and crossed it in two streams nearly up to the horse's girth, and very wide. I noticed a Maori Whare on the south bank, but it was in a dilapidated condition; the Maori ovens showed that the natives formerly resided here. I was now back in the Nelson Province, and the Amuri district. The run belonged to Mr Caverhill, who took it up as a pastoral run in 1849, and was called the Cheviot Hills, at present so celebrated as the Cheviot estate, purchased by the Government from the late "ready money" Robinson's trustees for the sum of £260,220, on 19th April, 1893, the area being about 84,248 acres. The purchase of this run by Mr William Robinson, was the origin of his nick name. The general government offered a large tract of country for sale. Robinson went to the Nelson land office to obtain full particulars, and applied to purchase so large an area, that although the cash price was only seven shillings an acre, the clerk doubted his ability to pay the money down, and reminded him that the terms were strictly cash. Robinson replied that he was quite aware of it, and would pay ready money, which he did, hence his *sobriquet*. He did not purchase the whole area at first, but acquired it gradually. It was considered the best run in the Province of Nelson. The track, instead of rising on to the table land, kept on the shingle bed for some distance. The valley then opened more, but the track took an easterly direction for a couple of miles, and then turned more northerly. The valley of the Hurunui became very narrow towards the sea, which was only about three miles off, but could not be seen, as there was a high range of hills intercepting the view. After crossing a low saddle, a fine plain stretched in front of me, with the hills rising beyond, till the eye reached the lofty and snow capped Kaikoras. Crossing another low spur I soon arrived at the Cheviot Hills home station, which was situated at the east, and lowest end of the flat, was the Jed creek running between it and the seaward range of hills, which were high and rough. The creek passes through the hills near here, and forms with the Ocean a little inlet called Gore Bay. The buildings consisted of two houses, one built of cob and thatched, divided into two rooms, the other weather-boarded and shingle roofed. There were large sheep yards and a good tank for dipping sheep, and at a short distance a strong stockyard. There were a number of deep pools in the Jed creek, mostly fringed with the raupo bull rush (Typha Augustifolia), one of which had been made into an excellent bath for washing the sheep previous to shearing them, and as the water was very soft the wool always turned out nice and clean for cold water washed. Although the sea was four miles off I could plainly hear the roar of it. The Maori name of this place was Pa-perau, or something like that! There were three Europeans and two Maoris stationed here. Mr T. Gouch came for a mare that was grazing on the run and asked me to wait till next day and we would travel together. The distance to Christchurch was called 70 miles by the shortest track, but many miles further by the dray road. There was no postal communication, people being dependent on neighbors and travellers for their letters. People complained that the stamps frequently had a very bad smell.

8th. - There was a thick, cold fog all morning, but about 11 o'clock it cleared off and the sun came out bright and warm. Mr J. Gouch and I left Cheviot at 9 a.m. We crossed numerous low hills, or spurs, and gullies, with a range varying from 500 to 1200 feet in height between us and the ocean. We saw a great many native quail (coturnix Novae- Zealandise), Maori name Koreke, and swamp hens or turkeys (Porphyrio Melanotus), Maori name Pukeko. Eight and a half miles brought us to the Gower, a small river, and another mile to the Waiau-ua, the northern boundary of the run. The river was pretty low, and we crossed it easily where it divided into three streams but great care was necessary as there were several quicksands in the river bed. There is here a splendid flat from five to six miles square. The river turns to the south and penetrates the Seaward range a mile or more further south.

We were now on Messrs Jollie and Lees' station known as Pannasus, and presently passed the Home station, where a good house was being built. A little further we came to the Leader river, and instead

of crossing it, as we should have done, we followed dray tracks up the shingle bed for four miles, and had to ride all the way back again. After a hunt we discovered the right track, and proceeded to Hawkeswood, the station of Messrs Wortloy and Woolcombe, who was afterwards Resident Magistrate at Timaru. Mr Woolcombe kindly invited me to dinner and to remain all night, which I gladly accepted. He had a comfortable weatherboarded house, with two rooms and a passage on the ground floor and three rooms upstairs, and a verandah in front, with a detached kitchen and bedroom for the married couple, who cooked and looked after the place. The house was lined and papered inside, and the French windows opened to the floor on to the verandah— the most comfortable bachelor's house I saw anywhere on my travels. The female cook was also a pleasing innovation, as men cooks and very rough ones, were the rule where such a luxury was allowed, but one generally had to light the fire and do any required cooking oneself, or go without. Hawkeswood was situated on the north side of a deep and narrow gully at the foot of the Seaward range, which is grassy on that side, but ferny on the slopes next the sea. There was a birch bush in the gully whence they obtained their firewood, and was a very pretty object in the scenery. There were two cadets living here - Messrs Sillifant and Quinn. Mr Woolcombe has a good garden and plenty of vegetables. Another very unusual thing, and an equally rare sight, I saw that he worked horses instead of bullocks, which were considered the only draught animals fitted for the rough country and unmade roads. He said horses were so much handier and quicker, and were not liable to die from eating tutu. This plant (Coriaria Sarmentosa) is one of the few deciduous shrubs of New Zealand, and when it shoots forth in the spring is exceedingly poisonous, but yet cattle and sheep are very fond of it. It frequently killed bullocks who happened to have access to it while their stomachs were empty, and as working bullocks in these early days were worth from £l5 to £2O a head, the loss of a team was no joke. A yarn is told of a bullock driver, who had a penurious master, who found four out of his team of eight bullocks dead one morning. He returned to his master with a very long face, and commenced by saying “Please, sir, Jack and Bob are tutued.” “Indeed I am sorry to hear that; did you bleed them? I had better get you some ammonia.” Bleeding and a dose of ammonia were the remedies usually tried on tutued animals. “Oh! but it would be no good, sir, as they are dead.” “In that case you must try and do your work with the six bullocks.” “But Damper is dead too, sir!” “Dear! Dear! that is very bad you had better run in that red and white steer, and we will yoke him up with Sampson.” “Sampson is also dead, sir!” “Four of them dead! Why did you not tell me so at once without all this palaver?” “I would, sir, only I thought you could not bore it if I told you too sudden like.” Exit!

Mr Woolcombe's run was a fairly good one, rather hilly, but well grassed, except where patches of manuka (Leptospermum Scoparium) grow. He had over 4000 sheep, which, like all the rest of the sheep in the country, suffered from scab, a disease caused by a small insect, called acarun, which penetrate the skin and feed on the poor sheep's flesh. The remedy was to dip the sheep in a hot bath composed of 27 lbs of tobacco boiled in 100 gallons of water, and 3.5 lbs arsenic with 14 oz soda boiled till dissolved and then mixed with the 100 gallons of tobacco water. A long wooden tank built in the ground, with a draining stage at one end, and a sheep yard at the other. In this the sheep were soaked for five minutes, and then allowed to stand on the stage till the surplus water had returned to the tank. It usually required three dippings at intervals of 16 days to destroy the parasite.

I remained two days at Mr Woolcombe's, and assisted him to garden, and do other things. He sent his wool to Port Cooper, and got back his stores and other requisites by sea, which were landed at a boat harbor, near the Amuri Bluff, about eleven miles off, in a northeasterly direction, at the mouth of the Conway river.

11th.— Whit Sunday— Mr Woolcombe held church service at eleven o'clock. After lunch I went to Fernyhurst, a distance of three miles. I had to ride some way up the bed of the Conway river, which was wide and stony, the water fortunately was low. The day was fine and mild, and the snow melted considerably off the high ranges in the distance. Fernyhurst run belonged to Mr Tinline. I found his whare on the north side of a small pine bush, under the seaward range, fully five miles inland. Mr Tinline had gone to Kaikora, about twenty miles north, to see Mr Fife, who had a station, and whale fishery there. The shepherd asked me to remain. The hut was a very miserable one, about 12 feet by 6, built of grass tied to battens, and not even clayed inside. I did not think much of the country, it was rough and scrubby. Mr Tinline returned about 3 p. m. on the 12th, accompanied by Mr Fife, and we all rode over together to Hawkeswood. Mr Fife purchased a lot of sheep from Mr Tinline, which he was to take back to Kaikora. There was a track from here past his station to the Wairau, but the travelling was not easy. Playing whist was the general amusement of an evening, as there were very few books on any of the stations, but one always found a pack of cards, though it was not usual to play for money.

13th.— I returned to Cheviot. I met Mr Edward Lee driving a dray to fetch timber for his new house. I called at Panassus and saw Mr Knyvitt and some other people there. There was nothing to eat at Cheviot but dry bread, which I washed down with tea.

14th. - Rode to Glendhu, where I had a good dinner of pork pie. The barrow had turned out splendidly, and Mr Caverhill had salted down fully 200 lbs <pounds> of first-class bacon. He returned me my tether-rope, with which he had secured the pig. The stone in this neighborhood is principally sandstone, yet one occasionally comes across a noll or vein of limestone. Mr Caverhill owned a number of fine riding horses. He was considered the best rider, and the best judge of a horse in the district. After dinner I started for the Home station— Motanau - distance six miles. The track led me over low grassy lulls and well sheltered gullies, till near the station, which was situated on a high table land, sloping gradually to the hills, a mile and a half or more away, and extending some distance up the coast, broken by frequent gullies. Stonehurst (Clifford and Wells' station) was on the same tableland, about eight miles north. Mrs Caverhill was not at home, but the housekeeper made me welcome. Just as I had turned my horse into the paddock, Mr Lawson, the manager of Stonehurst, rode up, and remained. Mr Caverhill arrived at 7 p.m. and we spent a most agreeable evening, as he was an exceedingly pleasant and entertaining man. The house was a very good one weatherboarded, a large kitchen and two comfortable sitting rooms, with lobby on ground floor, lighted by three windows and two glass doors in front; a skillion (lean-to) with three bedrooms behind, and three bedrooms upstairs, one in which we slept, was called the barracks, being specially provided for visitors. There was also a cottage for the men, and a large building containing cow shed, dairy, store, etc. as well as a stable; a good strong stock-yard and well kept garden. At the mouth of the river, a little way out at sea, was the Island of Motanau, having an area of about ten acres high above the sea level, and nearly flat on the surface, which has caused it to be called Table Island.

I may mention that the smoking of tobacco was not so prevalent in the early days as it is now, and cigarettes were unknown in the colony. It was a coincidence that not one of the five men who were the first to travel through by the Tarndale route ever touched the noxious weed.

May l5th. - Rain during the night which was an unpleasant change after the clear frosty nights and bright sunny days. As Mr Caverhill wished me to take some letters for him, I waited till 12 o'clock, while he wrote them, He and I then started. We crossed the river Matanau about half a mile from the house. It was a mere stream. A couple of miles of flat brought us to the hills, which, though not high, were in places very steep, the whole road being up and down. About seven miles from the

homestead, Mr Caverhill left me to go and muster sheep. He said that a good seam of coal existed in a gully near where we then were, which would be valuable for firing, as there was no wood anywhere near. I was now on what was called the Waipara plain, I should have called it downs. A little further on I came to a large raupo swamp where the track divided. I unfortunately took that to my right, when the one to the left, was really the *right*.

> Like the law of the road, 'twas a paradox quite;
> They've written It down in a song:
> If you keep to the left, you are sure to go right,
> If you keep to the right, you go wrong.

The *wrong* path led me to a little V whare, and I had to climb a steep limestone sidling, and make a considerable detour to regain the track. Another mile brought me to the limestone range, which I skirted on the inland side for nearly six miles, along an uneven terrace, studded with vast blocks of limestone, and bounded on the seaward side by a lofty wall of limestone crags. At a spot marked by a single tree, or more properly shrub, with a tuft on the top like a kaka; or parrot, the track crossed the ridge. From here I had a splendid view of the surrounding country. The Port Cooper or Canterbury plains stretching away south as far as the eye could see; on the west low downs rising gradually till in Mount Grey appeared a mountain 3000 ft high, and other mountains as far north as Mount Tekoah or Helvellyn, rising and falling with a gracefulness which Nature only can produce. The Waipara stream glided gently at my feet, and the waves of the great Pacific Ocean beat against the shore on the east. The plain had a peculiar appearance towards the sea, for a mile or so inland, as if the sea had receded little by little, leaving the shape of the waves at different distances. About half way along the Limestone range I passed an old whare; the walls had fallen, but the thatch was still in good order. The descent through the Kaka Pass was very steep, and at the summit turned first to the right, and then to the left under a clump of trees. But it was so indistinct that I missed the turn, and going straight on, came to a very difficult place to descend. At the foot of the Pass some 200 yards to the left was an out-station hut of Mr Wait's, built of sods. I rode up to it as I had a message for the shepherd, but he was not there. Soon after leaving the hut the sun set with a beautiful red glow, and as there is but a short twilight compared to that in England day soon gave place to moonlight, which, however, was only about ten days old. The track was very rough, up and down, so I had to lead my horse most of the way, and I found great difficulty in following the track, as it was so little worn. I reached Teviotdale station at half-past six, rather tired, as the roughness of the road obliged me to walk a good many miles out of the 25 I had travelled. Mr Meldron had gone to Christchurch, and Mrs Macdonald to Mount Grey (Mrs O'Connell's station), but Mrs Wait, Miss Russell and a lot of children were there. I was most hospitably received, and was soon busy eating a good supper and chatting pleasantly. Mrs Wait was unfortunately quite a cripple from rheumatism, which did not prevent her being a most agreeable hostess.

16th. - I rode into Christchurch. Leaving Teviotdale at 9 a.m. I crossed the Waipara river at the cutting, which was very long and steep on the north side. The banks were very high on both sides. On the south the road wound up a deep gully, which in wet weather would be a watercourse. The Waipara was called the northern boundary of the Canterbury Plain, which reached nearly to Timaru (about 150 miles) without a hill. I was now on Mr Brown's station called Double Corner. His house was close to the Waipara river. The road was simply a bullock dray track on which very little work had been expended. It followed down the (north branch of the Kowai river a short distance, then crossed it on a nice shingle bottom, with very little water in it. Shortly afterwards the track entered the Salt Water swamps, which were about knee deep, the crossings marked by poles. I reached Salt Water creek at 11.50., and found the tide flowing fast, and was nearly up to the horse's girths. Carpenters

were at work erecting a house on the south bank for the accommodation of travellers. I had passed three swaggers on foot to-day, I think the first I had seen since leaving Top House. The Rakahauri or Ashley (named after Lord Ashley, an English M.P.) was the next river. The water was very low, but the shingle bed was of great width, and full of the stumps of trees and timber brought down by the floods. The plain south of the Ashley was studded with a few houses, but immense swamps were visible in different places. Three or four small bushes slightly broke the monotony of the scene, and the road passed to one of considerable size, principally white pine (Kahikatea Daerydium Excelsum), at the edge of which were numbers of Maori whares and gardens, and a few of the dusky beauties came out to stare at the lonely traveller. Kaiapoi was reached by half-past one, and I put up at the Kaiapoi Hotel, gave my horse a feed, and had a good dinner of pork chops and potatoes. I met Messrs Muldron, T. Mathews and Brown here on their way home. Kaiapoi was quite a village, occupied by both Maori and European population, situated on the north bank of the Waimakariri or Courtenay river, which is navigable for small vessels as far as the village, 13 miles from Christchurch. The Waimakariri or Courtenay was crossed in two branches, on two separate punts one on each side of the island drawn across by ropes, for each of which I was charged a shilling. The whole district was sandy, and the road in places very heavy with loose soft sand. I had to cross a bad swamp just before reaching Papanui, which was the next village to Kaiapoi, and about ten miles distant. There was a church at Kaiapoi and Papanui. The road from Papanui to Christchurch — three miles - was pretty good, with a substantial bridge over the Avon, close to which was the “Golden Fleece Hotel," and Gould and Mile's store, the best in Christchurch, built of black pine (Mairi Podocarpus Macronata) and varnished. I rode up the Avon a short distance, along a very bad road, to the “Royal Hotel.” The town was scattered, and the streets bad and unformed; still considering that it was surveyed as late as 1849, and the first settlers did not arrive till 16th December, 1850, the progress it had made was very creditable. It was colonised under the auspices of the Canterbury Association, and was to have been strictly a class settlement, composed of members of the Church of England. The Association acquired 1,000,000 acres from the New Zealand Company, which was afterwards increased to 2,400,000 acres. The first purchase did not in include Bank's Peninsula, which had previously been sold by the Maoris to a French, or rather Nanto-Bordelaise, company, their right to it was, however, purchased by the New Zealand Company on 12th October, 1849, for the sum of £4,500, and included in the latter area. Captain Thomas, the Association's agent and chief surveyor, started the surveys in 1849. About 640 acres were laid off on the plain for the town of Christchurch, in half acre allotments, which were sold by auction at the upset price of £ 24 for the half acre. The rural land was surveyed into sections of various sizes, not less than 50 acres, and sold at £ 3 per acre for cash. The land was quite flat, and well watered, small portions were swampy, but most of it was dry, and in places stony on the surface, with soil consisting of a light loam resting on gravel, and a substratum of blue clay. The river Avon which runs through the town was supposed to be formed by leakage through the gravel from the Waimakariri. Mr John Robert Godley was sent out by the Association to conduct their public business, and arrived in Canterbury in 1850, where he remained as the official head till 1853; then the elevation of the settlement into one of the provinces under the Constitution Act of 1832, and the annulling of all previous charters to the separate colonies, rendered the further continuance of the Association needless. Mr James Edward Fitzgerald was elected first superintendent of Canterbury, in 1853, and held office till 1857. The population of Christchurch in 1854 was 548, and the number of houses 109. In 1857 the population was 953, the number of houses 177. During my visit in 1856 I noticed several hotels, or inns as they were called, a number of shops and stores, a church of England, a chapel, a land office, police office and lock-up, two blacksmiths, of whom Mr Anderson was considered the best, a printing office, which issued the Standard newspaper once a week at the price of sixpence. A good road for four miles and a half, enabled one to go to the Heathcote Ferry. The river was about 80 yards wide, and navigable for small craft. I crossed it in the

punt, charge 6d <6 pence>, and ascended the Port hills by the Bridle track at an elevation of 600 feet, in places very steep, rising at the rate of one foot in ten, if not steeper, and descending as abruptly on the other side, the distance from Christchurch to Lyttelton being ten and a half miles.

Lyttelton was situated on the western shore of Port Cooper or, as it was often called, Port Victoria, on very uneven ground, rising at first gently from the harbor, but getting steeper as it rises. Immediately behind the town Mount Pleasant reaches a height of 1700 feet above the level of the sea. It was very rocky and nearly inaccessible in some places. The first buildings were erected by Captain Thomas, who, by April, 1850, had built an excellent jetty, extending to l2 feet of water, immigration houses, capable of holding from 250 to 300 persons, two boat sheds, an office for the chief surveyor, and a house for the chief agent J. R. Godley.

In 1856 the population was still small, but appeared to be a better class than the generality of colonists, being chiefly gentlemen's sons, those of clergymen predominating, and the person who groomed my horse was an Honorable - an Earl's son. Sections in Lyttelton were surveyed into quarter acre and sold by auction at the upset price of £ 12 each. The streets were in good repair where not very steep. There were several mercantile firms, a branch of the Union Bank of Australia, a college where the youths sported trenchers, several inns, the principal being the Mitre Hotel and the Canterbury Arms, numerous shops, a bookseller, saddler, blacksmith, etc. There was of course a Custom house and the necessary officers, and a good jetty. Lyttelton claimed to be a city, as it was nominally founded as a Bishopric in 1850 and a Cathedral commenced, but it was never completed. It was built of strong wooden framework filled in with bricks —a tall ugly building, situated in a high and exposed position, and so shaken by earthquakes that they could not hold service in it. The English clergyman was the Rev. B. W. Dudley. He held service in a low building fitted up for the purpose near the Post Office in the north-east part of the town. There, however, never was a Bishop of Lyttelton, as the title was changed to “Christchurch,” and the Rev. Henry John Chitty Harper, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, was consecrated to the new See, at Lambeth Palace Chapel, on the 10th of August, 1856. He arrived in Lyttelton on 24th December of the same year.

Another track to the Heathcote passed round the hills to the north-east of the port, and descended into a picturesque little bay, where there was an embryo village named Sumner, thence the road followed the beach of Pegasus Bay, and along the Heathcote or Puta-reka-mutu river to the ferry. Huge cliffs, hollowed with numerous caves, hung threateningly from the hill side. Even in these early days Port Cooper was celebrated for its cheese, which was preferred before any other cheese in New Zealand. Drinking was rather a prevalent **v**ice, and one young lady whose father was rather too much addicted to brandy, thus parodied “Pop goes the weasel” -

Up and down the Lyttelton road,
In and out the Mitre,
That's the way the money goes
Makes Pa’s pocket lighter

The first surveyors and settlers were not satisfied with the Maori names of places and rivers, and invariably gave an English name in addition. In some cases one was retained, in others both. I have endeavored throughout my narrative to record the two names.

Port Cooper was so named after an old whaler who resided there before New Zealand was proclaimed a British colony. The north-west headland at the entrance to Port Cooper was called Godley Head, after the general agent of the Association. The entrance to the Heathcote was six miles from Godley Head. There was a bar with 14 feet of water on it at low tide. The Heathcote and Avon

both empty into the same estuary inside the bar. The tides rose six or eight feet, covering a mud flat of 700 or 800 acres. A curious angular shaped rock, about 30 feet high, stood near the mouth. The Heathcote flowed from the plain along the foot of the hills and was navigable for boats for 15 or 20 miles. The first settler on the plain was Mr Dean, who had a farm on the Heathcote in 1850. Mr Godley visited him in April 1850, and reported “that he had excellent crops of grain, fruit, and vegetables.”

