

9 A surveyor in ✓
New Zealand,
1857-1896 :



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JOHN HOLLAND BAKER in 1884

A SURVEYOR
IN NEW ZEALAND

1857-1896

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF
JOHN HOLLAND BAKER

EDITED BY
NOELINE BAKER

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A SURVEYOR
IN NEW ZEALAND

1855-1860

THE RECORDS OF
JOHN HOLLAND BAKER

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PREFACE

John Holland Baker seemed to be designed by nature for a pioneer colonist; he had splendid physical health, an insatiable love of travel and adventure, tireless energy and magnificent courage which at times amounted to fool-hardiness when he neither realized danger nor attempted to avoid it. He was very resourceful and able to turn his hand to anything and was quite a good craftsman. His father sent him, before he went to New Zealand, to be taught by a carpenter and a blacksmith and the knowledge he gained from them was of extraordinary value to him. After middle life worry, mental strain and over work, combined with an increasing amount of sedentary occupation, taxed his strength for a time and his health suffered, but as soon as the strain was removed he recovered his natural well being and until his final illness he was full of vigour and zest for life. At seventy and eighty he was always ready for a day's amusement or a long day's work in the garden, would undertake strenuous journeys and stay in what to most men of his age would have appeared impossibly out of the way and primitive places in the mountain villages of France, Italy, Spain and Majorca. He had a great love of children and animals and I can remember seeing him on many occasions give up his comfortable chair to the cat or go some distance to fetch a neighbour's children when he was making a bonfire in the garden and thought they would enjoy the fun of helping.

When I was a child he used to romp with me, make dolls' houses for me, wooden carts in which to harness the dogs and endless other toys. In the evenings he would tell me a sort of Arabian Nights story about an imaginary little boy called Jimmy and this story

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went on from month to month and from year to year, new adventures for Jimmy being invented every night.

A letter from his godson, Mr. C. J. Brodrick, written during my father's last illness shows the impression made on those who knew him when he was still young.

"I am so pleased to think you are feeling better, your letter tells it in every line, the writing is as firm and clear and the contents as much to the point as if you had been twenty-one instead of eighty-five, which hurdle you successfully negotiated on the 4th December. As you say, you have had a pretty good life and real enjoyment at times, thanks I think to a bright and happy nature and a knack of radiating sunshine on others, a very precious gift, mostly quickly responded to and reflected back. My earliest recollections of you are when you put me on your back and swam across the Devil's Pool in the Waihopai, or sat me on the hard pommel in front of you on old Bob, but I enjoyed it all the same and your enjoyment of life was infectious and I don't think Invercargill was ever quite the same to me after you left it."

When my mother died in 1920, my father said he would like to take a trip to New Zealand, and we landed in Auckland on Xmas Day that year. We had a delightful four months, travelling both through the North and the South Islands, visiting Stewart Island, and seeing many old friends. It was then that they said to him "*You must write your recollections of the early days,*" and that he promised to do his best. Luckily he had kept a diary (now in the Turnbull Library) from the time he landed in New Zealand in 1857; and when we returned to England he began jotting down events from this diary and putting them

PREFACE

roughly into narrative form. As the chapters were completed we read them over together and I asked questions about people and places and made him tell me as much as he could remember and then I re-wrote the greater part of the story adding the fresh matter. From time to time he made additions as various incidents recurred to him, and I also made additions about events that came within my recollection, until it was difficult to tell what he had written and what I had written, but I did not add anything without his approval. This went on for some years and then came his last illness which he endured patiently for four years; and though we occasionally read a few pages of the recollections it was not often that he felt inclined for reading and little work was done during this time. After his death I returned to New Zealand, and finding that people seemed anxious that the book should be published I determined to finish it as quickly as possible. I have not since then touched the narrative except here and there to alter a word in order to make the meaning clearer; and in one or two cases I have taken a sentence direct from the diary, but I have added a great deal in the form of notes. This has two advantages, since it makes it quite clear which is my father's story, at any rate as approved of, if not entirely written by himself, and also it enables any reader who is not interested in biographical details of the early settlers or in extracts from Survey Reports to skip the notes and read only the story. I have read through all the Survey Reports from 1860 to 1896 and have taken extracts from them and I have also made notes from newspaper reports, of which my father had a large book of cuttings, and from innumerable books on New Zealand and its pioneer colonists. Some of the notes about people are taken direct from the *N.Z. Encyclopedia*. I have talked to many of the sons and daughters of those first settlers and even to a few of the remaining pioneers themselves and have collected a number of

PREFACE

stories of the early days that have not been published before. My thanks are due to all those who have helped me and they are so many that it is impossible to mention them individually, but I should like especially to thank Mr. L. G. D. Acland for allowing me to make extracts from his book *Early Canterbury Runs*, Mr. G. B. Webb of Christchurch for information about some of the Canterbury pioneers, Dr. Scholefield of the Parliamentary Library in Wellington for the elucidation of several difficult points, Mr. J. Watson of Invercargill for many stories about early Southland settlers and Mr. Leonard Tripp for reading much of the manuscript. I am also most grateful to the Government Publicity Department for permission to use several of its photographs as illustrations, to the Editor of the *Southland Times* for the use of the blocks of pictures of Invercargill in the sixties, to Prof. Speight of the Canterbury Museum for the photograph of Mesopotamia, to Mr. G. M. Turner of Stewart Island for photographs of the Auckland Islands and to Mr. J. L. Martin of the Christchurch Survey Department for working up an old picture of the Baker Saddle so that it could be used as an illustration. But above all I want to thank Mr. Johannes Andersen of the Turnbull Library who read through the whole of the manuscript, corrected the spelling of Maori names, suggested alterations and helped me in endless ways.

NOELINE BAKER,

June, 1932.

Stewart Island.

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A SURVEYOR IN NEW ZEALAND

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

I was the fourth son of a country clergyman with a large family and small means, and I have no doubt that my father was delighted when my mother's brother, who had gone to Canterbury, New Zealand, among the first settlers in 1851, suggested that one of us should be sent out there to him. I was of an adventurous turn of mind, as the few incidents that I can remember of my boyhood tend to show, and, though I do not exactly recollect my own feelings on the subject, I am sure that I was rather pleased than otherwise at the thought of taking part in such an exciting enterprise, for in those days a voyage to New Zealand was indeed an enterprise. 1841

I was born in 1841 in the vicarage of Chilcombe near Winchester, but cannot remember anything about it, as we left when I was only four years old, my father having succeeded my elder brother in the living of Little Cressingham in Norfolk. This living had been held by my grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Baker, who was also the Rector of Rollesby, near Yarmouth, and a Deputy Lieutenant for the County. The only thing that I can recollect of my life at Little 1845

Cressingham, was being told by my elder brothers to say my prayers at the edge of the pond, as they were going to drown me unless I confessed what I had done with some of their fishing tackle. I had not touched or even seen it and said so, but believing that my end had come, I prayed and I daresay fervently.

1848

Shortly afterwards, when I was about seven, I was sent with a younger sister to stay with my grandmother at Yarmouth. She was the widow of the Rector of Rollesby, and after his death had returned to Yarmouth where she had been born and where she had a nice house facing the Quay, now used as a place of business. My father had given up the Little Cressingham living and had gone with the rest of the family to live in Germany, where I joined them in 1851, having become too big a handful for my grandmother to manage.

Certain things I can recall of youthful days at Yarmouth. It was then a place with wonderful narrow Rows, with fish houses on either side, and had only one jetty running out into the sea. A particular incident connected with this jetty I am almost ashamed to relate. With other boys I used to climb out underneath the wooden planks on which people walked, and between which there were small spaces, and we carried with us a bottle of ink and a squirt. If it became dark we knew that a lady was standing just over us and the squirt was then brought into play. Those were the days of crinolines, white petticoats and stockings and the effect on the stockings can be imagined. One day we were nearly caught. We heard an exclamation and a man's footsteps running back to the stairs

that lead down to the sands. We slipped back ourselves and, fortunately for us, could drop to the sands before our pursuer could reach the steps, so we had a good start. We raced for our lives and being fleet of foot were not caught and thrashed as we deserved.

I went to a day school and I remember the master's name was Swan. One day, being reprimanded, I exclaimed "I will cut my throat." He merely said "Go and do it in the yard you dirty little boy, don't make a mess here." The climax arrived when a stone thrown by me smashed the plate glass of a shop window. I sprinted as hard as I could, but was captured and taken back to my grandmother who had to pay for a new window. I was in great disgrace and a short time afterwards she announced that I was to be sent to my family in Germany, and that a German friend of my parents had promised to take me safely to them. I was conducted to London and handed over to him, but have no remembrance of the journey except that while in London we went to see the first Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, and afterwards went on to K oenigswinter on the Rhine where my people were then living. My eldest brother had by this time joined the West India Steamship Co.; a younger brother had been born while I and my sister had been living with my grandmother; and it is a curious fact that the whole family were never all together at any time. Shortly after I arrived my two next eldest brothers were sent to England to finish their education, leaving me with my little brother and four of my five sisters. As soon as I had picked up sufficient German to under-

1851

stand what was said to me I was sent to the German Grammar School and for some years did very well.

This part of the Rhine is the beginning of the grape growing country and in the autumn on a certain day, the date of which I have forgotten, large bonfires were lighted on four different hills to celebrate the completion of the grape harvest. The town was divided into four quarters and the boys in each quarter collected faggots, empty tar barrels and anything else that would burn. These were deposited in some friendly courtyard until the day for the fires arrived and the game was to tackle the boys collecting in any other quarter and capture what they were taking to their yard. Once there it was out of bounds and safe, but many a pitched battle took place during the collection and as my brothers had taught me to use my fists, and the German boys only mauled and pulled each other's hair, I was always put in the front of the fray and my side was generally able to supplement its store with faggots not strictly its own. When the eventful day arrived each party of boys carried what they had collected to the top of their hill and as far as I can remember fights were barred on that day. At dusk the piles were lighted and we danced round them and great was our delight if our fire was acclaimed the best.

Köenigswinter is situated on the right bank of the Rhine. Above it are ruins of an old German castle (the Drachenfels), and many times as a boy I have climbed to the top of it. The hill on which it stands is one of the Siebengebirge (seven hills) all of which at one

time or another I ascended. A second favourite resort was the ruin of the old monastery of Heisterbach. This also any smart boy could climb, but to-day I have no doubt climbing there is "verboten." In winter we had plenty of skating on the banks of the Rhine which was frozen and I became a fairly expert skater. We also had little sledges with iron runners and on the level we made quite good progress with a short stick in each hand, at the end of which was an iron spike. The excitement however was to drag the sledge up a hill and kneeling on it run down at an appalling pace. If one did not come a cropper the impetus gained on the down grade carried the sledge far along the level before it came to a standstill.

Now for a little wickedness (life would be dull without it!). The house we lived in had a garden in front of it and the back was flush with one of the streets. My bedroom which looked into this street was on the ground floor, but the window had iron bars across it and my good parents doubtless thought that when I went to bed I was out of mischief and safe. Alas it was not quite so. I was slim and had a small head, and where a child's head can pass a child's body can generally follow, so I would slip out, bad boy that I was, and go to the dances held on Sunday evenings. I often did this but was never caught. Another game was to get out at night and go to the boat pier where a steamer arrived at about 10 p.m. This pier was built on boats and was taken up and removed when the river was frozen and the steamers could not run. Our plan was to provide ourselves with a light bit of cord which

was stretched across the pier twelve inches from the ground and which was held taut by two boys hidden at either end of a boat. When the steamer was due the intending passengers came hurrying along with their luggage in their hands; they reached the cord, down they flopped, their luggage flying anywhere; and how they cursed "donner wetter!" One boy slipped his end of the cord, the other gathered it in and before the passengers had pulled themselves together there was no visible cause for their mishap, but there were two grinning boys in the stern and bow of the boat.

One day when I was on the further side of the Rhine I met an Englishman who was driving cattle he had bought for export to England. He could not speak much German and was having some difficulty and he persuaded me to go with him to Cologne, where the cattle were to be shipped to the nearest port, and to act as his interpreter. From there he paid my passage back by river steamer, but I had been away for a day and a night and had caused great anxiety to my family.

The end of my time in Germany came in this way. I have said that I was sent to the German Grammar School. German masters had, in those days at any rate, the habit of pulling the boys' hair or tweaking their ears, but my father had asked the master not to tweak mine, as English boys would not stand it. One day, I suppose he forgot the caution given him (I do not know what enormity I had committed), but suddenly my ear was sharply pulled. Out shot my right fist. I cannot remember what part of his face I

reached, but the next moment the master was sprawling over the form in front. I did not wait to see what happened; before he was up I was out of the room, and I went home and told my father what I had done. He only laughed and said it served the master right. Of course I could not return to the school and for a few months I did lessons with my eldest sister and obtained a smattering of English grammar. About this time my mother had a letter from her brother Archdeacon Mathias of Christchurch, New Zealand, saying that he would look after any boy of hers if she would send one out there. It was therefore decided that I should go, and before long I was on my way to London to stay with my uncle, John Baker, who had promised to get my outfit and take my passage on one of the Shaw Savill ships sailing to New Zealand in January, 1857. Thus it came about that I found myself a cabin passenger in the good ship *Maori*, of which Captain Petherbridge was the master, and started on my Colonial career, a boy just over fifteen, with a certain knowledge of the German language but only the barest acquaintance with English grammar and arithmetic. I realized that I had to make my own way in the world and I had not the slightest idea of ever seeing England again, as there were no ocean steamers to the Southern Hemisphere then, though steamers had begun to cross the Atlantic to America.

