EARLY WAIKOUAITI

By

DONALD W. MALLOCH

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MR. JOHN JONES.

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FOREWORD

Mr Donald W. Malloch is to be congratulated on his enterprise in preserving the history and memories of his native town, Waikouaiti. The author of this volume is well equipped for his task. His access to family and other papers, his accurate recollections of events during a lifetime, together with his power of expression, will give this book a value which will increase during the years.

It is gratifying that matters of historic interest lying deep in the life of Waikouaiti are brought to light, to be seen and treasured.

This volume will be greatly prized, not only by present and future inhabitants of this beauty spot, but also by those who desire to search a rich repository of the days rapidly passing into the distance.

This foreword is written as a sincere tribute to the author, to the district and its people—past and present.

T. WILSON POTTS.

The Manse,
Waikouaiti.

INTRODUCTION

Unpretentiously and without blare of trumpet, I venture to launch the frail barque Early Waikouaiti on the ever-extending seas of literature concerning early New Zealand. I make no apology for doing so, for being Waikouaiti born and bred, probing into its early history has always been an interesting study to me. Most of my narrative has already been published in a series of articles in the press. Many appreciative letters I received suggested that I should put them into book form, and a further inducement was the discovery made of how little is known by the present generation of the early history of the district in which they live. In the rapidly passing years there is the grave risk of many of the historical records of the district being entirely lost. The main factor, however, was the opportunity it gave me to relieve a troubled conscience. Many years ago Mrs John Christie, of the manse, presented me with a copy of Mr Christie's "History of Waikouaiti," with the request that I continue the story and carry on his work. Aware of my limitations and the inability to maintain the standard of his excellent effort, I have long delayed the fulfilment of Mrs Christie's request. However, "Better late than never," and patchy though my attempt may be, it is sufficient to lure me into the belief that my debt to Mrs Christie has now been discharged.

In a survey of this nature it is inevitable that discrepancies or errors may occur. These will, however, not be of any great consequence, for I have endeavoured to include only statements that, in my opinion, bear the imprint of accuracy. Many stories—some interesting, some sensational—prevalent in the district in my boy-

hood days would make interesting reading, but owed their origin to the gossip of whalers and stories handed down by the old pioneers. From these dubious sources, and unable to be verified, they are reluctantly omitted. My research work led to the exploration of many avenues—searching old newspaper files, stories told me by old-timers long since departed, and the Hon. R. McNab's "Early Whaling in New Zealand," Rev. Mr Christie's "History of Waikouaiti," and a thesis written by Mr James Buchan, M.A., all contributed their quota. To these gentlemen I acknowledge my grateful thanks. If voyagers on the cruise of the Early Waikouaiti derive the same pleasure as I did in collecting the cargo, then I will feel that it is being propelled on a worth while voyage.

DONALD W. MALLOCH.

Waikouaiti,
January 14, 1940.

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OLD WAIKOUAITI, 1865. —By courtesy Otago Early Settlers' Association.

Taken at entrance to road leading to Matanaka, where now stand summer cribs.

EARLY WAIKOUAITI

I.

Nestling alongside a beautiful three-mile stretch of beach, separating Matanaka Heads from the Waikouaiti River and set amidst picturesque surroundings, slumbers the historic little village of Waikouaiti, dreaming of its departed glory and to-day a very faint shadow of its former self. At one period of its life it was acknowledged to be the most prosperous township in Otago, with a promising future, but the changes and march of events that the progress of time brings in its train heralded its doom when the Main North road was opened in 1864.

Instead of increased prosperity anticipated by those in commercial circles this was the commencement of its decay—a common experience of many townships and localities in the early settlement of a young country. Encircled by its well-known local landmarks—Matanaka, Pinnacky, Mount Baldy, Mount Durden, Mount Watkin, Bendoran, and the Karitane hillside—lapped by the wavelets and pounded by the breakers that roll in from Waikouaiti Bay to expend their force on the sands, to these the progress of time has brought no change. They are all the same to-day as they were a century ago, when first viewed by the whalers employed at Long and Wright's whaling station, established in 1837. To the traveller passing through these convey no meaning or indication of Waikouaiti's historic past or the important part it played in the colonisation of Otago.

Waikouaiti—meaning a little wading or swimming river—was the name given to the river by the Maoris, the land adjacent being given the same name. The present township of Waikouaiti was then an uninhabited

wilderness of bush, swamp, tussock, and flax. There is no town or locality in the South Island so rich in historical lore as Waikouaiti. Its history commences in 1838 when Mr John Jones, familiarly known as "Johnny Jones," purchased the whaling station from Long and Wright and came to reside in Waikouaiti. The first cattle, horses, and sheep to arrive in the South Island were landed on the Waikouaiti beach. The first band of emigrants to arrive in the South Island lived at Waikouaiti. The first missionary in the South Island was stationed at Waikouaiti. The first mission house and dwelling house of any pretentions built in Otago were built in Waikouaiti; the first signs of farm cultivation and the first crops between Nelson and Bluff were grown at Waikouaiti; the first sheep shorn in the South Island were shorn at Cherry Farm; the first white girl and the first white boy born in Otago were born at Waikouaiti, and in the same place were buried the first white females who died in Otago.

It is 10 years older than Dunedin, and Frederick Tuckett, the surveyor, when passing through Waikouaiti in 1844, remarked: "Judging by the cultivation and Jones's whaling station, this must be the most prosperous locality in New Zealand." These are some of the facts that have placed it so prominently on the historical map of Otago, and that show how closely it is interwoven with the early history of Otago. If there had been no whaling station established at Waikouaiti "Johnny" Jones might not have come to reside in the place, and in all probability it would not have been settled until 20 years later. Shorn thus of its historical records, its early history would be very similar to the early history of many other localities settled about the same period. In its infant days it was a "no man's land," separated from the south by a dense bush and impassable jungle. Its only access was by way of the sea, with the exception of a narrow Maori track that ran alongside the present railway line. To the traveller the journey was fraught with danger without the assistance of a guide. As Mr John Jones's name is inseparable from the early history

of Waikouaiti, a brief reference to his life may be of interest to readers. Not only was he the most outstanding personage ever associated with Waikouaiti, but he was also the best known man on the coast of the South Island. At the age of 26 he was well known on the Sydney waterfront as a waterman in Sydney Harbour. He flashed into the limelight when, almost overnight, from a waterman he blossomed into a shipowner. He purchased a vessel, the Sydney Packet, for £800, engaged a crew, and sailed for New Zealand. He purchased the Preservation Bay Whaling Station, established six years previously by George Bunn, a Sydney merchant, who had died. He returned with a cargo of oil and whalebone, and this marks his entering into the whaling industry, and was his first shipment from New Zealand.

The reputation of the New Zealand coast as a profitable fishing ground for whales was known only at this period to the Sydney whalers. Theirs was a lucrative and prosperous industry until the invasion of foreign whaling vessels—English, American, French, Dutch, and Portuguese—when its fame had spread abroad and was the commencement of its decline. To escape the Antarctic storms and bring forth their young, the whales arrived in New Zealand in shoals in the months of April and May, and would be seen gambolling in almost every bay and inlet in the South Island. So intense was the warfare waged against them by foreign fleets and Hobart town vessels that in time they forsook the shores of New Zealand in search of more peaceful waters. The business acumen of "Johnny" Jones early saw the possibilities in the whaling trade, and he established a chain of seven whaling stations extending from Bluff to Moeraki, which provided employment for 240 men. In 1838, at the early age of 28, he came to reside at Waikouaiti with the whalers and the remnants of a Maori tribe numbering between 200 and 300. The only employer of labour, and without rivals, he was looked upon as a king in his small community, and possessed a power that would be the envy to-day of political

dictators. A domineering nature and hasty temper, frequently backed with physical force, paved for him an easy pathway in securing his own ends, for few there were who had the courage to cross swords with him. He was popular with the Maoris, generous to them with presents from his clothing depot, and they looked upon him as their best friend. In his day he was shipowner, farmer, runholder, merchant and issued his own currency. A keen and successful business man, the accumulation of wealth became an obsession with him. His liberal bequests to the different churches, his land grant for the establishment of a school, and his monetary assistance to any scheme that tended to promote the advancement of his settlement were tributes to his generosity. Of an acquisitive nature, he gave full reign to this trait in his character when he commenced to purchase the land belonging to the Natives. The history of his Native land transaction is an interesting story, and is dealt with in greater detail later. During his 31 years' residence in Otago, he spent 28 years in endeavouring to procure a Crown grant from the New South Wales Government, and later from the Otago Provincial Council for the large territory that he claimed to own. It was bounded by Omimi in the south and Pleasant River as the northern boundary, and extended many miles inland; he fought his claim to the last ditch. No one in this area could graze a horse or pitch a tent without his permission. His claim was finally settled in 1867—two years before he died—when the Provincial Council gave him permission to select 8500 acres of the unsold land in Otago free of charge and a Crown grant for Cherry Farm, Waikouaiti township, Tumai and Matanaka was issued to him by the New South Wales Commissioners, bringing the total to 11,000 odd acres. Throughout his life his claim was an endless source of worry to him, but this was the final adjustment, and amounted to about half of his original application, and brought to a close one of the biggest Native land transactions in the South Island.

It is difficult to visualise what Waikouaiti looked like a century ago. From talks with old pioneers and aided by early photographs, one can draw a picture of sufficient accuracy to convey to the reader an indication of its wild and rugged nature prior to the arrival of the first emigrants in 1840. The only human inhabitants were the whalers employed at the whale fishery and the Natives. The sea and beach remain unchanged, but the lagoon was a large sheet of water extending to Malloch's road. Devoid of weed and much fresher than it is to-day, it was occasionally used for domestic purposes. A favourite fishing ground with the Maoris, it abounded in eels, flounders, and a small fish, now extinct, called the Mata-Manga. The latter fish was considered a delicacy by the Maoris, and Matanaka, sometimes known as Mount Cornish, takes its name from it. From the cricket pavilion extending northward to the dairy factory, from where the railway station and post office now stand, to the end of Townsend's Bush and continuing on to the mill paddock was a vast swamp covered with Maori heads, rushes, and stagnant water. It was a favourite haunt of wildfowl. The Hawksbury Hillside —called by the Natives Pahatea—was covered with a dense bush, heavily timbered and thronged with native birds. The Government township was principally tussock and matagouri. The whole of Beach Street extending as far as the police station was an area of dense flax. Elsewhere was a tangle of tutu, tussock, flax, cabbage tree, and the raupo and rushes in small swamps dotted here and there throughout the countryside. There were no animals, except the Maori dog and a few wild pigs. The only human beings to be seen would be, perhaps, the Natives fishing in the lagoon, or hunting the wildfowl in the swamps. Looking seaward one would probably see one or two whaling vessels anchored in the bay, and on the summit of Matanaka a column of smoke might be curling up into the air. This was the signal from the lookout man to the whaling station that a whale was in sight.

This, then, is a rough survey of the desolate looking region that met the gaze of the courageous little band of emigrants who arrived in Waikouaiti by the Magnet in March, 1840. These were agriculturists from the counties in the South of England, who had come to Australia to establish homes. At this period "Johnny" Jones required men of farming experience to look after his stock and cultivate his farm, as the Maoris were useless for this class of work. He got in touch with the immigrants, and, if they would come to Waikouaiti, offered them a free passage, £38 a year, free rations, a guarantee of 12 months' work and a free grant of 60 acres of land at the expiry of two years' service. This appeared to them an attractive offer, more especially as they found the heat of Australia rather trying. With visions of a prosperous future and full of hope eleven married couples, eleven children and one single man left Australia for the shores of Waikouaiti. It was a bold adventure on their part, for they had no idea what the country was like or what awaited them. If they expected to find, like the Israelites of old, a land flowing with milk and honey, they were to be grievously disappointed. They found instead a wilderness of tussock, swamps, tutu, fern, and the matagouri growing in riotous profusion, the vegetation and trees in the bush all entirely foreign to them. The only inhabitants were the Maoris, who could not speak English, and the whalers employed at the fishery, most of whom were runaway sailors and convicts who had escaped from penal settlements. There were no houses to accommodate them, and they lived in hastily erected huts at the whaling station and Matanaka. There was no church, school, store, or any of the amenities of life to which they had been accustomed. There were no farm implements, and for the first two years Cherry Farm was cultivated with grub hoes. They had to depend on the whaling vessels bringing their supplies from Sydney, and these called at Waikouaiti only at irregular intervals for cargoes of oil. It frequently happened, therefore, that there was a

shortage of food. In the first year of the settlement, for periods amounting to three months, they had no tea, sugar, potatoes, or flour, and lived principally on cabbage tree roots, fish, and shellfish. Apart from these hardships, they had two unfortunate experiences sufficient to make them regret ever leaving the shores of Australia. One very windy day when a whaler was boiling blubber the pan took fire and, overflowing, set his hut on fire. Being constructed of inflammable material, the row of huts were smouldering ruins in a short space of time. The immigrants lost all their belongings, barely escaping with their lives. This was a serious matter for them, for they had to await the arrival of a vessel from Sydney to replenish their depleted wardrobes. For three months they had to wear boots, the soles made from bullock hide and the uppers of flax. For clothing, they had to make the best use they could of the clothing depot kept at the whaling station for the use of whalers. Those living at Matanaka narrowly escaped a much more serious disaster. Living at Matanaka were 50 or 60 Natives in a semi-nude state. One day a dispute arose between them and the whites. The Natives threatened to kill the immigrants, and would have done so had it not been for the timely arrival of the overseer, Thomas Jones, a nephew of "Johnny" Jones, who managed to pacify them, and thus prevented what would have been a serious blot on the early history of Waikouaiti. A little girl aged two years who arrived in the Magnet, the daughter of David Carey, was drowned at Matanaka in a water hole made by excavations for the building of the huts. In the same year a child of the same age, also a passenger by the Magnet, was burned so severely that she died the following day. Mrs Fuller and her infant babe and also another female died at Matanaka in the same year. Sleeping peacefully for 98 years somewhere at Matanaka, these poor women and unfortunate little children now lie buried with no stone or railing to indicate where. They were the first white females to be buried in the South Island. No one received their 60 acres of land,

it apparently not being thought sufficient inducement to fulfil their two years' engagement. Dissension arose with a new manager appointed at Cherry Farm, and most of them left and went to reside at Otago Heads.

II.

It is a long cry from the Homeland to Waikouaiti, and it is wonderful how the immigrants who arrived in Waikouaiti in the 'forties adapted themselves to their altered outlook on life amid such strange surroundings. The Orbell diary, written by Mr McLeod Orbell and published some years ago, gives a faithful description of the hardships endured and vicissitudes of life at that period. Mention might also be made of the experience of Mr Ned Durden, after whom Mount Durden is named. His experience was very similar to the experience of many others who arrived in the 'forties and worked for "Johnny" Jones. Mr John Orbell came to establish a home for his family. Ned Durden arrived in a spirit of adventure when a lad of 19. He was sent as an apprentice to learn the printing trade in one of the printing houses in London. The reading of a book one day, depicting in glowing colours the glamorous life in New Zealand, fired his ambition and decided him, very much against his father's wish, to come to New Zealand. He arrived in the Ajax in 1849 with Mr Thomas Culling, a fellow apprentice. Unlike Mr Culling, he did not follow his calling when he arrived in the colony, but found his way to Waikouaiti, probably in search of the glamorous life he had read about. He was immediately given employment by "Johnny" Jones, and was sent to live in a hut on the lonely slopes of Mount Durden. There were no fences in those days, and his duty was to herd the sheep in the vicinity of Mount Durden and prevent them straying into the back country. He had no companions, and lived a solitary life, but his hut was shared occasionally by a man named "Black Andy." He found it very lonely, and early discovered that the glamorous life he had read about was a myth and lived only in

WAIKOUAITI BAY AND PUKETERAKI BEACH. By courtesy Otago Daily Times.