I remained in Lyttelton till the 19th May, on which afternoon I rode to the Heathcote Ferry, and spent the evening with Messrs Brown and LeCren, who were general merchants and forwarding agents there. Seven schooners of the “Mosquito Fleet” were there loading or unloading, as all the goods for Christchurch were discharged at the Ferry and carted to town. On one of the schooners I saw two of the sailors who ran away from the ship in which I came from England. They were delighted to see me, and said they were very glad they had remained in the colony, as they were getting high wages.

20th. — Davidson, who was also at the Ferry, rode with me into Christchurch, and we got breakfast at the Golden Fleece Hotel. We had our horses shod at Anderson’s, the charge being half-a-crown a shoe. In the afternoon we started for Otago, with two horses each, as we still required our tent and blankets, food, billy, and pannikins. I may here mention that the first person who travelled overland from Christchurch to Dunedin direct was Mr W. H. Valpy in 1852. He had two companions, Donald and Duncan Cameron, both shepherds. They took 12 days to accomplish the journey. In 1853 Mr Valpy drove the first mob of horses through to Christchurch from Dunedin. The first three miles there was a very good road, then a bullock dray track which, after one or two turns, struck straight along the plain in a S.W. direction for 10 miles. We always carried a pocket compass, by which I took the bearings I have so often mentioned. We reached Lake's Station and an accommodation house kept by Mrs Paulby (25 miles) at 4.45. We passed only one small bush near Rickerton, and no house after the first three miles, nor was there a stream or gully the whole distance.

21st.— We left Paulby's at 10 a.m., crossed the bed of the Selwyn or Waikerikeri close to the house, but there was no water to be seen. The plain was quite flat, and rather stony in places, along the track to the Rakaia or Cholmondely (so named in 1849 after the Marquis of Cholmondely). The river bed was two miles of shingle, the water fortunately low, so we did not require to swim our horses, but we got our feet and legs wet in the deepest part. On the south bank we came to an accommodation house among the sandhills, with good feed upon them. This was Mr Chapman's run, and was twelve miles from the Selwyn; his house was close to the accommodation house. After dinner we rode along a level plain, without a creek or river for 18 miles, to Mr Heart's house— who was managing Mr Tancred's station— we were made very welcome and treated most hospitably. I think the Maori name of the river at Hearst's was Waiateruati.

22nd.— Very sharp frost. Fine but cold day. After leaving Heart's we had a track for half a mile to the north branch of the Ashburton or Hakatere river, after that we had to steer by compass from directions given us by Mr Heart. We crossed three creeks running through beds of flax, and a second branch of the Ashburton. We were here a long way inland from the ninety mile beach. From the third flax creek we rode ten miles in a S.S.W. course, good flat country, well grassed, excepting occasional stony patches. We then came to a large swamp full of cabbage trees, called Kahuru also Ti Kouka, which, had we known it, we could have avoided by going further east. However, we managed to get through it by leading our horses, and then pursued the same course to the river Hinds, or Wangatero. It was named Hinds after the Rev. Dr Hinds. The water was so low that I walked across dryshod.

After leaving the Hinds we steered for three cabbage trees, which were growing quite lonely on the plain, and at first only visible with the assistance of binoculars. Having reached them we camped for an hour, to feed our horses and take our lunch. The plain appeared as a dead level to the north, east and south as far as the horizon, without a single object to break the monotony. But to the west, the mountains appeared to be at no great distance, with Mount Peel rising above them all, in a N.N.W. direction. After lunch six miles of very stony ground brought us to the Rangatata, or Alford, named in 1849 after Viscount Alford, a member of the Canterbury Association. The banks were high and steep, and we were some time finding a place where we could descend to the bed of the river, which was about two miles wide, with numerous crooks and swamps full of ti-trees. The shingle was very rough, with large stones. The river itself was fortunately low, so we had no trouble in crossing it. After travelling some distance we observed a pole, and going up to it, found it was a surveyor's trig station marked an arrow over 23. To the west we had a fine view of the low hills forming part of the Aglionby Downs, wooded by the Talbot Forest of 10,000 acres extent and other small bushes. With the assistance of the compass, always carried in our hand, and the correctness of the bearings given us, we fortunately sighted Dr Macdonalds station on the Orari river, and rode straight up to it. It was situated about seven miles from the sea, five miles from the hills, and 85 from Christchurch. We were made welcome, and shown into a comfortable cottage, where our supper and breakfast was brought us, as the master was from home. The houses were principally built of Totara slabs (Podocarpus Totara). This is a very valuable timber, of a red color, hard, and durable, easy to work and splits freely. The foliage somewhat resembles that of the yew, but is larger and not so bright a green. The bark is rough and stringy. It was considered the best timber grown in the Middle Island.

23rd.— Sharp frost during the fore-noon, and the wind changed to the S.W. with cold showers. Close to the station we crossed the Orari river, with a wide shingle bed but not much water. There was a well defined bullock dray track from Dr Macdonalds to Timaru— 23 miles. Between the Omahahu (or Tomuka) and Opahi (or Carow) rivers we passed a bush called Orifenua, at which there were several Maori whares. From this bush there was a track going S.W. to Mr Rhode's celebrated station known as "The Levels," comprising all the Timaru Downs. We followed the track making for Timaru Point, but after travelling about six miles it seemed to come to an end, as everyone appeared to leave the flat for the downs wherever they pleased. We rode up the low hill in a southerly direction, and on the top came upon the track from The Levels to Timaru. The wind on the hills was bitterly cold, so we camped for dinner at the first creek we came to, in a gully about three miles north of Timaru, near an unoccupied whare. From there to Timaru the track passed over the downs, crossing the gullies not far from the sea, which was dashing angrily against the high cliffs. At Timaru we descended to the beach. There was a good-sized house, three storehouses, and a woolshed. The great number of whale bones and skulls, with some large tripots, plainly showed that it had formerly been a whaling station. A township had lately been surveyed here, but we could not ascertain whether any of the sections had yet been sold. We rode on to Mr D. Innes' station at Poreoa (eight miles) the road sometimes following the beach, at others climbing the low ridges and crossing gullies. We passed between the sea and several salt water lagoons, on which appeared a few ducks, and crossed two or three small streams. Mr Innes' house was a fine large one built with split weatherboarding and roofed with galvanised iron. The fender in the sitting room was the rib of a whale, and there was a chair with a whale's vertebrae for a seat. It was a storm night, the wind blowing a S.W. gale with heavy rain. Paraoa means a whale.

24th May.— Four miles, partly flat and partly over low spurs, brought us to the boundary river between Innes and Thompson's runs, called Otaio. A little further on the track took us to the sea beach, which we rode along for five or six miles, with a salt water swamp and a lagoon on the

landward side. We then struck inland, and outspanned for dinner on the bank of the Markikihi stream, which, however, was dry. In the afternoon we travelled along the foot of the spurs, in and out, up and down, to avoid the swamps on the flat, till we reached the Waimate river, and spent the night at Mr Studholme's station, which he called Inglewood. There was a fine bush in front, and the low, well-grassed downs rose into the high hills on the West. There was a great deal of tamataguru and speargrass upon the ridges. We had travelled 20 miles, making Studholme's 140 miles from Christchurch.

25th.— We had a long hunt for our horses, as they had gone up the valley to the bush, where they revelled in the change of food, sow-thistles, etc., so that it was nearly mid-day before we started. The track passed over the low ridges to the Waihao (encompassed by water) river - 3 miles— when it turned to the right and passed a house that was being built for a Mr Innes. It struck me that all this part was splendid agricultural land, and wondered how long it would be allowed to remain as sheep runs. We crossed the Waihao and two flats, then another stream, and rose some low hills, near a large limestone cliff. Our course was south-west up and down gullies to a saddle, then down a swampy gully to the Waitangi plain. We were advised to go over these low hills as the flats were so swampy in places. There appeared to be a large quantity of flax (Phormium tenax) on the flat. All the high hills we could see were covered with snow. We then turned to the west for two miles, crossed several gullies and reached Mr Pike's station by 4 p.m. Here we met Messrs Samuel Pike, W. H. Dansey and Herbert Meyer. We had only travelled 11 miles. The run belonged to two brothers Bailey and Samuel Pike. There were no men or servants on the station, so we had to cook for ourselves, and also to grind wheat to make scones. Mr Pike had a box handmill, which ground the wheat and separated the flour into firsts, seconds, and bran, but it was pretty hard work turning it. The flour made splendid bread, very palatable and wholesome. The Pikes were only residing here temporarily, and intended building nearer the sea. The hut was built of clay, without any glass in the windows. Chairs they had none, but empty boxes took their place. They had to cart the firewood eight miles. They were most hospitable, kind and pleasant young men, active and plucky, just the sort for pioneers in a new country. Gentlemen with good education, yet could do a day's work with any laboring man.

We remained with them till the morning of the 27th, when we rode some distance up the Waitangi plain till nearly opposite the Maori Kaik (valley or resting place) which they called Panamaru, situated on the south bank of the river about eleven miles from the sea. Mr Dansey had kindly given us full instructions where to cross, as the Waitangi (moaning weeping waters or Waitaki, waters diverted) is seldom fordable, and a swift cold river, the water in which is always a white clay color, supposed to be caused by the friction of the glaciers on Mount Cook, over a bed of pipe clay. We succeeded in fording it in several streams, none of which took the horses off their feet but one was so deep it very nearly did, as the water was running over their backs. Mr Mantel called the Waitaki the Shakespeare.

The Waitaki was the boundary between the provinces of Canterbury and Otago, we were therefore in the latter province as soon as we had crossed. Davidson parted from me here, as he wished to go up to Otekaike (Run No. 28) to see Mr J. P. Taylor, who then owned that run. I rode down to Papakaio, and introduced myself to Mr Richard Filleul and Mr Frederick Every. They were busy hand dressing their sheep with mercurial ointment (1 lb mixed with 5 lbs of fat) for scab. The house was situated at the foot of a low range of hills, about four miles from the sea, at the mouth of a wooded limestone gully. They had a paddock of oats and wheat, which was still in mows or small stacks in the field. There was also a good garden and orchard well fenced. Mr W. G. Filleul returned home at 7 p.m. Both brothers were exceedingly kind and hospitable. Mr R. Filleul and I played two games of chess. He read prayers before we retired, a most praiseworthy but unusual thing on a station. There was a

well defined and pretty level track from here up the plain to Messrs Williams and Lemon's station, known as Waikoura, and south to Oamaru, Valpy's run, lately purchased from H. Robison.

28th— As Mr W. G. Filloul was going to Oamaru with his bullock team, I accompanied him. The track kept the base of the hill for a mile and a half, then just beyond a lagoon, crossed a low spur, known as Pukeuri Point. A narrow creek about half a mile beyond the Point was called Pukeuri Creek and about a mile further on another creek with very high banks was called Landon which was the boundary creek between Messrs Filleul's and Valpys runs. Mr Filloul had a yard there, where we were detained some time. The country was all fairly grassed with tussac grass, A nice flat, occupying the space between the low hill and the sea, nearly two miles wide at Landon Creek, but narrowing to a few chains as we approached the Oamaru Creek.

At Oamaru there was a shepherds hut and a small shed. I had to go down on the beach to cross the creek, which had high banks and rather a muddy bottom. The hills, which to this point appeared to run north and south, were divided by the Oamaru creek, and a spur running east and west jutted out to sea, forming a high promontory called the Cape, or Oamaru Bluff, which sheltered the bay from the S.W. winds, and enabled small vessels to anchor and discharge or take in cargo with their boats, which was the only way the squatters could procure provisions from Dunedin, or send their wool and other produce. I rode up this spur in a S.W. direction. There was no track, and that Tamataguru (or wild Irishmen scrub) was very thick and bad to ride through, especially as I had to lead one of the horses. The country was splendid low downs, of limestone formation, with occasional swamps, lagoons, and gullies. A great land mark was a solitary weather beaten Totara tree growing on the top of a high limestone cliff about six miles from Oamaru. Beyond the tree I crossed a creek, called by some the Totara creek by others the Waiareka. From this creek I rose a spur very thick with Tamatiguru, which brought me to the Tipo whare, one of Suisted's out stations, occupied by a shepherd and his wife, Mr and Mrs Watson, who now reside at Otepopo. Descending the limestone ridge on the west side I came to the Kakanui river (the Kaka is a native parrot and nui means large), a nice clear stream easily crossed, running down a broad, well-grassed valley with low hills on both sides. From the Tipo ridge I had a splendid view of the Kakanui valley, with the Kakanui ranges in the background capped with snow, terminating in Mount Domett 6230 feet a broad expanse of splendid pastoral runs. Having crossed the river I rode a short distance along its bank to the island whare, occupied by Mr Anderson, where I had dinner and allowed my horse to graze. This hut was another of Mr Suisted's out stations, as he held a large run here. I then followed low ridge for four miles to the foot of the hills, where, close to the Kotukituki (fuchsia berry) creek Messrs W. H. Teschemaker and Edwin F. Rich had commenced to build their home station. The house was so unfinished that the tent was pitched inside as a bedroom. Mr Rich gave me a welcome; Mr Teschemaker had gone to Dunedin. Mr Davidson arrived shortly after me, having crossed the ridges from Jeffrey's on the Waitaki. Messrs Teschemaker and Rich had only lately arrived with their sheep overland from the Wairau, Nelson. They had been a long time on the journey, over 300 miles. Their house was 151 miles from Christchurch and about 78 from Dunedin.

29th. As the country appeared rough, with hills and gullies to the south, we returned down the ridge to the island whare, from which a track followed the Kakanui river to the Island stream, and thence along a low ridge five miles to a roundish hill, well timbered on the east and north-east sides, called Otepopo (of the decay). Leaving this hill on our right we rode down a gully, and about a mile further on passed a hut. A mile and a half beyond this the track led up to some houses at the bush, so we left the track and followed a gully to the sea, which was an error as we ought to have followed the track and crossed the hills to Mr Edward McGlashan’s at the Otepopo bush. We rode along the beach a little way, then turned inland to avoid a high wooded bluff which ran out to sea, on the south-west

of which was Fraser's station Duffie <sp?> manager. We found a track on the flat which took us back to the beach. The beach was beautiful fine sand, though soft in places, with peculiar round boulders, which we took for flint, but could not understand why they should be so round and so numerous and vary so in size— from the size of an orange to two feet diameter. We did not see any shells except a few broken mussels, but a good deal of large, coarse seaweed. We travelled along this beach for nearly four miles, with a roaring surf on one hand and a lofty perpendicular cliff on the other, the waves at times washing our horses feet, for although it was neap tide it rose most unusually high. As we neared Moeraki (sleep in the north) the boulders increased in number. It was dark when we left the beach at the boathouse, and climbed a steep path up to Mr H. C. Hertslet's house, which was at the top of a spur running out to Moeraki headland. Mr and Mrs Hertslet made us welcome, and were very hospitable and pleasant. The bush about the house was principally Kaio or Ngaio (Myoporum Laetum) a bright green shrub, which never grows to timber. we ought to have reached Moeraki in 22 miles, but owing to losing the road we travelled over 30 miles.

30th. —Rained heavily from 11 a.m. to 3 pm. We left Moeraki at half-past ten, Mr Hertslet accompanying us. We passed through a Maori kaike and saw a few natives. There was a large Maori reserve here and the Government had surveyed a township close to it on the sandy spurs for which the charge was £ 5O an acre! We travelled up and down spurs and gullies with narrow cattle tracks in all directions, the country being good pasture land. Kartiki (or Katirga - vanquished) we went down on the beach, but found the tide too high, so had to camp in the rain for half an hour. After following the beach for nearly two miles, we rode up a spur and crossed a high range of sandstone known as the Horse Range— well grassed and fair travelling. The descent on the south was very steep; at the foot was a nice broad flat with the Shag river (or Waihemo— waters passed by or Waihemu—deadly water) running through it. Riding over more ridges we came to an accommodation house kept by Mr Kennard on Mr John Jones land, at a bush, through which we passed, and came in sight of Mr Suisted's home station— Goodwood—the largest house in the district, which was very appropriate, as he was the largest man, weighing about 22 stones, and the largest runholder. Mr Suisted, before he came to Otago, had for some time resided in Wellington, where he kept a first-class hotel, and made a lot of money. His wife's mother, Mrs Richmond, resided with him at Goodwood she was a very stout lady, and from her happy, genial disposition a great favorite with all who knew her. They were most hospitable people. Suisted, although he weighed 22 stones, used to ride from Goodwood to Dunedin in a day over the snowy mountain, but always took two horses, riding them alternately. He used to carry enough lunch for two or three persons, in case he met a hungry traveller. The lunch was always something toothsome, fowl and ham being a favorite sandwich. Mr Hertslet went up to Goodwood, but Davidson and I went on to Mr William Jones' house, Matainanga, three miles from Waikouaiti. The track took us down the Pleasant river valley and up a long spur at no great distance from the ocean. The horse I was riding knocked up, which was not to be wondered at considering she had carried me 580 miles since leaving Nelson, so I had to leave her, and ride one of the pack horses, and reached Matainanga at 6 p.m. Mr Jones received us very kindly and treated us most hospitably. Mr W. Jones was very young to be a married man and the father of three fine children. He was the son of Mr John Jones, the erst-while whaler and then Dunedin's leading merchant, who had been many years at Waikouaiti (water that had become less in quantity). The Bishop mentioned having visited him at Cherry Farm on 23rd January, 1844; and in April 1847. Mr Jones employed about 40 men in whaling and farming. He had 100 acres in crop, 500 cattle, 60 horses, and 2000 sheep. Since then his riches had increased, and in 1856 was considered a very wealthy man. One of his sons lived at Cherry Farm. Matainanga was a pretty place, situated on a dry sandy hill above the sea, with a considerable amount of agriculture around it. The house was a good sized one, with out-

buildings, stable, etc. There was a Wesleyan mission station among the Maoris at Waikouaiti; the Reverend T. Creed being the missionary.

3lst.— Snow and rain, bitterly cold S.W. wind. Mr Jones kindly went with me to bring my knocked-up horse to the farm, and gave her a feed of oats, which she had not tasted since we left Christchurch. We were thankful to remain there all day.

June 1st, Sunday.— Ground all covered with snow, yet we started to cross the snowy mountain for Dunedin, no easy task in fine weather. We crossed the Waikouaiti river at Cherry farm, and rode through one of the well fenced paddocks. It was a splendid property, with several buildings and a good house, owned by F. and A. Jones. It is about 30 miles from Dunedin. After passing the farm, we rode up a long spur, with several steep pinches on it, leading up to the summit of the snowy mountain, 4500 feet above the sea level, a distance of 17 miles. For the first few miles the snow had melted, but the ground was sloppy and slippery. Then, as we rose, the snow balled badly, rendering travelling very fatiguing to the horses, and compelling us to walk up and down the steeper hills and sidings. As we neared the top of the range, we found the track marked by conical mounds of sods, erected at about 50 yards apart, by the provincial government to guide travellers in fogs, or when the track was covered by snow. Up to this point there could be no difficulty, as the ridge was narrow, with a deep gully on either side, and the whole country seemed to be the same, ridge after ridge culminating in the Waikari range or Snowy Mountain, like the ribs of a vast umbrella, each spur throwing out branches at intervals as they descended, the ridges clothed in grass and tussac, the gullies with fern and tutu (coriaria sarmentosa) a poisonous deciduous shrub, which bears clusters of small black berries, like elder, they are very sweet to suck, and make excellent wine, but contain a very poisonous seed. One pinch on the road was called the steep pinch, down which our horses slid, with all four feet together, for fully 50 yards, never attempting to raise a hoof. On the saddle below this pinch, we were sheltered from the piercing south-west wind that was blowing, and as there was less snow, we spelled for an hour; and cut the bread and cheese Mrs Jones had kindly given us, while our horses picked a miserable feed from the tussacs, knowing by scraping the snow off with their forefoot.

After passing a small bush known as Lees' bush, and a few of the mounds, the ridge flattened considerably and widened out, and we noticed a clump of trees with a small hut on our left. We travelled on, for nearly a mile, but finding that the snow deepened and balled very badly, and that our horses showed signs of fatigue, we gave up the attempt to reach Dunedin that night, and returned to the “Clump of Trees”. The hut was newly built of split slabs, with a place for a fire on one side and a bunk at the end, well thatched with snowgrass, and appeared very comfortable compared with the snow and wintry blast out on the range. We were very thankful for the shelter, and after a good supper of toasted bacon, biscuit, tea with sugar, and a good fire of wood (which we had to dry before it would burn) we felt as jolly as Mark Tapley; but the poor horses did not fare so well, as they were exposed to the wind and weather, standing in snow, with nothing but the tops of the snowgrass to munch at, to one of which tussacs one of the horses was tethered by a rope. These strong tussacs made splendid tether-pegs, when tied with a proper hitch, for no horse could possibly pull one up or break the stringy leaves.