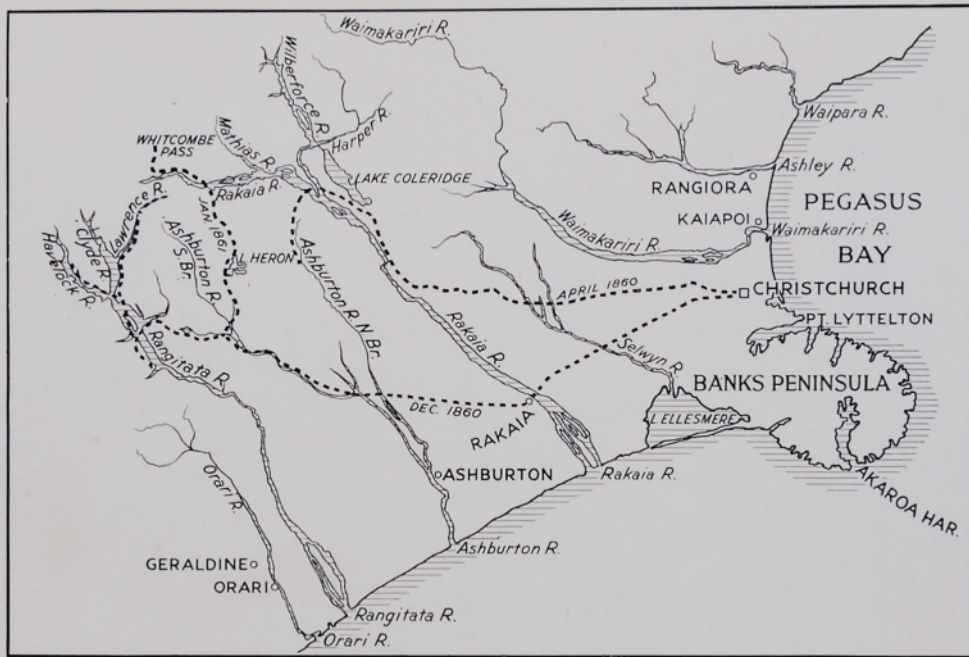
1857

The man who shared my cabin was a naval officer who had probably left the service on account of drink. I know that long before the end of the voyage I hated the smell of whisky like poison. The only other passengers I can

recollect were a Colonel Silbery and his wife and family, mostly grown up. He was going out to take command of an English regiment quartered in New Zealand. By the time we were out of the Bay of Biscay my sea sickness was over and when we crossed the line and I was interviewed by Neptune and paid my footing, I had already ventured up the rigging to the first top mast. Before the voyage was over I had shinned up the top-gallant mast and put my breast across the truck of each mast in the ship and even helped to reef the sails when canvas was being shortened. I became somewhat of a favourite with the sailors and proud I was, when helping to reef the topsail on one occasion, I was allowed to take the weather earing, that is the outside position on the yard arm. I had however one narrow squeak of a ducking if nothing worse. I had climbed out on the bowsprit when I missed my footing and fell, but fortunately just managed to cling on to one of the guy ropes. A sailor who had seen my slip dropped a rope to me and hauled me on board again, shaking his head and saying "You are too venturesome my lad."

I might mention that Captain Petherbridge was rather keen that I should become a sailor and offered to take me as a cadet and to push me forward, but as two of my brothers had already gone to sea I thought a Colonial career presented a better chance for me and did not accept the kind offer he made of advancing me if I took to a seafaring life.

We had an uneventful run of about 90 days to Port Chalmers, our first port, where we landed some of our passengers and cargo, and



Sketch Map of First Exploration Trip and Explorations with Samuel Butler.

we then sailed for Wellington, passing on our way the port of Lyttelton, which was my destination. At Wellington therefore I had to tranship into a small schooner in order to get back to Lyttelton as there were no steamers on the coast in those days.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND—TRAINING AS A SURVEY CADET—EXPLORATIONS WITH SAMUEL BUTLER.

1857 Having arrived at the port of Canterbury Settlement or Province early in May, 1857, my Colonial experiences may be said to have begun. The only way of reaching Christchurch at that time was to walk over the hills by a bridle track to the Heathcote Valley, and as far as I can remember I made my way across the hills alone. From the top I had my first view of the famous Canterbury Plains. They extended both to the North and to the South as far as I could see and on the West was the snowy alpine range that divides Canterbury from Westland. The sun was shining and I remember a feeling of exhilaration as I looked down on this vast tract of country with its immense scope for settlement. The only breaks in the endless stretch of yellow tussock grass were the two small pieces of bush at Papanui and at Riccarton and near the latter was the home of the Deans family, the first settlers on the Plains. A kind of butcher's cart left the Heathcote Valley twice a day I think and carried passengers to the town. Luggage was sent round by sea to the Sumner estuary and up the River Avon to Christchurch, which was the capital of the Canterbury settlement and at that time the seat of the provincial government. It was still only a very small town with two or three thousand

inhabitants, but most of the streets had been formed and metalled and had side walks. The houses and shops were all made of timber as were the public buildings, hotels and churches. The principal streets in which shops had been erected were Colombo and Cashel Streets, and even in those there were many vacant spaces. There were practically no trees and the banks of the River Avon which ran through the town were lined with flax plants and toe-toe grass.

There was a Provincial Council for the Canterbury District which enacted the laws to govern the Province and the elected head of the Council was called the Superintendent. When I first landed Mr. James E. FitzGerald was Superintendent, but later he was not re-elected and he became the London emigration officer for Canterbury and afterwards the Auditor-General for the Colony.

FitzGerald, who was an Irishman, was a brilliant speaker and writer, but not altogether a success as a politician. He arrived at the Canterbury Settlement in the first ship the *Charlotte Jane*, and was actually the first of the pilgrims to set foot in the promised land, being perched in the bows ready to spring ashore as soon as the boat from the ship touched the jetty. His landing costume was a green velvet coat, breeches and gaiters with pearl buttons. He was also the first Superintendent of the Province and later the first Prime Minister of the Colony, though he failed to form a ministry.

By making enquiries I found my way to the house of my uncle Archdeacon Mathias. It was a small low wooden bungalow called "Willow Lodge," and was on the Riccarton Road, just

beyond Hagley Park. There I was warmly welcomed by him, his wife and large family of children ranging in ages from one to eighteen, the elder being the children of a former wife. At the age of 45 with his first wife and eight children he had gone to Canterbury, arriving by the *Dominion*, in August, 1851. Mrs. Mathias died in 1854 and in 1855 he married Miss Harriet Bowron, by whom he had seven children in nine years. He was a jovial kindly man, a favourite with everyone and having provided it with fifteen settlers may be said to have done his duty by the Colony.

I spent several months helping my cousins and learning to milk the cows, which ran in the public park, then only in its natural state of native grass. We fetched in the cows, milked them, and turned them out again, set the milk and once a week churned the cream and made butter. Then also we worked in the garden. The Archdeacon had grown a large number of English trees and in the autumn they were planted out. I remember we made the first plantations in the corner of Hagley Park where the Christchurch Hospital now stands, and at the Riccarton Church where afterwards I buried my first child who now lies in the shadow of the trees I helped to plant many years before.

After discussion with my uncle and on his recommendation it was decided that I should join Mr. Cyrus Davie's survey party for a month, and then if I liked the work should become a cadet on the Canterbury staff and be articled to Mr. Davie as his pupil for three years, paying him a premium of £200 for teaching me. I went out every working day for the month,

and as I liked the work my uncle paid the premium out of money uncle John Baker had transmitted to him. After the articles of apprenticeship had been signed I became on January 1st, 1858, a cadet in the Canterbury Survey Office and began my official career in New Zealand. Six days later the foundation stone of the Government Buildings was laid by Mr. FitzGerald, the Superintendent. During my trial month Mr. Davie had told me that if I was prepared to do the work of an ordinary survey hand, that is, carry the theodolite, or a load of survey pegs, the spade, and crowbar for making the holes for inserting the pegs, and various other implements for cutting lines through the high fern or flax, I could draw a survey hand's pay, at that time 8s. per day; and I may add that it did not take me long to decide that I would do the work and draw the pay.

1858

A survey party was composed of three men and the surveyor, unless there was heavy bush cutting to be done when another man was generally taken. An ordinary survey consists of making a plan of something that exists on the ground, but the surveys on which Mr. Davie was then engaged consisted of marking on the actual site, sections of land from twenty up to several hundreds of acres which had been purchased from the Crown. Wooden pegs were driven in at each corner of the section, trenches were dug indicating the direction in which the boundary lines ran and a direction peg was placed three chains off, so that by putting up a flag stick the boundary could be correctly run and the boundary fences thereafter erected. We also laid out on the ground the roads on which

the sections fronted or roads to give access to land lying behind that purchased. In doing this we had often to cut the lines to be chained through fern or flax or raupo swamps, entailing sometimes pretty heavy continuous work. Taking the theodolite, chain, pegs and implements we drove out in a cart to the nearest possible point to the work, then everything had to be carried on our backs. Later I shall describe trigonometrical and topographical survey, but sectional surveying in the neighbourhood of Christchurch was what I was engaged on for the first three months of my work with Mr. Davie.

After this, to give me some experience in bush work, Mr. Davie arranged for me to join Mr. Harman's survey party. He was a private surveyor who had undertaken a contract with the Survey Department to lay out a road through the forest between Barry's Bay and Little River on Banks Peninsula. It only took about two months, but I enjoyed the new work of cutting lines through the forest.

Banks Peninsula was first seen by Captain Cook in 1770, and he named it after the great naturalist Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied him on board the *Endeavour*. Cook made the mistake of supposing it to be an island and this mistake persisted till 1809, when Captain Chase of the *Pegasus* tried to sail between the supposed island and the mainland and discovered the impossibility of so doing. By 1830 the Peninsula had become a centre for traders in flax, and in 1831 a whaling base was established there. William Barnard Rhodes, who was a partner in the firm of Messrs. Cooper and Levy, visited Lyttelton (then Port Cooper) in charge of the whaling ship *Australia* in 1834, and at that

time he acquired land at Akaroa and several other places. There he was joined by his brothers and thus began the long connection of Rhodes Bros. with New Zealand. He bought Purau from the Greenwood Bros. in 1847, and this was the first sale of property recorded in Canterbury.

Barry's Bay was called after one William Barry who was in the employ of the Greenwoods and then of the Rhodes Bros. during the forties. On leaving Purau he went to Akaroa, giving his name to one of the bays on that Harbour.

During the time I was there my uncle wrote to me to come to Christchurch to be confirmed by Bishop Harper, and in returning I went by boat from Lyttelton to Purau Bay and walked across to Port Levy and then across to Pigeon Bay through the bush.

There was only a rough track and when darkness came I missed it and found myself trying to get across a gully on a fallen tree and could not get over and was yet afraid to turn and go back. Thinking I must be near the Hay's home-stead I cooed and fortunately was heard and Mr. James Hay and his brother came out with a lantern and extricated me from my precarious position and soon afterwards I was enjoying a good supper in their hospitable house.

The Hays were among the very earliest settlers in Canterbury. Their father, Ebenezer Hay, with his young wife arrived in Wellington in the *Bengal Merchant* in 1840, and being unable to find anything to suit him in the neighbourhood of the Wellington Settlement, struck out for himself and in 1843 with his brother and his friend Captain Sinclair, came down to Pigeon Bay, thus named by the old whalers on account of the number of pigeons found there. There he settled and there his

descendants still remain. They introduced the cocksfoot grass on Banks Peninsula in 1852, which afterwards became one of the most productive and paying industries of this part of Canterbury and seed grown there was sent to all parts of New Zealand.

The only other incident I can recall on this bush work was that I quarrelled with one of the men, a Cockney, I forget his name, and that we came to blows. He was the better man with his fists and I was knocked down, I think with a black eye. Many years afterwards when I had become Chief Surveyor of the Canterbury Province I was travelling through Tai Tapu District and putting up at the hotel there found that the hotelkeeper was my antagonist of the Barry's Bay fight, and we had a good laugh over the fisticuffs incident.

When I left Mr. Harman I again joined Mr. Davie's survey party and for the rest of my first year we were engaged in sectional surveys in the Christchurch district and at the Malvern Hills and Rakaia Gorge, laying out detached sections of land purchased in these places. At the Rakaia Gorge amethyst crystals can be found. They were discovered in large round nodules, most uninteresting to look at, but when broken up disclosed inside the beautiful coloured crystals. By clambering down the cliffs I found several which I took back with me to Christchurch and one piece I still possess.

In December I bought a twenty acre section at Harewood and the next month twenty-four acres at Rangiora, so at the age of seventeen I was already a man of property.

1859

At the beginning of my second year Mr. Cass, the Chief Surveyor, allowed me to come into the office to learn draughtsmanship and I was employed drawing plans on the Crown Grants. He was one of the original surveyors who came out under the New Zealand Company and was a delightful old man whom everybody called Tommy Cass. Curiously enough, sixty-four years afterwards, I met a nephew of his at Palma in the Island of Majorca, who was wearing the gold chain Mr. Cass wore when he was my chief.

It was during this time or later when I was engaged on making maps for the General Government that the following incident occurred. One public holiday I was working with a young fellow named May, employed as a regular draughtsman, at taking tracings for intending land purchasers, which work we were allowed to do out of office hours. It was the day of the Christchurch races and we were putting in an hour or two at this private work before setting forth to see them. When it was time to stop I went into the map safe, a large stone structure with an iron door, and May, for a lark, shut the door and turned the key, intending to get the horse he had hired and then come back and let me out. He got his horse and forget me, swearing afterwards that he never remembered me until he was returning from the races. Anyhow I was left locked in the safe, cursing and swearing like a trooper from noon till 5 p.m. May said he unlocked the safe in fear and trepidation, but by this time my anger had somewhat subsided and on his promising to stand a dinner and pay for the horse I had hired and not used I let him

off. This reminds me of another story told me by Mr. Kitson, my Inspector of Surveys, when I returned to Canterbury as Chief. He said that Mr. Sefton Moorhouse, then Superintendent of Canterbury, seeing a light in the Survey Office one evening looked in through the window and beheld cadet Baker toasting sausages on the end of the best silver compasses. I cannot say that I never did it, so we will let the story pass.

1860 I now entered on the third and last year of cadetship, bought a mare, the first horse I ever possessed, and called her "Bucking Bess," because when I mounted her she straightway bucked me out of the saddle to the great amusement of one of my cousins who was watching the proceedings. He then mounted and showed me that by gripping hard with my knees I could keep my seat; and "Bucking Bess" soon learnt she was mastered and only occasionally tried her little game, while I for my part found her a very useful horse.