The narrow neck of the Peninsula at the mouth of the river was the site of the Whaling Station.

the imagination of the author of the book. Accustomed all his life to the glare and glitter and roar of traffic of city life, he found the silence hard to endure, and it took him a long time to get used to it. Instead of the boom of Big Ben or the chimes of the Bow Bells, the only sounds to break the solitude of the night were the call of the weka, the hoot of the morepork in the bush, the bleat of the sheep on the mountainside, and the faint tinkle of the bullock bells in the distance. He lived and died in Waikouaiti, and in his day as storeman, storekeeper, and hotelkeeper was one of Waikouaiti's most prominent citizens, and experienced its periods of prosperity and decay. Despite his ups and downs, he found consolation in the fact (as he often remarked) that "his name would always be remembered in Waikouaiti as long as Mount Durden remained where it is."

With emigrant ships arriving more frequently at this period, the population of Otago rapidly increased. These did not, however, increase to any great extent the population of Waikouaiti. The few who came, came in search of employment and worked for "Johnny" Jones. The emigrant who arrived with his family with the intention of establishing his home trekked southwards in search of land. A new overland route to the south, in preference to the Maori track, had become essential. The mountain track, although rugged and mountainous, was freer of bush, safer for the travellers, and more suitable for the driving of stock, and thus it became the main highway to Dunedin. In the 'fifties it was largely used by "Johnny" Jones for driving his stock to the Dunedin market, and also by the traveller who was bold enough to venture overland. It crossed the Waikouaiti River on the southern side of the Cherry Farm homestead at a place known as Wild Dog Ford. Wild Dog Ford was named after a half-civilised Maori who lived at the ford in an old-time Maori whare. The only entrance to the whare was an opening in the wall, through which he crawled on all fours. He lived on the results

of his hunting and fishing expeditions, and would not touch any European food. Ferocious in appearance, he was the bogey man to the few white children who lived in Waikouaiti at that period. Nevertheless, he was a harmless old fellow. To avoid the swamp the road struck westward until it reached the terrace near Mrs Heckler's homestead. Continuing along the ridge below Mr Toomey's residence, it skirted the edge of the bush until it reached the residence now occupied by Mr Charles Hallum. This was an accommodation house built in 1858 by Mr John Jones for Mr Joseph Beal, one of the passengers by the Magnet. The timber for the building was carted by Mr John McLay with his bullock team, and it was the first accommodation house built in Waikouaiti where liquor was sold over the counter. It was the favourite halfway house for up-country runholders on their visits to and from Dunedin.

When Frederick Tuckett came south in 1844 on his exploration visit in search of land on behalf of the New Zealand Company he was favourably impressed with Waikouaiti. He described seeing the first crop of grain growing at Matanaka. He described also the walk along the beach, and noted a splendid bush on the hillside to the right which he thought was heavily timbered. He spent a day or two at the whaling station inspecting the harbour, and then proceeded south. Waikouaiti possessed the main essentials for the building of a city—a good harbour, an area of land surrounded by hills that would have made ideal suburbs, and an equitable climate. The land, however, was not available, as it was claimed by "Johnny" Jones. If the Maoris had still owned the land in 1844, it is quite on the cards that to-day schoolchildren would be taught in their geography books that the capital of Otago is "Waikouaiti, on the Waikouaiti River."

No land could be purchased in Waikouaiti, for "Johnny" Jones claimed the whole countryside for miles around, and would not sell sufficient to graze a goat.

There is no doubt his land aggregation at this period was detrimental to the growth of Waikouaiti. He realised this was not a wise policy and, being the only merchant and being shrewd in business, he visualised that an increased population would enhance the value of the land he claimed, besides giving an impetus to trade in his commercial enterprises. To arrest the drift southwards and encourage a trek northward, he conceived the idea of establishing a private township. In 1860, with this object in view, he had Beach Street surveyed into one acre blocks. As a basis to the building of his township any person who erected a building to the value of £30 would be given a free title to the section on which it stood, and he also made the following bequests:—(1) To the Anglican Church, three acres for a church site and burial ground, ten acres glebe and sixty-four quarter-acre sections. (2) Two acres for a site for a district school and teacher's residence. (3) One acre and £50 to the Presbyterian Church. (4) One acre and £50 to the Wesleyan Church. (5) One acre and £50 to the Roman Catholic Church. (6) Two acres of land for a site for the Goodwood Anglican Church. He also erected a large store, built in stone, at the lower end of Beach Street. Until the opening of the Main North Road he carried a stock running into thousands. His son, James, worked in the store, and so also did the late Sir James Mills when a lad, the latter locally and familiarly known as "Little Jimmie." Sir James Mills at one period owned a number of sections in Waikouaiti, and his estate still appears on the ratepayers' roll. When alive he frequently refused to sell some of his sections for sentimental reasons, as he expressed the wish to retain some connecting link with Waikouaiti.

St. John's Church had previously been built by Mr Jones—in 1858—and at that early period was a lonely edifice set amid picturesque surroundings of flax bushes. Its timbers to-day are almost as sound as the day it was carted by bullock drays from the saw pit in Hawksbury

Bush. The spade work and the planting of the township, now accomplished, began to attract settlers, and, dotted here and there amid the area of flax and tussock, appeared tents and huts, giving it a semblance of a settlement. The discovery of gold at Dunstan in 1862, and later ata the Hogburn, gave it a "boost" exceeding by far Mr Jones's fondest dreams. The best route to the Dunstan was through Waikouaiti, and, as there was still no overland road connecting it with the south, all traffic and goods for inland came by sea in small coastal vessels which discharged at the mouth of the river. Diggers were arriving daily in their hundreds, and the southern end of the beach, once the undisputed domain of the sea birds, and disturbed only by the passing by of an occasional wayfarer, was plunged into a scene of great activity.

It is not difficult to visualise the scene in those stirring days—the Maoris mingling with the diggers and carrying them ashore from the surf boats for a small fee; the miners' belongings and stores and goods piled on the beach and being loaded into bullock drays; the chaos and confusion; the constant stream of miners trekking along the beach and through Beach Street in their feverish haste to the goldfields; the excitement and stirring times witnessed by the residents of the sparsely-populated township. Their peaceful hamlet had been transferred into a turbulent village by the disturbing influence that a gold rush brings in its wake to any locality in its pathway. The township grew rapidly, and in 1864 could boast of a population of 700 inhabitants. There were four hotels—the Matanaka, Royal, The Beach, and the Union—nine storekeepers, three bakers, two butchers, a printing office, a parcel office, a library, a school, and representatives of all trades usually to be found in a thriving township. The four doctors who had commenced to practise in Beach Street did not share in its prosperity to a great extent. With its healthy climate, sickness was rare, and residents were immune from the many ills to which flesh to-day is heir. The sergeant of

police and two constables were more busily employed in preserving order. The hotels did a roaring trade—an indication in a community that money was plentiful. Wagoners with eight and ten-horse teams would be seen daily loading stores for the goldfields. This was the busiest period ever experienced in Waikouaiti in commercial circles, and it was reputed to be the most prosperous and thriving township in Otago. The large revenue derived from the goldfield that flowed into the exchequers of the Provincial Council forced it to open the Main North Road to Waikouaiti. It was a costly undertaking owing to the wild and rugged nature of the country, and proved to be, also, a costly business for Waikouaiti, for it proclaimed the beginning of the end of its brief but prosperous reign. Wagoners found it cheaper and more economical to go straight through to Dunedin for their loads. The road was completed in 1864, and until the traffic bridge was built in 1865, the river was crossed at a ford opposite Cherry Farm gate. The road continued along the river bank, through the Island Farm until it joined Beach Street where stood the Royal Hotel. When the bridge was completed all traffic was diverted from this route and went straight through. This left Beach Street high and dry, and with one stroke changed it into a deserted and derelict village. Its trade rapidly declined and vanished almost as quickly as it commenced. Buildings were hastily dismantled, many of them being re-erected on the Main North Road, which now became the business centre of Waikouaiti. Other buildings were purchased by settlers for building purposes on their farms, and the Beach Hotel became the Criterion Hotel at Palmerston. A fire destroyed the large store belonging to Mr E. W. Durden, and the Royal Hotel and Pearson's Kilmarnock store were the last two to close their doors. There still remain an odd building or two, tenantless and dilapidated, as relics of those prosperous days; if they could only speak they could a tale unfold. To-day it is a favourite resort for seaside visitors. No one can, however, fortell what the passage of time will bring in its

train. In the distant future, perhaps, by the wave of some magical wand Waikouaiti may, Phœnix-like, arise and from its ashes bring a prosperity exceeding the prosperity it enjoyed in its heyday when life was young.

The Dunstan rush was also responsible for the birth of an embryo village built on the sand at the southern end of the beach where the diggers landed in thousands to commence their trek inland for the goldfields. Three restaurants, a number of stores, and a few sheds were the only buildings it could boast of, but it is doubtful if there ever was a community so small in the South Island that witnessed the scenes of bustle and activity which it experienced. The Biblical warning that a house built upon the sand has a poor foundation was apparently a true prophecy regarding this little village built on the sand wastes, for it had a short reign, and, like Beach Street, was swept off the commercial map when the Main North Road reached Waikouaiti. Many years afterwards a heap of broken bottles half buried in the sand on the site where it once stood was all that remained to remind one of its riotous days. On the opposite side of the river was Port Waikouaiti, now called Karitane, with its wharf, lighthouse, Customs officer, harbour master, school, and Paget's Marine Store. William Harper was the harbour master, and fitted in the stern of his boats were a notice board painted by some expert signwriter, "William Harper, Harbour Master, Waikouaiti." This board can be seen to-day in the Early Settlers' Court, and is a puzzle to visitors who do not know the history of Waikouaiti. Paget's store was washed away by a flood in the later 'sixties and afterwards re-erected at the bend of the river on the Main North Road and called Riverbank Store. When Mr Paget died the business was purchased by Mr Thomas Smith, of Beach Street. The goods discharged by the coastal vessels at the mouth of the river were conveyed to the store in a large punt, the puntsmen usually being Mr John Muir and Mr John Henderson from the Orkney Islands.

III.

In 1862 the lucrative market for flour on the goldfields was probably one of the reasons that induced Mr "Johnny" Jones to build the Cherry Farm flour mill. At that period it was an imposing structure of three storeys and an attic, and, including a steam engine imported from England and the erection of three brick cottages, cost £8000. The erection of a windmill on the river bank and the cutting of a race to convey water to the mill were additional charges. One of the brick cottages is still used as a residence to-day. This was one of "Johnny" Jones's unprofitable ventures, for the business he anticipated from the goldfields did not materialise. He made a great blunder when he raised the ire of the settlers by refusing to grist their wheat, but only to purchase it. They refused to accept his mandate, and sold their wheat elsewhere. Accustomed throughout his life to having his commands obeyed and to having done what he dictated, he misjudged the calibre and independent nature of the new settlers. The opening of the Main North Road had brought to the district an influx of settlers of a new type. It also brought competition to his business by rival merchants. The independence of the settlers and the business worries brought about by his trade rivals irritated and worried him, for he could not adapt himself to the changing conditions. From the civil life introduced into the new community there emerged social conditions that gradually brought to a close his autocratic reign, and that the vast power he once possessed was rapidly slipping from his grasp was plainly written on the wall. He closed the mill in 1864. During its two years' existence the only flour produced was from the wheat grown on Cherry Farm and a few hundred bags purchased from the Maoris. He was still busy fighting his Maori land claims with the Provincial Council, with little success, and the final adjustment in 1867 left him a disappointed man. He passed away in 1869 at the early age of sixty, his death bringing to a close a turbulent and colourful life that is indelibly im-

printed on the pages of history as one of the most outstanding personages associated with the early history of Otago.

Cherry Farm was named after Captain Cherry, a master of one of "Johnny" Jones's whaling vessels. The ceaseless warfare waged against the unfortunate whales by the foreign fleets made them timid and shy, and those that succeeded in escaping through Cook Strait kept well out to sea when they reached the South Island coast, making a capture difficult. To counteract this, and in the hope of securing a better cargo, Captain Cherry sailed northward to intercept the whales on the way south. He landed at Mana Island on the lookout for them, and, leaving his first mate as sentry, visited a Maori pa for the purpose of buying potatoes. He was clubbed to death by the Maori chief, who coveted the suit of clothes he was wearing. Captain Cherry's widow lived for some time at Matanaka with the family of Mr Jones, and it was locally reported that she was amply compensated for his death. Jones immortalised his name by calling the oldest farm in the South Island after him.

In 1862 the Government township was surveyed into small holdings and placed on the market for sale by the Provincial Council. Jones claimed the ownership of this block, but the Provincial Council refused to grant him a title. It comprised some of the best land in Waikouaiti, and had an area of 500 acres, 200 of which were set apart as a commonage for the use of the residents in the district. It was noted for its numerous springs of excellent water, all of which have since disappeared through cultivation, with the exception of one which to-day is a great boon to local residents when the town water supply fails.

Mr Jones was an indulgent father, and apportioned to his sons the following properties:—To J. R. Jones, Matanaka estate; to Fredrick, Tumai estate; to William, Goodwood estate; to Alfred, Cherry Farm and Mill Hill estate; to Thomas Jones, a nephew, Corner Bush; and to

THE WOOL WAGGON FROM "KIATOA" STATION.

The bullock driver is Harry Beal, whose parents arrived in the *Magnet* in 1840. "Theodore" is also in the picture.

Mr William Isaac, a son-in-law, the Island Farm. The Matanaka homestead was the first substantial building of its kind erected in Otago, or perhaps in the South Island. It was built in 1843 by "Johnny" Jones, who left the whaling station and went to live there. The property is now owned by the Bannatyne family, which resides in the old homestead, and it is still in a good state of preservation. The Hawksbury estate was reserved by "Johnny" Jones for his son James, who, however, died early in life, and the trustees of the estate in 1872 subdivided it into several allotments and placed it on the market for sale. An area of about 2000 acres, it included the whole of the bush-clad hillside opposite the township, the southern boundary being the Main North Road. It was offered at £8 per acre, and it attracted to the district a fine type of the old pioneer settler, many of whose descendants are still residents of the district. Some of those who acquired allotments were J. and W. Maxwell, George Maxwell, Michael McGarry, John Irwin, Robert Pearson, John Valentine, and Alex. Stewart. At a later period the homestead and 250 acres were purchased by Mr A. C. Strode, where he resided for some years. Before this it was occupied by Mr Murdoch, the local resident magistrate. A number of quarter-acre sections adjoining the Main North Road were set aside for building purposes and purchased by W. C. Ancell (chemist), Joseph Bates (bootmaker), G. K. Brown (newsagent), A. G. Reid (storekeeper), Ben Bray (butcher), David Gloag (draper), Robert Oxley(storekeeper), and John Smith (watchmaker), and a large stone building, built from the stone when Jones's store in Beach Street was dismantled, housed the County Council's Office, the Post Office, and a barber's shop. The site for the Mechanics' Hall and Library was a free gift from Mr Isaac. On the opposite side of the street stood the Bank of New Zealand, the Golden Fleece Hotel, the shops of Miss Price (confectioner) and Robert Price (saddler), the Commercial Hotel, then a row of tenement houses ex-

tending to McDougall's blacksmith shop, some of which were occupied as business premises. This area was known as Isaactown.

At the corner of Pratt Street (named after a former editor of the Waikouaiti Herald), the boundary line of the Government township, were the premises of D. and J. Malloch (storekeeper), William and Robert Mill (carpenters and timber yards), Mrs Fraser (draper), George Coker (wheelwright), Ishmael Pemberton (brick kiln), Walter Henderson (bootmaker), Robert Pearson (storekeeper), Shand's flour mill, Peter Duncan (butcher), the Plough Inn Hotel, the Railway Hotel, the remains of the old brewery, the school, the Police Station, the manse, and many dwellings scattered throughout the township.

The Waikouaiti Borough Council, then called the West Hawkesbury Municipality, was incorporated in 1866. Mr Macleod Orbell occupied the office of Mayor for two years, his councillors being Messrs E. W. Durden, Thomas Whinan, W. James, and David Gloag, and A. H. Gill was town clerk. Until 1880 the mayoral chair was occupied after Mr Orbell by Mr T. S. Pratt (1868 to 1873), Mr John Smith (until 1877), Mr Thomas Whinan (1878), and Mr Stephen Latham (1879).