2nd of June. There was a sharp frost during the night, but we slept very comfortably. After breakfast we started for Dunedin; the day was fine, but a bitterly cold wind blew on the top of the mountain. A long spur stretched from the clump of trees down to the sea at Waiputi Bay, or Blueskin as it was called after a much tatooed chief, which with the adjoining spurs was held as a run by John Anderson. The track to Dunedin formerly crossed the range from Waikouaiti to Blueskin much nearer

the sea than the spur we travelled along, then over Mikiwaka (lament for a canoe) hill, and down through the bush to Koputai (Port Chalmers), but as it was only a foot track, unfit for horses, John Jones a few years previously explored the Whakaari (now called Wakari) ranges, and discovered the route which we followed. We led our horses through the snow, guided by the mounds of sods. Near the top of the Snowy Mountain, at an altitude of 2462 feet, we passed two dangerous stoney swamps on a flat piece of ground, which we avoided by keeping to our right. After passing these the track descended into a deep saddle by a very steep siding, and then rose up a high hill, 2187 feet above sea level, named Flagstaff hill. We had a most extensive view from this hill of land and sea, mountains and valleys— the magnificent agricultural plain of the Taieri, with its winding river towards the south, with picturesque peeps of Dunedin and the wooded gullies to the east, with the Peninsular and the ocean beyond. The descent from Flagstaff Hill was very steep and stoney for some distance, till we arrived on a spur which appeared to pass to the west of Dunedin, and extended to Saddle Hill. We then turned to our left, and passed a small patch of Native timber, called the Half Way bush, where there were a few residents. It was a pity the Native name, Taputakinoi, had not been retained. After passing this there was a road, but it was very steep and in bad order. It crossed a narrow valley about two and a half miles from Dunedin, in which was a boggy creek, a tributary of the Kaikorai stream. I left my horse here to rest, and when I returned for her I met a gentleman who asked me where I had come from. I told him from Nelson; he said, “How did you cross Cook’s Strait?” I replied that Nelson was in this island, and that I had ridden overland all the way. He said, “I always thought Nelson was in the North Island”, which showed how little was then known about our sister colonies. We then rose a spur on to the ridge immediately behind the town, and descended by a very steep track to the town belt, which was thickly wooded. We passed the little cemetery in Arthur Street, and went down a spur covered with flax nearly to the bay, then turning sharp to our right, followed a steep track, where the cattle had made steps and stairs, to the Royal Hotel, at the corner of Princes and Rattray Streets, of which George Smith was proprietor. The spur we came down ran nearly east and west, terminating in a sandstone bluff 113 feet high, which was a useful building stone and easily quarried On this bluff was erected a wooden frame, to which was hung the town bell, hence called "Bell Hill." The base on the east was washed by the waters of the harbor. We found the Royal Hotel full of visitors, but we succeeded in securing a good dinner and a bedroom. There was no room in the stable for our horses, so, after giving them a feed of oats, we tethered them out among the flax on the hill. Up to date I had ridden 627 miles, and had been 177 hours absolute travelling time. The original Maori inhabitants of Otago were the Ngati-mamoe tribe (descendants of long sleeper). They were destroyed by the Ngati-tahu tribe (descendants of Tahu). The sons of Tura-kau-tahi made a raid and crossed the Waitaki river, and drove the Ngati-mamoe before them to Aparima (company of five now Jacob's river), where at Tarahau-kapiti they were brought to bay, and being defeated retired some miles up the river, where they took up a fortified position. In a few days they were again attacked, and after a desperate resistance were defeated with great slaughter at To iho ka (the priest burnt). The few who escaped fled into the forest across lake Te-Anau (seek or wanderer). “White's Ancient History of the Maori”. The Maoris had several pas or villages in the site of Dunedin. The one which occupied the place where the post office now is was called Otopoti (beyond which you cannot go); the present gaol site was Nga-moana o-rua; at the Water of Leith was one, called Owahao. Opoho was so named after a celebrated chief “Poho”. Andersons Bay was called Puketai. The name Dunedin was selected for the settlement by the Otago Association in Edinburgh as it was the Celtic name for that city. It signifies a height with a steep face. When the John Wickliffe arrived on the 23rd March, 1848, with the first immigrants, the site of Dunedin was covered with almost impenetrable scrub. The village then consisted of five buildings— the surveyor's office, Mr Charles Kettle's dwelling, a small hut adjoining used as the office of the New Zealand Company, a house built for Captain Cargill, but never occupied by him, as he preferred being

in a tent pitched upon the beach, a small store in Princes Street belonging to Mr Archibald Anderson, and Watson's hotel, a small shanty on the beach. There was also a small hut in Pelichet Bay, occupied by a surveyor of that name. There was no jetty. Sir G. Grey had visited the site of Dunedin a few days previously, and he made a second visit on 17th Nov., 1850, when he authorised the expenditure of £ 700,

Dunedin, as originally surveyed, was only 865 acres in extent, surrounded on the landward sides by a belt containing 5000 acres. It was situated in latitude 45° 47’ south and longitude 170° 40’ east, at the head of a land-locked tidal estuary. Small crafts could approach within 300 yards of the jetty, in what was called "The Pool," where they remained at anchor, and were discharged and reloaded by a barge or lighter. Large vessels remained at Port Chalmers (Maori name, Koputai— blistered). The ground in and about Dunedin, having a stiff clay sub soil, caused the tracks to be very muddy and sticky in web weather, so much so that women who wore shoes or even elastic side boots often left them in the mud and had to walk in their stockings, consequently lace-up boots had to be used, or Wellingtons. The town in 1850 was principally built on two spurs, and the gully between them, down which ran a little rill, called the Maclaggan street creek, that in rainy weather collected the water from the hills above, and became almost impassable. Dunedin had an easterly aspect facing the bay, The site had been chosen by Mr Tucket in 1814, and surveyed by Mr Charles Kettle in 1840. The Otago Scheme was at first confined to an area of 144,600 acres, divided into 2400 properties, each consisting of town, suburban and rural land, a section in each, amounting to sixty and a quarter acres in all, the priority of choice to be decided by ballot. Two thousand of these properties were to be sold; one hundred reserved as a Municipal Estate; one hundred as a Religious and Educational Endowment, and two hundred for the New Zealand Company. The price of each property was fixed at £ l2O. The area originally purchased by the Free Church Association from the New Zealand Company was 400,000 acres for which land the Company had obtained a Crown Grant on 13th April, 1846, under the public seal of the colony. This, by the Constitution Act 1852, was extended to 15,500,000 acres, out of which about 10,000 acres were reserved for the Maoris. The Constitution Act was brought into force on 17th January 1853, when Otago was proclaimed one of the six provinces of New Zealand, and comprised all the land south of the Waitaki and Awarua Rivers, excepting Stewarts Island and its adjacent islands, Selanders Island, and the Island of Ruapuke. Captain William Cargill, the Association's agent and worthy father of the settlement, was elected first superintendent on 6th September 1853, and held office till 3rd January 1860. The first Provincial Council consisted of nine members; three for the town of Dunedin, and six for the country district. In 1855 the number was increased to nineteen members, and the districts to eight. The elections to the second council took place in November 1855. Otago only sent three members to the House of Representatives, which assembled in Auckland. In 1847 Archibald Anderson had a grazing run where Dunedin is now situated, and the neighboring hills, on which he then had 300 sheep and 51 head of cattle. He afterwards, for some years, had a store in town, and subsequently removed to Inch Clutha. In December 1855 the population of the province was 2852 Europeans, of whom 1149 were females; 505 Maoris, 70 Half-casts, making a total 3137. Of this population, 1513 were located in Dunedin, Port Chalmers and the adjoining districts; 300 in the northern parts of the province, the balance south of Dunedin. The Religions of the Europeans were, Presbyterians 1900, Episcopalians 640, Lutherans 81, Roman Catholics 68, Independents 47, Methodists 21, Baptists 21, unknown 11. So, although it was little over seven years old, the “Class Settlement” was considerably mixed. The stock owned by Europeans were, sheep 75,474, cattle 8498, horses 717, goats 523, mules 4, and swine 1627. The number of depasturing licenses issued was 79, covering about 1,580,000 acres. Of the 21,010 rural acres sold, 39,578 acres had been cropped, which, at the harvest in 1856 yielded the following average crops per acre: Wheat, 35½ bushels; Oats, 37½ bushels; Barley, 31 bushels

Potatoes, 7½ tons. The average price at which the produce sold was, wheat, eight shillings per bushel of 60 lb; oats, five shillings per 50 lbs; barley, six shillings per 55 lbs; potatoes, £ 6 10s per ton of 2000 lbs; turnips, £ 4 a ton. Farmers would rejoice now at a return to such prices. Wages were— agricultural laborers £ 6O a year and rations, shepherds £ 55, ordinary laborers £45, female domestic servants £ 25, unskilled day laborers, 7s for 8 hours without food, tradesmen about ten shillings.

The entrance to Otago, or more correctly Otakou (the red ochre) Estuary was narrow, a little more than a quarter of a mile wide. The harbor was divided into an outer and inner, by two islands that lie across it. The outer harbour being about 7 miles long, the inner 6 miles. The average width was two miles, The channels that lead from the one to the other, were deep and narrow, a great portion of the space within both harbors consisted of shallows, and every ebb tide discovered several large dry banks of mud. Nothing could be more perfect than the shelter it afforded, with the high hills on both sides, beautifully wooded from summit to water's edge. There was a good deep channel to Port Chalmers, but the one in the upper harbor was only some five fathoms, generally on the west side of the Estuary. There was a fathom and a half to within two miles of its southern extremity at high water, but the receding tide left a considerable mud flat, beyond that was a large flax swamp, which was used as a grazing ground for stock by the public.

Between it and the ocean on the east was a barrier of sand hummocks a quarter of a mile broad, apparently of recent formation, shutting out the sea, which evidently in former days flowed through, thus making an isthmus, connecting the Peninsula with the mainland. On a spur, just above the swamp, was the residence of Captain William Cargill, the Superintendent of the Province and Member of the House of Assembly. Further to the S. E. was the Forbury— Mr Valpy's residence and estate, where in 1856 he was building a new house with stone. The track to the south passed the head of the harbor and swamp, crossed the spur at the back of Captain Cargill's house, and descended into a small cultivated valley called Caversham, and then ascended the ridge I mentioned as going from Flagstaff Hill to the sea, and known as Lookout Point. There were several farms and clearings in the bush on the Peninsula. The road to Port Chalmers passed over rather a swampy flat, which is included in the surveyed portion of Dunedin, but was quite unoccupied, and along the picturesque North East Valley, then up a steep hill thickly wooded, over which a narrow bush track had been cut, but along which it was anything but a pleasure to ride, as it was narrow and always muddy.

Dunedin was nominally under the superintendence of a Town Board, but no one seeing the unformed and muddy streets would have conceived that such an institution existed. The Provincial Council on the 17th July, 1855, had passed "The Dunedin Town Board Ordinance" and "The Dunedin Roads and Streets Ordinance". The Town Board consisted of nine members who were elected on 1st October. The polling hours were from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. The voting was open, the voter having to sign his name and designation. The first members elected were Messrs Cutten, Harris, Jones, Kilgour, Macandrew, McGlashan, Rennie, Robertson, and Williams. To supply funds for the making of streets and other improvements the latter Ordinance empowered the Board to make an annual valuation of town lands and buildings, and to levy a rate not exceeding 2s 6d in the £ on the net annual value. The rateable value of Dunedin in 1857 was £ 4400. I presume that very little of this had been collected, certainly none of it appeared to have been expended up to the 2nd June, 1856.

From 23rd March, 1855, to 23rd March, 1856 five ships arrived from London at Port Chalmers— "Simla," 590 tons; "Sea Snake" 470 tons; "Dunedin" 208 tons; "Isabella Hercus" 568 tons and "Southern Cross" 600 tons. During the same period there were 20 arrivals from Melbourne, 13 from Sydney, one from Geelong, and 30 from provincial and interprovincial harbors. The principal street in

Dunedin was Princes Street, commencing at the Octagon in a deep gully, and passing over Bell Hill, extended to the bay a little south of Hope Street. In June, 1856, the first building on the east side of it was the Royal Hotel (situated where the Bank of New Zealand is now) with stables; behind a little hill to the north was the Scotch Kirk, a queer building, evidently built at different periods, half stone and half wood, and Dame Rumor had it that the deacons found its proximity to the Royal bar mighty convenient! The minister was the Rev. Thomas Burns, who came out with the first immigrants. To the south of the church was the schoolhouse, where Mr William Somerville instructed the rising generation. Where the Cargill Monument now stands was the most useful building in the town. It was the Mechanics' Institute, a small wooden building with shingled roof, capable of seating about 200 people well packed. It was used as a reading and lecture room, for holding the meetings of the Provincial Council, Law Court, Town Board, public meetings, and other uses too numerous to mention, until leased to the Oriental Bank when it first started In Dunedin. Near, going south, was a slaughter- house, then Gallie's blacksmith shop, almost on the beach. Crossing the creek on a rickety foot bridge one came to the residence of Mr John Shepherd, the chief constable, a pretty little cottage with a neat garden, then the Land Office, presided over by Mr Peter Proudfoot, Land Commissioner, and the Post Office; next came the printing office, whence Mr William Henry Cutten issued the Otago Witness every Saturday morning, a very small newspaper compared with the present periodical. I have the issue of the 7th June, 1856. It is four pages, 18 inches by 11 inches, divided into four columns on each page. At the corner of Jetty Street, was the large general store of Mr John Jones, the principal merchant of Otago; on the opposite side of Jetty Street, the Rev T. Burns' manse with some pretty Kaio trees round it. At the corner of Manse and Stafford Streets was the general store of Mr James McAndrew, built of iron in the shape of a vast beehive, which he had brought from England with him in sections ready to erect. Mr McAndrew, besides being a merchant and large importer, was Speaker of the Provincial Council, one of the members of the House of Assembly for Otago, and interested himself in all public matters for the good of the young colony. Returning northward, on the west side of Princes Street, on the hill, were three general shops— Mrs Bain's drapery shop, Mr James Paterson, saddler, and Mr Curle, tinsmith. On the south corner of Rattray Street there was a butcher's shop, on the opposite corner Ross and Kilgours general store, then William Carr Young, merchant, and a few other buildings, the most northerly being Mrs Hamilton's cottage on the top of Bell Hill. In Stafford Street were too private hotels, or rather boarding-houses, Sibald's and Flannigan's. The charge for board and lodging at the former was 35 s a week, and at Flanagans 28 s; the beds were clean and comfortable and the food good. They were situated in an elevated position, and commanded a fine view of the town, harbor, Peninsula, and the road to England. The Commercial Inn and several other buildings were on the north side of High Street, just across the creek, which in wet weather was difficult to ford even on horseback, as the mud was so deep and stiff, and the small wooden foot -bridge was positively unsafe even in daylight, and there were no lamps to light the way by night. “Dunedin! O, how altered now.” - Marmion.

The town also boasted of two shoemakers, two blacksmiths, a horse-breaking-in stable, and a hospital, built in 1851, on the north-west side of the Octagon, where the Town Hall now stands, and towards which Sir George Grey granted £ 500 out of the Otago Customs duties, when he was on a visit to Dunedin in 1850. The Church of England was a small wooden building on high piles, at the north east corner of Bell Hill, facing Cumberland street, opposite where the gaol now is. The inside was very neat, the walls were papered; the pews low, and open at the ends; the reading desk and pulpit were placed in the chancel, one on either side of the entrance to the communion table, which was covered with blue cloth. There was a barrel hand organ, which played a great variety of sacred tunes. The clergyman was the Rev. John Albert Fenton. The approach to the church was by a narrow footpath formed just above high water mark, between the Bay and Bell Hill, commencing near the

schoolhouse. The Wesleyan minister was the Rev. W. Kirk, and the Independent preacher, Rev. J. Jeffrey. The medical practitioners were Doctors Robert Williams, Henry Manning, Edward Hulme and W. Purdie. The Constabulary Force Ordinance of New Munster, 1849, was in force in Otago. Alfred Chetham Strode was Resident Magistrate; Robert Chapman, Clerk to the Bench and there were fourteen Justices of the Peace in Dunedin, but, most fortunately, only two solicitors, John Hyde Harris and John Gillies, and they were in partnership. The gaoler was Mr Monson, but as his bars and bolts were not very secure, he had to use tact in detaining his prisoners, and was so kind to them that when he allowed them to go out for pleasure, his threat to lock them *out* at night, if they were not back before a stated hour, always caused them to return punctually. There were three constables, J. Shepherd, D. Ross, and H. Gregg. There was no regular place of amusement, such as a theatre, but occasionally concerts were got up by amateur performers, and on very rare occasions a ball or dance was quietly organised. I attended an education meeting on 9th June, in the Scotch Kirk, John Hyde Harris in the chair, and came to the conclusion that there was no need for any other place of entertainment while such meetings existed. I did not notice any wheeled vehicles, all the "carting" was done on sledges, and working bullocks were generally employed in yoke, or sometimes in harness. There was a deep gully between Bell Hill and Stuart street, passing across Moray Place and the Octagon, which barred settlement further north. To my English ear the strong Scotch phraseology and broad accent were a pleasing novelty, and I thought some of the words used particularly expressive, and I often regret that they are never heard now among the better educated rising generation.

It was wonderful how partial the original immigrants were to the old Scotch language. I remember hearing two acquaintances talking something in the following style: "Hallo, Sandy, where was you, 'tis a long time since I did not see you". "I hae been in Canterbury, but they'r a' English there, sae I cam' back till Dunedin." 'Toots man, it's an awfu' poor Scotsman wha canna' mak' money where they'r a' English." "That's richt man, but ye ken I couldna' thole niver to hear my mother tongue, sae I just cam' awa' back." No poet has put that sentiment into better verse than John Imrie, the Canadian Scotch poet, so it requires no excuse to reproduce it here:

> I like tae hear my Mither tongue
> When far awa' frae hame,
> I'm fond o' ilka sang that's sung
> That has a Scottish name.
> The dear old Doric is to me
> Familiar frae my birth,
> Sae tender, couthie, kind an' free,
> The sweetest notes o' Earth.
>
> I like to speak my mither tongue,
> Gae wander where I will;
> When a' restraint frae me is flung
> My heart then has its fill!
> The English tongue may rule the lan'—
> The Scotch commands the heart;
> I'd rather lose my guid richt han'
> Than frae the Doric part!

Money in those days was a great trouble, both the possession and the want of it. There was no bank in Otago, and there were no locks or bars to the doors or windows. But, thank goodness, there were no thieves, loafers or larrikins, so a stocking or a broken teapot was a safe repository when one had

money, and when one was not so fortunate barter was the principal means of trade. There was not any bank notes, so Mr Macandrew sent to the Old Country for a quantity of five shilling, ten shilling and twenty shilling notes, payable on demand, which were so great an accommodation, that his rival, Mr Johnny Jones, sent to Sydney and obtained an issue of his own. Pennies were still more difficult of obtainment, so the different merchants in Otago, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland sent Home and had a number coined with their respective names on them. I have one before me, on one side it has, “Day and Melville, merchants, Dunedin, Otago,” in raised capitals on the reverse. Britannia seated on a bale of merchandise with a cask behind her. She is blindfolded, and holding in her outstretched right hand a pair of scales, and a cornucopia in her left, which is hanging down by her side. Above is “New Zealand” in capitals, below, “1857”, to the left a small ship sailing on the sea. It is well minted, the rim a good imitation of the real penny.

Nelson did not go to so much expense. All the cases that came out with goods were zinc lined, so the storekeepers, hotels, and others cut circles out of this sheet zinc and stamped their initials on them, and when a man had six he would take them to the coiner and obtain a legal sixpenny bit for them. Hundreds were thrown away, greatly to the profit of the person who issued them. I have two which I had in my pocket when I started on my trip to Southland, and have kept them ever since as a memento. They are one inch and a quarter in diameter, one is stamped LW, the other GI over an anchor, which I think stood for Anchor Hotel. To look at them one can hardly believe that they were really “current coin.”

We noticed a marked difference in the length of twilight in Otago and Nelson, as it is so short in Nelson one hardly sees the sun disappear before it is dark.

The Otago Witness I mentioned of 7th June, 1856, has the advertisement mentioned in the following list on the first page: James Macandrew and John Jones that they are cash purchasers of every description of produce. Macandrew also has a lime kiln in the Kaikorai with 30 acres for sale. The Australian Mutual Provident has an agent in J. C. Carnegie, and the Northern Assurance in T. J. White. Harris and Gillies have land in North East Valley and Wakari for sale. W. C. Young offers sawn timber and stores of every description, even including gold watches and chains. Ross and Kilgour have a general store, groceries, etc. John Sidey sells drapery, clothing, stationery, tea, brandy, whisky, rum, ploughs, wheels, bullock harness, etc. Three hotels, Royal, Sibbald's Private, and Flanagan's. Alfred Thomas is a trouser maker. R. H. Jeffreys has grass paddocks for stock at the Forbury, cattle and horses 3 s per week. T. Trumble wants to sell his farm at Kuri Bush. The Otago Education Board calls public meetings of the Dunedin and Taieri districts. A threat to prosecute persons for cutting timber, and Antone Joseph informs the public that he will convey goods from Scrogg’s Creek to Waihola Lake in his new boat “Annie” at thirty shillings per ton. On the second page W. H. Cutton, who is an auctioneer as well as editor of the Witness, advertises three sales, and Macandrew two auction sales and three lots of sheep; wants to purchase wheat, grass seed, etc. The ship “Gil Blas” for Melbourne, “Camilla” for Sydney, “The Star” for the Bluff, and “Endeavor” for Moeraki and Oamaru. Carnegie has a great variety of things for sale. W. H. Reynolds wants contributors to the Sustentation Fund, and W. Carr Young to the Church of England. The seven Road Board districts are notified of their first meeting on 19th June. David Scott wants to sell a house and several horses. James Paterson has wines and onion seed, Jones and Williamson have pure Cochin China fowls. J. G. S. Grant notifies the closing of the “Dunedin Academy.” The Chief Constable informs agriculturists that a few laborers just arrived are open for engagement. Mr Adam has a “Coffee Room” in High Street. Among the shipping imports are 19 bales of wool, 85 cattle, 15 horses, 270 sheep, etc. Then comes the Gardener's Calendar for June. Retail prices current, flour 30 s per 100 lb, bread is 1 s 2 d four pound loaf, wheat 8 s per bushel, beef and mutton 6 d to 8 d per lb, fresh butter is 8 d per lb, cheese 1 s to 1 s 4 d per

lb, milk 5 d a quart, eggs per dozen 1 s 6 d, firewood per cord 22 s, sawn timber per 100 ft 21 s. The leader is on the Australian markets, and the loss sustained by shipping potatoes from Auckland. There is a long letter from the Rev. W. Bannerman, which the editor criticises rather severely. Arrivals from Nelson are mentioned. The report of the House of Representatives of 25th April occupies four columns and a half. A great fire in Wellington is referred to, the Post Office and other buildings having been consumed.