In April this year I had a month's holiday and took a trip into the back Waimakariri country and afterwards over the Lyndon Pass down to Lake Coleridge. In going over this pass I noticed another on the other side of the Rakaia River which looked as if it might lead into new country not taken up, so returning to Christchurch I persuaded my cousin Frank Mathias to join me in my first exploration trip. Taking blankets and provisions, billy and pannikins for making tea we rode from Christchurch to Lake Coleridge and then crossed the Rakaia opposite the stream which came down from the pass I had noticed. We went up this stream, but found it led into a gorge through

which we could not take our horses, so turning back we tried to lead them up the side of the mountain and presently found ourselves looking down into the gorge we had left. Still keeping on the side of the hill we got on to very steep shaly ground and the horses kept sliding down the slope until we were perilously near the edge of the chasm. Then, showing the sagacity of a horse, my mare swung herself completely round and planted her forefeet straight in front of her just as she reached the precipitous side of the gorge. My cousin's horse had not slipped so far and he came down to me, but so impossible did it seem to get the mare out of her predicament that I remember we took off the saddle and roll of blankets saying "we will at any rate save them." Having a tomahawk with us we used it to make foot holds for the mare and after working at them for some time we gradually got her turned round and on to firmer ground and re-saddling her managed to reach a part where we could lead the horses safely. After a time we were able to mount them again and we proceeded till we arrived at the top of the saddle and found in front of us a fair stretch of open grass country and a little further on a valley and a stream of water flowing in the opposite direction to the gorge we had skirted on the hillside. We went down this new stream for some distance and hobbling our horses camped for the night. Next day we came to some nice undulating downs and estimated roughly that there were about 15,000 acres of good sheep country worth applying for as a run. The stream we had been following turned out afterwards to be the headwaters of a branch of

the Ashburton River. Having congratulated ourselves on our find we turned back and avoiding the loose stony ground where we had such difficulty with my mare, led our horses down to the Rakaia and crossing it again set out on our way back to Christchurch. I forget now at what sheep stations we stayed the night on our return journey, but I know we were very careful not to talk of what we had discovered for fear that anyone might forestall us in applying to the Land Board for a lease of it. At the next meeting of the Board after our return to Christchurch I put in an application for 15,000 acres, with a sketch plan of the position, which application was granted.

The whole of the land in New Zealand had been purchased from the Maoris in big tracts at different times but much of it was still unexplored, so far at any rate as the white man was concerned. Anyone discovering new country could apply to the Provincial Government for a lease of it at a yearly rental of a farthing an acre and applicants were allowed a year before they had to stock the land with sheep and occupy it.

In his book "Early Canterbury Runs," Mr. Acland says, "Within six months he had to stock it with one sheep to every twenty acres or one head of cattle to every hundred and twenty acres, and he had to pay a farthing an acre rent for the first two years, a halfpenny an acre for the next two and three farthings for the fifth and all subsequent years. If he did not fulfil all these conditions he forfeited the run. He or anyone else could buy the freehold of all or any part of the run at any time, except that if he built a hut or made a fence, or put

any other improvements on the land, that improvement gave him a pre-emptive right over so many acres adjoining it. Any person could challenge his pre-emptive rights, and if the owner didn't buy the land challenged within a month the other man could, and then the owner got nothing for his improvements.

“Where there were no natural boundaries, sheep were kept on their own ground by shepherds until wire fences were introduced in the early sixties. The word “Station” originally meant a place at which a squatter stationed himself to work his run. The word gradually came to include the whole of the run, freehold and stock, and this is the sense in which it is generally used to-day. Most people call any property a station which carries more than 2,000 or 3,000 sheep.”

A couple of months afterwards I sold our lease to a Mr. Soulsby for £300, which was a good bit of pocket money for a couple of youngsters under nineteen in return for a few days' work. As shortly before this I had sold to a Mr. Longdon for £50, to Mr. Bulmer for £110 and to Mr. LeCren for £60 the chances of other new pieces of land I had discovered I seem at this time to have been doing remarkably well.

I made a further expedition during my holiday, going with Mr. Charles Harper to the head of the main branch of the Rakaia. We had an interesting trip but did not find any new country worth applying for.

Mr. Harper was a son of Bishop Harper, the first bishop of Christchurch, and he and his brother Leonard had come out there with their father's old friend Bishop Selwyn in 1855. It had then already been suggested that their

father should become bishop of Christchurch, and the following year he was consecrated and with the rest of his family sailed for New Zealand. That family was a numerous one and to-day their descendants form almost as large a clan in the South Island as the descendants of another great pioneer of the New Zealand Church do in the North. I mean, of course, the Williams family, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Archdeacon Williams of Waimate.

On my return journey to Christchurch I had a long ride over the Canterbury Plains. Evening came on and it got so dark that I could not see the track and there was nothing for it but to camp down for the night. Fortunately I had a tether rope round my horse's neck and unwinding it I fastened the end to a big grass tussock, then supperless I smoked a pipe and turning my saddle over for a pillow I was soon fast asleep. Directly it was light enough to see I re-saddled my mare and in two or three hours reached the Selwyn Accommodation House, where I enjoyed the breakfast which was quickly set before me, and then rode on to Christchurch.

My month's holiday now being over I joined Mr. Davie's party again and went on with the ordinary survey work.

About this time I purchased 200 ewes at 25s. each from Mr. T. Moorhouse and placed them on terms with Mr. Rowley, who had married my uncle's eldest daughter, the terms being that he grazed and looked after them on his run at the Clent Hills and that I got half the wool money and half the increase in lambs.

In July this year I returned to the office and had another three months' work there. By now I had learnt to plot from field notes and to draw a finished map of the surveys made and after a couple more months in the field I completed my three years' training as a survey cadet.

I cannot remember who introduced me to Samuel Butler, afterwards so famous as an author, though at this time he had written nothing but a few articles for magazines. I must have met him in Christchurch, and when my cadetship was over he asked me to join him in an exploring expedition, and on December 24th, 1860, I found myself at Mesopotamia, his run on the Rangitata. Three of us sat down to Christmas dinner and our names were Butler, Baker and Cook, the latter being Butler's shepherd manager.

The description which Butler gives in his book "Erewhon," of his hero's expedition to discover new country, is mostly founded on the explorations that he and I made together, and this is his vivid sketch of Mesopotamia:—

"It was a monotonous life, but it was very healthy; and one does not much mind anything when one is well. The country was the grandest that can be imagined. How often have I sat on the mountain side and watched the waving downs, with the two white specks of huts in the distance, and the little square of garden behind them; the paddock with a patch of bright green oats above the huts, and the yards and wool sheds down on the flat below; all seen as through the wrong end of a telescope, so clear and brilliant was the air, or as upon a colossal model or map spread out beneath me. Beyond

the downs was a plain, going down to a river of great size, on the farther side of which there were other high mountains, with the winter's snow still not quite melted; up the river, which ran winding in many streams over a bed some two miles broad, I looked upon the second great chain, and could see a narrow gorge where the river retired and was lost. I knew that there was a range still farther back; but except from one place near the very top of my own mountain, no part of it was visible; from this point, however, I saw, whenever there were no clouds, a single snow-clad peak, many miles away, and I should think about as high as any mountain in the world. Never shall I forget the utter loneliness of the prospect—only the little far-away homestead giving sign of human handiwork—the vastness of mountain and plain, of river and sky; the marvellous atmospheric effects—sometimes black mountains against a white sky, and then again, after cold weather, white mountains against a black sky—sometimes seen through breaks and swirls of cloud—and sometimes, which was best of all, I went up my mountain in a fog, and then got above the mist; going higher and higher, I would look down upon a sea of whiteness, through which would be thrust innumerable mountain tops that looked like islands.

“I am there now as I write; I fancy I can see the downs, the huts, the plain, and the river bed—that torrent pathway of desolation, with its distant roar of waters. Oh wonderful! wonderful! so lonely and so solemn, with the sad grey clouds above and no sound save a lost lamb bleating upon the mountain-side, as though its little heart were breaking. Then there comes



Samuel Butler's Old Homestead at Mesopotamia, on the foothills of the Southern Alps.

some lean and withered old ewe, with deep gruff voice and unlovely aspect, trotting back from the seductive pasture; now she examines this gully, and now that, and now she stands listening with uplifted head, that she may hear the distant wailing and obey it. Aha! they see, and rush towards each other. Alas! they are both mistaken; the ewe is not the lamb's ewe, they are neither kin nor kind to one another, and part in coldness. Each must cry louder, and wander farther yet; may luck be with them both that they may find their own at nightfall."

On the 29th we set out with our horses and a pack-horse for carrying a tent and the usual camping equipment, and made our way up the southern, now known as the Havelock branch, of the Rangitata. By midday two days later we had reached the last grass flat on it, beyond which were the bare mountains without any feed for the horses. We accordingly unsaddled, unloaded and hobbled them and then erected our tent and had our midday meal. Next day we should have proceeded on foot with our blankets and tucker on our backs, but we elected to walk up the river first to see what the pass at the head of it looked like, that is to say, to see if it looked like one that was easy to cross, and on the other side of which we might find open grass country. As the object of our exploration was to find unoccupied land for sheep runs it was all important that the way to it should not be impassable for stock. We went on a few miles till we got a clear view of the pass and then decided that it was too high and quite impassable as a route to new country, and we determined to give up this branch of the river and try another. We also saw that by

crossing the river we could save some distance on our return to camp and we easily discovered a ford. The water was quite clear, but running rather rapidly. However, I said I thought it was just fordable and I would try it. I found the depth was not above my middle, but it was all that I could do to keep my feet, even with my glacier pole well down stream to steady me. I nearly reached the other side, but suddenly the current was too strong for me, and the next moment I was being washed down a rapid just below the ford we had chosen. In this rapid there were big rocks over which the water curled, and I was swept over with a kind of swirl, my head or feet coming up first as the case might be. Presently the water became smoother and I remembered I had only to keep my head up stream a little and the current would do the rest and in a couple of minutes I was near enough to the bank to put my feet down and clamber out. Butler had run down his side of the rapid until he saw me land safely. I called out "I am not coming back, Butler." "All right," he said, "I will chance it." So back we tramped till we reached the ford again, then he started across, but was not more than a third of the way over when he was swept off his legs and was washed down the rapid. It was so funny to see his head and then his feet uppermost that I could not help laughing, and when he was through the rapid and I put out my pole to help him to land he was so indignant at my laughing that he would not take it. Directly we began to strip and wring our clothes we noticed that we had both brought out our poles, though one would have thought that the first thing we

should have done when swimming frantically would have been to drop them, but neither of us had done this. The fact is that in such swiftly running water one is more or less carried on the surface. I don't think that the idea of being drowned crossed either his mind or mine. A brisk walk and a refording of the river at a shallow ford brought us back to our camp and dry clothes which were quickly donned, and after boiling a billy of water for tea and eating our supper we lay down on the fern we had collected for our couch and were soon sleeping the sleep of the just. Next morning (January 1st) camp was broken up, our horses re-saddled and a long day's ride brought us back to Mesopotamia.

1861

After a week's rest we set out again with our horses and camp equipment. This time we followed the Clyde branch of the Rangitata, but finding no available pass at the head of it we proceeded up the Lawrence branch as far as there was any feed for the horses and then camped for the night. I will quote what Butler has written of such a camp as this. It may well have been of this very night he was thinking. "When we had done supper it was quite dark. The silence and freshness of the night, the occasional sharp cry of the wood-hen, the ruddy glow of the fire, the subdued rushing of the river, the sombre forest, and the immediate foreground of our saddles, packs and blankets, made a picture worthy of a Salvator Rosa or a Nicholas Poussin. We found as soft a piece of ground as we could—though it was all stony—and having collected grass and so disposed of ourselves that we had a little hollow

for our hip bones, we strapped our blankets around us and went to sleep. Waking in the night, I saw the stars overhead and the moonlight bright upon the mountains. The river was ever rushing. I heard one of our horses neigh to its companion, and was assured that they were still at hand; I had no care of mind or body, save that I had doubtless many difficulties to overcome; there came upon me a delicious sense of peace, a fullness of contentment which I do not believe can be felt by any but those who have spent days consecutively on horseback, or at any rate, in the open air."

Next day we made up our swags of blankets and provisions and carrying the necessary billy and pannikins for making tea started off on foot. About midday the heavy clouds passing over our heads denoted a coming nor'-wester, which in this mountainous country means a downpour of rain, so knowing that we were in for it we hastily set about making the best provision we could for keeping ourselves dry. We found a big rock and lashing one of our blankets to our two glacier poles we stuck it up against the rock to form a sloping side. Under this we laid fern or anything we could find for a bed to rest on. We then boiled our billy and had our midday meal and refilling it we boiled it again and made tea to last us till next day because we knew that when once the storm burst there would be no chance of lighting a fire again. Soon after the deluge began and we crept under our V-shaped covering and lay down, and there we stayed smoking, talking and occasionally getting a small drink of tea or a biscuit and a bit of cold meat to chew. We managed to sleep

a little and so passed the night. Next morning it was still pouring with rain, so there was nothing for it but to stick where we were. Butler told me yarns of his college days, his quarrels with his father, his studies as lay assistant at St. James in Piccadilly, and his final determination to come out to the colony. About 4 p.m. it began to clear and we crawled out and set about starting a fire, not an easy matter with everything sodden with wet. We accomplished it at last and as there was plenty of drift wood about we soon had a roaring fire and could begin to dry ourselves, for though the blanket kept off a good deal of rain it dripped through in places, also the wet on the ground had soaked through the fern and we had been lying on what was now decidedly a damp couch. The next morning the storm was quite over and the sky was clear. We left our cramped quarters directly the dawn appeared and lighted our fire again and as soon as the billy boiled made tea and had our breakfast. We then began to cut the lashing which had held the blanket to our glacier poles and found it perfectly stiff from the night's frost, so leaving it in the sun to thaw and dry we walked on and before long reached the foot of the pass we wanted to cross. The gully we were ascending was full of snow, either left from the last winter's fall or filled by some avalanche. The surface however was quite hard and though it was stiff climbing, still the ascent was possible and an hour's grind brought us to the top and soon afterwards we were on the saddle of the pass. The view was splendid, but we found ourselves looking down on what was evidently the Rakaia riverbed and

we could recognize the hills beyond it, so our climb had ended in nothing tangible. Then across the Rakaia we noticed quite a low pass evidently leading to the West Coast, but we saw that in order to reach a spot from which it could be ascended we should have to undertake an entirely new expedition which we quickly decided to do. We were soon descending the snow slope again, but some way down Butler lost his footing and slipped a considerable distance. He was not hurt, but the damage to his breeches was not slight, and when we gained our permanent camp where the horses were I had to patch them up to make him at all presentable. We reached our bivouac of the twenty-four hours' enforced idleness, found our blanket thawed and fairly dry again, and had our midday meal. An afternoon's tramp brought us to our camp and horses, and we slept soundly enough that night, and next morning packed up and set out for Butler's homestead where we arrived that same evening. The second day afterwards I rode back to Christchurch and during the next week I returned to Mesopotamia to start on the expedition to the newly discovered pass. The ride down to Christchurch took me two days and the ride back occupied the same time.