The public school was established in 1861, and erected, with a teacher's residence, on the two acres of land in Beach Street, the gift of Mr Jones. Mr Franks was the first teacher, and 20 pupils were enrolled. Through some difference with the educational authorities, Mr Franks resigned in 1864. At a later period, typical of the versatility of the old pioneers, he established a brewery. He was a better school teacher than he was a brewer, for the venture was a failure, and had a short reign. This was due, so tradition hath it, to the poor quality of beer he brewed, although Waikouaiti at that period contained a large section in the community that one would not expect to be fastidious about the quality of the beer.

Mr James Phillips succeeded Mr Franks in 1865, and although the school had now been established four years the attendance had only increased to 35 pupils. Members of Mr Phillips's family are residents of Palmerston to-day, and his school register, kindly lent to me by one of his sons, is an interesting document. It contains the names of old Waikouaiti residents and also some who became prominent in other localities in New Zealand. The reason of the small attendance was largely the number of private schools that were in existence in Waikouaiti about that period, each of which had their quota of scholars that militated against the public school attendance. Any building or a room or two in a private house were sufficient for a schoolroom, and irrespective of one's teaching qualifications, it was a popular, though perhaps not a very remunerative, vocation in those days. Parents in those days did not look upon education of their children or the certification of teachers of such vital importance as parents do to-day. A story is told by an Oamaru resident who attended one of these private schools. It was his first day at school, the teacher was absent, but had arranged for a lady friend to relieve her for the day. In his first lesson the relieving teacher told him to draw a "ho." He made a valiant but crude attempt to draw a hoe he had seen his father using in the garden, but discovered later that it was the letter "o" he was asked to draw. It is interesting to recall the names and locations of these private schools. In Beach Street, which was the business centre, were that of Miss Hertslet, in the Council Chambers, then situated below where Mr Austin's grocery store now stands, and opposite, those of Miss Michie and also Mrs Windsor; opposite the public school was Mrs Black, and at the lower end of the street Miss Peach and also Mr Stokes; in Dame Street was Mrs Fraser, in a cottage now owned by Mr Jack Thomson, of Dunedin. In the Oddfellows' Hall was Miss Miller; Miss Gallie was in Mr Fry's house at Lamb Hill; Mrs Franks on the Main Road; Mr Martin in the Methodist Church in Henry Street; and Mr McLeod in a house opposite the public school of the

present day, lately occupied by Mr John Maxwell. No records or particulars are available of these schools, but they flourished at various periods throughout the life of Waikouaiti until 1878, when they closed down through the introduction of free and compulsory education by the Government. The closing of these schools added many new names to the public school register, and was an indication of the gradual growth of the township. Due to the increased attendance the Education Board in 1879 decided to build a new school in the Government township on the site where now stands the present school. It was opened in January, 1870, with an attendance of 75 pupils, which increased to 110 in 1872, when the old school in Beach Street was removed and added to the new building.

In 1874 the attendance reached 140, and the gradual increase by 1876 made it necessary to add a new room to accommodate 100 scholars. In 1877 there were 225 pupils, and in 1878, 290. Mr Phillips resigned in 1877 and went to reside in the Stoneburn district, and was succeeded by Mr Samuel Moore, who was appointed headmaster in January, 1878. The following were teachers in the school prior to the free compulsory system of education being introduced:—Miss K. Russell (mistress), 1870-72; Miss Miller (mistress), 1872-73; Miss Sinclair (mistress), 1873-76; Miss L. Woolley (pupil teacher), 1874-75; Miss Thomson (mistress), 1876-79; Miss Janet Mill (pupil teacher), 1877-81; Mr W. Maule (first assistant master), 1878-1886; Mr Chas. A. Bassett (pupil teacher), 1878-1882; Mr J. A. Valentine was also a pupil teacher in 1879-1883.

The origin of the Waikouaiti Public Library can be traced to the efforts of Miss Emily Orbell and the Rev. J. A. Fenton in 1863. Realising the advantages to the community of such an institution, they made an appeal for donations of books as a nucleus to a library, and met with a liberal response from the residents. Close on 100 books were received, Mr Fenton being the principal donor. The members of the first committee appointed

were:—Messrs J. A. Chapman, F. Franks, McLeod Orbell, Joseph Bates, J. S. Mitchell, Thos. Whinam, H. Williams, and the Rev. A. Dasent. Mr Dasent acted as chairman, secretary, and treasurer for 11 years. The books were stored in a room in the recently-erected school and later removed to a building in Beach Street, called the Athenæum, where the committee met. The revenue derived from the subscriptions of its few members was totally inadequate for the upkeep of the institution, but donations amounting to £50, with a subsidy granted for the same amount, together with the assistance received from the Education Board and Waikouaiti County Council enabled the committee to adopt a more progressive policy and place on the shelves a wide range of literature to suit all tastes. Following the drift to the Main North Road, thte Athenæum was removed in 1872 to that portion of the town known then as Commercial Row, where it remained for two years. The same year the Mechanics' Hall Institute Company built the Mechanics' Hall at a cost of £300, including paintings, fittings, etc., the architect being Mr D. Ross, of Dunedin. The capital of the company was £308, the amount being raised by the issue of £1 debentures. The first directors appointed were Messrs T. S. Pratt, William MacDougall, J. Drumm, D. Malloch, W. James, A. G. Reid, Thos. Whinam, J. Latham, and E. W. Durden. In 1873 it was the intention of the directors to add a room to the hall to be used as a public library. The Library Committee was not in favour of this proposal, but agreed to meet the directors at a conference to discuss the matter. After a number of interviews an agreement was finally reached in the following year, when the Library Committee agreed to purchase the Mechanics' Hall for £160. Messrs Pizey, Orbell, and A. H. Gill were appointed liquidators, and they succeeded in purchasing the shares of the debenture holders for £171, or a shade over 11s per share. Negotiations were finally completed in 1876, when the building was handed over to Mr W. C. Ancell, the library secretary, together with £45 of

surplus money in the hands of the liquidators. They immediately added a room to the hall and transferred to it the books from the building in Commercial Row, which serves to-day as the Public Library. In 1878 it contained a little over 1000 books. A pleasant hour can be whiled away fossicking on its shelves to those who are to literature inclined, for there are still to be found some of the books in use in the middle 'sixties. The quarter acre on which it stands was the free gift of Mr Isaac.

The history of the Anglican Church has been fully written in a brochure compiled by the Rev. E. P. Neale, and published in 1918. Built by Mr John Jones in 1858, it is one of the oldest Anglican Churches in Otago. Mr Neale's booklet, apart from the church's history, contains a great deal of useful information relating to the early history of the district, and is a tribute to the thoroughness he has shown in his research work. Another valuable contribution to the early history of Waikouaiti is the Rev. Mr J. Christie's book, "History of Waikouaiti," in which is a comprehensive history of the Presbyterian Church. Mr Christie was the first minister appointed to this church, which was built in 1863, and his parish included Goodwood and Palmerston, with periodical visits to Central Otago. The matter contained in his book was written at a period when the information and records were easily obtainable, and, on account of their reliability and authenticity, his book is a classic that will be valued by future historians. But for his forethought many of these records to-day would have been entirely lost and unprocurable. His name and that of Mr Neale are honoured and revered in Waikouaiti to-day by those who knew them.

The Wesleyan Church was built in 1863, and the Catholic Church in 1868, on an acre of ground given to each by Mr Jones, and situated between Henry and Thomas Streets. The Wesleyan Church in 1878 was removed to Beach Street, and stood where Mr John McLeod's house now stands. The Rev. J. Harding was

the first minister, and was succeeded by the Rev. H. Flamank. Sixty odd years ago the church bell was removed from the belfry by some of the village larrikins in one of their midnight revels. Beach Street had an unenviable reputation in those days for the prevalence of larrikinism, with its senseless jokes. Despite the efforts of the police, the bell was never found, or the culprits discovered, so well was the secret preserved. For many years afterwards it was a frequent topic of conversation and conjectures as to what became of it. It was one of Waikouaiti's unsolved mysteries. Two or three years ago Mr James Brown dug the bell up in his garden, but, unfortunately, in several pieces. It was probably the same band of larrikins that tied a sheaf of oats to the rope used for ringing the Catholic Church bell, which was suspended from two trees in the church ground. A neighbour's cow grazing nearby was introduced into the joke. The constant clanging of the bell throughout the night, with an occasional lull, aroused the curiosity of the neighbours, and an investigation brought to a speedy end the carillon recital by the cow.

The only institutions established in the 'sixties that survive to-day are the Agricultural and Pastoral Association (1865), the Oddfellows' Lodge (1866), and the Racing Club (1863). The Waikouaiti Rifles (1864), the drum and fife band (1867), and the Waikouaiti Herald (1864) have long since sunk into oblivion. They all have their history, which, perhaps, may some day be written. With a record of a century behind it there still remains a large field unexplored for a literary scribe, for half hath not been told of the history of Waikouaiti. A search in the highways and byways would reveal fresh material and yield a fruitful harvest to the literary gleaner. In these days of turmoil and unrest we are far removed from the social life that existed in Waikouaiti fifty odd years ago. Life then flowed placidly and pleasantly along without any economic problems or the disturbing influences created by the butting in and muddling of imported, half-pie

politicians, and our Civic Fathers had no difficulty in balancing their budget on a halfpenny rate. This reminds one of a local topical song sung many years by Jack Allen at one of the local concerts to the tune of "Killallo." The words of the first verse and chorus were these:—

There's a small town on this coast,
And it's people often boast
Of the good old days that used to be,
When "Johnny" Jones was king, and he reigned alone supreme
Over all the land as far as you could see,
And we've often heard the tale, that when they caught a whale
They towed it to the jetty at the Kaik;
And the whalers made things hum when they broached their keg of rum,
In good old days of Waikouaiti.

Chorus:

Of Dunback you may skite, of the Kyeburn or the Kaik,
Nenthorn, or of Moonlight, or any other place you loike,
But Waikouaiti's the dandy, it beats them all quite handy,
For our halfpenny rate has got them bate
In good old Waikouaiti.

Then follow several verses dealing with the local burning question of that period, but not of much interest to-day. Gone forever are those halcyon days, and, as they linger in the memory, one might aptly quote the soliloquy of the old miner: "Them was the days; yes, them was the days!"

EARLY WHALING DAYS.

As I have previously touched only on the fringe of "Johnny" Jones's connection with the whaling industry, a more thorough survey is essential to convey to the reader an extent of his activities. He was only twenty-six years of age when he purchased the Sydney Packet in 1835, and sailed for the Preservation Bay Whaling Station early in April. She returned with a cargo of 45 tuns of oil, and this marks his entry into the whaling industry. The Sydney Packet left Sydney on her second

A VIEW OF WAIKOUAITI SHOWING MATANAKA.

trip with a cargo of rum, tobacco, whaling gear, and stores for the whaling station, returning in September with 45 tuns of oil, 30cwt of whalebone, 5 tons of potatoes, and seal skins. Two more trips were made in the same year, and on each occasion returned with a full cargo of oil, whalebone, potatoes, and sealskins. It was at this stage that "Johnny" Jones realised the great possibilities in the whaling trade, and he began to establish a chain of stations along the coast—New River, Passage Island, Paterson River, The Bluff and Moeraki. Ned Palmer owned half a share in the Preservation Bay Whaling Station, but Jones bought him out for £2000 and appointed him manager of the Waikouaiti Station when it was purchased in 1838. A Sydney firm—Long and Wright—established the Waikouaiti Station in 1837, but then became involved in financial difficulties, and the station went to auction and was sold as a going concern in Sydney. It was purchased by Mr "Johnny" Jones for the very moderate sum of £225, and it can safely be assumed that he was well satisfied with his bargain. The purchase included all the huts, boats, stores, slops, trypots, and other whaling accessories. The capture of two whales would be sufficient to recompense him for his outlay. A whale was worth anything from £100 to £200, the average yield being six tuns of oil and 3½cwt of whalebone. Prices fluctuated, and the average market value of oil was £20 per tun and whalebone about the same price. One season, 1843, when the industry was on the wane and whales scarce, the latter commodity reached the peak price of £180 per tun. With Captain Bruce in command, the Magnet left Sydney to take over the new station, but on arriving at Waikouaiti received a hostile reception from Long and Wright's whaling gang. They refused to hand over any of the property. Arrears of wages was probably the reason. The grievance, whatever it was, was finally settled and Jones's gang took possession, "Johnny" Jones coming to live with them. This was the commencement of the history of Waikouaiti. This period

was the heyday of the whaling industry, and whales were more plentiful on the coast than porpoises. To cope with his rapidly-increasing trade, "Johnny" Jones owned or chartered the following vessels:—Mic-Mac, Sydney Packet, Magnet, The Bee, Lynx, Success, Jessie, Caroline, and the Genii, which cost him £2000. The hazardous nature of the industry naturally exacted its toll. The Sydney Packet, his first purchase, was wrecked at Moeraki in 1837, but most of the oil was saved, and later transhipped to Waikouaiti. His buildings were burned down at the same place in 1838 and all the provisions lost, but 15 tuns of oil were saved.

The Lynx was totally wrecked at Preservation Bay, with tthe loss of 10 tuns of oil, and five men were drowned when two boats were smashed when in pursuit of a whale. Captain Cherry was in command of the Caroline, and the Mic-Mac was in charge of Captain Catlin, after whom the Catlins district takes its name.

The large number of vessels operating on the coast and the quantities of oil and whalebone taken indicate how lucrative and extensive was the whaling industry. No records are obtainable of the quantity of oil or whalebone taken by the foreign fleets, but the late Dr McNab mentions in his book, "Early Whaling," that in Otago waters in 1838 was the Mary, with 1800 barrels of oil, two American vessels with 3850 barrels, a French vessel with 2300 barrels, and at the Bluff four American vessels with 2450 barrels.

In the middle of June, 1839, a committee was appointed in Sydney to consider the state of the law in connection with the whaling industry in New Zealand. Sensing a new source of revenue for the exchequer, they brought a proposal before the Legislative Council to treat New Zealand oil as foreign oil, which would be subject to a tax. This raised the ire of "Johnny" Jones, and so vigorous was his protest that the matter was apparently dropped. He said he looked upon New Zealand as a British settlement, and his outlay for that year was

£15,000. All the casks, provisions, and whaling gear were purchased in Sydney, and were of British or Colonial manufacture. On account of the grave risk of property in New Zealand he would never have entered into the whaling industry if he had thought it was their intention to treat New Zealand oil the same as foreign oil. He threatened to close down his stations or withdraw all his business from Sydney, and sell his oil and procure his provisions from America.

In 1838 "Johnny" Jones and Weller Bros. sent to Sydney 616 tuns of oil, and 909 tuns in 1839. In 1834 the first American whaler visited New Zealand, and in 1835 two arrived.

The discovery of the new whaling ground in New Zealand soon became known to those interested in the American whaling industry, for in 1838 the number had increased to 24, and in 1839 to 37. The first mention of American vessels in Otago waters was in 1836. In addition to these were Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English vessels.

The late Mr Thos. Parata, M.H.R., told me he remembered on one occasion counting fifteen whaling vessels riding at anchor in the Waikouaiti Bay. All these vessels returned at the closing of the fishing season with full cargoes of oil and whalebone.

If the whale fishery was a gold mine for the ship owners in the trade, the whaling gang did not share to any great extent in their prosperity. They were paid according to the result of the season's catch, the steersman of the boat receiving one-fiftieth and the whalers one-hundredth part of the value of the oil. They were compelled to purchase all their requirements from the whaling depot at excessive prices fixed by the ship owners, and it was a profitable adjunct to the whaling station. The depot was well stocked with grog to meet the demands of riotous living and to satisfy the nature of the spendthrifts. The result was that when settling day arrived at the end of the season it was found that

most of their earnings had found their way into the coffers of the ship owner. Those unable to balance their budget remained with the Natives until the arrival of the whaling gangs the following year, when they were re-engaged. The others returned to Sydney with slender purses that would not purchase much red paint with which to bedaub Sydney.