Note. —I was sorry to see in the Napier News of August 8th, 1894, that information had been received from Patea announcing the death of Edward Jollie, of Jollie, Fulton, and Company, Napier. I believe he is the man after whom the Pass from the Clarence to Hanmer Plain was named, as he was the first to drive sheep from Nelson to Canterbury overland, and it was from that occurrence that the Pass was named. The Maoris and whalers had invariably taken the coast route in former times. Edward Jollie came to the colony in 1842 as one of the New Zealand Company's cadets, and was for many years on the Canterbury surveys.

On the 10th of June, Mr Davidson and I started for Muriheku (Tail End) as Southland was then called. We packed two horses with tent, blankets, provisions, etc., and rode the other two. The muddy creek in Princes street was unfordable, so we went down on the beach past Gallie's smiddie, and up Jetty street. Just beyond Hope street, Princes street entered the Bay, and the track made a detour, nearly along the present position of Manor Place and Melville street, thence along the foot of the hill to Captain Cargill's residence, with a broad ditch between it and the swamp. The track was very muddy, the worst places being rendered passable by covering the mud with a thick layer of flax leaves, cut from the swamp. On the south-east side of Cargill's Hill, there was a bush of white pine trees, growing on the flat in rather swampy ground. We went to the Forbury, and yarded some horses to catch an unbroken chestnut-roan filly, which after some trouble we succeeded in leading away. It delayed us so long that we had some difficulty in following the track, by moonlight, to Green Island Bush. We remained there that night, as the guests of Mr George Lloyd, where we had the pleasure of meeting the late Mr John Lemon, who was then a married man, 28 years of age, and resided at Goodwood. We amused ourselves by playing whist. There were several persons settled round the fine native bush at Green Island.

11th. Wednesday.— Sharp frost followed by a fine day. After leaving Green Island Bush, we forded the Kaikorai stream, which was rather deep and broad, as the sea had closed up the mouth with gravel, and took our horses up to the saddle flaps. On the banks grew a bed of small rushes, called by the natives wiwi. We rode up a long grassy spur, with tutu and fern in the gullies, and crossed a range known as the Chain Hills, with Saddle Hill on our left. Saddle Hill was a double hill, of two conical peaks, rising respectively to an altitude of 1565 and 1160, feet with a saddle between them. It was named Saddle Hill by Captain Cook, on 23th February, 1770, when he first saw it. There was a bush on it, but the other ridges and spurs were grassed. We had from the top of the ridge a good view of the Taieri Plain and Silver Stream, which carries the drainage from Flagstaff and the Silver Peaks to the Taieri. On the West was Mungatua, 2944 feet high, wooded half way up, then rough and barren, with a cap of snow. The Plain was very swampy, and the settlers were only along the foot of the hills and round the bush near Mosgiel. The Rev. William Will had been stationed among them since 1854. The track from the ridge went down a steep spur, some distance north-east of the present road, and skirted along the foot of the hills, in and out of gullies, over low foot spurs, and through swamps with long flax, and a high, well grassed range between us and the ocean. The waving toi-toi grass in some of the swamps was very handsome. We passed a few houses, but no bush till we reached Henley. The ferry over the Taieri was considered twenty three miles from Dunedin. A number of Maoris resided on the reserve near the bush, and along the flat towards the Taieri ferry, and had enclosures,

where they grew potatoes. They built storehouses on high posts, to prevent the rats climbing up. These stores were called by the Europeans futters— but the Maori name was whata. They had comfortable whares, built and thatched with long grass, and neatly finished inside with a lining of the reeds of the toi-toi grass, but they had no chimney, the fire being lighted in the centre of the floor, and the smoke finding it's way out at the door, or as best it could. We crossed the Taieri river on the Government punt, with our five horses, and another man with a mare and foal. The charge was two shillings for each horse, and sixpence per man. The width of the river was about 160 yards, and depth 18 feet when the tide was in. There was a schooner being built there when we passed. Mr James Harrold had a fairly good accommodation house at the Ferry, but he had no food for our horses.

Harrold originally bought land, and started the ferry on his account, he built the house, stables stockyard, etc., and then at the request of the Government sold out for £ 630. It was proclaimed a Government ferry on the 11th October, 1855. Just above the ferry a navigable river joined the Taieri from the Waihola Lake. The track followed this river to the lake, and then along the beach of the lake. We passed several persons on foot, among them Mr Thomas Trumble from the Kuri Bush, near the Taieri mouth. We stopped the night at Mr Greys at the south east corner of the Waihola Lake (now Clarendon), where he had a farm. There were six men and two women of the Greys, a strong, able family. Large boats could get within half a mile of their house, to a place where there was a shipping store. It was called twenty-nine miles from Dunedin by the track we followed.

The following extract from the Otago Witness of 14th April, 1892, will be of interest: "William Grey, of Roslyn, but formerly of Waihola, died on the 11th April, 1892, aged 68 years. He arrived in Dunedin by the ship "Bernicia" about the beginning of the 50's, a youth with all the energy and aspirations of his Northumberland progenitors. He carried on business in Princes Street for a few years. The town, however, was becoming over populated. Every second man was living on the profits of the first, and products and profits were small indeed. The country districts were being opened up, and a considerable amount of enterprise was being displayed. Among other firms in Dunedin in those early days was that of William Carr Young and Co., the rival concerns being John Jones and James Macandrew. To spread their business as much as possible, each of the three selected different locations, and Mr Young chose Clarendon at the head of Waihola Lake. This was a judicious selection, as it opened up or connected traffic with the Tokomairiro and interior districts, down half way to the Clutha. Someone had to be associated with Mr Young in the enterprise to be locally on the spot, to take the management and control. Mr Grey was the man fixed upon, and he accordingly went there some time in 1854. The firm of W. C. Young and Co. was a pretty strong one, John Hyde Harris being a partner, and John Jones intimately connected with it, and the aim was to check Macandrew. J. H. Harris had selected a large portion of land at the head of Waihola lake, and laid off the first private township in the province, bestowing on it the name of a remote ancestor, who was reputed to be an offspring of royalty by one of the Kings Charles— Clarendon, The whole of the traffic from the south, so far as the wide area round and called Tokomairiro Hundred was concerned, was carried by water. The farmers drayed their produce to Clarendon. William Grey took charge and shipped as occasion suited on board the fast-sailing, regular traders Huon-Belle, Spec, Star, Hope, etc. carrying up to fifty tons register, under command of Captains Harrold, Simpson, Blackie, and other favorites for the time being. The small jetty built at the expense of Messrs Young and Harris, as well as the store, proved a fortunate venture. There being no reliable roadway to Dunedin, produce had to be shipped from Clarendon, and the cost was something considerable, the usual freight being sixpence per bushel without covering any risk. Mr Grey and his partners prospered well in the business, it being a monopoly. In 1854 William Grey married Miss Brotherton.

The nomenclature of places and rivers in Otago was to a great extent better than that of Canterbury, as in most cases the Maori names had been retained where they were known, without the addition of an English name, but unfortunately the officials were unpardonably careless in the spelling and pronunciation of the Native names—as instance Otago, which should be Otakou. Taieri should be Tai-atai, meaning disturbed sea, or the place where the salt water is blocked up. As there is no “l” in the Maori alphabet, Waihola should be Waihora, meaning spreading waters, for it does spread considerably, covering about five square miles of surface. The Taieri has very circuitous course rising in the Lammerlaw ranges, it flows northward to the Manukerikia plain, there sweeping round into a south-east course reaches the sea after flowing 150 miles, at a place only forty-five miles, as the crow flies, from its source, and about forty miles from Port Chalmers by sea. It is navigable for large boats twelve miles up. For the first five miles from its mouth it is confined between lofty and precipitous hills, and beyond this the valley suddenly opens and the river passes through the length of the plain to the northward. The plain contains over 40,000 acres of deep, alluvial land. The land at the south end of the Waihola lake consisted of undulating downs, round topped and covered with herbage, grasses of various descriptions, and very large anise (Pimpinella), a favorite plant with cattle and sheep. Quartz was plentiful. There was a small bush to the south-west called the Horse Shoe Bush on account of its shape, owned at that time by John Hyde Harris.

There was a good sized bush on the hill side on the north of the Tokomairiro river, and we were told there was a much larger one at Akatore, on the seaward side of the range. There were several settlers on the plain, principally along the foot of the eastern range. On the south side of the river Mr William Popperwell had a sheep run, which was called Mount Misery. Where we crossed the river was about twenty miles from the sea, all good pasture land. A large swamp intervened between us and Mount Misery, in which grew long grass, flax and toi. In front of us were fine grassy ridges, spreading away to the west as far as Mount Stuart, 1418 feet high. There was no Government mail in those early days, but a year or so afterwards a good story was told of the mailman at this part of his route. He used to bring Mr Cargill's letters, and was rewarded by having his dinner there. One day he was seated alone in the kitchen after a good "square feed," when his curiosity induced him to look what was boiling in the pot on the fire there he discovered a plum-pudding, intended for Mr Cargill's dinner when he returned at night. This he took out of the pot, and slipped it into the sack wherein he carried his mail bags, and departed. A few miles on the road the smell was so suggestive, he could no longer withstand the temptation, so opening the sack he attacked the pudding with his sheath knife, and eagerly devoured it. While thus engaged, who should appear on the scene but Mr Cargill himself on his way homeward. Peter, no way abashed, asked him if he would like a slice of pudding, which Mr Cargill at once accepted, and after a yarn, each proceeded on his way. When dinner was served, Mrs Cargill deplored the loss of her pudding, which she said was an extra good one. Mr Cargill at once suspecting who the thief was, told her not to mind, as he had eaten his share, and laughed heartily as he related his adventure with the mail man. We went up the spur to the top of the ridge, then down another to Lovells Flat, so called from the person who held the run then. Up another spur and down to Stoney Creek, again up a spur to what was called Hill End, and then down to the Molyneux or Clutha river. Molyneux was the name given to this river by Captain Cook, after the sailing master of his vessel the Endeavour, February, 1770. Twenty-seven miles to-day, in all fifty-six from Dunedin. We left our horses on the eastern bank, and were ourselves ferried over by Mr M’Neil, in a dingy, and stayed the night at his accommodation house in the bush on the flat. Before Mrs M'Neil would give us supper, we had to grind a bushel of wheat in a large coffee mill. This flour was made into scones; whole meal, bran and all, as it was ground. Mr Trumble, three sailors and a black man, came across soon after us. The Molyneux was a majestic river, about 680 feet across, deep, with a swift steady current, the discharge of water per minute being 1,689,960 cubic feet,

according to Mr Balfour, and 1,088,736 cubic feet according to Dr Hector. The discharge of the Nile was only 1,386,000 cubic feet. About half a mile below the ferry the Clutha divided into two streams, the one to the right being called the Koau, that to the left the Matau (a fish hook), rejoining again a short distance from the mouth, thus forming an Island called Inch-Clutha, a large delta of rich alluvial deposit, over-grown with luxuriant herbage, excepting a swamp in the centre, and dotted with clumps of native forest, the banks being lined with cabbage trees (ti palms). In 1856 the river was not navigable on account of the snags, but could easily be rendered so by their removal. The Clutha flows out of the Wanaka Lake, at an altitude of 974 feet, and in its course of 220 miles, drains eight or ten lakes, and receives the waters of numerous tributaries. Two of the lakes were visible from the road I travelled to-day, Kaitangita (the place where the men were eaten), with an area of 370 acres, and Tukitoto 2094 acres, but they were shallow and so low that spring tides entered the former lake. The plain of the Clutha, including the island and South Molyneux, was about 30,000 acres. A number of people had settled in this district, which was considered the best for farming in Otago. I will mention a few, perhaps the most important was Mr Joseph Maitland, with his wife, four sons and two daughters, who resided at the “Crescent,” and farmed a considerable area, and also had a sheep run at Hill End, near him were Smith brothers, three steady Aberdonians. On the island were William Ferguson, Francis Scott Pillans, Archibald Anderson, and Willocks. On South Molyneux, David Pike Steel, John Shaw, Hay and others. The place where Mr M'Neil resided was called by the Maoris Iwi-Katea (a bone cleaned from the flesh), but the Scotch settlers named it Balclutha. The island, now called lnch-Clutha, formerly belonged to a celebrated Maori chief Tiaki-tai, but known as Bloody Jack among the old whalers.

12th.— We left Grey's at 9 a.m. About half-a-mile on we passed M'Master's farm on our left hand at the foot of Mount Owiti. We then crossed some low downs which were known as the Waihola Gorge, with a limestone hill on our right, and the Seaward Range some seven miles through on our left, and entered the Tokomairiro Plain, which contained about 14,000 acres of rich alluvial land, rather swampy in places, so we had to travel along the foot of the Eastern range. The blacksmith had pricked my mare “Lassie” in shoeing, so I had to remove the shoe, and as she was very lame I rode “Nina,” and made “Lassie” carry my swag. About half-way down the plain, ten miles from Grey’s, we came to a store, belonging to Mr Toms, where Trumble was waiting for us. We put his swag on our other pack horse “Ginger,” as he was going south also, and being a good walker could, without a swag, travel as fast on foot as we could on horseback over the rough country. A few miles from Toms' the road passed through a paddock, and then crossed the north branch of the Tokomairiro River, a small stream with high flax covered banks. Three miles further on we passed Mr John Cargill's farm, where we crossed the south branch of the Tokomairiro river, a narrow stream, knee deep. We outspanned for lunch at the south end of the plain, at the foot of a low spur.

Friday, 13th. - Up at daylight, and towed our five horses, one at a time, across the river behind the dingy, one man holding the horse's tow rope, the other rowing the boat. After breakfast we saddled and packed our steeds, and started by ten o’clock. We followed up the river bank along the flat to the foot of the ridges. The flat was a peninsula with the river on three sides like a balloon, and M'Neil had fenced it across in two places, thus making two good grazing paddocks with very little fencing. The banks of the river were rich sandy loam, held together by a strong growth of native flax, which as settlement advanced was destroyed, and allowed the river to encroach, so that a great deal of that flat has since been washed away. We pursued our way along a tortuous low ridge of brown tussac grass for 11 miles, when, we arrived at a small stream called the Kaihiku, which we crossed just below its junction with the Paiwata. On our left a range of hills extended from the Nuggets (Tokata Point) to the Mataura at altitudes ranging from 1300 ft to 2000 ft. At one place, called Warepa,

appeared a bush covering the side of a hill, at the foot of which were some settlers, among them Mr Charles Kettle, who surveyed the site of Dunedin, and at the Puerua a few miles further east were Major Richardson, the Rev. Wm. Bannerman, and other residents. A mound called Moa hill was very conspicuous on the west of the river. My poor lame horse quite knocked up at the Kaihiku, so I had to leave her. After some trouble we managed to saddle the filly and strap the pack on her, and then proceeded up another ridge, which in about five miles brought us to an isolated tent-shaped hill, which was called “Prince Albert's Cap.” The herbage was mostly strong snow grass tussac, or Hamity grass as it was sometimes called. Two miles along a gentle decline and the track crossed the Waiwhera (red water, from its color), afterwards erroneously spelt Waiwera (hot water) creek, into a fenced paddock belonging to Mr Fuller, who then had the Popotunoa (sit round food served in common) run. Five miles of rough spurs and gullies took us to the Home station at the foot of a detached wooded hill. The house was small, and occupied by the manager, Mr George Steel, and his wife, who kindly granted me permission to remain all night. Mr Davidson, with three horses, went on three miles further to Mr Wm. Gordon Rich's station at Wairuna. Mr Trumble, two sailors, and a half-caste Maori came up shortly after me and remained. we jointly ground the usual hopper of wheat in the large steel coffee mill. About 13 miles north of Popotunoa near the Pomahaka river there was a hole of burning lignite, which had been on fire, smouldering slowly for many years. The Natives called the place Tapu-Whenua (sacred ground). It smelled strongly of sulphur, but there was no evidence to show that it was the entrance to Tartarus. It was on Mr Fuller's run. The country was fine rolling downs or low ridges, clothed with a luxuriant growth of snow grass and well watered.

14th, - Riding “Ginger” I went back for my horse, and drove her up to Popotunoa. Mr M'Master came with a drove of cattle. I then rode to Mr Rich's station at Wairuna (water with dock plants), three miles, round the foot of Popotunoa hill, over foot spurs on which grew sowthistles, grass, and cabbage trees, with very swampy gullies. There was a fine native bush at Wairuna, both on the flat and side of the hill behind, with an extensive stretch of low spurs away to the north covered with strong snow-grass, but devoid of timber till one reached the Tapanui Bush. Mr W. G. Rich was a cousin of E. F. Rich of Kakanui, and had a short time previously married Miss Maitland of the “Crescent”. Molyneux Charles De Vere Teschemaker, brother of Mr W. Teschemaker, of Kakanui, was residing with Mr Rich. He had taken up a sheep run adjoining, known as the Waipahi Run, but had not yet built a house on it. In the early days the squatters frequently drove their own bullocks. One day Mr B----- was passing through the Wairuna Run with his team of eight, rather heavily loaded, when on crossing a swampy creek, the dray got bogged to the axle. No verbal persuasion, mild or profane, no amount of whip lash, could induce the struggling bullocks to extricate the sunken dray. Mr B throw down his whip, and was thinking of unloading, when he heard a quiet voice from the bank above him, “Maybe you’ll be stopping there?” On looking up he perceived a Highland shepherd fresh from the wilds of Glenlyou. “It looks like it, Dugald, come and help me to unload,” “Och, na! Tugal must see after ta sheep,” and off he went, leaving Mr B------ in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, to unload and re-load after extricating the dray, all by himself.

15th. - Sunday. - We remained at Mr Rich's. He had a bachelor's establishment as well as the pretty cottage in which he and his bride dwelt. His garden was a good one, growing vegetables, fruit, flowers and shrubs, surrounded by the native bush in all its primeval loveliness carefully preserved. As it rained heavily all day we were glad of the shelter and rest. Messrs Nathaniel Chalmers, Adolphus Oliver, and T. Trumble came in; the latter had lost his way and returned. Mr Rich held English Church service, morning and evening, in his cottage.

16th. - Very hard frost, which made travelling unpleasant after the rain. On leaving Mr Rich's we skirted the bush to the eastern side, for about a mile, to where Mr White had his home station,

which was afterwards known as “Merrie Creek,” then along the foot of the hills to the Kuriwaho creek, which we followed through the Popotunoa gorge, a very narrow defile, where we had frequently to ford the creek, with high steep hills on either side. On the east were three peaks, one of which reached an altitude of 2093 feet; the spurs were well grassed, with strong tutu in the gullies and along the creek sides. There was no track of any description. Our course was about west, south-west, picking our way as best we could up and down grassy ridges, alongside of peat bogs and over swampy gullies, occasionally catching a glimpse of our destination - Oteraia (the chipped), a tent like hill with a large nob of rocks at each end, 1194 feet high. We crossed the Waipahi (gloomy or disquieted waters) on a rocky bottom, and further on, the Tamaipi. The country round here, especially the peat bogs, took Mr Trumble's fancy (for he was an Irishman), and on his return to Dunedin he applied for it as a run, and built his homestead at the latter creek. We crossed a great many little narrow rills that we had to jump, and reaching Oteraia by half-past four o'clock, crossed a low saddle and descended a spur to a whare that the Government had paid £ 8 for erecting not long before. It was about twelve feet by eight feet with walls three feet high, built of grass tied to battens, nailed to posts fixed in the ground. It was already in a dilapidated condition with the ridge all open. Here we found the two sailors, Long Dan and Black Bill, with Jack the half-caste, bound for the Bluff Harbor. Trumble and the two sailors went up the hill on the east about half a mile to a small bush, the only one in the district, and brought down some firewood, and we soon had a billy of hot tea, and made a good supper. The weather was bitterly cold, and the country looked bleak and wet, with its swamps and long snow grass, but there was a vast extent of pastoral country in every direction apparently unoccupied.

17th.— Sharp frost followed by rain and snow in the forenoon, but it cleared up in the afternoon, and melted the snow which had covered the ground. The day put me in mind of the question asked a commercial traveller regarding the weather in Southland, when the answer returned was— “Oh, they have no weather there, only samples”. Crossed the Kauwera or Kaiwera, a small tributary of the Waipahi, soon after leaving the Oteraia whare. The way, for there was no track, though Trumble said it was covered with snow, lay thro' a kind of pass broken with little gullies, which drained the hills, here forming the shedwater between the Molyneux and Mataura. The spurs were clothed in grass, but high fern grew in the gullies, mixed with tutu. The mist and falling snow were so thick that we missed our way, and kept as usual, too much to our right. When the mist cleared we saw the Mataura plain in front of us, with occasional peeps of the river at its bends, and in the far south, the hills of Stewart Island (Rakiura), rising in Mount Anglem (Hana-nui) to a height of 3200 feet; to the west a broad plain, backed by the Hokinui, which was covered with timber. Descending a spur and crossing numerous gullies, we came to the bank of the River Mataura (bright face or rosy countenance). Following it we passed the Kana Kana (lamprey) falls, where this succulent fish, so highly esteemed as food, and of which Henry I, of England, was so fond that he killed himself by eating too plentifully of it when at St. Denis, comes periodically in great numbers for the purpose of spawning, and may be seen floating in the water attached to the rocks by its sucker like mouth. Below the fall, which is a bed of limestone 20 feet high, the Mataura ran for a considerable distance between high rocks in a chasm, worn by the friction of the water during many centuries it then opened out, and rushed over great rocks and boulders. A little further down was a seam of lignite. After a journey of sixteen miles we reached Tuturau (Nobody) where a little bush was the native reserve, 148 acres of officially surveyed, on which formerly stood a good sized Kaike or Kainga (village, place of abode, or eating place) of great importance, but was then occupied only by the old chief Reko (meaning white dogskin mat), his two wives, and four children. He welcomed us with a hearty “Ringa ringa” (shake of the hand), and set his wives to cook some potatoes for us. Flax mats were laid on the floor, and we were told to recline in front of the fire in the centre of his whare.