On the last day of January, 1861, we set out; taking with us as usual a pack-horse in addition to our riding ones. Crossing the Rangitata we made our way to the Clent Hills station near Lake Heron, then belonging to Mr. Thomas Rowley, my cousin by marriage. He was not living there, and the station was being looked after by a manager. Next day, going down the

lake stream, we reached the Rakaia River and the day after came to the foot of the pass we had seen. This pass, though discovered by Butler and myself, was afterwards called the Whitcombe Pass, after a surveyor of that name who crossed it, proceeded quite down to the Coast and was afterwards drowned in fording one of the West Coast rivers. We pitched our camp and the next morning climbed to the top of the pass without any difficulty and went some distance down the other side till we were about twenty miles from the Coast, but found the whole valley so densely timbered that the chance of finding open country seemed hopeless. We therefore reluctantly retraced our steps to the top of the pass and began our descent, our only trouble being that a branch of the stream we were going down, which we had crossed earlier by jumping from rock to rock had so increased in volume from the melting snow that we had a thorough ducking on the return journey. However, as we regained our camp in a few hours, this mishap did not matter much. We had found about 10,000 acres of inferior country up the Rakaia and later applied for this to the Land Board and secured it, but as it was never stocked the claim lapsed. The second day afterwards we reached the Clent Hills Station once more, and next morning I said good-bye to Samuel Butler who returned to his Mesopotamia Station while I went back to Christchurch.

I did not see him again for many years, but I may as well tell of our next meeting which is mentioned in Festing Jones's book of Butler's life. In 1902 my wife, my daughter and I were

spending Easter in Rome at the Hotel Victoria. One evening my daughter called my attention to an old gentleman sitting near the head of the table who she said looked like a philosopher. I looked up and immediately knew that the old gentleman had been in my life sometime, but I could not quite place him. At the end of dinner someone sitting next him left the table and taking my glass of wine with me I walked up to the vacant seat and began talking to my neighbour. I thought I knew his voice and asked him if he had ever been in New Zealand. "Oh yes," he said, "about 40 years ago I was there." "Then perhaps," I said, "you are Sam Butler," and "by God," he returned, "you are John Baker." How we yarned the rest of the evening, and Butler, who had a wonderful memory, mentioned many incidents and conversations I had forgotten years before. We talked till long past midnight, for I was leaving Rome next day for Naples and knew there would be no other opportunity then at any rate. He was on his way to Sicily to complete a book he was writing. He had been there the winter before and had contracted a fever which had necessitated his return to England. He was going back to finish his work, had a slight relapse in Rome and was detained there and that is how I came across him. He went on to Sicily, was struck down afresh and though he was brought back to England he died a week after, and the first paper I took up on our own return home gave an account of poor Butler's death, so I never saw him again. He had promised to come and stay with us when we reached England, but to my great regret the Fates willed otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

FURTHER EXPLORATIONS—THE MACKENZIE COUNTRY AND LAKE WANAKA.

On March 1st, 1861, I set out on a new expedition, this time with a Mr. E. Owen, with whom I proposed to explore the various branches of the river Waitaki. 1861

It seems probable that E. Owen was the son of the Rev. J. Owen, who was a friend of Archdeacon Mathias, and in whose name the Archdeacon bought the Desert Station. Owen sent his son out to manage it but he was evidently not a success and did not remain there long and the Archdeacon who looked after his friend's affairs in New Zealand appointed his own son Herbert as manager. A young Owen died in New Zealand at the age of 16 and was the first person buried in Riccarton Churchyard, but this can hardly have been the ex-manager of the Desert Station, and one can only suppose that the Rev. John Owen sent two of his sons to New Zealand.

Our starting point was Timaru and four days afterwards, having crossed Burke's Pass, we reached Lake Tekapo, through which one of the branches flows. Proceeding along the east side of this lake we followed the valley at the end and found some rather superior river flats which had not been taken up, and at the earliest opportunity I wrote to my uncle, Archdeacon Mathias, asking him to apply in our names for "15,000 acres lying in the north-east valley at the head of Lake Tekapo." I sent a sketch of

the country we intended to apply for and the application was granted, but as we did not stock or sell the land within a year the claim lapsed. Eventually the country was taken up by a Mr. Sibbalds and was afterwards known as Lily-bank Station.

We now crossed the Mackenzie plains and reached Lake Pukaki, through which a second branch of the Waitaki passes. Here I obtained my first near view of the magnificent Mount Cook range of the Southern Alps, with Mount Cook itself in the centre dominating over the surrounding snow giants. I had never before been so close to the high mountains, but since then I have seen the Alps, the Rockies and the Himalayas, and I can say truly that I know nothing finer than this superb group of snow clad peaks which from here seem to rise straight from the plain, though of course Lake Pukaki is already 1,588 feet above sea level. We did not go up the lake, as the valley beyond led to Mount Cook and the available country in this direction had already been applied for and was in course of being stocked, but we were kept in the neighbourhood for some time as we lost our horses which had strayed back towards Lake Tekapo and it was three days before we found them. Amongst the pioneers much time was wasted searching for horses, sheep and cattle, for, as there were no fences, it was impossible to prevent them from wandering. On an exploring expedition the straying of one's horse presented a very real difficulty. One could not tie it up at night since it had to find its own food and equally one could not prevent it from going away for miles if it had a mind to do so.

On this particular expedition we lost our horses three times and altogether wasted ten days hunting for them. From Pukaki we proceeded to Lake Ohau, followed the west shore to the head of the lake and went some way up both branches of the river that flows into it, but we found no grass country worth stocking, so returned down the lake again. The scenery on these rivers is very beautiful and the hills heavily timbered. From here we had a long ride across country to the Ahuriri branch and rode up the valley in which it is situated until we reached the spot where the birch forest covered both sides of it as far as we could see; then we turned back. We had now explored each branch of the Waitaki without discovering any grass country not occupied, except the small piece we had found at the head of Lake Tekapo. We had heard some time before that there was a low pass over to the West Coast at the head of Lake Wanaka and we thought this might lead into open grass country, so we now determined to go over it. Ascending the Longslip Creek we reached the Lindis Pass and stayed at Mr. McLean's station for the night and then spent three days on the Lindis Goldfields which were the first goldfields discovered in Otago.

John McLean, better known at Big McLean, was one of the first pioneer settlers in Otago. He it was who explored the country beyond the Lindis Pass, and from the top of the Grand View saw an immense area of beautiful grass country which he took up as a sheep run and named Morven Hills. It was about 400,000 acres in extent, bounded on the north by Hawea Lake and River and on the

west and south by the Clutha River and the Dunstan Mountains. He was a practical man and made good use of his country, stocking judiciously, burning at the proper season and putting up substantial buildings and he was one of the few runholders in this district who retired with a comfortable fortune. He held the land with his brother Allen, but they dissolved the partnership on the approach of the rabbit pest and bought Waikakahi and Redcliffe. Among the earliest travellers over the Lindis Pass his homestead was a sure port of call and one where they could be certain of a generous welcome. He was for many years a member of the Legislative Council and was one of the best known and most respected men in Otago.

From there we had a long ride to Mr. Wilkin's homestead on the west side of the Molyneux River. We set out from there a few days later and rode to Mr. Burke's stations on one of the arms of Lake Wanaka.

Mr. Robert Wilkin was also one of the earliest settlers in the neighbourhood of Lakes Wanaka and Hawea. He too came over the Lindis Pass between 1856 and 1859, and following the Lindis and Upper Clutha with Mr. Thomson of Canterbury, took up on the western side of that river country extending from the foot of Lake Wanaka to the Kawarau River and including the whole of Cruffel and Mt. Pisa blocks. He erected his homestead, called Wanaka Station, close to the junction of the Clutha and Hawea Rivers and placed a boat on the Upper Clutha. Subsequently he sold the Mt. Pisa run to the Loughnan brothers and Mr. Henry Campbell bought the whole of the remaining parts of Wilkin's property. Considering that he was one of the pioneers and owned such a vast tract of country it is curious how little seems to be known of him. He came from Dumfries, as did most of his station hands and after he sold his various runs in the

Wanaka district he had a stock and station agency in Christchurch. He was president of the first Agricultural Show ever held in Christchurch. This show led to the formation of the Canterbury Agricultural and Pastoral Association, of which he was also the first president. On the resignation of Mr. Moorhouse as Superintendent of Canterbury in 1863, a requisition was signed asking Mr. Wilkin to become Superintendent. This honour, however, he declined.

About the same time that Wilkin took up Wanaka Station, Messrs. Brittan and Burke of Canterbury secured the Forks or East Wanaka Run. Burke eventually sold to the Scottish Trust and of him nothing is recorded though the Wilkin River and Mt. Burke preserve the memory of these hardy adventurers.

We expected to get a boat there, but the boat was away and would not be back for a week, so we decided to walk up the east side of the lake, if that were possible. Leaving our horses we strapped our blankets and provisions on our backs and made a start and for two days followed the shore, but found it frightfully hard work to get along. On the third day we came to a place where the cliffs rose sheer out of the water and it was impossible to get past them, so we went back a bit and began to sidle up the mountain till we reached a spot immediately above the cliffs where the mountain side was so steep that it was difficult to keep our footing without slipping. Presently I put my foot on a large stone and when I brought up my other foot and my whole weight was on the stone it tipped and in an instant I was shooting down the steep slope. I tried to clutch at tufts of grass, failed to hold them, and suddenly

realized I was close to the top of the cliff and must inevitably go over. It is said that in moments like this the name of the woman one loves comes into one's thoughts. I cannot remember any woman's name coming into mine, but I had sense enough to give the biggest bound I could and then I was flying through the air and down into the lake. It appeared to me that I was never coming to the surface, and when I did I was nearly done for, because the wind was knocked out of me and I could only gasp for breath, but one stroke with my arms and I was able to put my hand on a rock and cling there till I could breathe freely again. This shows how close I had been to a total smash, for if I had fallen a foot or two nearer to the cliffs inevitably I should have been dashed to pieces. As it was I fell into deep water and escaped without a scratch. After that, sometimes swimming then clambering over rocks I reached a sandy beach and began to strip and wring out my clothes. Soon my friend Owen appeared. "Good Lord," he exclaimed, "I never expected to find you alive. I came down to see if I could get your body and feel if there was any life left in you." He soon had a fire lighted and I began drying my clothes when I discovered to my dismay that though I had brought out my blanket, one shoulder strap had given way and the contents of the swag, flour, sugar, etc., were at the bottom of the lake. This was a bit serious as Owen had only oatmeal and tea in his swag. Luckily he was carrying the billy in his hand and in it the pannikins, but we knew that it meant very short commons till we got back to Mr. Burke's home-

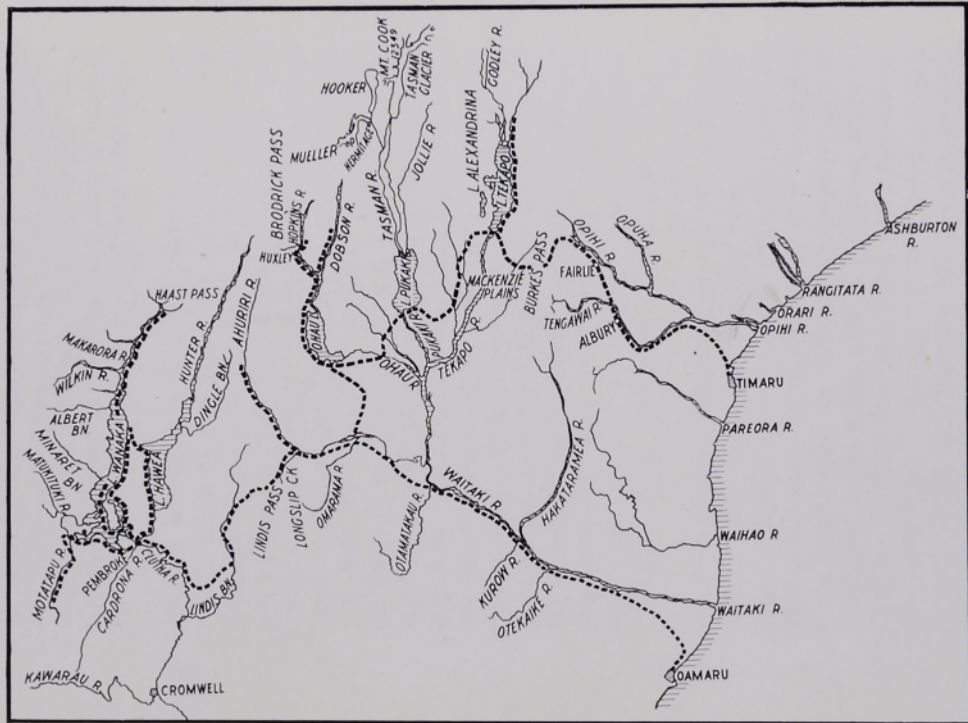
stead. We camped for the night and had only a pannikin of oatmeal for our supper and a drink of tea, with a similar meal for our breakfast next morning and this was practically our diet for the next four days. We managed however to knock over a paradise duck with a well-directed stone and he made one good meal, and an eel which we obtained in rather a curious manner made another. The lake had receded a little and left an eel in a small pool out of which he could not escape, but the difficulty was how to secure him. We tried grabbing him with our hands, but Mr. Eel slipped through them. Still necessity is the mother of invention and I bethought me that by daubing my hands over with clay and then dipping them into the sand on the beach I should have a firm enough grip to hold the eel. This proved to be the case and he was quickly out of the pool and on to the rock, skinned and boiled in the billy, and then what better supper could two hungry men desire.

We continued up the side of the lake and found travelling much easier than it had been and we reached a point where we could see the head quite plainly, but we knew that with our small stock of food there was no chance of getting there on this trip, so when we came to a low saddle in the hills and saw that it must lead over to Lake Hawea we crossed it, as we thought we might discover a better route for our return journey. In this we were right and on the fourth evening after my escapade we found ourselves with much contentment sitting down to a square meal at Mr. Wilkin's station. Three days afterwards we set out again and the boat having returned we loaded it with a tent

and a fair supply of food and started once more for the head of Lake Wanaka, but we hit on some bad weather and it took us seven days to get there. We stopped one night at Mr. Thomson's station; the other nights we camped by the side of the lake. I remember the nights were a little frosty, but after taking a dip in the lake and drying ourselves by a roaring fire we slept like tops.

Mr. John Roy and Mr. H. S. Thomson were two of the earliest settlers on Lake Wanaka. They came through the Lindis Pass and followed the eastern side of the Clutha to its junction with the Hawea. There Mr. Thomson crossed on a raft of koradi sticks. In his little book of recollections, Mr. G. S. Hassing says "Mr. Roy, a cute business man, secured the choice country as far as the Matatapu and Matukituki Rivers, while brave generous Mr. Thomson had to be contented with the mountainous district lying north as far as the Albert Burn and known as Wanaka West." Roy's station was at the eastern corner of Lake Wanaka which was originally known as Roy's Bay. This is where Pembroke now stands. Though he took up West Wanaka himself Mr. Thomson seems to have acted as representative of Stewart and Kinross, who in the sixties were certainly the owners of the station. Kinross was also one of the earliest pioneers. Mr. Thomson lived there for many years and sold out about 1890, ruined by the hard times and the rabbit pest, and died an Inspector of Stock in Timaru. He was a splendid type of early runholder, universally respected.