The seamen on the whaling vessels fared even worse. Their pay was 3s per day, and in 1837 they staged a strike, demanding an extra 1s per day. This was promptly met at a meeting held in Sydney by the ship owners, when the following resolution was passed:— "That the demand for an increase of wages does not arise from a scarcity of seamen, nor from inadequacy of wages . . . therefore they resolve to adhere to former rate of wages of 3s per day, with full and ample provisions." With no organisation or friendly assistance and aware that their places could be easily filled, they had to accept their ultimatum and carry on.

This was the birth of the first labour unrest in the South Island, and perhaps in New Zealand. The strike weapon was a puerile and impotent instrument in those days, and its immense power to-day represents a century's growth from its infantile days and is something to ponder over.

The 1840 decade showed a big decline in the whaling trade. The ceaseless warfare waged against the whale by the fifty or sixty vessels operating on the coast made them shun the inhospitable waters of New Zealand, and proclaimed the end of the palmy days of whaling. At the northern stations it was not an uncommon sight to see 40 or 50 whale boats pushing out from the shore when a whale appeared in the offing.

The tally for the Waikouaiti Station in 1838 was forty-one, but the record is not known for the 1840 season. It was probably a lean year, for it is recorded that Captain Bruce, returning to Sydney, reported that Otago waters was full of shipping and the whaling

A PHOTOGRAPH OF CHERRY FARM IN THE '60's.

On the extreme right is the house of Mr John Orbell built in 1852. In the foreground is the old traffic bridge built in 1864, but, becoming unsafe, was taken down and rebuilt in 1878. Opposite is the Cherry Farm flour mill, the three brick cottages, and the windmill built by "Johnny" Jones in 1862. Further afield is Mill Hill house, which was the residence of Mr Alfred Jones. On the left is the avenue of trees (since destroyed) leading to the Cherry Farm settlement. On the left-hand corner of the settlement is the residence of Mr Henry Orbell, of "The River," and other buildings may be noted which I am unable to procure any information about. On the right under the clump of bush was the home of Mr Wm. Heckler for a number of years manager of Cherry Farm.

season very bad. Up to July of that season the Waikouaiti Station had captured only one whale. In 1841 the tally was nine, in 1842 four, and 1843 five. The succeeding years evidently showed little improvement, and "Johnny" Jones closed down the Waikouaiti Station in 1848, after eleven years of operation. The trypots and other whaling accessories still remained, and whaling was carried on by the Maoris for some years later, but only occasional captures were made. Dan Ellison owned a seven-oared boat and a five-oared boat. He acted as steersman in the larger boat, and the same position was entrusted to Chas. Edwards in the smaller boat. Thos. Pratt owned and steered a six-oared boat called the Maori Girl. This boat and the trypots are now among the most interesting exhibits in the Early Settlers' Hall in connection with early whaling.

Pikaka was the steersman of a seven-oared boat belonging to Charlie Bradshaw. Pikaka, known to his pakeha friends as Old Peacock, was a noted character and daring seaman. When a boy I can well remember Old Peacock careering around the countryside on a well-bred black mare. He was usually in a half-inebriated state. The whaling station was situated on the western side of the Karitane Peninsula, immediately below the home of Mr Newburgh Lawson, from whose windows is to be seen a glorious panorama of sea, river, landscape, and mountains that would be difficult to surpass.

In one's mental vision it is not difficult to picture the scene of operations at the whaling station—the row of huts occupied by the whalers and made from the same inflammable material as the Maori whares; the wooden shed where the barrels of oil were stored; the whalers, assisted by the Maoris, both male and female, stripping the blubber and carrying away junks of meat for cooking purposes in payment for their services; the atmosphere, reeking with the smell of boiling blubber in the trypots; the screeching of myriads of sea birds gathered for the feast, and numerous pigs and hordes of mongrel dogs, belonging to the Maoris, roaming about disputing

for the offal. So numerous were the dogs that they threatened to become a menace, until "Johnny" Jones ordered their destruction. The foreshore and beach were strewn with skulls, vertebrae, and ribs of the leviathans, and they can still be seen occasionally in the drifting sand. All these combined to paint a picture of what the average shore whaling station was like.

The whale in the Dunedin Museum was one of the last captures at the Waikouaiti Station. A carved whalebone walking stick—the knob a whale's tooth—in my possession is an interesting relic of old Waikouaiti whaling days. Some of the whalers, to relieve the tedium of idle days ashore, made walking sticks from the bone of the sperm whale. It was a profitable pastime, and as they usually found their way overseas, I would be interested to know if there are any others in existence in Otago.

Time in her flight throughout the century has brought a tremendous change to this historic little spot. To-day old Waikouaiti, or Karitane, as it is now called, is the most popular seaside resort in Otago. Thronged throughout the summer by visitors, tired city folk revel in its sunshine and tranquillity. Where once caroused the whalers, now promenade along the esplanade the city youth in holiday attire with multifarious coloured blazers; and the modern maid, with cigarette and attire scanty enough to make the tough old whaler gape in wonder. But "ne quid nimis."

There were three white women living at Waikouaiti two years before the arrival of the immigrants by the Magnet, in 1840. Mrs Thomas was the wife of Mr Thomas, who was "Johnny" Jones's right-hand man at the whaling station, and who was the first to cultivate Cherry Farm with a grubhoe for the growing of supplies for the whaling station. They both died in the early 'forties, and are buried in the old Maori Cemetery. The epitaph on the tombstone (brought from Sydney) reminds one of epitaphs that may be read on tombstones in old churchyards of rural England. Mrs MacLachlan

was the wife of William MacLachlan, a cooper at the whaling station. When whaling ceased he came to live at Hawksbury Bush. He was a highly respected citizen, and died in the latter 'seventies. Mrs Brinns came from Sydney with her husband in the whaling gang, but did not settle here, returning again to Sydney. Brinns' Point is named after her, as it was her custom to make this spot her vantage point when watching the pursuit of the whales in the bay by the crews.

The Karitane Peninsula was known as Huriawa, meaning the turning of the river. It is appropriately named, for at one period the river entered the sea on its southern side, converting it into an island. It became the stronghold of Te Wera, the leading chief of the Ngaitahu tribe. This tribe belonged to the east coast of the North Island and came south on warfare bent about two hundred years ago. They had no difficulty in dispossessing the peaceful Ngatimamoe tribe of their land, including the peninsula. Peace was finally proclaimed, and the Ngatimamoe were received into the Ngaitahu tribe.

The practised eye of Te Wera, the warrior, saw in Huriawa an ideal spot for the making of a fortified pah. Its defence was shortly to be tested, for it became noted for its siege about the year 1750 by Taoka, who lived at Timaru. Although belonging to the same tribe and a cousin of Te Wera's, the turbulent Taoka was a thorn in the flesh of Te Wera, and created much trouble throughout the tribe. He was visited on one occasion by Te Wera, who found him away on a hunting expedition, and who for some unknown reason killed his son. On returning from his hunting trip Taoka mustered his fighting warriors and sailed for Waikouaiti to avenge the death of his son. Landing on the Waikouaiti Beach, they camped on the sandspit opposite the peninsula, and called Ohine Poumera. Several assaults were made on the stronghold, but were repulsed by Te Wera's men. They held daily leaping parades on the beach in full war paint, shouting across the waters to the defenders,

"Me wha katikei kautou ki te kai" (We will starve you out). Across the waters came the defiant shout of Te Wera's men, "Ei kore ai e kore. E kore au te mate te kai. E kore ma te matua e ngari ma te matua mate wai ka mate (Never, never we will never die for want of food, neither will we be conquered by the army lying there by the lips of Tore-tore. You will never reach us. Only by the army of thirst shall we be overcome).

The astute Te Wera had guarded against these possibilities. He had stored large quantities of provisions procured from the mainland and had free access to the fishing grounds on the seaward side. An excellent spring in the pah gave him an ample supply of fresh water. The remains of this spring and its soakage can still be seen to-day on the peninsula and is known as Te Wera's Well.

Exposed to the full force of the elements and without shelter on the dreary sandspit, Taoka and his men suffered many hardships. A scarcity of food and water arose, and at the end of six months they were compelled to raise the siege and return home in their canoes after an unsuccessful mission.

The entrance to the pah was by a gateway—called Tore-Tore—at the southern side of Mr Lawson's property, and during building operations in the late Sir Truby King's day many years ago some Maori skeletons were unearthed.

With the departure of Taoka, Te Wera and his braves settled down to their more peaceful avocations, and, with the exception of one or two minor feuds and the alarm created by the rumour of an impending raid by Te Rauparaha, of the Ngaitahu tribe, that did not eventuate, they lived undisturbed until the arrival, first, of the sealers and, later, the whalers.

Seals at one time were almost as numerous on the coast of the South Island as the rabbits are to-day, and in a short time they, too, suffered the same fate as the whales.

GOLDEN FLEECE. —By courtesy Otago Early Settlers' Association.

Built by Mr. Chas. Hopkinson, Runholder—the outcome of a feud with Mr. Joseph Beal over a dog.

A pleasant interlude in the lives of the tribe was the visit of Captain Cook in 1777. He anchored in the Waikouaiti Bay, but did not go ashore. He gave a tomahawk as a present to old Koroka, the Maori chief. This was greatly valued, and remained in his possession for many years.

The tribe left the Huriawa pah and went to live on the mainland in their kaingas on the south bank of the river and on the terrace overlooking the Puketeraki Beach.

Hoani Erihana, Hoani Matiu, Hoani Parata, Mrs Matiu, and Mrs Te Tau are the only ones left of the older generation who now live at Karitane. They serve as a connecting—though remote—link to remind us of the warlike Ngaitahu and peaceful Ngatimamoe who lived, hunted, and fought in this picturesque and historic little spot ere their spirits took flight to Reinga.

Hoani Matiu—known to his paheka friends as Johnny Matthews—is the local Maori historian. He is steeped in Maori lore, and if there is a heap of metal stones handy and sufficient ground, it is an entertainment, if one has an hour to spare, watching Johnny on all fours tracing with the metal stones the genealogical trees of Maori chiefs. When he harks back to the dawn of Maori history, to the period of the Maori migration from the Polynesian Isles, said to be about 1350, when Tame te Kapua arrived in the war canoe Te Arawa, it leaves the pakeha listener amused, confused, and not greatly enlightened.

A Maori tribe is made up of all the descendants of the ancestors who arrived in New Zealand in a particular canoe.

MR JOHN JONES'S LAND PURCHASES.

The history of Mr Jones's Native land transactions with the Maoris are of special interest to Waikouaiti folk, and an interesting story of which the main particulars, briefly, are these:—

Commencing in 1838, when he purchased the whaling

station, the sales were not completed until 1867. In the intervening years he fought his claims assiduously to the last ditch for his supposed rights, and it must have been an endless source of worry to him.

Captain Bruce, master of one of his whaling fleet, acting on his behalf, purchased from Hoani Tuhawaiki all that portion of land extending from the mouth of the Waikouaiti River to Matanaka Heads and extending ten miles inland. This area would include the Government township, the Island farm, the present township of Waikouaiti, and the Hawkesbury Estate. As shown in the deed of conveyance drawn up in Sydney, this was purchased for ten dozen cotton shirts and a tierce of tobacco. (A tierce is a wine cask containing 42 gallons, and tobacco at that period was worth 2s 6d a pound.

Tuhawaiki was the leading Maori chief in the South Island, and succeeded in 1834 Te Whatakaupuka, who had died from an attack of measles. Known to his paheka friends as "Bloody Jack," his sobriquet was bestowed upon him by the whalers, not on account of him possessing any bloodthirsty tendencies, but due to the fluent and frequent use of the swear word he had acquired from them.

History does not record Tuhawaiki's method of distribution to his subjects of the proceeds of the sale. There were insufficient cotton shirts for each Maori, and those unfortunate enough to miss one may have received an extra stick of tobacco as their share.

Captain Bruce made his second purchase in the same year (1838), when he bought from Taiaroa and Karatei, two Maori chiefs, for two sealing boats and fifty pairs of blankets all that portion of land from Matanaka Head to the Pleasant River as the northern boundary and extending ten miles inland. This area would include Matanaka Estate, Tumai Estate, the whole of Flag Swamp, and a large part of Mount Royal. Captain Bruce afterwards transferred it to Mr Jones for £100.

The third purchase was from the mouth of the Waikouaiti River to Omimi in the south and ten miles inland. This would include Cherry Farm, Corner Bush, Seacliff, the whole of Merton and the land adjoining the southern branch of the Waikouaiti River.

The next stage towards the completion of the sales was to obtain the signatures of the five Maori chiefs to the deeds of conveyance. The deeds were drawn up in Sydney and signed by the Maori chiefs, who were taken over to Sydney, three of whom—Taiaroa, Karatei, and Tuhawaiki—travelled with Mr Jones in the Sussex, one of his whaling fleet.

Prior to this the New South Wales Government had not taken much interest in the government of this outpost of their domain, but their interest was increased through the growth of the whaling trade. They were greatly concerned at the discovery of the purchase by the white men of large tracts of land from the Maoris.

Mr Weller, of Weller Bros. Whaling Station, at Otago Heads, was also a large purchaser of Native lands, and went to Sydney at the same time as Mr Jones on the same mission. A bombshell awaited their arrival, for the New South Wales Legislature had issued a proclamation that no title would be granted for land purchased from the Natives unless it could be proved that a fair and equitable price had been paid to them. This to them was a very disturbing element in the turn of affairs, for they realised that, colloquially speaking, they "had missed the bus." It was an astute move on their part when they arranged that a deputation from the Maori chiefs should wait on Governor Gipps for the purpose of claiming exemption so that the proclamation should not apply to sales they had made.

They were received by the Governor and, through an interpreter, explained they were the owners of the land in Waikouaiti; they knew Mr Jones well; they were anxious to sell to him, and were quite satisfied with the price they had received. Governor Gipps was, however,

equally astute, for he said he could plainly see that this deputation was a diplomatic move on the part of the white men, and he refused to grant a title. He said, however, that he would appoint a commission to sit in Otago in March, 1841, and purchasers would not be dispossessed of their lands if they could satisfy the Commissioners that they had given a fair and equitable price.

Mr Jones strongly disapproved of this decision, and remarked it was an insult to the intelligence of the Maoris, who could speak and thoroughly understood English. Tuhawaiki was more emphatic in his disgust, and declared that "te Gubberner he no b—— good."

The Maori chiefs returned to New Zealand in the Magnet with the band of emigrants that arrived at Waikouaiti in March, 1840.

For some unknown reason the Land Court did not sit at Otago Heads until December of 1843, the commissioners being Mr E. L. Godfrey and Mr M. Richmond.

Mr Jones, armed to the teeth with facts and figures, appeared to give evidence in support of his claim. He had not the faintest idea of the acreage of the vast territory he imagined he owned. From the northern boundary of the Pleasant River to the southern boundary at Omimi a distance of fifteen miles, and the western boundary was as far as he liked to go to the unexplored lands of Central Otago. He knew he had not the slightest chance of being granted a title for this large area, and reduced his claim to a modest 20,000 acres. Visions of lording over this immense area was a cherished dream never fulfilled.

His evidence, briefly, was that he had given to Tuhawaiki, in two instalments, goods to the value of £159 8s and £476 15s; to Karetai, goods to the value of £176 14s 6d; to Topi, Kowai, and Pokarua, £188 9s; and to Taiaroa, £155 8s 6d. These goods consisted of shirts, blankets, muskets, three sealing boats, gin, trousers, comforters, boots, drawers, stockings, shoes, tobacco, flour, whaling boat, rum, rope, nails, cattle, and

WAIKOUAITI IN 1865. —By courtesy Early Settlers' Association.

miscellaneous articles. These amounts totalled £1156 15s, but he stated a fairer estimate of the amounts he paid the Natives would be in the vicinity of £4000.

His expenditure in establishing the settlement of Waikouaiti, he said, was conveying the Rev. Jas. Watkin and family from Sydney, £100; building mission house and schoolroom, £250; bringing families and cattle from Sydney, £1900; erecting fences, £1000; clearing 600 acres, £2400; erecting houses, stores, and farm buildings, £1000.