There was a pig in the whare, which we offered to buy for food, but he refused to sell it. We had just commenced our frugal meal of potatoes without salt when our four companions of the night before entered and joined us. Jack, the half-caste, was related to one of Rekos wives, on his mother's side, and in token of friendship she made him a present of the pig, for which she had refused our gold. As soon as the potatoes were all eaten, “Poaka” was caught and killed in the whare, and then carried outside, skinned, and suspended to a triangle formed of three spars tied together. Thanks to Jack we enjoyed a splendid supper of pork chops, though, we had no mustard, and I do not think even salt, for the Maoris did not indulge in condiments. While we were at supper a seventh traveller, a Mr M'Leod, overseer for Mr M'Nab, arrived, thus making fourteen souls in the whare, which was a large one and quite unencumbered by seats, tables, or furniture of any kind, nor was there a partition, but the female's part was marked off and raised a few inches, and was by custom “tapu” (sacred). They now lighted a second fire in their portion, which was also “tabooed,”" and at which no one was permitted to cook, or light a pipe, though one of the women smoked freely. There was no chimney, window, or hole in the roof, so the smoke escaped by the open door, compelling us to keep low. About seven o'clock we all rolled ourselves in our blankets, and laid down on the mats with our feet to the fire, without removing any of our clothes except our coats, which we used as a pillow. The floor, which was of well-trodden clay, was very hard and uneven, so we did not sleep or rest very much, and if the fire burnt low someone got up and replenished it with wood, which the women had placed in a convenient position. The smoke gave me a bad headache from which I did not recover for two days. The fleas were unpleasantly industrious, but not so bad as I had felt them in deserted huts I asked Reko if he had ever seen a moa bird. He said he had not, nor had he spoken to anyone who had. Some people thought they still existed towards the West Coast, but he said he had been to see the Maoris at Te Anau (seek or wanderer) lake, and they had never seen a trace of one. Mr Meurant in 1823 saw the flesh of the moa in Molyneux Harbor, and a moa bone which reached four inches above his hip from the ground, and as thick as his knee at the end, with flesh and sinews upon it. The flesh looked like bull beef. The Maori slaves said it was to be found inland, but were nearly extinct, The feathers were of a dark or nearly black color with a purple edge, having quills like those of an albatross in size. George Pauly reported having seen a moa near an inland lake. It was an immense bird some twenty feet high. It was sometimes named “the gigantic ostrich of New Zealand.” On my journey I had made a point of enquiring both of Maoris and Europeans, but could not hear of anyone who had seen a moa. The natives could describe the bird well enough, but it was from tradition. They stated that they were very large, like a horse with a very long neck and only two legs, that they were used as food, and were caught by strong flax running nooses placed across their tracks, for they had regular beaten paths through the scrub and long grass. Several Maoris told me that they were purposely destroyed because they used to steal and carry away their children. A day was fixed upon, and fires were lighted in every available spot throughout the island, from north to south and east to west. The moa not having any wings could not escape through the blazing grass and scrub, so were consequently destroyed. It was at that time also that so many thousands of acres of forest were burnt, the charred remains of which were frequently found by new settlers in all parts of the colony in places now quite devoid of trees. The moa, with its long, strong legs, was a very swift runner, and could thus escape from the dogs used to assist in hunting it. I was frequently shown bones in very good state of preservation, but they were nearly always the leg bones (tibia and tarsus), the length and size of these being a matter of astonishment. One which I still preserve with care is three feet long and three and a half inches in diameter on the flat side, and much larger at the end. Weather-beaten bones were frequently picked up on the ridges, and from their peculiar structure were readily distinguished from those of a horse or bullock, as they were not so solid nor hollow, but composed like a kind of network of bones with a thin solid case outside. At Moeraki I was informed that Mr Mantell had procured some of the feathers and a few bones with the sinews or flesh still adhering to

them. There was a cave at Moeraki, and another at Saddle Hill, where a number of bones had been obtained, but unfortunately the searchers only removed the large bones, carelessly tramping the smaller ones under foot, valuable specimens being thus lost. In 1856 the moa was spoken of as a bird of the past —an extinct wonder - and the chance of seeing a live one seemed nearly as improbable as it is now. An ancient Maori song has the following lines: “Far in the distant south kept by the Nga-ti-kahu-nguru, is the moa bird, the bird from which I may a plume obtain to flaunt me in my days of joy.” White's History also says “It was about this time that the canoe Arai-te-uru was upset off Moeraki, and her cargo strewn all over the beach. Te-rapu-wai or Nga-aitanga-a te-puhi-rere succeeded the Kahui-tipua and soon spread all over the South Island, where traces of their occupation may be seen in the shell heaps along the coast and far inland. The old priests said it was in their time that the country around what is now Invercargill was submerged, and the forests which stood where Canterbury and Otakou now are were destroyed by fire, by which the bird moa became nearly extinct in those districts.” The scientific name of the moa is Dinornis; other wingless extinct birds of which remains are sometimes found are the Palateryx, the Aptornis, resembling a large swan, and the Notornis, a bird about the size of the Apteryx (kivi-kivi). There are other extinct birds, as the goose (Chemiornis), the eagle (Harpagornis), a duck about the size of Anas Superciliosa, the Parepo (Cuemiornis Calcitrans), and a kind of rail, not to mention the extinct Tuatara and other monster lizards.

[Erratum. The area of the native reserve at Tuturau given as 1184 acres, should road 148 acres.]

“*In ancient times the Nga-ti-mamoe (descendants of Mamoe - long cooked, or sodden) tribe of Maoris were the most numerous and powerful in the Middle Island. They owned the whole of the south, south-eastern, and eastern portion of the island, from the Aparima (party of live workmen), now called Jacob's River, to Akaroa (Haka-roa— long haka, or dance). A body of the Nga-i-tahu (descendants of Tahu— set fire to) tribe came from the Wai-rarapa (glistening water) in the North Island, and took up their abode at Otakou. The Nga-ti-mamoe objected to their remaining and went to war with them. After a long struggle the Nga-ti-mamoe were wearied of fighting, and offered to make peace, which was accepted by the Nga-i-tahu, and a chief called Tara-whai (barb of the sting ray) with some of his people went to visit a pa of Nga-ti-mamoe, situated to the south of Timaru (sheltered by a ti-tree). In going to that pa the party was murdered by an ambuscade, and Tara-whai alone escaped death, but after a desperate struggle was made prisoner by his enemies. As this chief had been the greatest enemy of the Nga-ti-mamoe, they determined to cut him to pieces whilst he was alive, and accordingly four men held him outstretched on the ground, whilst a fifth man began to cut his stomach and chest open with a piece of flint. When in the act of so doing, some strangers arrived at the pa, The four holding Tara-whai, having their attention called to the visitors, Tara-whai sprang to his feet and escaped to the forest. Messengers were at once sent to inform all the other sections of the Nga-i-tahu of the fate of Tara-whai and his party, urging revenue for them to be taken at once. Those to whom the messengers were sent, joined with the southern portion of the Nga-i-tahu, and the doomed Nga-ti-mamoe were attacked and indiscriminately slaughtered. A remnant fled southward. The Nga-i-tahu followed up the victory, and overtook them at Aparima, where they were hemmed in by their enemies, attacked and nearly exterminated but about thirty escaped. These fled inland to the lakes Hawea (doubt, distrust) and Wanaka (The White of the two) to which place the Nga-i-tahu thought it unadvisable to follow them.*” - White's Ancient Maori History.

Vengeance, however, followed the Nga-i-tahu. Rau-paraha, in the 40’s of the present century, slaughtered them at Kaikoura, Haka roa and Kaiapoi, and “*a fighting party of Nga-ti-tama and Nga-ti-awa headed by Puoho, father of Manu, the present chief of Waka-puaka (near Nelson), travelled from Massacre Bay by way of the West Coast to the river Awarau, with the intention of attacking the*

southern natives. *On reaching the Awa-rua they took advantage of a mountain path from that place to Lake Wanaka, and falling by surprise on a few families residing there, killed most of them. Among the prisoners was a boy, the son of the chief person of the place, whose name was Toraki. The father, with his two wives and other members of the family, were on the banks of Lake Hawea. To secure them, and prevent the possibility of the news of their proceedings reaching the rest of the tribe, they sent two of their party with the boy as a guide; but he contrived to prevent his father being taken unawares, and the father, a powerful and determined fellow, killed both of the men sent against him, and escaped with his family. The war party, with the assistance of some of the prisoners, then built rafts (mokihi) to descend the river Malau (Molyneux) to the coast. At a point of this river, not far below the lakes (Hawea and Wanaka), there were some falls and rapids which it was impossible to navigate. It was, therefore, necessary to land above them, take their rafts to pieces and transport them to the banks of the river lower down, and then rebuild them. From the sea-coast, the invaders made their way overland to the Mataura river, where they surprised another party of Natives at Tuturau. On this occasion some escaped and carried word of what had happened to Awa-rua (the Bluff), and thence to Rua-puke, the stronghold of this division of the tribe, and a few days after several boats, with a large armed party headed by Tu-hawa-iki, in their turn surprised and killed Puoho and many of his men, and made slaves of others, amongst them was Puoho's son, Te-waha-piro-pare-mata, who was kept a prisoner by the Nga-i-tahu for many years*".— While's Ancient Maori History, Vol. VI., page 117.

Captain Stokes of H.M.S. "Acheron," reported that he had seen Maoris on the south-west coast, who were supposed to be a remnant of the Nga-ti-mamoe tribe. *A sealing party in 1812 discovered one of the Nga ti-mamoe haunts. In sailing up one of the narrow fiords that indent the south-west coast the crew were astonished to see smoke issuing from the face of the cliff. Having moored their boat directly under the spot, they succeeded in scrambling up till they reached a large cave, which they found deserted. It was partitioned in the middle, the inner part being used as a sleeping place, the outer for cooking. A handsome mat, neatly covered with feathers of different birds, was found in the cave, with a mere paraoa, or club, made from the bone of a sperm whale also fishing lines and baskets. On the last-mentioned the women had evidently been employed when surprised. The party returned to their boat carrying their spoil with them".* White's History.

Some of the Nga-ti-mamoe were retained as slaves by the Nga-i-tahu, and it is their joint descendants who now reside in different parts of Otago. There were only 505 Maoris in Otago in 1856, who were peaceable and friendly with the Europeans.

The Mataura river takes its rise in the Eyre Mountains, and has a course, as the crow flies, of 95 miles. Its principal head is in Eyre Peak, and the first twenty miles of its course is through a district abounding in narrow valleys and gorges, bounded by high snowy mountains, whose sides and spurs are steep and rugged. Issuing out of a deep gorge to the mountains, it flows into the Waimea Plains then holding a southeasterly course it meanders round the east base of the Hokinui Hills, where it enters the fertile district called the Mataura Plains, and joins the sea at the Toi-tois.

Reko was a very intelligent man and could talk English fairly well. He showed us the surveyor's plan of his reserve, of which he was very proud. We asked him about the country, and he drew a rough sketch of it on the floor with a stick, and told us the names of the places. The country on the East of the Mataura was all applied for as sheep runs, and the hills round Tuturau by Mr Lloyd. At the Wyndham Dr J. A. R. Menzies had a station that he called Dunalister, which he stocked with sheep in 1855. Next came Glenham, occupied in 1851 by Mr F. L. Mieville, a son-in-law of Dr. F. H. Richardson, who held the next station, Oaklands. Then came Peel's Waimahaka station, M'Donald at the Toi-toi,

and lastly M'Coy, who had the Tokanui (big rock in the sea) run, which was bounded on the east by the great Tautuku forest. All the runs had a little bush on them, and they were well grassed, but had rather too much tutu in the gullies and were exposed to the south-west gales, which were called “busters”. On the west side of the river was a vast plain of about 528,000 acres, reaching, I may almost say, to the hills west of Aparima, now known as Jacob's river, and from the sea to the Hokinui (extensive barter) hills. The latter hills and a large extent of country on the east side of the Mataura from the Waikaka (parrot water) to the Pyramid were taken up as two runs by Alexander M'Nab, who had just arrived with a cargo of sheep from Twofold Bay. Mr Develing had the run at the Oteramika, now known as Edendale. The track to Awarua (two channels) or Bluff Harbor, was down the east bank of the Mataura to the Toi tois, which was crossed in a boat, thence along the beach to Tewaewae (the foot) point, fifty-two miles, Along the land side of this beach there were large lagoons and peat bogs, and even in these early days there was a proposal to form them into a canal, so as to connect the Bluff harbor with the Mataura, for the Toitois harbor was so difficult to enter with a vessel of any size. The country between the Mataura and the Aparima was all excellent agricultural land, although rather wet and swampy in places, but could easily be drained as there was usually plenty of fall. The climate was particularly humid, but the nature of the soil apparently required great deal of rain, as it became parched after a continuance of dry weather. Stone as a rule was scarce, the land being composed in most localities of eighteen inches of alluvial soil, two to four feet of clay, then gravel. The clay was stiff and tenacious, well adapted for brick making. In places there was excellent pipe-clay. The hills were rocky, especially the eastern parts of the Hokinui, but the only stones on the terraces were small round quartz pebbles which abounded in places. Some persons held they were the gizzard stones of the moa birds that had died, but if so they must have died in thousands. I thought they were some of the gravel brought to the surface by large trees that had been uprooted by gales of wind, for it was very evident that all this country at one time had been a vast forest. Most of the creeks had gravelly bottoms, and so had the swamp when you could find it. Mr Peter Dalrymple, an early resident, a large man over six feet high, used to walk about with a pastoral staff as long as himself, and when he came to a swamp would poke the staff down, sometimes nearly to the crook, then if he felt gravel would joyously call out, "Oh! yes there is bottom here!” I used to ask him “why travellers in Southland were like beavers?” Of course he could not guess. The answer was “because they dammed (damned) the creeks.” It was reported that marble had been found on Mr M'Nab's run, coal in several places, and plumbago near the Otoramika bush. The Bluff hill was granite, but there must have been a good deal of iron stone also, because captains of sailing vessels complained that their compasses were useless when near the Bluff hill. Specks of gold had been found in the sand of the Mataura river near Tuturau.

June 18th.

The forty-first anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.
The eighteenth was glorious,
For England gained the fight.
The nineteenth saw King John
sign Magna Carta bright.
The twentieth proclaim'd Victoria
A Queen, then young and slight.
And next, the twenty-first,
The shortest day and longest night. L.B.R

Another day of sample weather, and a very bad sample at that, frost, rain and sleet, bitterly cold we had a good breakfast of pork and potatoes, served in the pot and camp oven in which they were

cooked, for there were no dishes, plates or forks, but each traveller had his own sheath knife, and helped himself with his two hands. Tea was also plentiful, but no milk. we bought a flax kit full of mangu mangu kapana (black potatoes), a rough, dark-skinned potato, with white flesh, veined with blue, and a blue heart, weighing about 70 lbs, for half-a-crown and Jack sold us a hind quarter of pork for three shillings. Our larder was thus replenished, and with two horses packed, we set off to explore the *terra incognita*, Muriheku, across the Mataura. Four of our companions starting for the Toitois, thirty miles off. Tuturau was 117 miles from Dunedin. We forded the Mataura a short distance above Reko's whare, at a long ford, sloping downstream from the east to the west side, with two rocks just below it. The water was up to the saddle flaps, and very swift. The shingle gave way under the horses' feet, which made it appear as if they were sinking. Reko had a canoe near this ford, and when the river was too high to ford, but not in flood, he used to cross people for a consideration, only he would never attempt it after sundown. One day Mr M'Nab arrived, wishing to cross on urgent business, just as the sun was sinking in the west, and coo-ed. Reko went part of the way down with the intention of crossing him, but noticing that it was so near sunset, changed his mind, and bawled across, “You Hokinui, stop there,” and returned to his whare. As the river was too high to ford. Mr M'Nab was obliged to ride home to Hokinui, over thirteen miles. we rode down the flat along the river bank till we came to the Sowburn Creek, which we had some trouble to cross, as the water was deep and the banks high and covered with a strong growth of flax. We then struck across the flat for the terrace, but were stopped by the Otu, a very swampy creek. We took off the swags and saddles, and carried them across, up to our waists in the cold water then one of us holding a tether-rope from a horse's neck across the creek, the other drove the horses in one at a time, much against their will, but they succeeded in spluttering across. We then proceeded up the terrace in a W.N.W. direction to avoid a long swamp that appeared between us and a low ridge, for three miles, when we rose a spur to the top of the ridge, which proved to be the dividing range between the head water of the Mataura and Oreti (the Snares), afterwards called the New River. All this was splendid cattle country, and had been applied for as a run by George Gunn. We descended the range in a westerly direction, passing little heaps of quartz stones, and slight heights and hollows, caused by the decay of trees that had been torn up by the roots, and came to a swampy flat at the foot, with the Titipua (shining flower), now called the Lindhurst stream, slowly meandering between banks concealed with high flax. The water was so dark that we could not see bottom anywhere, so took a tent pole and felt for a shallow place, then going through the same performance as at the Otu, we got all safely across. We then rode up a nice dry ridge, which had been lately burned, and christened it Waterloo range in honor of the day, but the surveyors afterwards named it on the maps Pebbly Hill, on account of the quantity of quartz gravel on it. Still going westward we came to a larger stream, the Hedgehope, on a nice fertile flat, with numerous little bushes in the bends, winding tortuously along towards the Makarewa (sly floating) river. We had travelled fifteen miles, were wet through, and as there was good feed for our horses, and firewood for ourselves, we pitched the tent, lighted a good fire, dried our clothes, and had a good supper of fried mutton, potatoes, biscuits, and tea, then sat in the tent and wrote up my diary by candle-light.

The plain is reached, with the creek running through
And plenty of old dry timber in view.
Now where is the billy? So hungry are we
Surely our supper the next thing must be
The fire already is blazing up high,
And asking for rashers of bacon to fry.
The biscuits are perfect, the pannikins found,
And all laid out on the banquetting ground.
When everything's ready I have not a doubt

A monarch might envy our "camping out."
—Mrs Nugent Wood.

10th.— When we awoke in the morning we heard the rain and hail falling heavily on the tent, so we remained in our blankets, listening to it, till 11 o'clock, then giving up all hopes of it clearing up, we had some cold boiled mutton and biscuits for breakfast. About noon it cleared up, and unfortunately we resolved to proceed on our journey, we had not travelled two miles when the rain and hail came down worse than ever, and the cold wind blew so violently that we could not get our horses to face it. We tried to return, but in crossing the creek, which had risen considerably, one of the pack horses fell in, and got everything soaking wet, blankets and all, so we camped there. On opening the swag we found the sugar so wet that it was running through the bag and over our goods, therefore, we threw it into the creek, and from that day to this I have abjured sugar in my tea. It cleared up towards evening, so that we were, able to light a fire and cook some pork chops and potatoes for supper. We did not, however, succeed in drying our clothes or blankets, so had to turn in wet and miserable. As this was run No. 138 that Mr Davidson had applied for on chance when in Dunedin we travelled about on it for three days. It was particularly well grassed and watered, rather too much so, as we found the creeks a great nuisance to cross, and as it rained incessantly they were all swollen. There was no high ground on it, and no bush on the run excepting the Titipua bush, which formed the south-western boundary, and two small bushes on the southern portion. There was a little fern and plenty of anise in some of the gullies. Rats abounded everywhere.

On Monday 23rd June, we crossed the Titipua creek in the same manner as we had done on the 18th, but as it was slightly flooded we had more trouble, and were nearly perished with wet and cold. In the forenoon there was a thick fog, which about mid-day dispersed and allowed the sun to shine for the first time for four days. We went up on to the low dividing range, intending to follow it down to Mr Develing's at the Oteramika. We found it a very difficult task as it was so flat and the western spurs appeared most tempting, but the gullies were so swampy we could not cross them, therefore we had to skirt along the eastern side where the fall was more abrupt and decided, but that made the journey very tortuous, as we had to head the gullies, which seemed to overlap each other alternately from east and west. The spurs on the south-west were so flat that they had the appearance of a level swampy plain covered with tall snowgrass and dotted here and there with little bushes, that had escaped the devouring flames when at some remote period the forest had been destroyed by fire. This apparent plain was furrowed with shallow swampy gullies extending for many miles and draining at length into the Waihopai (leave it quietly) stream, a tributary of the New River Estuary. To the east at the foot of the ridge was a long flat swamp, then a fine grassy plain to the Matauru, beyond which were the runs I mentioned on the 17th, well grassed spurs rising at the Slopedown Range to 2081 feet, and Mount Herbert to 1589 feet with these exceptions none of the ground was high. The bush appeared in clumps, useful for fencing, firewood, and shelter. We continued our journey along this low ridge for twelve miles, passing some of Robert Develing's merino ewes, which were lambing, when we observed his tent in a corner of an extensive bush, and riding up to it were met by a South Sea Island native, a man of dark complexion, with black, wirey-woolly hair. He said his name was Jack, that he was Sobline's (Develing's) shepherd, and that Mr Develing had gone to the Bluff for food. We unsaddled our horses and turned them loose to feed on the luxuriant growth of sow-thistles and grass that grew round the bush. We pitched our tent, as Jack's one was only nine feet by six, with a sod chimney at one end. He was quite out of flour, tea, sugar, and salt, so we shared his ewe mutton chops and potatoes, while we supplied biscuits and tea. Develing's tent was situated twelve miles from Tuturau, or 129 miles from Dunedin. Develing had 400 imported merino ewes and six thoroughbred Saxony rams, known then as George the Fourth's

breed, that he had brought from New South Wales with him. We remained at Develing's till the 27th, when, as he had not returned, we started off for the Hokonui (return great). We had nothing whatever to eat but potatoes without salt. We left “Ginger” and a lot of our things in Jack's charge, taking potatoes and blankets on “Nina”. I rode “Phoebe” and Mr Davidson the filly “Blazes”, after she had thrown him once, fortunately in a soft place. We rode along the same low ridge that we had travelled on the 23rd, and after passing the place where we had started at that date we found it more winding. We frequently came to places where the grass had been burnt off, and noticed the tracks of a dray, which Mr M'Nab had taken up to his station from the Bluff when he brought his sheep. The grass was luxuriant, the snowgrass so long and the tussocs so large it was not easy for the horses to walk through, and they would occasionally nearly disappear in a crab-hole full of water. As we neared the hills, speargrass of the smaller kind, known as “Scotchmen”, abounded, and although not so strong and sharp pointed as the “Spaniard” would not have made a comfortable seat.