Having reached the head of the lake we secured the boat, packed the blankets on our backs, tramped up the Wanaka River and arrived at the top of the pass, afterwards called the Haast Pass after the Canterbury geologist,



Sketch Map of Exploration, Mackenzie Country and Wanaka District, 1861.

who went over it to the West Coast. I climbed a high tree on the saddle and obtained a good view of the country beyond, but seeing that it was all bush country we knew our quest was fruitless and we made our way back to the lake and our boat. We were much more fortunate on our return trip, because we had a good wind behind us and reached Mr. Burke's station in one day, whereas we had taken seven on our way up. Next morning we rode back to Mr. Wilkin's station, recrossing the Molyneux at the usual ford.

The Molyneux (named after Robert Molyneux, the master of Cook's ship the *Endeavour*) is a big river and this ford was I think at that time the only one known in its whole course. On arriving there we noticed something lying on the other side which looked like a man's body, and so it turned out to be. Two stockmen had been crossing cattle over the ford that morning, the cattle had got rather low down and one of the men tried to head them up again, found that he was in deep water and that his horse was swimming, and being a good swimmer himself slipped off and tried to swim out. He nearly reached the other side when the men from Wilkin's station who were watching saw him throw up his hands and go down. They afterwards secured his body but life was extinct.

This man was John Gilbert, the brother-in-law of William Gilbert Rees, and he was on his way to Mr. Rees' station on Lake Wakatipu with cattle that he had brought over the Lindis Pass when he was drowned as Mr. Baker describes. On the bank of the river close to where the old ford was there is a little group of graves and at the head of one

stands a big boulder out of the river bed, on which is cut "John Gilbert first death 1861." It seems that it was by the merest chance that the first death in the Wanaka district was not that of the author of these recollections.

We made one more expedition, this time setting out from Roy's Station and riding up the South Matatapu River as far as Mount Perspiring, which I climbed, going high enough to get a good view of the country. I saw, however, that there was no chance of any open pass in this direction, so decided that our many expeditions had been fruitless as far as finding new farming country was concerned, and as it was now the middle of May and winter was approaching we agreed that we must give up for the present.

On a map in the Dunedin Survey Office, dated 1858, I found Mt. Perspiring marked, but the map itself was so very incorrect that it was difficult to be certain what mountain was then called by this suggestive name. However from the general direction of the Matatapu River it seems as if it might have been Mt. Matatapu.

We returned to Wilkin's Station once more and next day started for the Lindis Pass and went down to the Waitaki River. Owen went back to Christchurch, via the Mackenzie Country, while I rode to Oamaru, as I wanted to see the new Province of Southland which had previously been part of Otago.

Having arrived at Oamaru I sold my mare. Coastal steamers were running by this time and I went on to Dunedin in one called *The Albert*, but had to wait there for a fortnight

before one left for the Bluff and Riverton, which was the last port of call. I spent several days at Riverton and went about the surrounding country which appeared to me an excellent farming district and I became friends with a Mr. Durbridge who had a small run at Pahia, and who begged me to go there with him and make a sketch survey of it so as to give him some idea of its area. I was waiting for a steamer returning to Dunedin and I intended first to visit Invercargill, the capital of the new province, as I wanted to see it before determining if I would apply for an appointment on the survey staff there, but since I had several days to spare I agreed to go to Pahia with Mr. Durbridge. Crossing the Riverton Estuary we had a long walk through the forest, following a native track till we got to Colac Bay and then walking along the beach till we reached the native village there. Here we spent the night staying with the chief whose name was Boco. He had a large-sized whare consisting of one room only in which he lived with his wife and three grown up orphan girls he had adopted. Durbridge being well known to the natives the room was soon full of them, all anxious to hear the news, and much talking, which I did not understand, went on until dusk when the other Maoris departed and left us to eat the supper that Mrs. Boco had been cooking for us. After supper came pipes and more talk round the fire, and then as we were visitors mats were laid down for us in front of the fire, the light was extinguished and we all slept soundly till the morning. After breakfast Durbridge and I walked on through the bush to the next bay

named Wakapatu and then along the beach to the native village. This was a small one and we only stayed a little while for a chat, after which we walked through another stretch of forest until we reached the piece of open country where Durbridge had located himself. He had a small comfortable house which he was enlarging, as he contemplated taking to himself a wife. Fifty years afterwards when visiting some wounded New Zealand soldiers in Guildford hospital I came across one of his grandsons. As I had a prismatic compass with me a very few days enabled me to make a sketch survey sufficiently accurate to give Durbridge a good idea of the area of open country he occupied, and one Saturday after lunch I set out on my way back to Colac Bay. I was alone and consequently a little slower at finding the track and I only just managed to get out of the bush into the Maori village before dark. Of course I made for Boco's house and he and his wife seemed delighted to see me again and made me heartily welcome. Most of the natives could talk a little English and they appeared so pleased with my company that having still a day to spare I determined to spend Sunday with them. I am glad I did, as they said that when it got dusk they would show me how to spear what they called flat fish, in reality sole. In the afternoon the girls busied themselves making torches and when it was dark took me to the sea shore, gave me a three pronged spear, and tucking up their petticoats walked into the sea. They then lighted the torches which attracted the fish and I soon saw one swimming alongside of me. I was lucky enough to spear the first

and though I occasionally missed a fish we had a kit full in no time, and it was first rate sport. After I had put on my boots and stockings we returned to the whare and the soles were soon in the frying pan, and with fried potatoes made a most capital supper. Next morning I had to bid my hosts farewell and these hospitable Maoris would take nothing for entertaining me, though the Chief accepted a few pipefulls of tobacco from my pouch. I walked back to Riverton that day and the next walked 20 miles to Invercargill and had a good view of it and its surroundings. I made up my mind I should have a better chance on the staff of a newly formed Survey Department than I should on the Christchurch staff where there would be a number of older officers in front of me. I went by steamer back to Dunedin and after waiting a few days caught another on to Lyttelton and returned to my uncle's house after nearly eight months' travelling and explorations.

I spent about a month at Willow Lodge, during which time I saw, on July 17th, 1861, the first sod turned of the Lyttelton railway, the tunnel through the hill having been begun in the previous year. If I remember rightly the ceremony was performed at Heathcote by W. Sefton Moorhouse, the Superintendent of Canterbury, and there was of course a large mustering of the leading Canterbury men, officers of all departments and the Bishop and Clergy of the district. A sumptuous lunch was given and a grand ball in the evening, both of which I attended.

William Sefton Moorhouse is best remembered as the champion of the Lyttelton tunnel, which was initiated and carried out during his Superintendency. He was not the originator of the idea, but having accepted it he never let it drop and supported the scheme with the full force of his character and ability. The demand for railway communication between Christchurch and its port became insistent about 1858 and it was then that the idea of a tunnel under the Port Hills was first considered seriously. It was a stupendous undertaking for a community of only 10,000 people, especially as the first members of that community had only landed eight years before and as a tunnel of one and three-quarter miles was at that time almost a world record, but Mr. Moorhouse was not to be daunted. Mr. E. Dobson, the engineer to the Provincial Council, was first set to collect local information and then the proposals were submitted to Robert Stephenson, the greatest living authority on railway engineering. He passed them on to his cousin, George Robert Stephenson, an almost equally famous engineer, who recommended the line of the present tunnel.

As already stated the first sod was turned in 1861. On May 29th, 1867, a practical opening was made, through which Mr. Moorhouse and some of the miners passed. The first trial trip through the tunnel was made on November 18th that same year and the line was opened for traffic on December 9th; surely a marvellous achievement for an infant colony and a tremendous feather in the cap of its Superintendent.

When Mr. FitzGerald, the first Superintendent of Canterbury, retired in 1857, Mr. Moorhouse had been elected in his place, but in 1868 he resigned as he had neglected his private for his public business and the former needed attention. Besides this, 1868 was a time of depression and the Council could no longer support the forward policy of which he was so persistent an advocate. Throughout his term of office he had again and again urged successfully

the extension of the railways of Canterbury and so had played a very important part in the settlement and progress of the province. Physically he was a big strong man, mentally he was forceful and determined and a practical colonist with sound business instincts.

By this time Christchurch was much improved in every way—better shops had been opened and better buildings erected and things were in a flourishing condition. Yearly races were held and other entertainments given. I remember the Watts Russells at Ilam, Mrs. Creyke at Okeover and Sir Cracroft Wilson at Cashmere besides others who gave parties to which my uncle and aunt frequently went.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOLD DIGGINGS AND EARLY DAYS
IN SOUTHLAND.

1861 My uncle, John Baker, had sent me from England a box containing a theodolite and survey instruments, so I began my career as a surveyor fully equipped; and having said good-bye to my uncle, aunts, and cousins, set out on my journey to Southland, which was to be my home for several years. I never saw my uncle again, as he died at Akaroa on the 18th June, 1864, while I was still away.

I reached Dunedin by steamer on the 1st August, 1861, and had ten days to wait for another boat to take me on to Invercargill. About this time gold had been discovered at Tuapeka, in Otago, and a big rush was beginning of would-be gold diggers. While I was waiting in Dunedin, down came a party of young men from Christchurch, with a Mr. Knyvett as leader. I knew them all, and what was the use, they said, of becoming a surveyor when I might make a fortune as a gold digger. Of course I was infected with the gold fever, and instead of going on to Invercargill I stored my boxes, and with my blankets on my back, was off with the others to the Tuapeka goldfields.

Our party consisted of Knyvett, Hustler, Lloyd, Webber, Walter Tudor, and myself. I wonder which of them are still to the fore. Hustler had, as far as I remember, held a position of sorts in Queen Victoria's household.



Dee Street, Invercargill, 1931.

[Campbell's Studio

There had been some fuss (I don't know that I ever heard what it was about) and he had left England and come out to the Colony. It must have been a strange contrast between the pompous regularity of the Victorian Court and the wild disorder of a mining camp. We were seven days tramping up to Gabriel's Gully (Gabriel Read was the original discoverer of the gold deposit there). We found that all the available ground in this gully was occupied, so after applying for our Miner's Rights we took up a claim in Munroe's Gully, bought tools and timber for a sluice box, and began work. We sank a paddock, as it was called, and threw on one side the earth until we got down to the wash dirt, but the prospects turned out to be so poor that the claim was not worth working. After this some of us went to the Beaumont rush to report on it, but as this also turned out unsatisfactory we moved our tents and tools over to Weatherstone Gully, of which we had heard a good report, and took up a claim there. We had five or six feet of stripping to do to get down to the wash dirt, which we found contained gold, but not in sufficient quantity to be really payable. We washed out $13\frac{1}{2}$ oz. for nearly four weeks' work, not quite 2 oz. apiece, which barely paid for our food, so our party broke up. Knyvett, Hustler, and myself determined to start storekeeping, as being more profitable than gold digging. We were joined by a man named Reinecke, who had come down with another Canterbury party, of which Sale, who afterwards became the Goldfields Commissioner for Westland, and later one of the professors at the Otago University, was one; the names of

the others I do not remember. We opened two stores, one in Weatherstone Gully, and one at the Junction Township, and we stuck to this work for five months, not losing any money, but not making it sufficiently profitable to be worth continuing. I have no doubt that want of experience was the real cause of our non-success; just as want of experience in gold digging was the reason why we did not make it pay. The following will illustrate what I mean. By the time we had begun storekeeping the Australian diggers had heard of the discovery of gold in New Zealand, and had come over in large numbers. Learning one day that some Australians were working on the spur of the hill immediately above our old claim in Weatherstone Gully I walked up, and, seeing a miner using a cradle just above where our camp had been I stopped to watch him. "What do you want?" he said. "I am interested in what you are doing," I answered, "as I worked hard there for a month," and I pointed to our old claim and camp. "Well you just missed it mate," he replied, "come into our tent." I did so, and he showed me a milk pan the bottom of which was covered an inch deep in coarse gold. "That is our morning's work," he said; "if you had washed out a panful where you dug into the hillside for your fireplace you must have struck the gold." I heard later that the man who had this claim and others with claims on the same spur cleared out with several thousand pounds apiece. The spur was afterwards called Golden Spur. I returned to my store a sadder and a wiser man, and determined that neither gold mining nor storekeeping was my line in

life, so winding up the accounts of the firm, and settling with my partners, I said good-bye to Tuapeka, and made my way to Dunedin again and then on to Invercargill. Knyvett and Reinecke remained and built an hotel, but Hustler left at the same time as I did.

A few days afterwards I applied to the Chief Surveyor for an appointment, sending with the application my credentials of three years' service as cadet in Canterbury. I was put through an examination in various branches of the work, and in May, 1862, was appointed as assistant surveyor on the Southland staff, under Mr. T. Heale, the Chief Surveyor. Theophilus Heale had been the captain of the *Aurora*, the first emigrant ship which arrived at Port Nicholson (Wellington) in 1840.

1862

At this time Dr. Menzies was Superintendent of the Province.

He arrived in New Zealand in 1853, and not long afterwards took up 38,000 acres of land in Lower Maitauri. In 1866 the demand for land became so pressing that the Government reduced many of the large runs, and Dr. Menzies's run was curtailed to 8,000 acres, and he then bought the freehold of Dun-alister. There he dispensed much hospitality, and entertained many prominent public men, and it was there that he spent the rest of his life. When Southland was separated from Otago he was elected its first Superintendent, and inaugurated a policy of extensive public works.

Invercargill was in those days a very primitive place. The native forest extended close down to the northern boundary of the township, and only a few streets in that part of the town had been formed and metalled, while the land

lying south of the Puni creek was practically an undrained swamp, with one formed road running through it. This led to the Invercargill Jetty, where one or two warehouses had been erected for storing goods brought by the coastal steamers. The total population did not, I think, exceed 1,500 or 2,000 persons, and consisted of a few merchants, shopkeepers, professional men of various callings, three or four clergymen of different denominations, and the officials connected with the Provincial Government, the schools and hospital. It was, however, a growing place, adding considerably to its population every year, and there were already two newspapers, "The Invercargill Times" and "The Southland News."