During the first four years of his occupancy of these properties he imported 2000 ewes, 100 mares, 200 cows, 30 horses, 40 head of horned cattle, and 50 families. Impressive as these figures may appear, they did not carry much weight with the commissioners, for they granted him only a meagre 2560 acres. He was so annoyed and disgusted with this decision that he would not accept their verdict, and refused to sign any documents. This was the maximum grant fixed by the New South Wales Government to purchasers of Native lands. A deed for this amount was drawn up and signed by Governor Fitzroy, but was not signed by Mr Jones until some years later, when he was advised to do so by Sir Geo. Grey, with the promise that it would not prejudice his chance to any future claims he may desire to make.

In 1844, the year following the meeting of the Land Court at Otago Heads, Mr Jones approached Mr Robert Fitzgerald, Land Commissioner, who recommended to the Governor that he be granted 10,000 acres.

On this advice Captain Fitzroy gave instructions that a deed of grant be prepared for 8560 acres. This was not completed until two years later (1846), but for some reason was not issued to Mr Jones, presumably because the documents of the 2560 block were still incomplete. To expedite matters Mr Jones had the land surveyed by Mr Chas. Drake, defining the boundaries, at his own expense of £400.

No further progress was made until 1849, when Mr Jones had the 2560 acres surveyed into three blocks—part of Matanaka and Tumai in the first, Hawksbury township (then a wilderness) in the second, and Cherry Farm in the third. In the following ten years no further progress was made, and no doubt Mr Jones saw that if the stalemate continued his prospects of securing a title would gradually recede.

The Otago Provincial Council was now functioning, and he was very anxious to have his claims settled before they embarked on their land policy. In 1860 he appealed to Sir Geo. Grey to sign the Crown Grant for the 8560 acres which had been promised to him. Sir Geo. Gray would not do so, making the excuse that there were other similar cases pending, and he was awaiting the decisions.

In 1861 he petitioned the Governor, Thos. Gore Brown, with no better results. His fear of the Otago Provincial Council was well founded, for they shortly afterwards placed on the market the land known as the old Hawksbury and Shag Valley Hundreds. This area was outside the boundary of the 2560-acre block, but it included the 8560-acre block that had been surveyed by Mr Jones and which he naturally claimed as his property. Mr Jones had a just grievance, and appeared to have been badly treated over this transaction. He was determined, however, that no one else would have the land and, being a very wealthy man, he was a liberal buyer at the sale.

The Meadowbank Estate and the Coal Creek run were two properties he purchased. Dr Nelson, a son-in-law of Mr Jones, lived for some time at Meadowbank, and in 1865 he sold the Coal Creek Station to the Bell family. He also bought the Goodwood Estate of 1180 acres for £12,000, and added to it by purchasing 1120 acres of the adjoining land. It was the residence of Mr Wm. Jones until 1871, and, with its bush, landscape, and seascape, was one of the finest homes in the district. It was bought from the Maoris in 1838 by Captain Bruce for the usual list of merchandise and sold to a London agent,

from whom it was purchased by Mr Suisted. Of the many properties that Mr Jones owned, this is the only one to-day in which his descendants retain an interest.

The curtain was rung down on the last act of Mr Jones's Native land transactions when Mr John Hyde Harris, in 1867, again brought his claim before the Provincial Council, when Mr Jones was allowed to select 8500 acres of the unsold land in Otago, free of cost, and a Crown grant was issued to him. As this amount corresponds approximately with the land sold by the Provincial Council, that he claimed, it was apparently a salve to their conscience. This was the final adjustment, greatly to the relief of the Council, but disappointing to Mr Jones. His ceaseless fight in pursuit of his claims, with all their attendant worries throughout the twenty-eight years, brought him an inadequate reward. This amount, with the addition of the 2560 acre grant, brought the total to 11,060 acres—a fraction only of the little kingdom that at one period of his life he had hopes of owning.

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES.

To Mr Jones is due the credit of bringing the Rev. Jas. Watkin to Waikouaiti, the first missionary to be stationed in the South Island.

The emigrants who arrived by the Magnet in 1840 were disappointed to find that no provision had been made for their spiritual welfare, or for the education of their children. They approached Mr Jones, who promised to interview the Wesleyan authorities in Sydney on their behalf, and he also realised the steadying influence that the introduction of religion would have in the life of his lawless community.

Fresh from the mission field of Tonga, the Rev. Watkin was on the eve of sailing for Hokianga for mission work. Influenced by the generous offer of Mr Jones to provide a free passage for a missionary and family, and a donation of £50 towards their fund, the Wesleyan Mission

Society changed their plans and appointed Mr Watkin to Waikouaiti.

He left Sydney in the Regia on May 1, 1840, and arrived in Waikouaiti on the 16th of the same month. The first entry in his diary, dated May 1, 1840, reads: "This day we left Sydney to take our appointment in New Zealand, though not the exact appointment given by the committee, the place to which we are proceeding being in the middle of the South Island, as it is called, and which place is called Waikouaiti, a whaling station belonging to Mr John Jones, of Sydney, who with a princely liberality towards our Society and a Christian concern for the welfare of the Natives, has offered to give land for the mission station."

It was a great relief when the journey ended, for the voyage was not without its anxieties. While lying at anchor in the bay a storm arose, which he describes in his journal dated May 16th: "We are now at anchor in the harbour of Waikouaiti . . . by seven o'clock had the anchor down, which was a cause for great rejoicing for us as it terminated our voyage . . . the wind was very strong and came in fearful gusts. The strain was so great on the anchor that the chain parted . . . and the vessel is drifting. The roaring of the sea, the dashing of the rain and the hissing of the sea water as the vessel made sternway, added to the roar of the breakers to leeward produced a sensation in my mind which will not be easily forgotten. The second anchor was let go and all the chain that could be was given her (90 fathoms), but with slight hopes that she would ride by until the morning, so that we had the melancholy prospect before us of being compelled to get out to sea again if we could, and, if not, to go ashore with the certainty of the vessel being dashed to pieces . . . Thro' mercy the wind moderated about 12 o'clock, tho' it continued to blow hard all night the chain held . . ." Disembarking next day amid a crowd of curious Natives who had gathered to see the missionary, he was escorted

—By courtesy Miss Bannatyne.

RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN JONES.

Matanaka Homestead, built by Mr. John Jones in the early '40's, where he lived after leaving the Whaling Station. It is now occupied by the Bannatyne family, and still contains some of the rooms built by Mr. Jones.

—By courtesy Mr. N. M. Orbell, Timaru.

RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN ORBELL.

The residence of Mr. John Orbell, erected on the site where now stands Mr. P. Toomey's residence. It was the second house in Waikouaiti, and was built in 1852. The timber for the house was pit-sawn from trees felled in the bush nearby.

to a miserable looking hut that had been specially reserved for him. It was found to be occupied by Ted Jones—a brother of "Johnny" Jones, who, however, did his best to make him and his family as comfortable as he could. Two days later he visited Matanaka, where he was told a house had been built for him. It was found to be less inviting than the house at Waikouaiti. Far too small to accommodate with any degree of comfort his wife, self, and family of five with their belongings, and being neither rainproof nor windproof, he decided not to reside at Matanaka. Another reason which influenced him in this decision was its distance from the scene of his labours. It was four miles from the whaling station, and, as he had been sent specially to evangelise the Natives, he preferred to live amongst them. He returned to Waikouaiti and lived in a two-roomed hut until the mission house and dwelling house were built. These were shortly erected by the Natives with the assistance of some of the Europeans, and were the first buildings of their kind to be built in the South Island. He held two services on Sunday—at Matanaka in the morning, and at Waikouaiti in the afternoon. They were well attended, but he was greatly handicapped at being unable to speak the Maori language, for the Maoris did not understand English. Thanks to his knowledge of the Tongan dialect this difficulty was soon overcome, and he made rapid progress in mastering it. He was beloved by the Natives, many of whom he had taught to read and write. They honoured him by commemorating his name with a lasting memorial when they changed the name of the Mount Hiroroa to Mount Watkin.

Reading between the lines in a perusal of his journal, one forms the opinion that his life was not a bed of roses, and he had his trials and tribulations. He and his family felt keenly the comparatively cold and wet climate of Waikouaiti after the warm and dry atmosphere they were accustomed to in Tonga and in Sydney. He was disappointed with the lack of encouragement he

expected to receive from Mr Jones, who told him on one occasion that since he came some of his men had refused to work on Sunday.

Unpleasantness was caused by the arrival from the north of two Maori missionaries from the Ngatitoa tribe, who came to minister to the Ngaitahu tribe. One was a son of the bloodthirsty villain, Te Rauparaha, and they spoke disparagingly to the Ngaitahu tribe of the work of Mr Watkin and his wife. The missionary deplored the bad example of the whites by their corrupt living, and again, referring to his journal, he wrote: "The conduct of the whites on the Lord's Day was worse than the Natives. The Natives here and at the rival station in another part of Otago 12 miles away are heathens deteriorated by their contact with the wicked whites, rivalling in proportion to its population the Bay of Islands in wickedness than which the sun shines not on a worse in the world."

The Success and the Magnet, two whaling vessels belonging to "Johnny" Jones, on one occasion landed 120 tons of liquor on the Waikouaiti beach when there was a population of only 40 white men to consume it. Robt. Service, in one of his poems on the Yukon before the Klondyke rush began, wrote of the miners: "That they lived a wild, free, fearless life."

"Beyond the pale of the law." These same lines could be aptly applied to many of the whalers who lived on our coast 100 years ago. All, however, were not like these, for a few at the Waikouaiti Whaling Station were law-abiding members of the community and attended the Rev. Mr Watkin's services.

The Rev. Mr Watkin resigned in 1844 and returned to Melbourne, and was succeeded by the Rev. Jas. Creed. "Welcome, Brother Creed, to purgatory!" was his greeting to Mr Creed on the Waikouaiti Beach, and indicates the disturbing elements and difficulties he experienced during his ministry.

Mr Jones promised the Wesleyan Mission Society 100 acres of land providing he was successful in obtaining a title to the land he claimed, but, as there appeared a remote chance of this offer being fulfilled, the Wesleyan authorities closed the mission about 1853 for want of funds. It had flourished for 13 years under the ministry of the Rev. Watkin (4 years), Rev. Creed (7 years), and the Rev. Blake (2 years).

EARLY FOOTBALL.

To those who have been associated with sport in their younger days there is a charm and fascination in delving into ancient history and reviving old-time memories of the days when life was young and worldly cares rested lightly on one's shoulders. My thought drifts back to a wintry afternoon in the month of July, 1886—54 years ago—when the first football match was played in Waikouaiti. An account of the match may bring back to the old-timers many similar experiences in their day, and to the present day footballers it will show what marked progress football has made compared to the Rugby played in those far-off days. Unfortunately no records are available, but being then at an impressionable age, I have a clear recollection of many of the amusing incidents that happened in that match. A schoolboys' match—Palmerston School versus Waikouaiti School—was really the first match played in Waikouaiti. This match was played in "the swamp" on a small area of cleared ground at the northern end of the racecourse. Our present day recreation ground in those days was locally and appropriately known as "the swamp." A considerable area, covered in rushes and Maori heads, was still in its native state, and the haunt of wildfowl. Its drainage at that time was only at the experimental stage, with the result that in winter after an ordinary rainfall, the playing area became a sheet of water. It justly earned the bad reputation it had with visiting footballers. To-day thanks to the progressive policy of a sympathetic Domain Board we can boast of one of

the best turfed football grounds in Otago. In those days a referee and two umpires controlled the game, and in the schoolboys' match D. K. Rhodes officiated as referee and Bob Scott, with Allan Orbell, were the umpires. The match attracted quite a number of spectators. To some it aroused a keen desire to again renew their love for the old game, and to others, who had never played, a desire equally as keen to join in with them. These wishes soon materialised, as a challenge from the Palmerston Club to play a match the following Saturday was eagerly accepted.

The Palmerston Club was formed in 1885, but I do not remember if they had played any matches previous to this one. The day before the match a heavy fall of snow, which made play quite impossible in the swamp, necessitated a hurried inspection of various likely grounds, the decision being in favour of McGarry's paddock. Goal posts were hurriedly erected and the touch lines pegged off, as there was no time to chip them. The ground was in a fearful state. A thaw set in and small rivulets, running down the hillside, converged into a blind creek, which ran east to west in the centre of the ground, and varied in depth from one to three feet. The Palmerston team, which arrived by drag, created an impression akin to awe, as they marched on to the field in their red jerseys, red stockings, and white pants, among the large number of spectators who had rolled up from far and near to witness their first football match. I did not know many of the Palmerston players, but can remember Ted O'Neill, Tom Conn, Chris Conn, Don MacLeod, Jack Porteous, Andy Dreaver, Tom Hamilton, Jack Mitchell, and Dave Fleming. They were good sports, and in later years developed into fine players.

The Waikouaiti team was chosen on the ground from amongst the spectators, and on looking back it is difficult to picture a more nondescript team that lined out that day to uphold the honour of Waikouaiti. All jerseys were of different colour, while some men played in their everyday clothes. It is interesting to recall their names.

Harry Buckland, who learned his football at Cambridge; D. K. Rhodes, an old Otago rep. of the middle 'seventies; Allan Orbell, fresh from Lincoln College, and a great sport in his day; Bob Scott, an old Etonian, and one of our best all-round athletes; Dr Mill, then a student at the University; Jim Mill, from the High School, who could run like a deer; Bob Templeton, who limped for a fortnight afterwards with skinned heels through playing in a pair of tight shoes; H. Hilton, on the local staff of the Bank of New Zealand, and who wielded a fine bat for the local eleven; Bill White, who seriously suggested that someone should read the rules over to them before they started; Harry Hertslet, who rode down from Ballingdon Station, now known as Kaitoa, on old Te Kooti, a station horse (he unhooked his spurs and played in his knee-high riding boots); Bill Diack, who later on was to pot many goals for the Union Club; Peter Bell; Alec. Aitcheson, a 14-stoner; and Theodore Morrison, a keen sport whose inclusion was an eleventh hour one.

On lining out it was discovered that Waikouaiti was still one man short, and Theodore, who came strolling on the ground with an axe and a spade on his shoulder from "stumping" in the bush on Mount Baldhead, on being asked if he would have a game readily consented. Heaving his implements into a gorse bush, he lined up with the forwards in his moleskins and dungaree jacket. I played with the Otago Boys' High School juniors at the time, a knowledge of the rules being my qualification for inclusion in the team.

Palmerston won by two tries to nil, and we were lucky in escaping so lightly. D. K. Rhodes insisted on playing only two three-quarters—the Otago back formation of the 'seventies. This left Tom Hamilton, a burly blacksmith at Mount Royal, and a powerful runner, playing on the left wing unmarked, which enabled him to score two fine tries. I cannot remember who controlled the game, or if anyone did; but I have a dim recollection that Jim Grant and a Mr Smeaton, who were teachers at the

Palmerston School and did a lot for Palmerston football at this period, may have officiated. Whoever they were they must have had an unenviable task, and had they possessed the authority of the referee to-day, half the team would have viewed the end of the match from the touch line. The players harangued and argued with each other throughout the game, and frequently in language that you would not hear in a drawing room—at least, in the drawing rooms of those days. This was difficult to account for, as the game was played in a friendly spirit, and no ill-temper was shown. They were all fine fellows—sons of the old pioneers—and in general conversation rarely, if ever, used a swear word. In the stress and excitement of the game their language, at times, was like that of Bret Harte's Chinaman, "frequent and painful and free." Tradition hath it that the air was blue on the field of Flanders when Marlborough's soldiers fought. That afternoon, in McGarry's paddock, the atmosphere in the vicinity of some of the scrums had the same bluish tinge. A present-day psychologist may be able to explain the lapse. The scrums were always a danger zone, for the forwards kicked like Soccerites, Waikouaiti being the bigger culprits. I can remember one of our hefty forwards in a loose scrum. Kicking his hardest—first right foot, then left foot, with a hiss accompanying each kick, on being told by Palmerston players to stop kicking so hard, he replied, still kicking: "What the h—l did you come down for if you can't stand a bit of kicking?" When a player secured the ball he clung to it as if it was a fiver, parting with it only when he was overwhelmed, or when it was wrenched away from him. One shudders to think of what his fate would be at the hands of a present-day football assemblage. Undoubtedly he would be classed as a selfish player by football scribes to-day.