After travelling along the ridge for 21 miles or so, we crossed the Waimumu (eddy in the water) and kept along another ridge, which took us to a bush at the foot of the range of hills forming the south-west portion of the Hokinuis. Skirting along the bush in a northerly direction, among a great quantity of spear grass and cabbage trees, we got on to a spur which took us to another bush. We went some distance round this, and then as it was getting dark, determined to camp. The ground round the bush was so wet that we selected a little mound a short distance off whereon to pitch our tent, and made a good bed of grass and leafy sprigs, and supped off boiled and roast potatoes, and tea. We saw a number of native quail during the day, but not having a gun could not get them. There were a few wood pigeons (kuku or kereru) in the bush, and at night we heard the little brown owl (ruru Athene Novae-Zealandiae) calling for “More pork” close by, in as clear a voice as a white man.

28th.— Sharp frost followed by a fine day. We travelled slowly through very long wet snow grass, with a fine bush on our left, growing on the spurs of the Hokinui hill. The gullies were boggy and difficult to cross. About mid-day we found Mr M'Nab's whare at the eastern side of the bush, afterwards known as Croydon. The shepherd, fortunately, was in, and gave us a dinner of ewe mutton, potatoes and bread, the first we had tasted since the 16th. The hut was not finished, as the shepherd had only been three weeks there, having arrived with the imported merino sheep from Sydney at the Bluff, and had driven the sheep from there. We remained at Mr M'Nab's two hours, and then rode down to the Charlton flat, to see the M'Kellar brothers, who had also just imported 3000 ewes from Australia, and after two months drive from the Bluff, had reached this far on their road to the Waimea Plains run, which they had leased. As the ewes had commenced to lamb, they had been forced to “squat” at a clump of manuka bush, or tea tree, as the Australians call it, from its likeness to a tree of that name on the “other side”. We went down a spur for two miles, that was very soft from the late rain, and full of water holes, called crab holes. These holes were formed by the large snowgrass tussacs being burned out, roots and all, leaving a hole where the strong fibreous roots had been, or by the uprooting of trees, where the hole was very large they made riding very unpleasant, especially where the grass had grown round them so as to conceal their presence, till the horse's foot went flop down into one, nearly shaking the rider off the saddle! Messrs Peter and David M'Kellar and Jamieson had pitched their tent on a dry, narrow point close to the bush, and were building a mimi (Australian for hut) with manuka and grass. They had a large cart and horses, with a tilt over the cart, in which they carried their provisions and goods, and slept while travelling. We pitched our tent inside the unfinished hut, as it sheltered us from the very cold north-east wind that was blowing. For supper they gave us a treat, in the shape of Scotch haggis, chops and bread.

“But the haggis is the king o' the table –
A Scotchman's maist toothsome delight;

By dinin' on that he in able
To match any twa, in a fight

Brose, parritch, kail, haggis, an' bannocks
Wad mak' lean consumptives grow fat
Though they'd sleep out at nicht in hammocks
They'd ne'er be a waur o' that!
John Imrie, Canada.

29th. —Mr David M'Kellar accompanied us on our journey to-day. We took a damper and some mutton with us. A damper is excellent bread when well made and cooked. It is nothing but flour, water, and a little salt, and baked in the ashes. We rode along a flat, much cut up by swamps and gullies for four miles, when it gave way to the spurs from the Hokinui, which were steep at the northeast corner and stony. We had passed the bush, and the hill was rugged and rocky, with but little grass on it. There had been a sharp frost during the night and the ground was very hard, but where there was water to cross, the horses broke through the ice, which they did not at all like, especially where the bottom was muddy, but the wind changed and came up a regular "southerly buster", with heavy rain. We sidled along the spurs, slipping and stumbling over the steep, wet, frozen, stony ground, for three, or four miles, which seemed interminable, there the river Mataura approaches the hills, and made our course more westerly; a little further on we crossed the Otamita, a mountain stream, that came rushing out from between the hills, with a clear stony bottom. To the north of it was a flat for some distance, which appeared swampy, then a low terrace which stretched as far as we could see, between the Mataura, and the ridge of hills which extended in a north westerly direction from the Hokinui. The ground was well grassed, but the speargrass was too plentiful. We camped at the mouth of the Otamita gorge, and made a bed of manuka branches. The creek was the boundary between Mr M'Nab's and Mr M'Kellar's runs. Mr M'Nab's other run across the Mataura, which he called Knapdale, appeared to be a most excellent pasturage, consisting of low rolling downs, well watered, with no hill on it till the Pyramid on its north-western boundary was reached, and it was only 900 feet high, and quite isolated, but there was no bush anywhere on the run. In fact we could not see any bush between the Tapanui forest and the Hokinui, a distance as the crow flies of about 25 miles; nor between Tutarau and the Umbrella mountains in a north and south line.

30th.— Wet and foggy. For three miles we skirted along the foot of the range in a north-westerly direction over horrid riding ground, where dry covered with speargrass and tomataguru, and where they did not grow so swampy the horses could not walk in it. We then struck across for the terrace, and crossed the Waimea (insipid water), a deep slow running stream about 25 feet wide, the water of a red color from the swamps. From there we had a fine terrace to ride along, but winding, as it was intersected on both sides by deep gullies running in all directions. The pasturage was very good, and Mr M'Kellar was pleased with his run. After travelling about nine miles up this terrace we pitched the tent in a gully near some manuka scrub. As we were very wet we made a good fire to dry ourselves, and roasted our chops on spits before the fire. There was a small bush on the hills to the west of us named O-tapiri (the patch). Mr M'Kellar's run (No 112) stretched from the Mataura to the Waimea and northward to the Tomagalak stream. Mr Davidson had applied for a second run adjoining him on the west (No. 181), but as they had not any map of the country in the Dunedin Land Office we hardly knew where to find it. We did not pass any cabbage trees to-day, and only saw two quail and a few blue ducks (whio) Hymenolanimus malacorhynchos. We heard wild dogs, which were rather numerous at this time and afterwards destroyed great numbers of sheep. They were not native dogs, but Maori dogs gone wild. There was a good deal of scrub in the bends of the Mataura,

with a thin, short, needle-like leaf, known as “wire plant” (Olearia Virgata). There were also manuka and koromiko (Veronica Salicifolia), the common variety, the young buds of which when eaten raw are a certain cure for diarrhoea. Maori-heads, a kind of grass tree about three feet high, abounded in the swamps, and in some we saw toi-toi grass and raupo. The Mataura had a number of fords north of Tuturau, where it could be crossed, the best being the “Long ford”, where Gore is now situated. All the New Zealand rivers were dangerous to cross when flooded, as the water ran very swiftly and was so cold. A great number of persons were drowned before bridges were built, and strange to say good swimmers were far more apt to be drowned than those who could not swim. A swimmer would trust to his own powers, which were generally useless, as the force of the current would roll a man over and over like a cask, till numbed with cold and thoroughly exhausted he would sink like a stone, or get his head knocked against a boulder or shingle bank, whereas a person who could not swim would stick to his horse somehow; if thrown or washed out of the saddle he would cling to the mane or tail, and let Bucephalus drag him out. Most horses are good swimmers, but the rider must be very careful not to twist them about, either by the bridle or by rocking in the saddle. Some horses swim on their sides. Care should be taken to enter deep water by a slope and not suddenly, as in that case a horse always tries to find bottom before striking out. After a while a horse and man get so accustomed to swimming that they take to it like a fish. Talking of fish, that was the great want in New Zealand rivers. Eels (Tuna) were fairly plentiful in most rivers and creeks, and in some there was a small chubby fish, which was called Kokabulla, very soft and flabby and not nice eating, but other fresh water fish there were none. One often found fresh water mussels (Kakahi), which formed a favorite food of the Maoris and seagulls; the shells were all covered with a kind of brown skin or epidermis.

July 1st —Thick fog with frost, so that everything was covered with white rime. The gossamer webs which stretched from plant to plant looked exceedingly beautiful. Spiders were numerous, and fortunately all quite harmless, as the dreaded katipo had not visited Muriheku. Mr M'Kellar went to see the Otapiri bush so as to ascertain if dray road could be formed to it, and if the timber was good for fencing and building, as it was the nearest bush to where he intended building his homestead. He found the ground very swampy, and had to cross the Waimea creek, so did not return till one o'clock. After lunch we started on our return journey, but down a ridge further eastward. A bitterly cold north-east wind had cleared the fog, but seemed to blow through us as if we had no clothing on. I must admit that our clothes were beginning to wear threadbare, as might be expected on such a long journey, and leather boot laces had given way for flax ones, but the old saying “As the day lengthens as the cold strengths us” came forcibly to our minds, as the day had already lengthened two minutes, the sun rising at 7.40 and 4.25. After travelling about five miles we came to a narrow creek that we found great difficulty in crossing. Having succeeded, we followed another ridge for two or three miles in an easterly direction with the isolated Pyramid Hill some distance in front of us, and camped on a little flat near a pitch of manuka scrub. We finished all the provisions we had with us excepting a small quantity of flour, with which we made some small “Johnny cakes” and baked them on the embers for breakfast. The Waimea plain or downs, over which we had been travelling, was fully 25 miles long by eight in breadth.

2nd. - Very sharp frost, with fog till ten o'clock. After a miserably scanty breakfast we rode off, down a ridge for some distance, till we reached a rich flat, covered with luxuriant herbage, just the country for cattle. Most of the land was soft, but it must be remembered that it was the middle of winter and the ground had never been trodden by cattle. It was the same all over New Zealand. The soil was light and spongy from the matted roots of plants, and the length of grass preventing the sun's rays reaching the earth. This caused it to retain the moisture for a long time, especially where flat, but afterwards when the grass was burnt off, and the ground well trampled by stock, the rain was either

absorbed, drained off into the creeks, or evaporated by the sun. The destruction of the forests and the cultivation of the soil has, I have no doubt, lessened the rainfall, and the ground was dried and exposed by the extensive bush fires so common in the early days, when one would frequently see a line of flames, many miles in length, rolling up and down hills, and along flats before the wind, clearing everything that came in its way, grass, trees, shrubs, birds, and stock if not driven off to safe positions. The only way to escape being burnt was to light a fire where you chanced to be, and following it up as the wind drove it forward, then when the large fire came to the burnt place, a man could escape through the break to windward, through the heat would be more than tropical, and might put you in mind of a place where there is neither snow nor frost, but quite the reverse!

Of course, the trampling of the ground, the drainage of the land, and the absence of long grass and decayed verdure, has enabled the rain fall to run off quickly, but at the cost of higher floods, which do more damage than they did before the arrival of Europeans. The climate of the southern portion of this island has certainly improved, for time was when it was talked of as being “rude beyond the bounds of barbarism”, and the idea of ever being able to make the place available for agricultural purposes was laughed to scorn. It was a common remark in the early days, that one shower of rain was known to have lasted nine calendar months - consequently the country would be no good unless thatched, and that nature had provided abundant material for the purpose in the long three-corned leaves of the snow grass (Danthonia flavescens).

Muriheku was looked upon by the early settlers as a most undesirable place for settlement, which was principally due to Mr Tuckett, who, when Chief (Surveyor for the New Zealand Company, was sent in 1811 to report on its adaptability for settling the Free Church colonists, when he stated that the place was “a mere bog, and utterly unfit for habitation”. What would he think if he saw it in 1894 with its rich farms and luxuriant crops?

We crossed the Waimea and Otamitta creeks on the Mataura Flat, and returned by the same track as we travelled on 29th June. About four o'clock the wind changed to the south-west accompanied by heavy rain, so before we reached M'Kellar's camp it was dark, and we were wet to the skin, and ravenously hungry, having had nothing to eat since daylight, consequently we required no sauce to assist in in demolishing the chops, potatoes, and nicely baked camp-oven bread, made of the best Adelaide flour, which M'Kellar had brought from Australia with him. There was very little flour ground in Otago at that time, most of it being imported from Adelaide, which was the best flour in the colonies; but the Otago grown flour was frequently mixed with the former, and in selling, the practice was to arrange for the sacks being returned, so that the mixed flour might be bagged in sacks with the Adelaide brand on them. The price of it was about fifty shillings cash for the two hundred pounds, sacks to be returned. The unmixed flour was dearer. M'Kellar's hut was now thatched and the chimney sufficiently high to allow of a fire being lighted, so we put on a regular "stand backer" of manuka, which makes a very hot fire, and sat round drying our clothes, feeling quite comfortable and perfectly indifferent to the howling of the wintry blasts outside. Books and newspapers were luxuries quite beyond our reach, but we had dined sumptuously and our inner man was satisfied.

> *“We may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving?*
> *We may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?*
> *We may live without love what; is passion but pining?*
> *But where is the man who can live without dining?”*
> —Owen Meredith.

Mr David M'Kellar was in high spirits —the inspection of his run had been satisfactory, his ewes were lambing well, he was young, just twenty-five, in excellent health, and naturally a cheerful disposition, made a splendid companion, and he then had no presentiment that in July, 1892, he would be cruelly murdered in cold blood in that uncivilised Mexico, in such cases it is well that foreknowledge is denied us, so that we may “go forth and meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart”. Conversation turned on to the Otago land laws, especially that part relating to pastoral runs. Any person applying for a run had to lodge a description of the country, with its approximate boundaries, which were generally creeks or rivers, and the area and grazing capabilities, with the Commissioner of Crown Lands, accompanied with a deposit of £2O. No run was granted capable of grazing more than 25,000 sheep or 4,100 head of cattle - six sheep being considered equivalent to one cattle-beast, or horse. The grazing licenses were granted “for fourteen years from the date therefore, subject nevertheless to be sooner determined pursuant to the provisions of the Land Act, and the regulations under which this license is issued, and to be cancelled as by law and these regulations is provided”. Therefore there was no security of tenure; the only safety seemed to be to take up country far back that would not be required for agriculture during the term of the lease. But then the trouble was that there was no roads or bridges, nor likely to be for many years as the Government had no money to spend so far away from Dunedin, and the district was not represented in the Provincial Council. The Land Act gave the run-holder a pre-emptive right to purchase, at 20 s an acre, 80 acres at his homestead and 10 acres at each out-hut he chose to build. The sections had to be surveyed by a Government surveyor at the cost of the applicant, but an additional area of 12 acres was allowed with the 80, and an acre and a half with each 10 acres, as part payment for survey, be that all the pre-emptives were granted as 92, and 11½ acres. The rent of the runs was at first twenty shillings per thousand sheep, and afterwards changed to a penny a head per annum for sheep and sixpence for horses and cattle, payable on the first day of November in advance. The squatter had to make a return of stock on the ground during September in each year, and if unstocked for six months the run could be declared forfeited. The Muriheku district was calculated to carry a sheep to two or three acres, except on the mountains, so that the largest run worth having could not exceed 75,000 acres, which to the Australians appeared most ridiculously small. Town lands were sold by auction at an upset, fixed in each case by the Waste Lands Board. The upset for Dunedin sections was £ 12 10 s the quarter acre, and the same upset was afterwards fixed for Oamaru town sections. Rural land in Otago was sold in sections of not less than ten acres at ten shillings an acre, under an obligation, as a condition of purchase, to lay out upon the land within four years in money or labor for all improvements, including buildings and fences, a sum equal to forty shillings per acre. He would then be entitled to a Crown grant. Until he obtained the grant he could not sell or transfer the land without the permission of the Waste Lands Board. The area of land sold at this time was about 42,000 acres. The number of runs stocked and licenced was seventy-nine, covering an area of about 1,580,000 acres. The land laws in Canterbury and the other provinces were not the same as Otago.

Changing the subject we started on poetry. Mr M'Kellar was a great admirer of Ossian, the Celtic warrior poet, who is said to have lived in the third century. He thoroughly believed in James M'Pherson's translation, and quoted freely from his majestic and spirit stifling stanzas. His address to the sun is very eloquent : “*I feel the sun, O Malvina! The beams of Heaven delight to shine on the grave of Carthon; I feel it warm around. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? Thy everlasting light! Thee comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course*," etc.

But I stuck up for Shakespeare and Byron, saying that no poet could equal them, and repealing quotations in support of my opinion. During a lull in the conversation the shepherd, who was a thorough Scotchman, jumped up quite excited, and turning to me jerked out, “You can hae your Shakespeare an' your Byron, but gae me Mister Burns!” This was too much for our gravity: to call a poet with the fame of Robbie Burns “Mister” was indeed a farce, and we roared with laughter, much to the shepherd's annoyance. But I explained to him that it was not his admiration of Burns that we were laughing at, but at him calling him mister.

> *Titles of honor add not to his worth,*
> *Who is himself an honour to his titles*
> —Pope.

As the night was now approaching ten o'clock we turned into our blankets. Mr Davidson and I, to save pitching our tent, obtained leave to sleep in the tilted dray, where, notwithstanding my irritating chilblanes, I slept soundly till daylight, which ushered in a fine clear day, on which we returned to Mr Robert Develing's tent, a distance of 21 miles of rough travelling. Mr Develing had not returned, and Jack was quite out of provisions, excepting one scone. A Mr Lloyd, from Port Philip, whom we met at the Royal Hotel in Dunedin, came and remained the night, so Jack divided his scone into four, giving each a piece, and we all slept on the floor of his little tent, like herrings in a box.

4th, Friday.— We all awoke early and very hungry, yet knowing there was nothing to eat. Jack went off on his horse, and returned about mid-day with some potatoes. We boiled and ate enough of them to make a combined breakfast and lunch, and Jack gave us a few to take with us. We left most of our goods in Jack's charge, and adding Mr Lloyd's swag to our own, rode about three miles up the terrace in a northerly direction, then turning west for a few miles, then south-west following the watershed. We succeeded after making several mistakes in reaching a little bush (which I afterwards called the Half Way bush because it was half way from Mr M'Clymont's house to the Titipoa homestation), where we camped just as it was getting dark. The distance was about 12 miles, but the ground was so flat that we found it very difficult to follow the leading ridge, which was not always the highest ground or the most tempting, so that we often went a long way down the wrong spur, and had to return, as we could never cross any of the swamps between the low ridges. We boiled and roasted some potatoes for supper, and washed them down with tea.

5th.— Rain, followed by sharp frost during the night, but it turned out a fine day. After a breakfast of potatoes we started off down the wrong spur. I had lent my horse to Mr Lloyd, so was on foot. After we had gone about three miles we came to a creek, which we had great trouble in crossing the horses over. I then made a short cut, leaving the horsemen to go round a swamp. I steered for the point of a bush in a S.S.W. direction. After walking some miles I came to the Waihopai (leave it quietly) creek, with swampy banks, on which grew luxuriant flax, showing the quality of the land, which was rich alluvial soil, with clay subsoil. I pushed through the tall flax and down the bank into the stream, which took me above waist in bitterly cold water. The bottom was gravelly, and about twelve yards wide. The current was rather rapid, more so than would be expected in such flat country. The long snowgrass was very troublesome to walk through, and the swamps soft and frequent, but I hurried on, hope whispering that I should not have to camp out in my wet clothes without dinner, supper, or blankets, for I could not see any sign of my comrades, and the sun was sinking fast. I then rose a low ridge, and perceived towards the south-west a long narrow flat with bush on each side, and at the end, some four miles distant, a sheet of water which I supposed was the New River Estuary. I determined to make for the western bush, as the ground appeared drier, although I saw smoke on the south-east, which proved to be Mr Clifford clearing bush. I pushed on as

fast as I could, coo-ing frequently, but receiving no reply except a number of clear echoes, which returned to me from all directions. It was nearly dark, and tired and disheartened I was making for the nearest bush to try and light a fire and dry my clothes when I heard a chain rattle, and calling out, I received the cool reply “Well what is it?” from a man who I afterwards found to be Mr M'Master. He and Mr Drummond, who had taken up land near here, were unyoking their bullocks. They gave me directions how to find Mr M'Clymont's house, which was a little way on in a bight of the bush. To my great joy I soon found the place, and was kindly welcomed by the proprietor. He and Mr Rowan had just built a large split slab house at the edge of a fine bush. They had divided it into two rooms with sawn boards placed loosely on end and retained in their places by battens. One end was let to Mr and Mrs Robinson, with their four little children, as a bedroom, the rest being like the cobbler's stall, “which served for bedroom and kitchen, and all”, for Mr M'Clymont, Mr Rowan, and any visitors. As I had tramped fully fifteen miles over spurs and gullies, through long grass, flax, creeks, and swamps, with nothing to eat, I felt very tired and hungry, and greatly relished a supper of whole wheatmeal cakes, potatoes with salt, and tea, never even wishing for butter or milk, though I longed for some meat. We had just finished when we heard a call, and on our replying, Mr Davidson and Mr Lloyd walked up to the light. They had come to a bad swamp, about eight miles away, and the horses could not cross, so had left them and the swags and walked on, consequently we had no blankets. Mr M'Clymont lent us one to place under us, and we laid down in our clothes before the fire intending to sleep, but the house was so cold and draughty, as the slabs were not very closely jointed, and the floor was so damp, for it had not had time to dry as the roof had only been on a few days, that we could not sleep, but preferred sitting by the fire most of the night, which was a cold one, as it first rained and then froze sharply. I added up the distance I had ridden since leaving Nelson, and found it was as near nine hundred miles as I could calculate, considering it had not been measured.