Mr. Tuckett, the Chief Surveyor of the New Zealand Company was sent down to Southland in 1844, to report on the land there. He describes the district as "a mere bog, and unfit for habitation." It was purchased from the Maoris in 1853, the first £1,000 of the purchase money being paid down at the port of Bluff. In this same year a sealer of the name of James Kelly made his way inland, and found that the country was not such a mere bog as had been represented, and after his next voyage he settled down in Southland. He built a whare, and married a Maori wife. When she died he journeyed to Dunedin, taking between a fortnight and three weeks to do so. There he married a Scotch widow, and he then returned and made a home on Invercargill's present site, and is believed to have been its first settler. It was named after Captain William Cargill, the first Superintendent of Otago, the Governor, Colonel Gore Browne, having suggested at a banquet held in Dunedin in 1857 that as Captain Cargill was the founder of the city in the south it should be called after him. "Inver" is a prefix

common in Scotland, meaning the mouth of a river. The first cargo of wool left Invercargill the same year. To Mr. J. T. Thomson, who was the Chief Surveyor of Otago, belongs the credit of having planned the town and given it the wide streets and open spaces that are its characteristic. There is, perhaps, no other town in New Zealand that has such a feeling of spaciousness and of having been definitely and symmetrically planned. This feeling of spaciousness and dignity seems to have affected the civic sense of the citizens, for there is also no town of its size that has such solid public buildings or such large bush reserves and wide areas of parks and gardens. It seems even to have affected the management of its municipal life, for when it was incorporated a borough in 1872 its first Mayor, Mr. William Wood, insisted that all business should be conducted on Parliamentary lines, and the Council has since followed the lead he gave in that respect.

Mr. Thomson visualized that Invercargill would become the great port of the south, and that steamers from all over the world would unload and load in the very heart of the town. In January, 1859, he gave instructions to Mr. George Hateley for a survey of Invercargill, and he enclosed a rough plan. Mr. Hateley reported in April that he had completed the survey. In March, 1861, Southland was separated from Otago, as the townspeople were very dissatisfied with the way the Provincial Council in Dunedin conducted their affairs. In the following September a Town District was formed, and the first loan raised was for £25,000 for the construction of footpaths of wooden battens, and judging from an article which appeared in the "Invercargill Times" in March, 1863, this seems to have been a much needed reform. The article in question says:—

"Winter is almost upon us, and what provision has been made for those residents in the northern part of the town to reach their houses? None! A storekeeper in Tay Street, who has the misfortune to own a house in Leet or Gala or the neighbouring streets, cannot reach it without danger

after sunset. . . . Darkness total and complete is bad enough, but when to that is added the probability of stumbling over some fallen trunk of a forest monarch, or sinking knee deep in marsh or rivulet, the inducements to go home are certainly slender!"

For the first three months, as it was winter time, I was employed in the office making a map of the Province of Southland, to be sent to the General Assembly. It was the coldest winter I had experienced in New Zealand, and the only one during a long residence in Southland in which I was able to enjoy some skating. I remember that I borrowed a pair of skates from a pious Scotchman, who stipulated that they were to be returned on Saturday night, "no skating on the Lord's Day," said he. So returned they were, but in the meanwhile I enjoyed several days' skating, which I had not done since I left Germany. In August I was sent with Mr. James McKerrow to take bearings from the Bluff hill to various prominent hills in Stewart Island and Southland, Mr. McKerrow being an Otago surveyor who had been lent to my chief for the purpose. We were camped near the top of the hill for a fortnight making the necessary observations, and this work and my conversations with Mr. McKerrow were of great use to me, as they gave me an insight into the higher branch of my profession which I had not had before.

My next work was traversing and pegging the main road to Dunedin, from Half-way Bush to the Maitaura Ferry. Then, for ten months I was employed doing the ordinary Block and Section survey. The land regulations in South-

land differed from those in Canterbury, where there was free selection by intending purchasers before survey. In Southland and Otago, on the other hand, blocks of land were selected by the Survey Department, suitable road lines and by-roads were laid out, and sections, varying from fifty to two or three hundred acres (according to the quality of the soil) were demarcated. Not till this was done and a notification had been sent to the Press were applications received from the public. During all this time I was camping out, but as in Southland there was plenty of native bush, it was always possible to have a comfortable camp and a fireplace at the end of my sleeping tent. My bedstead was raised from the ground on posts with saplings laid across, and on these was piled a thick mattress of fern, which made a springy couch, and as I had a swinging lamp I could spend the evenings in reading or any other occupation.

The only special incident I remember during this period was a public holiday to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., and in connection with it a ball at Invercargill, at which I met several people who afterwards became lifelong friends.

1863

My next piece of work was the hydrographical survey of the New River Estuary and the channel used by the coastal steamers and small shipping coming to the Invercargill jetty. This occupied me for three months, and included the laying out of the proposed township of Stanley, at the Mokomoko jetty, which had been erected to accommodate the larger Australian steamers. The silting up of the bar at the New

River Heads a little while afterwards prevented this pier ever being used, and eventually it fell into decay. The line which had been built to connect it with the proposed Bluff-Invercargill railway was taken up, and the many thousand pounds which must have been spent were thrown away. The port of Stanley, therefore, remained a township on paper only.

On November 25th, 1863, Mr. N. Chalmers, the Deputy-Superintendent, cut the first sod of the Bluff railway, which was not finally completed and opened till February 5th, 1867. There were great rejoicings, as this was considered the first step towards connecting Invercargill with a splendid port. A large luncheon party was given by Mr. Davies, the contractor, and a ball, held at the Club Hotel, wound up the day.

About this time my chief told me I was to be employed in continuing the trigonometrical survey, which had been commenced when Southland was part of Otago. This was indeed advancement for me because it made me the senior surveyor on the staff, and I daresay I was duly elated at the prospect. My self-esteem was further increased by taking a survey cadet on my own staff. This was Mr. M. Pugh, of whom I afterwards saw much, and who became a great personal friend. I commenced the work in the Aparima district, and measured my first base line on a flat just beyond the Otautau River, and on Christmas Day I selected a hill on Mr. Martin's run which I called Observation Hill, to extend the True Meridian, which had been established by the Chief Surveyor of Otago in 1857 from the Bluff hill. This I did by the use



Southland Times photo
The Invercargill Post Office and Government Buildings in 1860,
where the Band Rotunda is now.

of a heliostat and a large theodolite, the distance between the two hills being about 40 miles. I then extended the triangulation some miles up the Aparima Valley and across the big plain between this and the New River near the Winton township.

The Aparima was at that time generally known as Jacobs River, and is said to have been so called after a Maori Chief, who went by the name of Jacob among the whalers who now and again in the very early days visited the southern coast. At that period embalmed Maori heads were enormously sought after as curios, especially if they were finely tattooed, and the American whalers in particular would pay large prices for them. Jacob happened to be very skilfully tattooed, and hearing of some notorious Yankee head hunters he became apprehensive that he might lose his own head, and, collecting his family and household goods, went by night to the upper reaches of the Aparima, about Flint's Bush, where, in the shelter of the thick forest, he lived in safety.

About this time I had to pay a visit to the farm of the Menzies Brothers at Spar Bush, and they told me a strange story of a bull dog they had.

The story that Mr. Baker tells is based on the one that follows, but it seems better to give it in Mr. Menzies's own words, and this account is taken from a book which was privately printed for the Menzies family.

"I went one day to Invercargill, and saw a splendid pig dog running about the streets. There were many wild pigs all around Spar Bush, where our tent was, and we thought we might, if we had some good dogs, feed ourselves on wild pork, or even sell some. I followed the owner, who proved to be a Frenchman called Simon. He had been hunting

wild pigs up at the diggings, and I agreed with him to come and hunt pigs on shares. He was to catch the pigs with his dogs, we were to help him, and take the pork to Invercargill to be sold. He owned two dogs, a large blue and white mongrel of great size and power, half mastiff, half bull dog, with his ears cropped short off, and also his tail, and one of his eyes much damaged by cats, as savage a looking cur as you could imagine. The other dog was a black short-coated collie, clever at finding pigs; and willing to hold on to the other ear of the pig, after the big dog had got hold first. I also agreed with Simon that if we chose we could purchase the two dogs for seven pounds the pair. Soon after making this bargain Simon and I came back to Spar Bush. It was late when we reached our tent, where Stephen (Mr. Menzies's brother) was, and after having some of the usual strong billy tea, we turned into our blankets and slept profoundly till the morning. Just as it dawned we were waked by some heavy body falling on the ground outside our tent, and looking out, we saw a large boar that Simon had killed lying on the ground.

"When I engaged him Simon professed to believe that there were no pigs at Spar Bush, but at the same time kept saying 'Where there is one there is thousands,' so we called out, 'Oh, Simon, you are all right now, where there is one there is thousands.' But he looked sulky, and said he was going away and would not stay to hunt pigs. All day he was of the same mind, and just as it began to get dark he said, 'There it is again.' We said, 'What is it?' but he remained silent. The dogs were growling and uttering short uneasy barks as if something was approaching on the track and as if this something was coming towards us from the sea. They all seemed very much afraid of this something, and retreated back into the bush, barking and whining until it appeared, according to the dogs, to have passed us; they then followed it for some time and came back to us, but we saw and heard nothing. There were no tracks of anything to be seen, but it came from the sea apparently at a slow walk. In

the early morning, just at dawn, it went back to the sea, the dogs behaving just in the same manner. Morning and evening this happened for about three months, and then it came to an end suddenly, and never happened again. We sometimes watched for it during that time, but never saw or heard anything, but the dogs constantly saw something, any dog not only our dogs, and were always afraid of it.

"The terrace where our tent stood ran parallel to the river for about eight miles down to the sea. It overlooked my flat, and upon it there grew great high flax and fern and numberless cabbage trees. At the foot of it, on one side was the deep swamp, and just at the top of it the bush stood. For a distance of about four miles there was a very marked pig track between the bush and the swamp.

"It was almost impossible for anything to walk except on this well-trodden track, so anything coming towards us must come along it and must be seen. Stephen left me about this time and went into an office in Invercargill. I was alone in the large comfortable tent. Every morning at dawn the dogs, which all slept with me in the tent, rushed howling and barking into the bush, and the same in the evening. I became quite used to it, and cared nothing about it at last. After Simon had been with us for a couple of weeks he left. We had taken a big load of wild pork into Invercargill, and with my share of the profits we purchased the two pig dogs. Some years afterwards I told this story to a Maori friend of mine, and he said, 'You are not the only white man who has had such a thing happen to him.' I asked him if he could explain it, and what it was that came along the track that we never could see. He replied 'The Maoris would say that it was the spirit of the former Maori owner of the land protesting against your taking possession, and it would come for about three months.' (I had not told him how long it lasted)."

In April, 1864, regular coaches began to run between Invercargill and Dunedin. This was

1864

looked on as a great advance, as it put us in communication with that city which since the discovery of gold in Otago had become an important centre of trade in the Colony.

In July, Mr. Heale, my chief, told me that he was leaving Invercargill, as he had to go to the North Island on his own business, and would be away for a year, and that I was to act as his deputy during this time and have full charge of the Survey Department till he returned. My camp life, therefore, came to an end for a time at any rate, and my office life commenced.

A few paragraphs from Mr. Heale's final report to the Southland Provincial Government may be quoted:—

“Sir,

“With a view to my early departure from the Province I have the honour to submit a report on the present condition and occupations of the Survey Department. . . . The largest and most important work on hand is the ‘Triangulation,’ which, as stated in former reports, has been carried across from the western side of the Province to the north of all the previously surveyed lands, to meet and close with the ‘Triangulation’ from the eastern frontier executed last year by Mr. Mueller. Mr. Baker has been engaged in this, and it is now finished except a more complete closure which it is desirable to make at Woody Knoll, and which involves a good deal of forest clearing.

“These two triangulations, which together make a complete zone across the Province, have both, but especially the last, been conducted with extreme care with the object of closing with the various and detached triangulations formerly executed, and of clearing up and eradicating some errors which had crept into them. . . . The advantages to be derived from the triangulation now nearly completed are not confined to the elimination of these

small errors; the reciprocal proof afforded by these numerous closures conclusively establishes the absence of all other error, and they enable me to assert with confidence that there is not within the Province a road line or the side line of a section which varies more than 4 minutes from its stated bearing, or of which the given length is in error beyond 12 links or $1/666$ in a mile, and that the ordinary range of inaccuracy is far within these limits; moreover, the certainty now attained is such as to render any further check unnecessary; and the triangulation can be carried forward from the stations now established to the extremities of the Province without any further recurrence to the prime meridian, or without making any new base except one of verification at some future period, probably near Te Anau Lake. . . .

“This will, I think, make these surveys as perfect as it is practicable or desirable that colonial surveys should be, looking at the necessity of keeping down expenses and of preserving the greatest simplicity possible. For this perfection I desire to take no credit, beyond that of having carefully followed out the excellent system I found established by Mr. J. T. Thomson, but to the value of that system and the importance of maintaining it intact I am bound to add my testimony at all times, and especially when I am about to cease to conduct the surveys of the Province. The importance of certain accuracy in surveys is apt to be only felt from its absence, and none can fully appreciate it but those who have witnessed the hopeless confusion which arises from a bad system, and who are aware of the difficulty of rectification. . . .

“The present disposition of the personnel of the staff is as follows:—

“(1) Mr. Baker, assistant surveyor, having, as before stated, all but finished his triangulation, and his presence not being required constantly at Woody Knoll, will, under any circumstances, be chiefly at the Survey Office for some weeks, finishing his calculations, tabulating the results, and completing his maps. While absent, I should trust him to exercise

any supervision required on any portion of the survey work, a duty to which he is in every way equal, and should I find it necessary to leave the Department, I would beg earnestly to recommend his claim on the Government."

On the 18th October in this year the first section of the Northern Railway being completed there was a grand opening of the line, and a big dinner at the railway station, at which I proposed the health of the ladies. This line was first laid with wooden rails keyed to the sleepers, and it had special engines constructed by the contractor, Mr. Davies. The train did not travel very fast, and the story goes that on one occasion it stopped at a road crossing to let an old lady with a market basket get in. The good lady thanked the driver for his kindness, but said she was in a hurry to reach the town, and thought she would do it quicker by walking. The opening was also celebrated by a ball in the evening, which Dr. Menzies, the Superintendent of the Province, asked me to get up for him. It was a great success, and I now began to know the leading people in Invercargill, and to take a considerable share in the social life of the town. In the following February the Carandini opera troupe arrived from Melbourne, stayed a week, and gave a series of concerts such as we had not heard in New Zealand before. I arranged a ball for them, the operatic band supplying the music, and it was considered the best ball ever held in Invercargill. The Carandinis came again on various occasions, and their visits were always looked forward to eagerly.