Owing, perhaps to the conditions that prevailed and the state of the ground, no player showed any outstanding ability. Amongst the forwards, however, Harry Hertslet was always prominent if a scrum happened to

be formed in the vicinity of the watercourse, which was still rising. Seizing the ball and shouting, "Come on, boys, scrum over here in the creek," he would head a procession of forwards to the deepest part he could find, and, putting it down, the players, gathering round, would put the boot in for all they were worth. The miniature geysers that shot upwards quite obscured the players, and afforded great amusement to the spectators.

This match is still locally known as the game in the snow, but it served to establish football in Waikouaiti. A meeting was called for the following week to form a club, but I cannot remember very much of the business that transpired at this meeting. It was held in Mr White's saddlery shop, Mr Harry Buckland occupying the chair. Allan Orbell was elected captain, and the colours chosen were blue and white—the High School colours. I remember well Mr Hilton bringing a complaint before the meeting from Mr Woolley, the then licensee of the Railway Hotel, that the Palmerston players, in changing their saturated togs after the match, had left his bedroom in a disgraceful state. As he had failed to get any redress from the Palmerston players, he looked to the local club to make good the damage. The Waikouaiti Club, however, did not see why they should be made responsible for Palmerston's misdeeds, and the lengthy discussion which ensued was brought to a head by Mr Harry Hertslet, a great sport and as great a wag, proposing that the Waikouaiti players should do the same to the Palmerston hotelkeepers when they next went there to play. This met with the entire approval of the meeting, but afforded poor consolation to old Mr Woolley. For long after it was to him a frequent topic of conversation, which frequently wound up with his remark: "And they call this football, but I call them a lot of blackguards."

The return match was played early in August, but owing to my father's death at that time I did not see the match, and know very little about it. Waikouaiti won by three points to nil, Allan Orbell scoring the try.

Elliston Orbell, from Christ's College, and Jack Aitcheson, Jim Dunbar, and Neil Stewart, three local recruits, played in this match. During the game Theodore caused some amusement by inviting one of the Palmerston players "to put up his dooks." These were the only matches played in 1886, and they were the introduction of football into Waikouaiti.

Waikouaiti became affiliated to the Rugby Union in 1889, and in the two years' interval a few matches were played, which enabled the players to acquire a better knowledge of the game. The club's membership, which greatly increased, included a number of Maoris from Puketeraki, who were great enthusiasts. On two occasions, combined with the Natives at Otago Heads, who rowed over in a whaleboat, they came with their barrackers in full force to do battle with Waikouaiti on the football field. These games were played on the Island Farm, the pakehas and Maoris each winning one. Included in the Maori team were the Taiaroa brothers, George, Harper, and Johnny; Karetai brothers, George Parker, Harry Parker, Tipene, Harry Pratt, Jack Matthews, Donald MacDonald, Jack Lloyd, Jack Antonie, Sam Antonie, Bob Captain, Davey Kaikolac, Dan Ellison, and Baldy Ashwell. The first match will always be remembered on account of its comical opening. Early in the second spell the ball burst. As there was no other to be had, and the bladder was beyond repair, it was agreed, after a short discussion, to play the game out. In a very short time the ball was as limp as a rag, and could with ease be clutched in one hand. Nevertheless, as agreed, the game was played on and strenuously contested until the final whistle went. Vivid in my memory is Jack Aitcheson, a tall, muscular fellow standing 6ft 2in, playing in his working clothes. Catching the ball in his left hand, as he would a handkerchief, in the line out, he put it behind his back, and, standing his ground, fended his opponents off with vigorous thrusts. Jack Antonie scored a try in this match, and "The Major," years after, often recalled with pride his

THE FIRST COUNTY CRICKET ELEVEN.

Back row: J. Hope, E. Pinder (Umpires), P. E. Wilson, Jas. Nelson, D. W. Malloch, Jas. Bradley, Fred Harper (Selector).
Second row: John Bradley, Wm. Aitcheson, Sir Thos. Mackenzie (Pres.), R. Whiting, J. Annan, J. Bamberry, Wm. Hislop (Vice-Pres.).
In front: Jas. Carson, Thos. Sneeston.

run that day with the ball crumpled up in his left hand. Needless to say, the kick at goal was a failure. The spectators saw a lot to amuse them, but the players did not see the funny side of it until the game was concluded. The majority of the Maori players have long since gone to their long rest, and of the Waikouaiti players, Harry Buckland, Allan Orbell, Bill Diack, H. Hilton, E. Orbell, Dr Mill, Jim Mill, Jim Dunbar, Harry Hertslet, Jack Aitcheson, D. K. Rhodes, and Theodore Morrison have also stepped over the western border. Fine fellows all, and great sports. Those of us who knew them cherish pleasant memories. With no one to coach and a scarcity of matches football then was very crude, but it greatly improved when town teams began to visit us. Country football then was not catered for so liberally by the Rugby Union as it is to-day. We nevertheless got a lot of enjoyment out of our games, and, despite its roughness, accidents were surprisingly few. In our armchairs and over a pipe we still get a good deal of enjoyment in playing the games over again. Fifty years hence a change in our social customs may be enforced on us; but I hope that present-day footballers, in their armchairs and over their manuka bark and American beverages, will have as pleasant reminiscences as the old timers who played football when it was first introduced into the district.

EARLY CRICKET.

When life draws near to the "sere and yellow leaf" stage, there are compensations in the privilege of looking back down the long avenue and recalling the pleasures of youthful days. Quite recently some articles on early Otago cricket brought back to mind early cricketing days in Waikouaiti. The early history of Waikouaiti is so closely interwoven with the colonisation of Otago that a little might be told of the good old game played as it was when this settlement was just beginning and when Englishmen with memories—ever fresh—of the village games of other days, sought to make this new country

more like Home. The old pioneers did not worry about cricket. They were too deeply absorbed in the more serious matters of life.

In the latter 'sixties it was the custom of a few enthusiasts who had learned their cricket in the village greens of the Homeland to spend the summer evenings in Beach Street with bat and ball, and they were joined by those sons of the pioneers who were lucky enough to have the leisure. They played mostly on a vacant piece of land opposite the Royal Hotel, and occasionally in a paddock where the summer residences of Mr C. W. Rattray and Mr W. O. McKellar now stand. About this period the game was introduced into Palmerston and Macrae's Flat. Occasional matches of the picnic variety took place, and the social element entered largely into them.

Waikouaiti in those days boasted a brewery, seven hotels, and numerous grog shanties.

One match was played against Palmerston in the mill paddock down by the river near where the old windmill once stood. Ned Durden, who was mine host at the Royal Hotel at the time, used to tell of many amusing stories of the old-time cricket matches when the losers had to pay for the sumptuous dinners afterwards. Ned was by no means a Good Templar, nor by any means a good cricketer, but his sociable nature easily qualified him for a place in the team. Fielding at mid-on in one of the matches, he attempted to catch a ball hit high in the air. He got only occasional glimpses of it, and it landed on his upturned face with disastrous results.

Dick Nelmes was an outstanding cricketer and a Triton amongst the minnows of those days. He played for Otago against Lillywhite's team in 1864, and it is recorded that he frequently rode over the mountain track to play cricket in Dunedin. For over 50 years he was a familiar figure on the field with his long, flowing white beard. When 70 years of age he made 28 runs in match against Palmerston, and on this occasion the

late Sir Thomas Mackenzie, one of the spectators, came to the field to offer his congratulations. The proudest moment of his life was when he was introduced to Noble of the Australian Eleven, to whom he bowled one or two overs. I remember as a boy watching the first match played by a Dunedin team against Waikouaiti. It took place opposite the Golden Fleece Hotel in a paddock now owned by Mr A. Townsend. All I can remember about it is Dick Nelmes slogging the bowling, Harry Beal bowling underhand, Constable Townsend going in to bat in uniform with a white helmet, and the important keg of beer in a gorse hedge in charge of Joe Hearnshaw. Recently I found a copy of the Waikouaiti Herald dated January, 1880, and it contains a report of this match. It was a team from the Grange Club which visited Waikouaiti, and they found the ground hard and rough. Messrs Nelmes and Thompson captained the respective teams. In would be interesting to know if any of the players are still in the land of the living. Jim Valentine, retired Senior School Inspector of Taranaki, is the only Waikouaiti player left. The following are the scores:

GRANGE

First Innings

Findlay, b Nelmes	0
McFarlane, hit wkt, b Beal	1
Darling, lbw, b Nelmes	0
Rose, b Beal	0
Colvin, b Nelmes	5
Doudle, c Catheart, b Nelmes	0
Thompson, b Nelmes	2
Duthie, b Beal	5
Boothe, b Beal	0
Robb, b Beal	1
Outram, not out	0
Byes	13
Leg Byes	1
Total	28

WAIKOUAITI

First Innings

Crump, c Doudle	2
Catheart, run out	8
Crawford, c McFarlane, b Thompson	1
Nelmes, run out	36
Dry, c Robb, b Darling	2
Beal, c Colvin, b Thompson	0
Alston, b Thompson	3
Valentine, b McFarlane	1
Russell, b McFarlane	7
Chisholm, not out	1
Townsend, b McFarlane	0
Byes	7
Leg Byes	1
Total	69

GRANGE

Second Innings

Findlay, c Russell, b Beal	0
McFarlane, b Nelmes	12
Darling, b Beal	0
Rose, b Beal	6
Colvin, c Crawford, b Nelmes	0
Doudle, b Nelmes	1
Thompson, b Beal	2
Duthie, b Nelmes	3
Booth, b Beal	2
Robb, b Beal	1
Outram, not out	3
Byes	13
Leg Byes	2
Total	45

Catheart and Crump of the local team belonged to the Palmerston Club, and were apparently imported for this match. Jack Crawford was on the staff of the local post office; George Dry was the licensee of the Royal Hotel; Harry Beal was a son of Joseph Beal, who kept the Commercial Hotel, and was one of the Magnet's

passengers of 1840. Harry was a good underhand bowler. Charlie Russell was a new arrival from Australia, and played cricket in Melbourne; Jack Chisholm was a shepherd; Alston was the local solicitor; the constable, J. A. Townsend, was later to figure prominently in the arrest of Butler, the notorious murderer; Dick Nelmes learnt his cricket at Weedons Barracks and was a noted celebrity—a good cricketer, a good stock rider, a crack shot, handled a cue deftly, and sung in St. John's Church. Jim Valentine must have been a schoolboy then. In his day he was a fine athlete—a good three-quarter, a fair bat and medium paced bowler, and fairly successful on the running track. In the early 'eighties sufficient ground for playing cricket had been reclaimed from "the swamp," as the present recreation ground was then called. Very few matches were played during this decade. One of the earliest teams to visit Waikouaiti was the old Standard Club captained by one, Robinson. Mat Fell, who made 32, was the only player to make any runs for Waikouaiti. I do not know the names of the Dunedin players, but I think that Bill Wilson, well known in Port Chalmers acquatic circles, was one of the team. The old North Dunedin Club, captained by Jim Croxford, paid visits on two or three occasions and easily defeated the local players. I remember "Punch" Jones being heartily applauded for a fine innings for the local team in one of these games. "Punch" (he was only a youth then) afterwards went to Australia, and one year headed the batting and bowling averages for one of the clubs in Melbourne, playing second grade cricket. He was a relation of the famous "Johnny" Jones.

A match at this period which created a good deal of local interest was played between the Orbell family and the local club. Mr Henry Orbell, of "The River," and Mr MacLeod Orbell, of "Matanaka," took a keen interest in local cricket, and the combined families could field quite a decent eleven.

In the 'nineties cricket received a big boost when Fred Harper, the old Otago rep., came to live at Waikouaiti. What he did for Otago he also did for Waikouaiti. Under his coaching and leadership he moulded the team into quite a decent country eleven which could give most of the visiting Dunedin clubs a good game. His mantle has descended on Bill Higgins, who has done a lot for present-day cricket.

Fred enjoyed the country cricket, and, when in a reminiscent mood, must have many a chuckle at the little comedies that entered into it. From this period onwards matches were of frequent occurrence. The Waverley (Bert Nees, Chadwick, Crammond, and Anderson were prominent players), Albion, Star, Carisbrook, High School, Opoho, Mornington, Grocers, and Port Chalmers were some of the visiting clubs, and there were home-and-home matches with Waitati, Seacliff, Palmerston, Dunback, and Shag Point. Always an interesting game was the annual match against Mr C. W. Rattray's Eleven, composed principally of boys attending Christ College and the High School. Mr W. F. Edmond was always a member of this team and could generally be relied on to break his duck. Mr Rattray was a loyal supporter of the local club. We could never boast of a good wicket, and no large individual scores were ever made on the Waikouaiti ground. The bowler was always the master of the batsman. In the history of Waikouaiti cricket only one century has been made on the local ground. This honour belongs to the late Dave Geddes, who made 103 on one occasion playing for Port Chalmers. Gillie Wilson, Harry Graham, Seideberg, Monk, Jerry Austin, Fred Liggins, Gollar, Croxford, Frank Williams, Peerless, the Howden brothers, to mention only a few of the many fine visiting players, never created any records in the scoring line. Gillie Wilson was an enthusiast, and for the purpose of improving local cricket he brought out one holiday a strong eleven composed principally of first grade players chosen from different clubs. Chatting in the pavilion over a cup of tea before the match commenced, he asked how the pitch was playing. It played

so well for Waikouaiti that they were all out for 99, a performance we were always proud of even although we could respond with only fifty odd. There were no bodyline bowling arguments in those days to mar the pleasure of our games. Talking about bodyline bowling, I have often wondered how poor Jim Jago would have played Larwood. On one occasion a team from the Evening Star office came out to play us. It was the custom to commence matches at 11 o'clock and adjourn to the Golden Fleece for dinner. On my way back to the ground after luncheon in company with Bob Scott, an old Etonian and fine all-round athlete, we were joined by Jim. He asked us when he went in to bat would we mind giving him an easy ball to hit. He said Charlie Frith, his skipper, had bet him half a crown he would not make two runs, and he was anxious to win the bet. It would have been churlish to have refused, for at the hotel he had charmed us with his singing, and we willingly entered into the conspiracy. There were only the three of us in the joke, and when Jim came in to bat long leg was conveniently removed to another part of the field. Scott went on to bowl, and pitched up for his first ball the very ball Jim was looking for. With visions of a boundary (and his half-crown) Jim made a terrific swipe, missed the ball, and the momentum of his bat swung him round with such force that he mowed down his three wickets, lost his balance, and landed flat on his back. In the process the poor chap put his knee out, and had to be assisted from the field. Like Bret Harte's "Abner Dean," "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." I often wondered if Charlie Frith was callous enough to collect his half-crown.

The umpire is always an essential and important personage in the cricket world, and is sometimes responsible for jokes associated with cricket. (I have failed yet, however, to discover the batsman who, when umpired out, could see any joke in it). I can recall two amusing umpire stories. Once a Dunedin team omitted to bring an umpire. On such occasions it was customary to ask

one of the spectators to officiate, and the Dunedin skipper requested Mr Pat Toomey to come out and umpire for them. Pat, in those days, kept the Golden Fleece Hotel, and, always a good-natured chap, he graciously consented to do so, but warned the visiting captain that he did not know anything about the rules of cricket. Early in the innings for an unmistakable click the bowler appealed with a sharp "How's that?" for a catch behind the wickets. Pat made no response. The bowler appealed a second time. "What do you mean?" said Pat. "Is he out or not out?" said the bowler. "How the divil do I know?" was Pat's decision. The bowler, nonplussed, interpreted it as not out and carried on. I cannot remember the result of this match, but I think with Pat's assistance we must have won. Local patriotism was always a strong trait in his character.