6th, Sunday.— After breakfast I set out on foot to look for the horses. The long wet snowgrass soon soaked me to the waist. I walked back nearly the same way that I came along the day before, but crossed the Waihopai at the usual ford, which was only up to my knees. I made for an opening between two bushes, which were afterwards named Mona and Long bush, and came to a very bad Maori-head (Carex ternaria a kind of grass tree that grows about three feet high, with a stem from eight inches to two feet in diameter) swamp, about 600 yards wide. I did not think it was so bad or I would not have attempted to cross it. I tried jumping from one Maori-head to the other, but some were too weak to carry me, or too far apart, so I frequently slipped down into the mud, which was knee deep, and cut my hands badly in trying to save myself by catching hold of the grass, which had sharp serrated edges. It took me three quarters of an hour to cross the swamp, and I did not wonder that Mr Davidson had not attempted to cross the horses through it. He had crossed it on foot a mile lower down, where I afterwards observed it was only a few yards wide. I had a very long hunt for the horses as they were in the scrub along the edge of the bush, which was mostly tall Koromiko (Veronica Salicifolia), among which was a luxuriant growth of sowthistle (sonchus —Maori, Powhata), and after all could only find three of the four. So as it was getting late, I packed “Ginger” with the swags and stared on foot leading him. I had to go round the Long Bush (or Horse Bush as it was then called) as the swamp was quite impassable for horses, and found several bad, though narrow swamps issuing from the bush. I travelled three miles north-east, one mile east, two miles south, four miles west-south-west, and then found myself at Mona Bush, about a mile from where I started with the horse! As the sun had set I pitched the tent and tethered the horse. I had blankets, firewood and water, but not a mouthful of food, none had I any since breakfast, and had walked for nearly nine hours without a rest, over very roughly grassed ground. I had heard that the young shoot of the cabbage tree was good eating. I tried it raw and roasted, but could not manage to eat it, it was too

stringy, and had a disagreeable taste. There was no fern or I should have tried its root. The country between the Mataura and Jacob's river, and from Hokonui to the ocean, as I mentioned on the 17th, had the general appearance from the hills east of the Mataura of a vast plain, and is so called, but when one travels over it, one finds it is all in flat spurs or terraces, with long narrow swampy gullies, very few of which could then be crossed by a horse. There was a torturous leading ridge from the Waihopai to the Hokinui range, from which the water ran on the east, at first to the Waihopai, then further on to the Mataura, and on the west to the Makarewa's tributaries, the distance being forty-one miles, all easily travelled by wheeled vehicles without any road formation. The Hokonui Bush covered an area of 79 square miles, mostly on hilly ground, where the best descriptions of wood was found, including black, white and red pine, and totara. The Seaward forest, which occupied the land between the Puni (stopped up) or O-tarewa (the spread out) creek and the Seaward-moss, contained 58 square miles of splendid pine and iron-wood (Rata) trees. The Seaward-moss covered 72 square miles. To the east of those were the Oteramika and Potekoheke bushes and a vast extent of peat bogs running into the large lagoons before mentioned.

7th. - Wet day. I got up very often during the night to replenish the fire as the weather was showery and bitterly cold. At daylight I saddled the horse, and leaving the tent standing, rode off for M'Clymont's. I had a great deal of trouble in getting the horse through the swamps. I met Davidson and J. Oughton on foot, intending to walk to Dunedin. He gave me a piece of scone, of which I was very glad as I had eaten nothing for 26 hours. I had a good breakfast, however, when I reached M'Clymont's about 11 o'clock, and yet was quite ready for dinner when the potatoes and kaka soup were placed on the table. They called the kaka tomahawk, not parrot, but they could not tell me why. The heavy rain had kept all the men in the house, five, besides Mrs Robinson and her four children namely, Gilbert M'Clymont, Thomas Robinson, Alexander M'Master, James Drummond, and Thomas Rowan. Robinson had purchased 200 acres on the west of M'Clymont's 200 acres, and was, engaged building a house on it. M'Master had 50 acres next Robinson, and adjoining him on the west was the reserve for a town, which was afterwards surveyed and called Invercargill in honor of the first superintendent of Otago, but in the meantime it was called Kellys Point, or the Puni Creek Point, or landing place. The proper name of the creek was Otarewa. Puni was the name of the bush in which it took its rise. On the east of M'Clymont, Rowan had 200 acres, then J. Oughton 200, then Drummond 200 at the north-east point of the bush close to the Waihopai river. M'Master had 200 acres, including a little bush called the Puni that stood by itself south-east of Oughton's land. To while away the time the man did odd jobs in the house, such as making bullock yokes, axe handles, grinding wheat, etc.; and at night four of us played long whist by the light of a “slush lamp”. The said lamp was made thus - a pannikin was half filled with clay, in this was stuck a narrow strip of old moleskin, cut off a worn-out pair of trousers; the pannikin was then filled with melted fat, and a light set to the moleskin wick; when it burnt low the fat was replenished, and the wick trimmed or renewed. In these days vesta matches were not easily obtained, and were very expensive, consequently nearly every one carried a box of tinder with flint and steel, to enable him to strike a light if he ran out of matches. We also carried “touchpaper” - that is brown paper soaked in a solution of saltpetre and dried, as well as a fungus that grew on the black birch trees, called punk. The Maori name for the punk fungus is Putawa, the botanical Boletus. It is seldom found on any other tree than the birch (Fagus). These articles were carried in a tin box to make sure of their not getting wet. They were well enough for a smoker to light his pipe, but gave a great deal of trouble compared with matches in lighting a fire The wax matches were named vestas after the ancient Latin Goddess of Fire. The fire in Vesta's sanctuary was continually kept lighted by a certain number of virgins, for if the fire was ever extinguished it was supposed to threaten the Roman Republic with some sudden calamity. The thick wooden matches used to be called spunks or lucifers; Lucifer being the ancient name of the planet

Venus when she was a bright morning star. Friction matches were first invented in 1893. The word is derived from the French meche (a wick or match). The first lucifer match was a small strip of pasteboard, and the inflammable mixture was a compound of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony, with enough of powdered gum to render it adhesive when mixed with water, and applied over the end of the strip of pasteboard which had previously been dipped in melted brimstone. These matches were lighted by drawing them through a piece of bent sand paper. The vesta was not invented till some years after, it is a short, thin wax taper, one end dipped in a composition consisting of phosphorus and nitre, or phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorate of potash, mixed with melted gum or glue and some coloring material.

8th.— l rode down to the "Point", two and a quarter miles. It was considered 158 miles from Dunedin overland, and 140 by sea. The two bushes were not far apart, with the Otarewa creek running between, but nearer to the western bush. Several swamps extended from both bushes to the creek; they were narrow near the bush, but soft, the horse sinking nearly to the knee. At the point I found Clifford and W. A. Sind camped in tents. They had 200 acres each opposite M'Clymont's, in the Seaward bush. John Kelly, an old Irish whaler was living with his wife and children in a large whare. He had a handsome half-caste daughter named Kitty. He had been in the colonies 23 years, but was of a restless disposition, and always moving about. Mrs Christina Kelly was the first European woman to set foot on Muriheka soil. She came to Otago in the "Philip Laing" with her first husband D. Niven and one son and daughter, landing on the 15th April, 1848. Shortly after their arrival Niven met with an accident while working in the bush, which caused his death— the first death among the new immigrants. In 1850 the widow married John Kelly, and with him left for the island of Ruapuke, often called Roebuck, in Foveaux Strait, then thickly populated by Maoris. The only other Europeans on the island at that time were the Rev. Mr Wohlers and his wife, and Mr Abraham Honore, missionaries. In 1855 Mr and Mrs Kelly removed to the Bluff, and subsequently they travelled overland through the swampy flats between that port and the Otarewa creek, in order to obtain better grass for their cattle. They decided to settle at the Point, where, in 1856, they had 50 head of cattle, not particularly well bred, but good enough to give them milk, butter, and cheese, and occasionally a steer was killed and salted down in the "harness cask". Mrs Kelly died on the 26th October, 1891, and the Southland Times in giving her obituary notice said "that Mr Kelly, after the township of Invercargill was surveyed, took up an allotment in the Seaward bush, now the site of the township of Enwood. On the I6th May, 1857, Mr Kelly died, aged 57 years. With her children Mrs Kelly soon after removed to Ythan street, where she ended a pilgrimage of 81 years on Monday, the 26th inst. She is survived by a son and daughter by her first marriage, and one son by her second, namely Mr D. Niven, Mrs W. J. West, and Mr J. Kelly; also by 31 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren". Mr Dougal Niven died on 28th December 1848 at the West Taieri, and was buried there. The Rev. John Frederick Henry Wohlers was a Moravian, and was sent out by the German Missionary Society. He arrived in Nelson about March, 1844, in the ship "St. Pauli". After searching for a fitting scene for his future missionary labors among the Maoris he selected the island of Ruapuke, to which place he was conveyed by the schooner Van Zebra. In 1856 he was the only minister of the Gospel south of Puerua, where the Rev. William Bannerman was stationed. He labored among the natives for about 38 years, until relieved by death on 7th May, 1885. In 1856 the settled population on Ruapuke (two hills) had dwindled down to 24 souls, but there were a good many Maoris on Stewart Island. Me Abraham Honore was a descendant of an ancient Huguenot family, who came to New Zealand as a lay missionary in 1848. His first station was at Ruapuke, but in 1871 he removed to Rangitikei. In 1863 the Presbyterian Church of Otago granted him ordination. He died at Foxton at the end of July, 1894, aged 73 years. The New River Estuary was a bar harbor; "the breadth of the bar being a good cable's length". Outside of it were six fathoms and inside four

fathoms of water. There were ten feet of water on the bar at low water spring tides". The southern entrance point was well marked by Steep Head, or Cape Barnardin, and Omawi, or Point Islet, just outside of it; but the northern, Owi Point, was low and sandy. A mile and a half inside the bar was a rock called Bombay rock. The New River Estuary was about 15 miles long, and of varying breadths. At its north-eastern corner it received the Waihopai stream, and seven miles nearer the sea the Puni or Otarewa. The Orete (the snare) which was a large river, navigable for boats some 30 miles up, flowed into the estuary about five miles from the sea, forming a peninsula which was covered with timber and known as Otatara, or Bushy Point. The Orete had its sources in the western spurs of the Eyre mountains, at a distance of about 80 miles in a straight direction. Excepting near its sources, which were in a very rough and mountainous country, it travelled a district nearly level, the Five River Plain alone being 10 miles in length. It received a great many tributaries, the largest being the Makarewa (sly float), which had two sources in the Hokinui Hills. In its course it received a number of streams, and joined the Orete some 15 miles from the Estuary. At low water spring tides a great portion of the Estuary was a mud flat, but as the tide rose fully eight feet, it was well covered at high water. The first application for rural land in Muriheku was made in January, 1856, but the land was not thrown open for sale till 14th April following. We had arranged with Macandrew in Dunedin to send some stores and utensils to the New River by sea. Kelly had brought these up to the Point in his boat, and had stowed them on the bank of the creek under a tarpaulin. With Kellys assistance I put a sack of potatoes on my horse, and thus conveyed it to M'Clymont's. There was another settler at the north-west point of the Seaward bush, by name Peter Dalrymple, who had only arrived a few days before. M'Clymont had wheat and a steel mill in which we daily ground the wheat and made whole-meal scones. Our cooking utensils were a camp oven, fry pan, tin billy, and oval pot; the dishes and plates were tin, and tin pannikins took the place of cups, crockery ware being seldom seen.

As Mr Davidson had gone to Dunedin to rectify the boundaries of run 138 on the Titipoa, and to ascertain whether it was granted, I did not think it would be wise to go up and start work until I knew. I therefore remained at M'Clymont's and assisted him to clear the scrub and tussacs off his land. M'Master and Drummond, having finished their hut on their own sections, left today. On the three following days I packed our goods up from the point; sandflies and mosquitos swarmed there, I never saw them so bad anywhere else, especially before rain.

14th. — I rode to where I had left the tent. I then walked over the Maori head swamp lower down, found the three horses, saddled them, and brought them round the Longbush to the tent, which I struck, and having packed all the things on "Ginger", started for M'Clymont's. I had a great deal of trouble to get the horses over the Waihopai, which was high from the rain, and rushing through the flax on the bank.

15th.— "An hour in the morning is worth two in the evening", is an old saying. The men were always up before daylight so as to get out to their work as soon as they could see. There was not a plough anywhere in the district, so all agriculture was done by manual labor. M'Clymont cleared off the scrub and tussacs with an adze and then hoed the ground as deep as he could. When cleared he was able to hoe nearly 300 square yards in a long day. T. Rowan did not touch the bush on his section, but only cleared the tussacs. He then dug the ground with a spade, turning it over without lifting it, in lumps about 18 inches square and four to six inches deep, when it looked much as if it had been ploughed, he used to turn over 400 square yards a day. I went to assist Robinson to thatch his house. He had built the walls of posts tied in the ground with battens nailed on, and manuka scrub twisted in and out and clayed on the inside, known as wattle and daub. The roof was thatched with snowgrass tied on to battens with flax, a handful at a time. He called his place Chatworth House. He had the house finished and moved his family into it on the 22nd.

17th. — Captain George Printz, a whaler and stock-owner from Jacobs river, brought some beef in his whale-boat for M'Clymont; he was accompanied by a very fair half-cast lad, whom he called Jimmy. The price of the beef was fivepence the lb cash. We went down to the point and packed some up, and had a good supper of beef-steak, which was a great treat after being so long without meat of any sort. The prices of food at the New River were: Wheat ten shillings a bushel of 60 lbs, salt butter two shillings per lb, sugar sevenpence, meals 1 s 6 d, salt thirty shillings per cwt. The sugar was very coarse, nearly black in color, and often contained a good deal of sand. A squatter one day walked into Johnny Jones's office and said he had come to congratulate him on the sugar he had sent up to his station, as it had a good deal more sugar among the sand than what he usually supplied. The Bluff, Awarua, (meaning two channels) or Bloomfield harbor, as it was variously named, was twenty miles or more from the Otarewa creek. The track chiefly followed the side of the New River estuary as far as Moko-Moko, over a mud flat, covered with Wiwi rushes, which was very soft in places. There were two bad creeks to cross, the Mokotua and the Duck creek. It was necessary to watch for low tide, as the creeks could not be forded when the tide was in, and the Moko-moko inlet was also impassable. The Seaward bush grew close to the mud flat, with occasional sand hills intervening. The track passed up the Moko-moko inlet, passed the Maori Kaike and through a neck of bush, near what is now called Greenhills, into a cove at the north-west corner of the Bluff harbor, with bush on both sides. It then followed the beach round all the bays and bends, till it reached Macdonald's hotel near “the narrows.” The harbor was in 46.37 deg south latitude, and 168.37 deg east longitude. At high tides it was an extensive sheet of water stretching in two arms, one in a northerly direction, the other called Awarua bay, five miles to the east. Spring tides rose 3 feet and neaps 6 feet, the high water at full and change of the moon being at 18 minutes after one o'clock. It was an excellent harbor, and easily entered as there was no bar, though great care had to be exercised as the current was very swift. The first cargo of imported sheep was landed at the Bluff in December 1855. It was declared a port of entry on 19th January, 1856, at the same time as the New River, when Andrew Jamieson Elles was appointed collector of customs at the Bluff and New River, as well as Resident Magistrate, Postmaster and Treasurer, with only John Monson to assist him. There was no pilot, as James Smith, the first who held that office, was not appointed till 8th October, 1856. Lewis Archer was gazetted pilot at the New River on 14th November, 1856. The Bluff hill was a conical granite mound 470 feet high, connected with the mainland by a low narrow isthmus. The side of the hill facing the sea was steep and wooded; the eastern-most part forming the western head of the harbor was called Starling Point. The eastern head was low and sandy, and known as Tewaewae (the feet) Point. The waterway between the two points was about half a mile wide, and called “The Narrows”. The Bluff Hill was not an easy one to climb, but when the summit was reached, the labor was well rewarded by the extensive view. Looking eastward, the coast line is visible as far as the Brothers' Point, beyond Waikawa, backed by the wooded hills of the Tautuku Forest, between which and the Bluff is the long level sandy beach from the Toetoes, the salt water lagoons, the large peat mosses, the Oteramika and Petekoheke Bushes. Thence a semi circle round by the north includes the extensive plains of the Mataura, Waihopai, Orete, and Aparima, the coast line to the north-west being closed by Wakaputa Point over 30 miles distant. Across Foveaux Strait is Stewart Island, with its wooded hills, and in the far west Solander or Hautere (swift wind) island, with its 1100 feet of rock. On the south east is Ruapuke and its surrounding groups of small islands and rocks, while nearer hand are Centre and Dog islands. There were no lighthouses or harbor lights in this part of the world in 1856.

There were very few residents at the Bluff. The principal boatman's name was Hughes. The hotelkeeper, Alexander M'Donald, was a fine specimen of a Highlander, pleasant jovial man of 18 stone weight, but a splendid Scotch reel dancer notwithstanding. His patronymic was Sinclair, but he

had adopted the former as his colonial name. Where Mac was conversation never lagged, as he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and told his yarns in a quiet, serious, but most entertaining manner. One peculiarity of his was a strong aversion to “whistling on the Sabbath day”. He spoke Gallic better than English, and was very partial to kilts, which he always wore on Sundays, or when he went visiting. Instead of tea for dinner, as was the colonial custom in those early days, he used to place on the table a bucket filled with rum, which report said was frequently made on the premises from the native cabbage tree, and was very coarse and disagreeable to my palate, but evidently relished by the old whalers and sailors who frequented the port, as each one dipped his pannikin into the liquor and drank as much as he chose. His hotel was “The Argyle”, named after the country where he lived in his young days. There was a Maori kaike at the Mokomoko (a species of lizard), and one opposite on Owi Point. The aborigines lived very much on fish, but they also grew potatoes and a little wheat. They owned a few cattle, some of which had taken to the Seaward bush and become so wild that it was almost impossible to get within gun-shot of them, and the bulls at times were dangerously savage. The chief at Owi point was known as Henry; each kaike, however small, had its chief or Rangatira as he was then called. Muriheku was purchased from the Ngatimamoe tribe of Maoris by Land Commissioner W. B. D. Mantell in 1853. Documents signed and first instalment of purchase money paid at Port Chalmers on 3rd October. The old chief's name was Hurrahurra. He was tatooed on the left side of his face. The curves and marks were very similar to those of the Ngatiawa tribe to which Rauwidi, the chief at Massacre Bay, belonged, whose tattoo was almost the same. The chief at Mokomoko was named Toby, and in 1856 was a young man. He was only threequarter royal blood. He was a fair scholar, having been educated and brought up a Christian by the Rev. J. F. Wohlers at Ruapuke. The southern Maoris had an evil genius, or “Rita”, of their own, known as Miroeroe. The legend is that two Maoris, a man and his wife, long, long ago, turned wild and went off into the forest. After many years the man died, but the woman still haunts the country. Her chief weapons of offence are her nails, which as they have never been cut or broken have grown to an inordinate length. With these she stabs and scratches her enemies or victims. Miroeroe is dreaded almost as much as Tipo (the devil) himself, though of course she is not ubiquitous like him.

Miroeroe was said generally to frequent the Aparima district, as the forest east of the Mataura was supposed to be the habitat of fierce hairy giants called Miroroi, who were greatly dreaded by the Maoris. They were seldom seen, as they never left the bush except to go fishing on the ocean. There was a whaling station at Tautuku in charge of Mr Palmer and his Maori wife. The whalers often penetrated the bush in search of the hairy giants, wishing to see them and if possible to capture one, but they never succeeded in catching even a distant glimpse of one, nor could they ever induce any of their Maori friends to accompany them in their search. I suppose the giants smelt the white man afar, and secreted themselves like King Charles in the oak! In fact the two legends are the same, but had got mixed in being repeated by different Maoris.

The Muriheku Block was purchased from the natives by Commissioner W. B. D Mantell in August 1853, for £ 2,000, but was not paid for till the December following. On August 18th, Mr Mantell wrote to Mr Alfred Domett, who was then Colonial Secretary, as follows “I had yesterday the honor to announce to you the conclusion of the negotiations for the purchase of the Muriheku Block. I have now to request that, to meet the first instalment of the purchase money, authority be issued to the Sub-Treasurer of the Province, to advance from the Land Fund the sum of £ 1,000. As to the second instalment (£ 1,000) I would most urgently beg that (as promised in my original instructions) that amount be remitted to me from Wellington by the earliest opportunity, as the natives will expect the distribution of it at the Bluff before December. The first instalment will be paid almost exclusively to the claimants of the eastern and western, and the second to those of the centre portion (Taitai to

Dusky Bay) of the Block. Failing in my endeavors to reduce the demands of the natives below £2,600, and very unwilling to exceed the large amount stated in my instructions as the maximum, and which would have sufficed had the business been concluded at the time originally fixed, I at last made the following arrangement, which was agreed to by the natives: “That whether the further sum of £ 600 was granted or not, the land was ceded for the amount named in the deed (£ 2000). That the payment or non-payment of the £ 600 was to be left to the Governor, but that I was most strongly to urge His Excellency, in consideration of the delay - and of their long boat voyages ending in disappointment, etc. - to award that sum to them, and when awarded, to direct one-half of it to be distributed at Otago, and the other half at the Bluff.” This letter took neatly six weeks in reaching Wellington. The reply to it was dated 9th. November, 1853, which was received by Mr Mantell during the second week in December. Mr Mantell did not wait for the reply, but paid the first instalment of the purchase money as stated above, on October 3. Mr Domett's letter was a long one, but the following extract will be sufficient: “His Excellency considers that, in the course you have adopted, you have rendered a very great service to the public, and which entitles you to his special commendation, as it shows that you possess not only the capacity to see what measures ought to be taken in such an emergency to promote the public interests, but sufficient resolution to carry those measures into execution with a single regard to the public good. His Excellency therefore approves of the payment to the natives of the sum of £ 2,600 for the land recently acquired, in accordance with your recommendation. Three hundred pounds of the last amount to be paid at Otago, and £ 300 at the Bluff. From a statement furnished to the Governor, by the Audit office, it appears that the sub-Treasurer at Otago had received from the sale of public lands the sum of £ 88,640, between the 1st January and 31st July, 1853. This sum the Sub-Treasurer has been directed to pay over to you, as well as all other land in his hands, and you are also authorised and directed to retain in your hands any funds arising from the sale of Crown Lands in the Province of Otago, until the sum of £ 2600, and any expenses incurred in obtaining that amount, to be paid to the natives for the newly acquired block has been liquidated”.