The town by this time had grown very much, and was becoming quite a flourishing place with

good shops doing a considerable trade with the country districts, which were being settled by very prosperous farmers. The up-country run-holders had now stocked their runs, and were sending much wool into the town to be shipped to England. Unfortunately the Government of the Province was not in the same flourishing condition, as owing to its lavish construction of railways it was in serious financial difficulties. On December 20th, 1864, we had the extraordinary spectacle of bailiffs in possession of the Government Buildings, and they remained in possession of them for two days. Meanwhile on the Provincial Council itself there was much friction and difficulty. At a meeting on December 2nd Dr. Menzies had not been re-elected as Superintendent, and though Mr. Heale had a majority it was not an absolute majority, and on January 11th the Council again met to elect a Superintendent. Dr. Menzies was once more rejected, and Mr. Taylor was chosen, but as his election was also declared illegal, the Council met to re-elect him on March 14th. However, I see by my journal, that by April 13th Mr. Cuthbertson was Superintendent, and the same day the bailiffs again took possession of the Government Buildings at the suit of Cairn and McKenzie. This, as far as I can remember, was in connection with payments due on behalf of the Bluff and Winton railways. In consequence of these financial difficulties I had instructions to reduce the Survey staff in accordance with an estimate passed by the Council, and in March had given several of my officers notice that their services were not required.

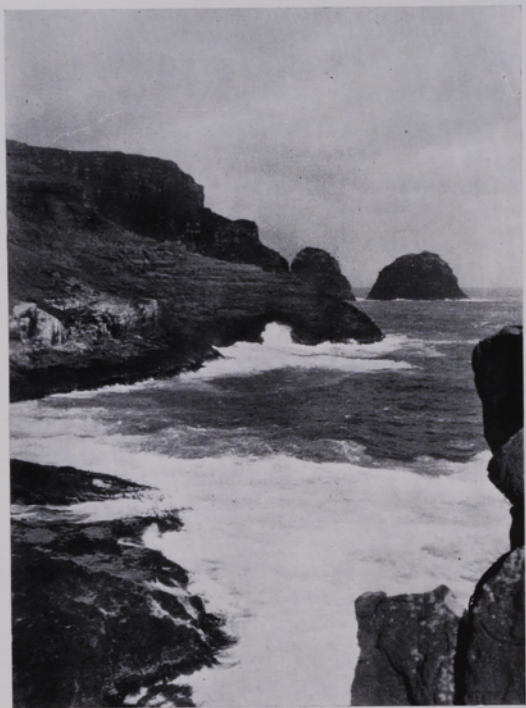
1865

Mr. J. P. Taylor, on first coming to New Zealand had gone to the Nelson District, but he came on to

Southland, and settled there in 1858, and took up a run on Jacobs River. He was elected to the House of Representatives as M.P. for Wallace, in 1859, and he was elected Superintendent of Southland in 1865.

Mr. J. R. Cuthbertson came out to Melbourne in 1854, and traded there till he left for Southland in 1860. He acquired land in the Waiau district, and was joined there by his brother, Mr. R. F. Cuthbertson, who became his partner, and worked the run as a joint business till 1876. Before this, however, Mr. J. R. Cuthbertson had moved to Invercargill, where he was for a time editor of the "Southland Times," and afterwards became a member of the firm of Macrorie and Cuthbertson, auctioneers and land agents. He took a leading part in the work of the Southland Provincial Council from the moment of its formation. At one time he held the portfolio of Public Works, and during his term of office the railway to the Bluff was begun. During the absence of the Superintendent at the General Assembly he acted as Deputy, so that Mr. Baker was mistaken in thinking that he was Superintendent in April, 1865. He was only acting as deputy for Mr. Taylor. It was, however, a time of great difficulty and responsibility, as the contractors were pressing for payment, and the attempt was made to put bailiffs into the Government offices. Mr. Cuthbertson gave orders that the windows should be barricaded, and eventually a compromise was made with the contractors, who were given land orders which enabled them to buy land at a nominal sum of 20/- per acre. Later in his life he was elected to the New Zealand Parliament. He was a very able man, and one of the best of public speakers.

On the 13th January an Intercolonial Exhibition was opened in Dunedin, and I had various maps and data prepared shewing the progress the Southland Province had made, for which I received a medal and certificate from the Exhibition Commissioners.



Coast of Adam's Island, Auckland Islands.

[G. M. Turner, photo

News having come that some miners had discovered gold on the east side of the Mataura River, I was sent by the Superintendent to report on the roads giving access to the locality, and on the communication between it and Toitoi, at the mouth of the Mataura. I found about four or five hundred people were scattered over a considerable area of ground, and some were making a fair amount of money, but the gold was very fine and strongly impregnated with ironsand, and after a few months, when the Wakatipu goldfield was opened, the miners gradually drifted away to that more promising place.

In June the Council had a long debate on the land question, and new Land Regulations were carried which brought in free selection before survey, practically in the same form as it existed in Canterbury. Shortly after this Mr. Heale intimated that he would not be returning to Invercargill, and I wrote to the Provincial Government and asked if the work I had done during his absence had been satisfactory. They replied that it had been perfectly satisfactory, and I then requested that my appointment as Chief Surveyor of Southland might be confirmed. Next day I met the Superintendent in the street. "What is this, Mr. Baker," he said, "about your applying for the appointment of Chief Surveyor. Why you are only a boy." "But I have done the work for a year," I answered, "and you have said that I have done it quite satisfactorily." He laughed, and on the 4th of July my appointment was duly gazetted. As I was not yet 24 I may consider that my decision to apply for work in Southland had been a happy one.

CHAPTER V.

EXPEDITION TO THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

1865

In the middle of October I received instructions from the Superintendent to go in the tug *Southland* (commanded by Captain Grieg, a Norwegian by birth) to search the Auckland Islands for shipwrecked sailors. The history of this expedition is as follows.

An oyster cutter of which Tom Cross was the skipper had come up to Invercargill with three shipwrecked men on board. One of them, Captain Musgrave, had stated that they had been sealing at the Auckland Islands and that their schooner, the *Grafton*, of which he was Captain, had been anchored in Carnley Harbour when a heavy gale had arisen and blown her ashore. As they had no means of getting her off they had lived for over a year and a half in a house they had constructed on the island and had existed on the small amount of stores they had left in their ship and on seal flesh and such shell fish as they could find. Getting tired of this life, they determined to attempt to reach Stewart Island and then the mainland. They had a very small dinghy which would carry only three out of the five men who had formed the crew of their schooner, so eventually three of them set forth on the venturesome voyage of three hundred miles in this tiny boat, taking with them such provisions as they had—principally dried seal flesh. Fortune favoured

them, and they were picked up off Stewart Island by Cross in his cutter and brought to Invercargill. Money was collected in order to send Cross down to the islands to bring away the other two men. He called first at Carnley Harbour and picked up the two members of the *Grafton's* crew, and as he sailed along the coast he thought he saw a fire on one of the headlands but could not be certain of this. On the return journey he called at Port Ross, a desolate harbour in the northern part of the main island, and having landed there discovered a hut and in it the skeleton of a man, but nothing to show how it came there, or who the man had been. He buried the body and then made for Stewart Island and across the straits to New River Estuary and Invercargill. There he reported what he had done and seen. It was then quite apparent that there had been another wreck on the island and that one or more survivors were still there, so the Government decided to despatch thither the *Southland*, a paddle steam tug which was usually employed in bringing vessels up the New River Estuary to Invercargill jetty. I was instructed to take charge of the expedition and to search the islands thoroughly.

Some days were occupied fitting up the steamer for the journey, but we left Invercargill on October 14th. Besides myself, the party consisted of Dr. Monckton, who went with us as surgeon, Mr. G. F. Richardson (some years afterwards Minister of Lands for the Colony), who went as reporter for the "*Southland Times*," and Cross, the skipper, who had rescued the two remaining members of the *Grafton's* crew.

Dr. Monckton had been a surgeon in the Crimean War. He was unconventional, had no time to waste, and would stand no nonsense. He was a man of few words, but wonderfully resourceful in the absence of proper appliances or medicines. There were cases where a common meat saw and a butcher's knife proved successful instruments in his careful, clever hands. On one occasion he cut off a man's leg with a carving knife and an axe, and saved the man's life, and he would pull out people's teeth in the street without any hesitation.

Mr. G. F. Richardson was the eldest son of Dr. Richardson, who came to Otago in 1851, and took up land on the Mataura in 1854, but eventually returned to Dunedin. He was a man of many parts, and a model pioneer. He brought with him plants and seeds of all descriptions, and distributed them throughout the Province. Oaks grown from the acorns he carried from Gloucestershire are still in existence. He also brought out an organ, stained glass windows, communion plate, a font, and the old doors of Westminster School, to equip an English Church, towards which he had secured subscriptions before he left England. Mr. G. F. Richardson was for some time a surveyor, and later went into Parliament, and became Minister for Lands in the Atkinson Government. When he was standing for Parliament, and was riding one day through his constituency, he was joined by a fellow traveller who immediately began talking about the elections. He did not hesitate to express his opinion of the candidate, Mr. Richardson, who was, he declared, "not at all the sort of man we want." As they parted Mr. Richardson asked, "Have you ever heard of mortals entertaining angels unawares?" and when the man said "Yes," he replied, "Well, then, think about it!"

We encountered a heavy sea crossing the Straits, and put in to Port Adventure in Stewart Island to repair some damage done to the steamer's paddle-boxes, and we did not

leave there till the 18th. On the evening of the 20th we sighted the Auckland Islands, and early next morning, passing Enderby Island, we steamed into Port Ross and proceeded to the head of the harbour, where we anchored in an inlet named Laurie Cove. Before leaving the New River Estuary we had shipped a whale boat, in case we had to land at any place where a heavy surf was running. After breakfast the whale boat was lowered, in charge of the mate, and we pulled down the harbour to the bay in which Cross had found the hut containing the skeleton. At this point there had been at one time a settlement called Enderby Settlement, and the hut in question was a relic of this.

I will here quote from my official report to the Government, published in the "Southland Gazette" in November, 1865:—"The Auckland Islands were discovered by Capt. Bristow, in the year 1806, and formally taken possession of by him in the name of the King, when he visited them a year later. They were next visited by Admiral D'Urville's and Commodore Wilkes' expeditions, in 1839. The vessels of the Antarctic Expedition also called at them in 1840, and during their stay Drs. Lyall and Hooker made a large collection of the different plants and shrubs indigenous to the islands, of which they published a full account in the first volume of the 'Flora Antarctica.'

"About this time the Auckland Isles seem to have been the favourite resort of the South Sea whalers, and in 1850 a large whaling establishment was started at Port Ross, in Rendezvous Harbour. The number of houses now fallen into

decay, and the large amount of work that has been done in clearing the scrub, would indicate that at some time at least two hundred people must have been located at this spot, and at that time the settlement must have been in a prosperous condition, as a surgeon of one of the whalers, in giving an account of a cruise in the South Seas, mentions the settlement, and remarks that in the course of time it would probably become a settlement of considerable importance, but in 1852 the whaling establishment was broken up, and the islands were totally deserted. The Auckland group consists of two large and several smaller islands—Enderby, Rose and Ocean Islands forming the north-western, and Green Island the south-eastern entrance to Rendezvous Harbour, situated at the extreme northern point of the island in lat. $50^{\circ} 32'$ and long. $166^{\circ} 13'$. This harbour is of considerable size, and would afford shelter and secure anchorage to vessels of the largest description. It is nine miles in length from the entrance between Enderby and Green Islands to the head of Laurie Cove, which is only separated from the west coast by a short valley ending in a saddle of considerable height. The site of the old settlement is situated on a low peninsula at the entrance to Laurie Cove. It is the most level spot on the whole island, and even this can hardly be called level as it consists of irregular mounds of peat, from which the dense scrub with which it was originally covered has been cleared away. The last vestiges of the old settlement have nearly disappeared, and in a few years it will be difficult for a stranger to find the site of Port Ross."

When we approached the hut we found, to our great astonishment, that someone had been there recently, and on looking round we discovered a large trunk of a tree which had been smoothed to admit the following inscription being cut on it:—"H.M.C.S. *Victoria*, in search for shipwrecked people, Oct. 18th, 1865," and in the hollow of the tree was a sealed bottle enclosing a letter stating that H.M.S. *Victoria* had visited the island three days before our arrival, had searched the surrounding bays for traces of shipwrecked people, and had landed some goats and rabbits, which might serve as food in case other people were stranded there. The news of the discovery of the skeleton and of the sighting of the fire had been published through the press, and the Australian Government had at once sent a cruiser to investigate.

After looking round at the remains of the wooden houses, we decided to go back to the steamer and discuss matters with Captain Grieg, but when we returned to the beach we saw that our whaleboat was having a cruise by itself, no one having taken the precaution to make the painter fast to the shore. As yet she was not very far away, so I proposed to Cross that we should strip and swim out to her, but the others thought this was too risky, and suggested that we should use as a raft the wooden side of one of the fallen houses, and should paddle on this after the boat. It took some time to make the paddles and launch the raft, such as it was, and before this was done the boat was considerably further away. Cross and I got on to the rickety craft, but as the timber was old, rotten, and water-sodden, it would not

carry us both, and so I set out to sea by myself on the side of a house and paddled for all I was worth. However, no sooner had I left the shelter of the little bay and gained the main harbour than I found that the whaleboat, which was broadside on to the wind, was making ten feet to every one that I could make with my paddle, so I slipped off the raft and, regardless of the supposed risks, swam to the nearest point of land. In the meantime, Richardson, who had a rifle, had climbed a small hill from which he could see the steamer, and kept firing his gun at minute intervals. The Captain, hearing the firing, and knowing that it was meant as a signal, immediately sent another boat, and directly this arrived we set off after our whaleboat, which we did not overtake until it had almost reached the entrance of the harbour. Fortunately for us, it had there drifted on to a beach, and we were able to recover it. We then had to pull the two boats up the whole length of the harbour against a head wind, and it was nearly nightfall before we got back to the steamer, by which time we were both tired and hungry.

During the next few days I ascended several hills in the neighbourhood of Port Ross in order to see if there were any signs of habitation, but I found nothing but complete desolation, bleak and rugged mountains, without even much vegetation to cover their gaunt sides, and the only traces we discovered of castaways were at Ocean Point, near the entrance to the harbour, where we came across the remains of a hut made of branches, and the wreck of a small boat made of sticks interlaced like wicker-work and



Cemetery at Port Ross, Auckland Islands. [G. N. Turner, photo
The second grave from the right is the one made by the crew of the *Southland*.

fastened with strips of seal hide. The weather considerably hampered our explorations, for it blew hard the whole time with snow and hail squalls. Before leaving the place we planted about a hundredweight of potatoes, and sowed some carrot and turnip seed in ground which we dug up for that purpose, and at another place landed a dozen domestic fowls. We left a memorandum of our visit cut out on a board which we nailed to a tree near the *Victoria's*, and deposited a bottle enclosing a letter stating the object of our visit, by whom it had been ordered, and the manner we intended to prosecute further our search.