Shag Point was a hard team to beat during the palmy days of coal mining. Amongst the miners there were some fine cricketers. On one of our visits to Shag Point our supporters included Tom Kenward and also Little Salvini, the singer. Tom was a gold-digger who eked out an existence fossicking in the branches of the Waikouaiti River. He did not play cricket, but enjoyed watching the game. We persuaded him to act as umpire, and I can picture him to-day leaning on his bat and smoking a cherrywood pipe. Shag Point were batting, and one of their opening batsmen was a hefty miner with a black beard—a miniature W. G. Grace. Reaching forward to a ball in the first over, he missed, and the ball struck his leg. Jumping round with a lusty shout of "How's that?" from the bowler, Tom with a start thought that with such a confident appeal he must be out, and accordingly gave him out. As the batsman showed no inclination to leave the crease, the bowler walked up the pitch and said, "You're out. The umpire says you are." The miner answered, "I know he did, but I wasn't out and I'm not going out." Fred Harper, the skipper, walked up from point and, patting him on the shoulder, said, "Look here, my man, I don't know whether you were

OUR FIRST ENCAMPMENT, OCTOBER, 1894.

out or not, but the umpire says you are out and you'll have to go out." The miner repeated, "I wasn't out. I don't care what the umpire says, and I'm not going out." The game was at a standstill. Besides being a gold-digger, Tom was a diplomat, and through his diplomacy he relieved a tense situation. Still leaning on his bat and quite unconcerned, he sang out, "Hey! What's all the row about you fellows? I didn't say 'Out'; I said 'Not out.'" We filed back to our places, and our friend the batsman signalised his triumph by hitting a beautiful four to long-on in the same over. Tom was a decent chap and a likeable old soul. For years he has been resting in St. John's Churchyard, and whenever I happen to pass by my thoughts are wafted Shag Pointwards, and in my mental vision there looms up a cricket match, Tom umpiring, an irate batsman, and a lovely hit for four.

Early cricketing days bring happy memories, recalling the lines of C. J. Dennis:

> Ar them was 'appy days—and now they've flown:
> Flown like the smoke in some enchanted fag.

There are still living in Waikouaiti many old-time cricketers who retain pleasant memories of the friendships formed and the many pleasant summer evenings spent in "the swamp" playing cricket.

MEMORIES OF THE OTAGO HUSSARS.

A recent appeal of the Otago Mounted Rifles for subscriptions for the purchase of a guidon brings back memories of the Otago Hussars in its palmy days, before the Boer War, at a period when the Waikouaiti Troop was first formed.

On the disbanding of the old Waikouaiti Rifles, Captain Robin, desiring to increase the strength of the Otago Hussars, chose Waikouaiti as a likely recruiting ground. Following up his idea, he sent a notice to Waikouaiti intimating that a party from the Otago Hussars would visit the township on a certain afternoon, and he invited any young fellow who owned a horse to

meet him at the recreation ground. I remember well the Saturday afternoon, early in the year 1894, and the stir the members of this party created as it came clattering down the main street of our usually quiet little village. In their full uniform of blue and white and well mounted they created a very favourable impression, and it is interesting to recall their names:—Captain Robin, Fred Stronach, Charlie Reid, Jack Wood, Frank Hyams, Charlie Hyams, and, I think, Ted Reid.

Curious to know the nature of the proceedings and anticipating an afternoon's sport, there was a muster of over 40 young fellows, all well mounted. Waikouaiti boasted of some good hacks in those days. Few, if any, had had any previous military experience, but with the Dunedin visitors as section leaders we enjoyed the novelty of the drill, which wound up with the musical ride. Before leaving the ground Charlie Reid, riding a stylish iron-grey horse with a flowing silver tail, gave a clever exhibition of jumping. A large box, four feet in length and the same in height, used for storing our cricket material, was jumped backwards and forwards on several occasions without a swerve.

A meeting was held in the evening, Captain Robin presiding. After addressing us and anwering many questions, it was decided to form a contingent of the Otago Hussars, and the following were sworn in:—Allen Orbell, Bob Templeton, Frank Stronach, Jack Allen, Henry Allcock, Harry Orbell, Jack Muir, Billy Black, Jack Townsend, Alf Cantrell, Rory Cameron, Bill Beasley, Billy Apes, Jack Parata, Jack Ellison, Davie Kaikolae, and the writer. Tom Brown, Dave Phillips, Donald Miller, and Dave Findlay, from Palmerston, and George Ross and Jack Murray, from Dunback, joined up with us later on. A year or two later Bert Ward, Bill Leckie, George Charlton, Tom O'Connell, Billy Gardiner, Jack Rochfort, and Alec Scott were also enrolled.

Volunteering was a more costly business then than it is to-day, and we did not receive a great deal of assist-

ance from the Government—at least the Hussars did not. We had to supply horse, saddle cloth, pants, riding boots, saddle, and bridle, in addition to an annual subscription of 25s. In military circles the Otago Hussars enjoyed a high reputation, which could be traced to the efficiency of their officers—Captain Robin, Lieutenants Herbert Price, George Sievwright, and Fred Stronach. They had a happy knack of instilling into the rank and file their enthusiasm. Dr Coughtrey was the medical officer, J. A. Park sergeant-major, J. Burnside quartermaster, and Tommy Feltham and Billy Rutherford the trumpeters.

It was a cold, wintry afternoon as we rode over Mount Cargill to our first annual training early in October, 1894. As we entered Tahuna Park we received a warm welcome from the Dunedin and Taieri Troops, who had arrived earlier in the day, and who surveyed us with critical eyes. We were to meet in camp many fine fellows in the Taieri and Dunedin Troops—good riders and all well mounted. Besides those we met in Waikouaiti, others I remember in the Taieri contingent were Harry Allen, Fred Freeman, Lindsay Miller, Amos McKegg, Jim Blair, Dave Wyllie, Jim Williamson, Andy Grieve, Dick Green, Charlie Findlay, Bill Palmer, Teddy Palmer, Bill Moreland, Milton Fleming, J. Brown, and W. Murdoch. In the Dunedin Troop I recall Crosby Morris, Jim Prain, Jack Munro, Jack Patrick, Edgar Hazlett, Bill Hazlett, Jimmy Landels, Keith Ramsay, Jack Wood, Fred Smith, Sydney Leary, George Sise, Jim Stewart, Bob Gillies, Frank Laing, Charlie Roberts, P. Hallenstein, F. H. Morice, Jack Thomson, and perhaps a few others that I have forgotten.

We soon settled down to the routine of camp life, and on account of our inexperience found it fairly strenuous. On the parade ground and in the competitions a keen rivalry existed between the Dunedin, Taieri, and Waikouaiti Troops. All things considered, we did not do so badly for our first year. Several won shooting badges, Rory Cameron was awarded a swordsman badge, and Bob Templeton, Allen Orbell, Harry Orbell, Billy Black,

Jack Allen, Jack Muir, and Frank Stronach were successful in winning prizes at the sports. The following year Alf Cantrell won the "Belt" for shooting, and one of our troopers secured the Hislop Trophy. I cannot remember who won the shield in 1894, but I think it was Harry Allan. A year or so later Bob Templeton and Jack Allen had the honour of having their names inscribed on this much-coveted trophy. The prize for the best trained horse was won by Trooper Freeman, with Trooper Morice second and Trooper Hallenstein third.

To those who love a horse a mounted parade of the Otago Hussars was a fine spectacle. There were some splendid horses in the squadron, and many fine jumpers. Bob Templeton's aged grey mare was one of the safest. She was by Ringleader, and was bred by Mr John Reid when he owned Corner Bush. Ringleader was owned by Ned Devine when he was licensee of the Commercial Hotel at Waikouaiti. Ned at the same time also owned Maribyrnong, which won the Maiden Plate 55 years ago, when the local races were held on the Island Farm.

The lustre of Ned's fame as a coachdriver for Cobb and Co. had now grown dim, and he left shortly afterwards for Melbourne, never to return. The advent of the railway heralded the end of Ned's coaching days, the shrill whistle of the engine serving as a befitting requiem for the close of the romantic coaching days on the Main North road, where Ned was perhaps the outstanding celebrity. Ringleader was not a success as a sire, and left a lot of weeds in the district—very few were worth their oats. The expression "He swore like a trooper," no doubt had its origin when they went soldiering in a more degenerate age. After an experience of training in a mounted corps one can understand how easy it would be to acquire this reputation. Reveille at 5 in the morning, a mounted parade morning and evening, a dismounted parade in the daytime, and the attention required by the horses made up a strenuous day. One easily acquires a frayed temper with the numberless little

trivialities that crop up in the day's work. I remember on one occasion when a Waikouaiti section had a rosy chance of winning the night alarm. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 were dressed and mounted, every buckle in order, waiting impatiently for the section leader, who, unfortunately, had somehow become entangled in his gear. Repeated entreaties by his comrades to "Get a move on" only caused him greater flurry. His horse was restless and, in girthing him, he gave a vicious tug, when his fingers slipped and he struck himself a severe blow on the eye. From this stage all hope of victory vanished. In his address to his horse and comrades his tongue ran amok, and his fluency would have done credit to any of Marlborough's soldiers who fought in Flanders. He happened to be a vicar's warden at the time, but under such exasperating and painful circumstances he would require to be a much higher Church dignitary than he was in order to get satisfaction as one could by counting ten. A black eye or swollen lip received in this way is not an uncommon occurrence with those who have much to do with horses, but it is not an easy matter to make your friends believe that the explanation of it is a truthful one.

This sketch would be incomplete without a reference to Captain Colman, the drill instructor. Trained in the British Army and fresh from one of the Irish regiments, he had many of the characteristics of the Imperial Army drill instructors. Conscientious and efficient, and liberally endowed with the wit of the Irishman, there was at times a bluntness about his reprimands which would not have been tolerated in civilian life. Many stories are told of his facetious remarks during the course of instruction, but two incidents of our first experience with him will be sufficient. During a dismounted parade for the inspection of arms he strolled along the line and, stopping in front of one of the Taieri men, said in his slow, drawling voice, "Well, my man, I suppose you are fond of shooting?" "Yes, sir." "And I suppose you

have a good fowling piece?" "Yes, sir." "And I suppose you keep it nicely oiled and in good order?" "Yes, sir" (fiercely). "Then why don't you take the same interest in the Government property?" At the same parade one of the Waikouaiti men had occasion to give his left shoulder a slight rub to allay some slight irritation. Quick to detect the slightest omission, he drawled out: "Stop scratching, young man. This is not the time to scratch. I will give the order 'Stand easy' shortly and you can have a good scratch." When the order came for "Stand easy" he resumed the attack. "Now, young man, have a good scratch. I don't mean to infer that you are lousy, because you have on a nice clean shirt." Boiling over with indignation and nursing his wrath until the parade was over, in the security of the tent we listened to an interesting homily on Captain Coleman in not very flattering terms. We took a delight in reminding the victim of the scratching incident, because no man in the squadron was more particular about his dress and personal appearance.

To those who were not on duty the evenings were never wearisome. Many visitors came from the city, including Harry Smith, Phil Newberry, and Jim Marshall, three noted singers in Dunedin in those days. I remember Phil Newberry one evening singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud" and having to stop and ask that he might be excused on account of a husky throat. Amid loud applause, Bill Hazlett stepped on the platform and completed the song, and to our untutored ears sang equally as well. Jack Parata would sing nightly his one and only song, "I Tickled Her Under the Chin," the company joining lustily in the chorus. At our social functions to-day Jack still sings the same song.

W. H. Taggart was also a frequent visitor, but he came on a different quest—always anxious to purchase for his livery stable. Mr Taggart had a soft side for any of Stormy Petrel's stock. Stormy, as he was locally known, was owned by Mr Bill McLean, and left some

fine hacks in Waikouaiti, but breeders did not realise his worth until he had been sent to the sandhills.

Good cavalry horses in this mechanical age appear to be drifting to the same fate as the dodo. A stroll along the horse lines in a military camp to-day gives one this impression. Fifty years ago the Waikouaiti district was a fruitful field for Mr Hastie, a horse dealer, who purchased remounts for the Indian Army. If he revisited Waikouaiti to-day on the same mission he would exclaim in the words of the poet, "Where are they? Where are they now?"

The military carnival held at Tahuna Park on Boxing Day of 1894 is still remembered by the members of the Waikouaiti Troop who took part in it. Astir in the early morning to truck their horses by the early morning train, they arrived at Tahuna Park at 10 o'clock, where a strenuous and tiring day was spent competing in the running events and mounted competitions. On leaving the park at 7 p.m. we were informed that the Railway authorities refused to truck our horses home. We rode into town and fed and watered them at Taggart's stables. The town clock was chiming half-past 10 as we rode through the Octagon on our way home. It was 4 o'clock and a brilliant summer morning when we rode through the main street of Waikouaiti, tired and sleepy. Our horses were as fresh as paint, and could easily have done another thirty miles without requiring any pressure of the heels if their heads had been turned for home. As the old ostler remarked, "'Osses was 'osses then."

Those who attended the Easter encampment in 1895 will not forget the early morning ride to Waitati over the hills at the back of Evansdale. A number of the Infantry Corps were in camp at Waitati, and the Otago Hussars were at Waikouaiti on Mr Orbell's property. Leaving camp on Saturday morning, the Hussars patrolled and reconnoitred the countryside throughout the day, and arrived at Warrington in the evening. We camped there on the northern side of the railway line

on the edge of the bush, tethering our horses to any of the trees that were handy. Included in the Easter manœuvres "the heads" had planned that the Hussars should attack Waitati. In face of so much opposition there appeared a very remote chance of the attack being successful. The night was wet and miserable, and we were packed in the tents like sardines. It was a welcome relief when Jack Wood poked his head in the tent, long before daylight, with the order, "Saddle up quickly and silently and fall in, and no matches to be struck." Groping in the darkness for our clothes, accoutrements, and gear had its many amusing sidelights. This being completed, we stole quietly out to the horses in the bush with saddles and bridles. Groping and stumbling about in the darkness to locate our horses, there came filtering through one's mind the appropriate lines of Adam Lindsay Gordon:

"There was bridling with hurry and saddling with haste,
Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon."

We fell in silently, without call of trumpet, and, after each section leader had answered "Present and correct, sir," we moved off. Allen Orbell, Billy Apes, and Jack Parata, who knew every inch of the back country, acted as guides. It was still dark as we forded the Evansdale Stream and struck inland. Daylight was breaking as we entered the tall manuka scrub. Its density swallowed us up, and in single file we bored our way through until we emerged at the back of Waitati. Here we encountered our first news of the enemy, when Jack Parata came scurrying back in great haste and reported to Lieutenant Price, "I see some of them down there; I could shoot them easy." There was the excitement of battle and the glint of the old warrior in Jack's eye. They happened to be a small detachment from one of the Invercargill companies, who opened fire on us, but, being largely outnumbered, had to retire. Dismounting and in extended order, we skirmished down the hillside into Waitati to find a deserted camp. On our way back

The first triangular Shooting Match fired on the Waikouaiti Range on November 9, 1894, between Dunedin, Taieri, and Waikouaiti Troops.

we passed detachments returning to their camp, and others on the hillsides at their allotted posts. We were stared at in amazement, but our good manners prevented us showing any signs of elation. Captain Robin and the officers at the time were highly complimented on their strategy.

The annual training was looked forward to as a healthful and enjoyable holiday. Even the horses benefited by it, as they were always in better fettle at the conclusion of the camp; with the regular exercise and attention they received they would arrive home bursting out of their skins.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Waikouaiti Beach was known to the Maoris as O Hineta-moa, and the Puketeraki Beach as Wha Kawai Pakepaka.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century a Maori pa was situated on the hill above the Puketeraki tunnel and named Paritutae.

In 1854 the population of Waikouaiti was 108—3 Wesleyans, 3 Catholics, 11 Presbyterians, and 91 Anglicans. In 1955, 81; and in 1856, 150.

Andrew Affleck built Jones's store in Beach Street in 1860, the timber being carted by John McLay.

Jas. Scott, Jas. Clark, Adam Clark, and David Forsyth, who lived in a hut at Cherry Farm, built the Anglican Church and parsonage in 1858. The timber was sawn in the Hawkesbury bush by John Palser and Chas. Roebuck, and the shingles split by Jas. Crawford.

The Rev. J. A. Fenton and family arrived in the Ann Jane in 1859, and were brought along the beach in Mr John McLay's bullock dray. His first sad duty was to officiate at the burial service of Eliz. Bray, a little girl aged nine years, who was a fellow-passenger and was drowned in the Waikouaiti River on the day of their arrival. Mr Bray came to take over the management of Cherry Farm.