For a week we suffered from horrid weather, rain, hail, snow and frost. I worked in the house, and made a sledge and a bullock yoke. Rowan, whose boots were showing signs of wear from his heavy spade work, made a pair of wooden soles, which he called clogs, and nailed them under his leather soles. We also made wooden bedsteads and a bench, besides grinding wheat, which was a daily occupation. M'Master and Drummond walked to the Bluff and brought back news that the “William Hyde”, barque, 570 tons register was in from Sydney with another cargo of sheep for M'Nab, and the “Favorite”, schooner, from Jacob's River, loaded with pigs for Port Chalmers had been obliged to put in through stress of weather.

On the evening of July 27th Alexander M'Nab and a companion, Mr Glendinning, came and remained all night. He was a strong, stout, short Highlander from the mountains of Argyleshire, about 47 years of age, but had come out to Botany Bay, Australia, in 1839 when young, and had been on the extensive sheep and cattle runs of Sir Thomas Mitchell and Mr George Urquhart, the New South Wales squatters, and subsequently on a run of his own in the Wimmera. The “William Hyde” had brought him from Sydney and a second cargo of 1000 merino ewes, which he refused to sell under 30 s a head, and a number of rams which had cost him £ 3 each. The barque, being three weeks in port, after discharging her cargo had started on her return, but was wrecked on a rock at the entrance to the Bluff harbor, where she was then stuck hard and fast. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to float her off the rock. The schooner Star came down on 4th August, and transhipped everything portable and took them to Dunedin for sale. The William Hyde was floated off about the end of 1857 or beginning of 1858, and taken to Port Chalmers, where she did duty as a coal hulk and

store ship for 18 years, and was then broken up. She was built of English oak. M'Nab brought the news that the Crimean war was ended, and that a treaty of peace had been signed between England, France, and Russia at Paris on 30th March, 1856. A public holiday was proclaimed for the 8th of August throughout Otago in celebration of the event.

The brig Amhurst was at the Bluff with 700 ewes for William Pinkerton, who had applied for a run at the Tapanui, afterwards known as Brooksdale Station. He was a fine tall man, 47 years of age, and rather badly marked with smallpox. He had migrated to South Australia in 1838, and took up a sheep run there, which he sold in 1855, and came over to New Zealand to look for a fresh run. He fixed on the one above mentioned, and returned to Adelaide for sheep. Not being able to charter a vessel he purchased the brig Amherst and brought his sheep to the Bluff. He was appointed an inspector of sheep soon after he landed, and in January, 1857, was gazetted Chief Inspector for the Southern district, and during his journeys from one station to another his genial disposition gained him friends everywhere. He was an excellent violinist, and sometimes carried his fiddle with him, and would amuse his entertainers for hours of an evening. His "bump of locality" was wonderful, as he never seemed to have any difficulty in finding his way. One day he was travelling with Mr Pearson, the Commissioner of Crown Lands, to inspect some out of the way run, when, as it was growing dark, they lost the indistinct track among the long snowgrass. The Commissioner got very unhappy thinking they would have to camp out without blankets, but Pinkerton never troubled his head, but went on whistling or humming different tunes, till the Commissioner's patience was quite exhausted. All at once Pinkerton slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "I've got it, I've got it and started humming a new tune. The Commissioner, thinking he had found the track, spurred his horse up, crying "Where? where? I'm so glad!" "Oh bother the track," replied our hero, "we're all right. It's the tune I mean. I heard it played by a young lady the other evening, and I have been trying to recall it all day, and now I remember it." On another occasion he was walking from the Waikiwi to lnvercargill late in the evening, and when he reached the Waihopai found the tide in, so he could not cross, and had to remain in the swamp all night. He broke down some manuka scrub, in different ways, making a kind of perch, on which he sat or reclined till daylight. Meeting me next day he recounted his adventure, and when I said "You must have been very uncomfortable", he replied, "O, dear no! There are ways and means of making yourself comfortable, even in a swamp". Surely a "contented mind is the true philosopher's stone". In 1868 he went to California, and died on 27th February, 1893, at the ripe old age of 84 years.

During the rough weather some of the cattle had gone into the bush for shelter, so four of us went to drive them out. The undergrowth was not so thick as I expected, as the shrubs had been a good deal broken down and eaten by cattle. The principal trees were called Black Pine (podocarpus spicata Maori - Matai), leaves flat, arranged in two rows, dark green on the upper surface, and glaucous or pale bluegreen beneath, seldom exceed half-an-inch in length, and are narrow with a point at the apex. It sometimes attains a height of 80 feet, with a trunk three feet in diameter. The timber is of great value on account of its smooth even texture, strength and durability; it is heavy and close grained, but is easily worked; the sap wood is white, but the heart a dark brown. The heart when buried seems to be indestructible, as it hardens underground, instead of rotting. Some of the growing trees have heartshakes, in which the watery portion of the sap accumulates; when tapped it forms a refreshing beverage for the thirsty bushman, who catches it in his tin billy. When newly tapped on a hot day it is brisk and refreshing, though it has a slight flavor of turpentine. A cubic foot of the timber weighs 49 lbs. Its seed in a stone, in encased in a fleshy fruit, is somewhat like a small round plum, but is not eatable. White Pine (podocurpus dacrydioides; Maori kahikatea) grows best in swampy ground, and sometimes attains a height of 150 feet, with a trunk five feet in diameter. The

leaves on a young tree are different to a mature one, which resemble small green scales about one-twelfth of an inch long, awl shaped and closely appressed to the stem. It bears a round crimson pulpy fruit, which is eatable, and has a shining black seed partly imbedded at its apex. The wood is white and is by far the most serviceable timber for building purposes, and lasts well if cut in the winter season, but requires painting where exposed to the weather. It has a peculiar failing of shrinking endways. When dry the timber is light, a cubic foot weighing only 30 – 43 lbs, with a specific gravity of 488. It bears a round crimson pulpy fruit, ¼ inch in diameter with the shining black seed sticking outside at its apex. Red pine (Dacrydium Cupressium; Maori Rimu) is a handsome tree, varying in height from forty to eighty foot, with a trunk tree of four feet in diameter, the branches droop in a most graceful form, with brownish-green leaves, closely overlapping all round the stem. It is *dioecious*, that is, the male and female flowers are produced on separate trees. The wood is a bright brown and red, sometimes beautifully grained, and makes very pretty furniture. It is much used for building, especially for dado, mantlepieces and pannelling, as it takes a high finish when polished. It sheds its bark annually. A cubic foot of the timber weighs 36 - 91 lbs. The fruit is a nut, seated on a red fleshy receptacle, clothed with green scales. Totara (Podocarpus Totara) one of the most valuable trees in New Zealand. It seldom exceeds 100 feet in height or six feet in diameter. Its foliage is a dull brown-green, thick, narrow, still and rigid, about one inch long by one eighth of an inch broad. The male catkins and female flowers are produced on different trees. The wood is a deep red color, sometimes beautifully knotted or mottled, which makes very handsome furniture. It is easily worked, and very durable, making excellent fencing posts. It is much lighter than Black pine, a cubic foot weighing 35 - 47 lbs but (sometimes it is very brittle. Bark stringy, soft, of a light brown color; in the spring when the sap rises the bark can be taken off in large sheets, and was sometimes used for roofing. Broadleaf (griselinia littoralis) called in different localities by the Maoris Puka, Papauma Kapukas the latter being the name used in the South. It is a handsome evergreen tree, with a roundish, dark green shiney leaf, and while young, is a very ornamental garden shrub. The trunk is generally crooked and gnarled, from two to four feet in diameter, and seldom exceeds 60 feet in height. The male and female flowers are produced on different trees. It splits easily; the heart wood is a dark red, and lasts well as posts. There was also a very useless tree, the stem a good deal like the Broadleaf, called Pokaka (elaeocarpus hookerianus), but its leaves are narrow, waved, and deeply lobed or serated, a pale-green color. Among smaller trees were the Maple (pittosporum) of which there was several varieties. We called it Black-mapou, but I believe the Maori name was Ta whi-whi, at least for one variety, and Tarata for another we called Turpentine (pittosporum eugenoides) tree. It is the toughest wood in the district. The Pepper Tree (Drmys colorata; Maori horopito) a much branching shrub, with black bark, leaves dark green with red blotches, which have a hot aromatic taste. The Lancewood or grass tree (pseudopanax; Maori horoeka), in the young tree the leaves are about three feet long and only half an inch wide, thick and leathery in texture, with distant marginal teeth, and are always deflexed, the midrib being very stout. In the mature tree the leaf is only six inches in length, and the teeth have disappeared. Among shrubs were the laurel (puttit), the mikimiki (coprosma linariifolia, yellow wood), the currant, or wine berry (Aristotelia racemosa, Maori makomako), and many others. The fuchsia (kohutuhutu) was the only deciduous tree I saw. The flowers are at first nearly black, but when open assume a bright purple. The berry is good to eat when ripe. The koromeka or Veronica was plentiful near the edges of the bush, and there were some fine tree ferns. The bush lawyers, or “Wait a bit”, were a great nuisance, but I did not see any supplejacks. I also noticed a few white birch, or tawai (fagus), and manuka (septospermum). I noticed one kowhai tree (sophora, or Edwardsia tetraptera), erroneously spelt goa and gohai. It is only a small tree, seldom exceeding 35 feet in height, or 2 feet in diameter, but very valuable timber from its great strength, toughness, and elasticity. It is a compact, dense, heavy, pale-brown wood, very like the laburnum, weighing from 50 lbs to 64 lbs per cubic foot, and will bear a breaking weight of from

200 lbs to 275 lbs. In October its flowers form pendulous racemes of a deep yellow color, which are very handsome. The green leaves at the time gradually fall off, as if to enable the blossoms to be better seen. As the flowers fall off the young leaves rapidly obscure the ovary with their bright green airy leaflets. As it in a very useful as well as ornamental tree it is a pity that they are so scarce, especially as it is well fitted for the purposes of the cabinet-maker and the millright, and makes the very best teeth and bows for hay rakes. The tree is very ornamental, especially when in bloom, and forms a handsome addition to our garden flora. Ferns grew very freely all over the bush, and seedlings of the trees and shrubs were springing up in many places.

In the Seaward Bush, in addition to the above mentioned trees, there was rata (metrosideros Lucida), known as ironwood. It grew to about 60 feet in height, with a trunk varying from two to six feet in diameter. The bark was a yellowish brown, and at times peeled off in large sheets. The flowers were very beautiful; they had the appearance of numerous crowded deep crimson stamens, as the calyx was only a small silky cup with five little petals, like the myrtle, to which order it belongs. The seeds are very small, and contained within a woody capsule which opens when ripe into three parts. The timber is heavy, compact, tough, and of great strength. It is of a dark red color, but is never figured like the red pine. It was used instead of brasses for saw mill benches, and bearings of shafts, for trencils, wedges, and for the teeth of geared wheels. It was also extensively used in shipbuilding, its weight being its only drawback, a cubic foot weighing 65.13 lbs.

Part of the above description and the botanical names has been taken from Mr T. Kirk's “Forest Flora”. Some of the names differ from the ones I have in my diary, which were those of earlier botanists. In New Zealand there are about 120 varieties of indigenous forest trees, but I have only mentioned those I saw at the time. There were a good many pigeons (carpophaga NZ, Maori Kuku or Kereru). It is pretty copper purple bird, head, neck, and breast coppery-green, abdomen white with little pink feet. It is excellent eating, but they are seldom seen now.

The kaka (nestor meridionalis) was not so numerous. It is an olive-brown parrot, with the abdomen and tail purplish-red, top of the head grey, with a ring of yellowish-red at the back of the neck, some of them being redder than others. It is very good to eat when in condition, but when poor is covered with lice. It is a noisy bird, always calling out in a harsh, rasping cry, and very unsettled and migratory. They have not been seen in large numbers since the year 1861. Of course there were plenty of the ubiquitous robin (petroeca albifrous) fearlessly hopping about with its cheerful chirp. It is a small bird nearly black with a yellowish-white breast; the young birds are a dark grey.

There were numbers of the little native yellow-heads, or canaries (orthonyx ochrocephela; Maori, popokatea). The head, breast, and abdomen were yellow, and the back and tail yellowish-brown. They were very gregarious, and flitted about among the branches with much musical chirping.

The tui, mocking bird, or parson-bird (Prosthemadera N.Z.) enlivened us with its pretty song. It is a handsome bluish or greenish-black; the neck behind has soft long feathers, curving forward with a white line down the centre, white spot on each wing, and the throat ornamented with two tufts of white curly feathers. It alters its note according to the four seasons of the year. It also imitates nearly every other bird that sings. Outside the bush there were a number of native quail (Coturnix, NZ. Maori, koreka.) It was a small bird, reddish-brown, spotted with white on breast and abdomen. They were most delicious eating. Their eggs were nearly as large as a pigeon's egg, thickly spotted with brown. As they could not fly far, they are now nearly extinct, for they could not escape from the bush fires, and were easily shot, or caught by dogs. There was also a little brown bird which we called “grass bird”. It was a very poor flyer, and used to run and hide in the grass, whence its melancholy

call would frequently be heard. We sometimes shot a Paradise duck or sheldrake (casarea variegata Maori, putangitangi). It is a large-sized duck, the back black, pencilled with white; the head, neck, and breast in the male black, in the female white. The shrill call of the duck is exceedingly disagreeable, that of the drake is a prolonged guttural equally unpleasant. In lonely places the cry almost frightened the traveller, and made him feel very melancholy. They were very tough eating when fresh, but good when hung or buried for a week or so. In Australia they were called mountain duck. The grey duck (Anas superciliosa Maori, Parera) was the nicest for food. It is a greyish-brown, varied with yellowish-white, upper part of neck yellowish-white, with two small bands of dark-brown on the cheeks; speculum green, margined above and below with black. They generally were seen in small flocks. The Teal (Querquedula gibberifrous; Maori, Tete) was a small brown duck, with a white bar on the wing, speculum green. It was difficult to shoot as it always dived at the flash of the gun, and was so wild, it was not easy to get within gun shot range of it. The Swamp-hen or Turkey, Pukeko (Porphyris melanotus) was a bird of a deep black color, with an indigo-blue breast, and white feathers in its tail. It has long red legs and bill. The Maoris have a tradition that it was imported by them when the first immigrants came from Hawaiki. In the early days it was never seen beyond ten miles or so from the sea coast. The wood-hen or Weka (Ocydromus Australis) is a brownish-black bird with yellowish feathers intermixed, throat and abdomen grey. It is unable to fly, but it has small wings, which it uses to assist it in running when in a hurry or frightened; there is a strong sword claw at the second joint, which it uses to some purpose in self-defence. It is a very bold, impudent bird, and an arrant thief, and will run off with anything it can get a hold of, that is not too hot or too heavy. It sometimes screams at night especially before rain. It is very good to eat. It is not gregarious, as more than two are seldom seen together. We also saw a few green Parakeets, Kakariki (Platycorcus, N.Z.), they are bright-green, with blue on the wings, the forehead and top of its round head crimson. I must not omit the pretty little wren (Xenicus longipes) the smallest bird in New Zealand. It is a greenish brown, with brown forehead, white throat and grey abdomen, flanks yellow, its tail is very short, and generally erect. The pied fantail, piwakawaka (Rhipidura flabellifera) is the best fly catcher New Zealand possesses, but it will not live in confinement. Its head and neck are greyish-black black, breast, and abdomen dark olive brown, white throat white and eyebrows; two middle tail feathers black with white tips, outer ones white. It is always flitting about with broadly expanded tail in pursuit of flies. It frequently enters a house and soon clears a room of flies, but if shut in all night it frets itself to death before morning. I think the only enemy these birds have except man, was the hawk, kaiaia (Hieracidea, N.Z.), brownish-black, chin and throat white streaked with dark brown, a very swift bird of prey, but would seldom touch carrion. The scientific names of these birds I have copied from Dr W. L. Buller's Manual of the Birds of New Zealand, which is considered the best authority. The catalogued native birds of New Zealand now number 170.

I have now brought the notes of my journey from Nelson to the Bluff to a close. I have not attempted, like some travellers, to increase the interest of the narrative by hyperbole, or imaginary wonders, nor have I pretended to write an exhaustive history, but have simply stated the facts as nearly as I could from the notes I wrote at the time in my pocketbook. I trust the readers have not criticised my writings too closely, and will kindly look over any errors, and shortcomings.

I must say that I considered the life most enjoyable, although so rough; but the secret was, we had youth, health, strength, and hope on our side, and the novelty and independence of the position was a great attraction. One never gave a thought for the future when we started in the morning we little troubled ourselves where we should spend the night. If we reached a dwelling we knew a welcome would be accorded to us, if we did not, well and good, we hobbled our horses and remained till morning, accepting any position with equal philosophy. Everyone was pleasant and friendly, and

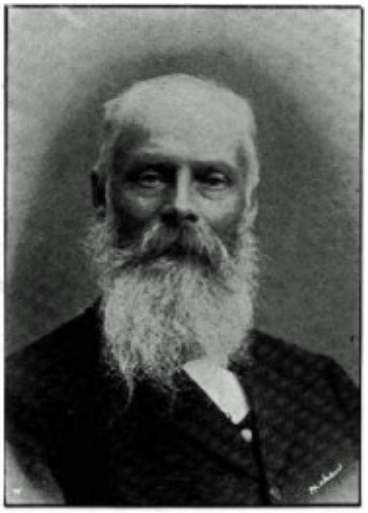
although a stranger, a visitor was treated as an acquaintance, the settlers being anxious to assist and help him in every way possible, more particularly if he intended taking up his residence in the district. Selfishness seemed to be unknown, kindness and hospitality being the chief virtues of the times. one thing was very noticeable, there were very few old people or persons in their 'teens - all were either able-bodied adults or children. There was a total absence of the present hateful and cowardly larrikinism. We enjoyed our fun and pleasure without injuring others. There was no poverty, no labor troubles; everyone was able and willing to work, and there was plenty of work to do, though as each one as a rule had work of his own, wages were low, and the system of mutual assistance was preferred to paid servants. Everyone seemed happy and contented, for they were not, as now, being perpetually worried for rates and taxes. The credit of the settlers' was good, and promissory notes were very seldom used, but if granted were invariably met at maturity. That was far better than our present debts with all the luxury of railways and liberal governments. I often sigh for the rough times and unmade roads of the fifties!

FINIS.

ABOUT THE DIARIST: http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/tei-Cyc04Cycl-t1-body1-d4-d6-d2.html

Mr. William Henry Sherwood Roberts, who was a Member of the Oamaru Borough Council in 1879, was born at Tenby, Pembrokeshire, Wales, on the 16th of October, 1834. He comes of a Worcestershire family, and was educated at the Palace school, Enfield, near London. His father was an officer in the Honourable East India Company's Service and owned freehold property in Wales and Worcestershire. Mr. Roberts was originally intended for the profession of medicine, but studied as a book-keeper and land surveyor. He, however, left for New Zealand before becoming licensed, and arrived in Nelson, by the barque "John Phillips," on the 6th of May, 1855. In the following year Mr. Roberts travelled overland from Nelson to Invercargill and became a squatter in Southland, but lost his cattle run in 1857 through the "Land and Lease Ordinance, 1856." Two years later he bought a run at Pomahaka, near Tapanui, and named it "Ardmore," but lost that also in 1871, when the land was opened for sale by the Government. On this last occasion his loss amounted to something like £30,000. Mr. Roberts then purchased a farm at Waipani, where he remained from 1872 to 1878. In December of the latter year, he settled in Oamaru and subsequently purchased three acres of land at Meadowbank, where he built his beautiful residence named "Marapua." Mr. Roberts held the Commission of Justice of the Peace for twenty one years, and was for a short time engaged as a commission agent, auctioneer, and valuator in Oamaru. He was for six years a member of the Anglican Synod, and frequently officiated as Lay Reader is Oamaru and elsewhere. In addition to

serving on the Borough Council, he was also a member of the Hospital Committee. He was initiated as a Freemason in Lodge Otago, 844, E.C., and became a Master Mason in June, 1866, and was exalted as Companion of the Kilwinning Royal Arch Chapter on the 23rd of January, 1871. Mr. Roberts is well known as a literary man, and has written a “History of Oamaru and North Otago,” from 1853 to 1889. It is an interesting volume of over 500 pages, particularly useful as a book of reference, and was published by Mr. A. Fraser, of Oamaru, in 1890. In 1895, Mr. Roberts published “Southland in 1856–1857, with a Journey from Nelson to Southland in 1856.” He was married in October, 1867, to the only daughter of Captain P. Williams, of Dunedin, and of a family of ten children, has, surviving, one daughter and five sons.



Mr. W. H. S. Roberts.



Marapua House: The Residence of Mr. W. H. S. Roberts.