Mr Wm. Heckler was manager of Cherry Farm from 1853 to 1860.

The wheat grown on Cherry Farm was conveyed by boat by Mr Joseph to Port Chalmers, and from there transhipped to Sydney. A large shed built on the river bank opposite the present Cherry Farm entrance gate for the storage of goods was afterwards removed, and was the residence of Mr Jas. Flannery for many years. It has since been dismantled, and is now a seaside crib in Beach Street.

The vessels trading to Waikouaiti at the time of the Dunstan gold rush were the Hope, Blue Bell, Midlothian, and the Geelong.

The bell used by the Wesleyan Mission Station was presented by Mr John Jones and belonged to the Magnet. It originally came from the Botany Bay convict station.

The sheep owners and numbers of sheep in Waikouaiti in 1860 were:—William Jones, 4500; Fred Jones, 3750; F. Orbell, 1400; J. R. Jones, 4000; and Thos. Jones, 3374.

Dr Crocome was the first doctor to commence practice in Otago, and lived for many years in Waikouaiti. He arrived at Weller Bros.' Whaling Station at Otago Heads in 1836, where he remained two years, and intended returning to England. Meeting "Johnny" Jones in Sydney, he persuaded him to return to the Waikouaiti Whaling Station, where he arrived in 1838. He was engaged by Mr Jones at Matanaka as a tutor to his family and clerical duties at a salary of £30 per year and rations. These duties he found distasteful, and did not continue them for any length of time. He was succeeded by the Rev. H. B. Johnston, a recent arrival from the Homeland, at a salary of £100 per year—£70 for clerical and £30 for tutorial duties. His contract included holding a church service on Sundays at Matanaka in the morning and the barn at Cherry Farm in the afternoon. His services terminated abruptly after a violent quarrel with Mr Jones. The aftermath was a court case, Mr Jones appearing as the defendant; but the case

was dismissed. Mr Johnston returned to England in 1855.

A species of coal was found at Matanaka, and used by the whalers for boiling the blubber.

"Johnny" Jones is reported to have shipped to Sydney £1500 worth of oil the year following his purchase of the Waikouaiti Station.

Dr Shortland, Protector of Aborigines, visited Waikouaiti in 1843. The Native population was then 126 Maoris.

Dr Munro, afterwards Sir David Munro, was a passenger on the Deborah when Fred. Tuckett came on his exploratory visit. He called at Waikouaiti and visited Cherry Farm, and reported that Jones had 600 acres fenced and 40 acres under cultivation. Also, some cattle and horses and 2000 sheep and a threshing and winnowing machine. From 1840 to 1844 Mr Jones had imported 2000 ewes, 100 mares, 200 cows, 40 cattle, and 30 horses.

LIFE IN THE 'FIFTIES.

I am indebted to the McLay family for the following account of life in the 'fifties which has been recorded by the late John McLay, who arrived with his parents in the Mooltan in 1850. I have taken out extracts from his story, which he wrote in 1916:—

OLD DAYS IN WAIKOUAITI IN 1853.

I arrived in Dunedin in 1850 with my parents by the Mooltan. In April of the same year my father was engaged as overseer to the late John Jones, who then had Cherry Farm, which at that time was one of the best in Otago. The people had to grind all their own flour in an old steel mill that was worn out, and it gave a lot of trouble and was very unsatisfactory work, and often we could not get enough to keep us going from day to day. My father decided to return to Dunedin unless we could get flour, so Jones decided to get flour from Hobart

Town for us, and also a barrel of oatmeal, which was brought by Antoni the first time he came with the boat called the Annie. There were two men who helped him called Churchill and Dunn. We came to Waikouaiti in this boat, and the first thing we did was to prepare wheat for sowing, and, as it was very bad with smut, my father advised Jones to steep the wheat in bluestone for twenty-four hours before sowing, then it was put into bags half-filled to cart out in the dray, where it was sown in the paddock which lies on the east side of the present dairy. The timber for that was cut in the Hawksbury Bush by a man called Scotch Bob and Dutch Harry, also the timber for the stock yard. I helped to cut timber in the same bush. After the wheat was sown my father started to break up a block of land at the south-west corner opposite the late Mr H. Orbell's home. The ground was very rough, covered with flax, tutu, and wild native broom. All the ploughing was done with bullocks in those days. The ploughs came from Sydney, and were not very good. We broke one, and then got held up until we got another Scotch plough from Matanaka that Mr McKenzie, the blacksmith, had fixed up. So a man called Dalzell took it down in a horse and cart, the first in Otago.

The year we came to Cherry Farm there was a fine lot of hay in the paddock that runs up to the present bridge on the main road to Dunedin. So much hay had to go to Matanaka for the horses. Jones had about 300 head on the run, and some were broken into the saddle all the year round.

After the harvest was cut the sheaves were short and went through the mill quick—about four hundred bushels per day, uncleaned. Once a week we put it through the fanners, and then bagged it up ready to go into Dunedin with Antoni. He dragged it up to the shed by the river. The shed stood about 40 feet from the river, and Antoni could load his boat here at low tide from a plank put out at the side of the river. From this shed, in '53,

THE KILMOG HOTEL IN THE COACHING DAYS. —By courtesy Otago Early Settlers' Association.

I took 25cwt of whalebone to the Spit for the Maoris to take to Otago Heads to go to Sydney. It was from six to ten inches wide and from five to seven feet long, and at that time it only brought £40 in Sydney per ton.

I wish to mention that once when Antoni was loading wheat from the boat shed, as it was called, Jones came down from Matanaka in a bad mood, and he took off his coat and set to work to help to load. I was lifting up the bags that were on a large heap in the shed, the river was very low, and the boat a good way out from the water level, and it took the plank all its time to reach the gunwale of the boat. It was not an easy job to carry out a bag of wheat on a man's back across a plank to the boat, and if you did not take great care you would lose your balance and fall into the river, bag and all. When Dunn was halfway along the plank he fell into the river, but managed to save the bag by catching the gunwale of the boat, and Antoni the bag. Jones managed to carry his bag across the plank, but it took him all he could do to do it. As soon as he put the bag into the boat and reached the bank he caught hold of the plank and threw it up on to the bank and, in a great rage, said they were neither pepper nor salt, and that they would not melt if they went into the river. He then rolled up his trousers to his knees. Dunn had already done this. My father did the same, and they all set to work, Antoni and Churchill stowing the bags into the boat. Jones was rushing the work on, and my father said, "Why don't you take two bags at a time?" Jones replied, "Neither you nor any other man could do it." But my father did, and Jones said he would give him £1 if he did, and said, "Well, Mac., you are stronger than I thought you were." He took his pocket book from his coat and gave my father £1, and the boat got away with the tide.

Our next move was out to Puketapu to break up some land to sow oats for the stock horses. We took out a plough and harrows and some timber to enlarge the

hut. Mr Fry came out the same night. He was a carpenter. It was not easy to get to Puketapu in those days from Cherry Farm. We went as far as Matanaka first and stayed there the night with Knewstub's, the dairyman at that time. That night a great gale blew from the west and blew a broadleaf tree down, and it fell on a bullock and broke its hip. It was bred by Mr Creed, the missionary at Waikouaiti. When we started from Matanaka we had to go along the top of the hills by Tumai to the Goodwood River, which was bad to cross, then over a dangerous part of the road which was cut out of solid rock between the river, which is very deep, then from there away up to Mount Royal Bush, which was a hard pull all the way. Soon after we turned to the right down into the saddle which connects Mount Royal and the ridge that turns up to where Mr Suisted had a large dwelling house, where we stayed for about 15 minutes. From there we had to go down a very steep hill that faces the ocean on the east side, and part of Mount Royal Bush runs up over the north shoulder, and the worst creek of any we had to come through was at the foot of the hill. We had to clear a lot of scrub and trees out to get through to Mr Kennard's house. He was an old hand with Jones at one time. He took us in and was very kind, and gave us plenty to eat and some cheese, the first I had tasted in Waikouaiti. Mr Kennard showed us a cheese he had in a vat under a patent press. The vat was on a block of timber, then a long maple stick, about 14 feet long, with one end in a fork of a tree with an inch and a-half kowhai pin through the fork-end of the lever and a round piece of wood sawn off a log the size of the mouth of the vat, the spar resting on the block on the vat, with stones in an old bucket, hung on the end of the long lever, which made a fine job of the pressing. It amused me very much this press.

We returned to Cherry Farm and went on with work there. My father was the only man who had a watch on the farm, so the men used to call out and ask my father

if it was 5 o'clock yet. One day when Jones was returning to Matanaka he got off his horse and watched from the cliff hill, and saw the men stop work. He came riding back in a great rage, and blamed my father for letting them stop work so soon. My father told him that eight hours was long enough mowing hay in hot weather, and said he would leave. The men all went away and hid when they saw Jones coming back and left my father to face the trouble alone. However, Jones came back next day and begged of him to stay, as he would be in a fix if he did not. He saw the work through the harvest, and the threshing also, which was done with a four-horse mill power. At this time a man called Griffiths drove this from a seat on the driving power. Jones had brought him up from a boy, but he could neither read nor write. He was a rough Christian, but kind-hearted. He was nearly killed once through the horse taking fright from loose straw blowing amongst the horses through a gale of wind that had sprung up. One of the cogs got broken off the driving wheel, and this held up the work for some time. Jones thought that the driving wheel would have to go to Sydney for repairs, but my father said he knew Miller and Sons, blacksmiths, in Dunedin, and he thought they could repair it. Jones sent a man on horseback over the mountains with the part, and they mended it and made a very good, lasting job of it. At the present time this wheel could be seen on Puddy's farm. Jones never allowed anyone to drive on the seat after this. I drove the horses for four years after this, and when all the work was finished we left, but came back in fifteen months' time and stayed there.

My father and another man went over the mountains with the black cow and her heifer which he won in a wrestling match with Jones. He left them with a Mr Andrew Dalzell at Halfway Bush, on the east side of Flagstaff, then he walked back to Cherry Farm. We then shifted down to the boat landing by the side of the main road. Jones had built a store to put goods

and grain in. Beside this was a hut built from saw pit slabs. It was called Jimmie the Woodman's Hut. He got his food, clothes, and tobacco for looking after the store. This man had been an old hand in Jones's whaling days. He could not resist rum. Once a lot of goods came for Mr Suisted, of Goodwood. He had stolen them and taken them over to a small island not far from the river, and when Mr Suisted's bullock team came in for them they were missing, as well as the rum he had broached from the cask. When he was found out he cleared down to Port Chalmers, but when Mr Jones heard of the robbery he came riding down from Matanaka to give Jimmie a threshing. I had just been to the shed with a load of wheat, and on my way back met Jones in a great rage. He was wearing an old coat with a check like a shepherd's plaid and a hole in it. His clay pipe was hanging out of it, so I told him. Then he stopped and asked me if I had seen Woodman, and I said no, but that a Maori had told us in the morning that he had cleared out. He said it was a good job for the old villain or else he would have given him a threshing that he would never forget.

We had to wait at Woodman's Hut until Antoni came, and then when the boat was unloaded, it was loaded again with wheat and our things to take us back to Dunedin and get away before the tide got too low. The out-going tide was a great help going down the river with a heavy-loaded boat. We got down to the mouth of the river and had to lie at anchor until morning and light enough to go over the bar. It was a cold night, with a light frost. My mother and the rest of the family felt the cold very much. Antoni stood up on the highest part of the boat to see if it would be safe enough to go over, and it was agreed that we would start at once before the tide got too low. There was a nasty roll on the bar, and a danger that the boat might strike the bottom. Once started, they would not be able to stop, as the strong ebb of the tide would run us out to the bar with great force. The boat was pulled up to the

—By courtesy Miss Bannatyne.

Buildings built by Mr. John Jones still in use at Matanaka. On extreme left was the stable, and the two buildings on the right were used as a barn and a schoolroom.

anchor and the anchor lifted. Directly the anchor was lifted she swung round into a sandbank which at this time divided the flow of the river—that was 62 years ago. We reached Port Chalmers tired and hungry, and stayed there that night. Next day Fred Beal, a son of Joseph Beal, got a dinghy, and we sailed over to an island near Port Chalmers. We would not have got there if I had not learnt to pull or scull a boat. I learnt from Mr Arthur Burns, of Grant's Braes, Dunedin. Beal and I had a fine time on the island amongst the goats. They became a nuisance afterwards, eating the bark off the trees, and so they were killed off. It was getting dusk by the time we got back to Port Chalmers, and my parents thought we were lost. Next day we started for Dunedin in the same boat that had taken us to Waikouaiti a year before. We arrived in the evening and got a house that belonged to Mr Sidey. It stood near where the Grand Hotel is now. About six months after this, on one of his return journeys, Antoni got caught in a gale between Waikouaiti and the Heads. The boat was loaded with wheat and trussed hay. When he got to Taiaroa Head the mast gave way, and they had a job to brace it up again. They threw a lot of hay overboard to save themselves. The gale blew them down to the Bluff, and it was thought they were lost, as the hay was found on the shore. When he got back and told Jones about the hay, he said it did not matter as long as they saved themselves.

I may mention that Mr Blair, of Green Island, printed a book of poems, and one was how my father won the cow from Jones.

Another item of interest is in connection with the bridge over the Waikouaiti River. It was built in 1862 by R. Muir for the Provincial Government, and I carted the timber for it out of the Hawksbury Bush. The stone bridge was built by John Watson, and the stone was brought down from the Merton cliffs to the main road, and James Black and his son carted most of the stone

along the road to the bridge. I got 5s per hour for that work, and 4s 6d per hour at the railway bridge, where I carted timber and iron and stone to build it with.

[Extracts from my father's diary, the late John McLay, written in 1916 when an invalid in bed.]

Another item of interest: Once we ran out of salt, which my mother required to salt the butter with, and could not get any until the boat arrived from Dunedin, so the men gathered up some buckets and went over to Lawyer's Head, about one mile and a-half from where we lived at that time, and carried water home. It was boiled until it nearly all evaporated and then left about half an inch of fine salt in the bottom of the vessel. Churning the butter in those days was not an easy task. The churn was about four feet, made wider at the bottom than the top. It had a lid with a hole at the centre, and a handle went through a thick bit of wood like a plate, with holes in it, and this handle was worked up and down in the cream in the churn till the butter came, which took some time in cold weather.

Once when we lived at Cherry Farm I made a model of the ship we came from Home in—the Mooltan. I was very fond of ships and the sea, so when I finished the model Mr Arthur Burns, who was a brother of the late Dr Burns, said he would paint it for me, which he did. It was white, with a red band all round. It was named the Ancient Mariner, and Mr Burns had a boat called the Annie Laurie. He was brought up to seafaring life before he came to Otago, and he gave me great credit for the way I had set up the masts, rigging, etc. I made the anchor out of lead set in a mould of clay, and made a lead keel, moulded in clay, the length of the hull, which was fastened to the bottom so as not to let her capsize. I spent a lot of time sailing her from the jetty over to the rocky headland on the north side of the jetty. The water was very deep there, and when the tide was on the ebb a strong current ran past and through this, which caused me to lose my ship. One day she was

carried out by the wind which sprang up and was blown out into deep water away from me. I did not see her again. About two years later a Mr George Duncan, who used to come to Waikouaiti to buy bullocks from the late John Jones, told my mother and father that my ship had landed on the beach at Pelichet Bay and had been picked up by Mr Spencer Cargill, a son of the late Captain Cargill, who afterwards became an officer in the Indian Army. I never saw my ship again, which was a great grief to me after all my work. I had spent many happy days coming to New Zealand, on the Mooltan, the ship I copied my model from. The time we lived at Anderson's Bay some men built a small schooner, and it was called the Endeavour, and sailed on this coast for many years after. One man, I remember, was called Bob Twelftree.

In 1856 the lagoon at Tomahawk was a very pretty sheet of water, and was famous for wild ducks, and along the margin of the lagoon there were many kinds of native trees, such as veronica, bunches of toi toi, cabbage trees, and flax.

In Mr Charles Drake's survey of the 2560 acres granted to Mr Jones by the Land Commissioners at the Land Court held at Otago Heads in December, 1843, the outlet of the Lagoon is shown entering the sea at Matanaka Cliffs.

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