The captain had a coffin constructed, and then the skeleton was exhumed, enclosed in it, and re-buried in the cemetery which had been used when the Enderby Settlement existed. Dr. Monckton was of the opinion that the man had been dead for at least twelve months, and his clothes showed he was not an ordinary seaman. More than this we could not gather: there were no marks of any description, no writing in the hut, nothing to suggest how the man had come there, how long he had lived in this deserted spot, what he had done while there, or how he had met his end. The mystery remained unsolved.

Our steamer left Port Ross on the 26th, after a stay of five days, and then put into an inlet which we named Long Inlet, where we stayed for two days. Here I landed, and with much difficulty made my way through the belt of scrub which appears to line the whole coast, and is almost impenetrable. In some places the wind had cut the top of it as closely as if it had been

cut with a pair of shears, and the undergrowth was so matted and intertwined that it was almost impossible to creep through it: I remember in one place I tried to roll over on the top. Behind the scrub is open country, or rather rocky and peaty ground, on which grows a coarse kind of snow grass. I again climbed to the top of a hill, but neither found nor saw anything that indicated the presence of human beings.

After leaving Long Inlet we entered and explored every bay and inlet all round the east side of the main island, landing wherever we thought there might be a chance of finding any trace of the man or men who had made the signal fire, but without result. Here again I will quote from my official report:—"The east coast of the main island greatly resembles the West Coast of Otago, on a miniature scale, being a succession of rocky headlands, which form the entrance to the remarkable inlets, which penetrate in most cases to within a few miles of the West Coast of the island. The character and description of these inlets so much resemble each other, that it is impossible to give a detailed account from them; from the eastward there is such sameness in their appearance that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other, some of them having more the appearance of ravines between the mountains than the entrances to harbours. Between Rendezvous and Carnley Harbours there are six large bays, some of them being nearly landlocked, and five sounds or inlets. Most of these have two arms which are rarely more than half a mile in width, and often not so much; in some of them we had

only just room to swing the steamer. A small river, or rather a mountain torrent, runs into the sea at the head of each of them, but so steep and precipitous are the mountains that some of these form waterfalls and cascades half a mile from the sea. One of these sounds I named Cascade Inlet, and I have seldom seen a more grand or magnificent sight than we saw here. One of the largest mountains on the island forms a semi-circular cone round the head of the Inlet, and down the side of this mountain fell innumerable waterfalls and cascades of all shapes and sizes, and of considerable volume. All of them apparently spring out of the ground, and the white spray rising in clouds when it reaches the rocks below glistens in the sun, and gives them at a distance the appearance of masses of pure white marble. There had been a heavy fall of snow the night before, and at this time of the year it melts very quickly, which would account for the large amount of water that was pouring down when we were there. The whole of the Auckland group is mountainous in the extreme. Nowhere did I see a flat of any considerable size."

We then steamed up Carnley Harbour, which is at the south end of the island, and the captain had the steamer anchored in Camp Cove. Carnley Harbour is very large and deeply indented. It has three main arms, and these are again subdivided. Near the south head of the middle arm there is a deep bay which, from the peculiar appearance of the mountain behind it, we called "Amphitheatre Cove." The view of this bay from the harbour is strikingly beautiful. From about half way up the hill, which

is nearly two thousand feet high, basaltic columns rise in regular order (with a small intervening space), one over the other, to the top of the hill, which is one colossal mass of basaltic rock. These columns extend in regular order and with few breaks, entirely round the bay, and the lowest columns are at least one hundred feet in height. They decrease in size towards the top of the mountain, or the elevation gives them the appearance of doing so.

Camp Cove is at the north head of the western arm. It is almost landlocked, and forms a miniature harbour within Carnley Harbour, and it should afford safe anchorage to vessels of any size, as the depth of water ranges from four to twenty fathoms. We visited the northern arm, where the *Grafton* was blown ashore, and the hut where Captain Musgrave and his men had spent the eighteen months that they remained on the island. In the hut we found a letter in a bottle saying that the *Victoria* had been before us, and Captain Grieg wrote on the back of the letter a notice of our visit, and stated that we had planted potatoes, sowed carrot and turnip seed, and landed goats, also that we had landed domestic fowls at Camp Cove. Notwithstanding this, we explored many of the bays and arms of the harbour in our whaleboat, and at different places killed many seals, or sea lions, as they are called. The largest are about eight feet long, and when on land they move about on their hind flippers with a surprising agility, and if attacked advance with a roar. Each of us carried a stout club, and one blow from this, given directly on the nose, would stun the seals

and bring them down, and we could then cut their throats or stab them in the heart. They have powerful jaws, and a bite from them would be a serious matter. Captain Cross told me that when he was at the island before he attacked a large seal but, having missed it, turned quickly to get out of the way. A huge Newfoundland dog that was with him then flew at the sea lion which made a grab at the dog caught him by the back, gave him one shake, and flung him aside absolutely dead.

One day Mr. Richardson and I came out on to a sandy beach and saw two sea lions lying sunning themselves. We approached them carefully, but they winded us, and made off into the sea. The water happened to be shallow (not much above my knees) and I slipped in to get between one of them and the deep water. When I was close to the largest I made a hit at his nose with my club, but missed him, and, stepping back, I tripped and came down. It was not a pleasant moment when I felt the seal's body sliding over me. Richardson, who had his rifle with him, shot at the seal, but the shot had no apparent effect, nor did a second shot fare better. Recovering my footing, however, I had another hit at the beast with my club, and was more fortunate this time, as I caught him fairly on the nose. He collapsed into the water, and I dragged him out and quickly dispatched him with my sheath knife. Then we began to skin him, and found, to our great surprise, that his lower jaw had been smashed, one bullet having struck it on one side and the second bullet on the other side. This was my last fight with a sea lion. Between the various members of our

party we had killed twenty of them during our stay on the island.

On the 7th of November we steamed out of Carnley Harbour and proceeded up the west coast past Disappointment Island to the north point of the main island, a distance of about twenty-six miles. This coast may well be called precipitous and iron-bound, as the cliffs form a continuous wall almost without a break, some of them overhanging one another and attaining an elevation of at least six or seven hundred feet, and though we kept a sharp look-out we did not expect to see any signs of human life on that wild coast, and we knew that our quest had been vain.

When we reached the northernmost part of the island again the captain set our course for home, and two days after we passed the Snares and the South-west Cape of Stewart Island, crossed the Straits, and, entering the estuary at the New River Heads, we were soon made fast at the Invercargill jetty.

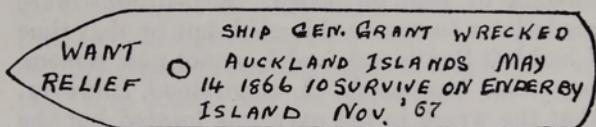
So ended my trip to the Auckland Islands, and it was more than a year later that we heard the history of the men who had made the signal fire that had been seen by Captain Cross. The story then came through the American Press. An American whaler was passing the island, and, sighting a signal fire, sent off a boat which took on board three seamen who had belonged to an Australian woolship, the *Invercauld*, which had been wrecked on the west coast of the island. According to their account, which sounds like a fairy tale, but which was afterwards verified, their ship was blown into a cave, and as the tide rose the masts were driven

through the bottom of the ship and she sank. The officers and men, nineteen all told, managed to get ashore, but with nothing but the clothes they wore. Crossing the island, they lived for a time on shell fish, but gradually all died from starvation, except the three who were taken off by the whaler. Doubtless also the skeleton found in the old hut of the Enderby Settlement was one of the officers of the wrecked woolship which, besides wool, had carried a certain amount of gold on board. Expeditions were made later to secure this gold, but by that time I had left Southland, and I cannot now remember what happened. I understood, however, that the wreck in the cave was located but the gold was not recovered. The most strange and tragic part of the story is that none of the nineteen men who crossed the island from the west to the east should ever have come into touch with the five men from the *Grafton*, who were living in comparative comfort at the south end of the island. It seems incredible that on an island twenty-six miles long nineteen men should have lived for months and sixteen of them should have died of starvation without ever guessing of the existence of another group of men living within a few miles of them, and one would need to have seen the wild and inaccessible nature of the country to believe the story possible.

In the last paragraph Mr. Baker has made the mistake of confusing two wrecks. He is quite right in saying that the men who made the signal fire were the three remaining members of the nineteen survivors of the *Invercauld*, but the ship that carried

the gold and was blown into the cave was the *General Grant*, which was wrecked on the Auckland Islands in 1866. The ten survivors of this wreck made a small model of a ship about two feet long, on the deck of which they carved a request for assistance. They set this ship adrift, and it was found on Stewart Island. It is now in the museum in Invercargill.

In the interest of truth I am bound to add that they were picked up by a passing vessel before the model boat was found.





Sea Lions (female), Auckland Islands,

[G. M. Turner photo

CHAPTER VI.

WORK IN SOUTHLAND 1865 to 1869—
AND A HOLIDAY IN THE AUCKLAND
DISTRICT.

After having sent to the Superintendent my report on the expedition to the Auckland Islands, I made my first trip to the interior of the Southland District, to inspect the country, as I now proposed to extend the trigonometrical survey on which I had previously been engaged. I rode first to Riverton, and then on to "Ermedale," Dr. Hodgkinson's homestead, where I stayed the night. 1865.

Dr. Hodgkinson came to New Zealand in 1842 as surgeon superintendent of the New Zealand Company's ship *Bombay*. He went back to England, but two years later was appointed surgeon to the barque *David Malcolm*, which was going to Adelaide with two hundred immigrants. Later he returned to New Zealand, and entered into pastoral pursuits in Canterbury, but again went back to England and worked actively to promote emigration to the new Colony, publishing a pamphlet on the Canterbury Province. Then for a third time New Zealand claimed him, and, after living for a couple of years in Auckland, he went down to Southland, where he remained and took up land. He was elected to the Provincial Council of Southland in 1864.

Next day I went on to Mr. Cuthbertson's station, Otahu, on the Waiau River, and from there rode up the river and reached the Wairaki station.

Wairaki station had been taken up in 1860 by the two brothers, J. and W. Aylmer, who made an epic journey there in the winter of that year, accompanied by Mr. Justin Aylmer's wife, four children, and two servants. In a bullock dray, into which their bedding and household goods were packed, they set out from Riverton, and took thirty-three days to cover the fifty-five miles to Wairaki. They were overtaken by snow storms, delayed by flooded rivers which covered whole valleys, and in which on more than one occasion they stuck. They had to sleep sometimes in the dray, sometimes in tents, several nights in a tumble-down shed, four days in an empty hut—and all this in the depth of winter, with feet of snow on the ground. On two occasions they ran out of food for themselves and the animals, and were reduced to potatoes and tea.

Mr. Thomas Denniston, who came to their assistance, and who, in 1887, wrote an account of this journey, says of Mrs. Aylmer:—"She soon had the hut looking as if she had occupied it for days instead of hours. I have had nearly forty years of colonial life and have met and travelled with all kinds of people but I never saw a grander woman under difficulties or trouble than Mrs. Aylmer. I never heard her complain or fret about anything that happened during what was, I think, one of the most eventful and trying journeys a lady was ever concerned in. She was always cheerful and bright, encouraging everyone about her, so that it was a pleasure to do anything for her comfort." She died the following year, and her lonely grave is on the side of the mountain above the home that she risked her life to reach. Her daughter married Mr. Noel Brodrick, the son of Mr. Baker's old friends, who is so often mentioned throughout these memoirs.

From Wairaki I went on to the Blackmount station, where I stayed a couple of nights with Mr. Stuart, who afterwards became a friend of mine, and with whom I had many a pipe and chat.

The Waiau Valley, where all these stations are situated, is the most beautiful one in Southland, and I was charmed with the diversity of the views obtained of the snowy mountains lying behind it.

Next day I reached Lake Manapouri, to my mind the loveliest of all the southern lakes, and I stayed with Mr. Freeman Jackson, of Birchwood, who then had a sheep station on the east side of it.

His wife, a most amusing Irish woman, was a Miss Shea Lawlor, sister of Mrs. McCulloch, of Invercargill. Writing at a much later date, when the Jacksons had moved to Wanganui, in the North Island, Mrs. Baker says, "I have seldom seen a kinder woman than Mrs. Jackson, or one so original and large hearted."

I had been to all the Canterbury lakes and to Lakes Wanaka and Hawea, but they could not vie with the beauty of this lake, with its surrounding snow-capped peaks, densely wooded with black birch from the snow line to the silver strands that edge the innumerable islands and bays that break the shore line of its many arms. One never seemed to tire of gazing at the wonderful panorama of water, forest, and mountains, and at the great Cathedral Peaks, Mount Titiroa, and Cone Peak, standing out against the sky with an intensity of colour hardly to be seen elsewhere.

Passing on from the lake, I crossed the Mararoa River and rode to Cheviot, Messrs. Butler and Poynton's homestead, under the Takitimu Mountains, and then, riding over a low pass, came down the Weydon Creek to

Centre Hill and across the Five Rivers plains to the station belonging to Mr. Fitzwilliam Wentworth. From there I went on to the Dome Pass, and, turning southward, reached Castle Rock station, at that time belonging to Mr. Matthew Holmes, and managed by Mr. Barnhill, who some years later became its owner. Fifty-six years afterwards, in 1921, when revisiting Southland with my daughter, I again lunched there. Barnhill had passed away, but his sister, Mrs. Adamson, was still residing at the old homestead.

Matthew Holmes was born in Ireland, and set out for Australia in 1837, settling in Victoria, where he engaged in business, and exported to England some of the first wool shipped from that Colony. Then he left Australia, bought an estate near Edinburgh, and lived there for some years. His heart, however, was in the Colonies, and in 1859 he came out to New Zealand. Shortly afterwards two ships, the *Cheviot* and *Bruce* arrived with full cargoes of station implements and stock for the New Zealand and Australian Land Company, of which Mr. Holmes was by then General Manager for New Zealand. In 1862 he went to England as the New Zealand Commissioner to the Great Exhibition of that year, and two years later he sold his Scotch property and brought his family to the Colony. He bought very large holdings throughout the South Island on behalf of the New Zealand and Australian Land Company and the Canterbury and Otago Association (subsequently amalgamated), and afterwards took some of these over when he severed his connection with that Company, the principal being Awamoia near Oamaru, and Castle Rock in Southland. He was for some time a member of the Provincial Council of Otago, and was nominated a member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand, retaining his seat till he died. He took a tremendous interest in all things agricultural and pastoral, was the first to intro-

duce pedigree stock and to improve the breed of Clydesdale horses and long-woolled sheep, and his own stock was famous, not only in New Zealand, but beyond it. His manager at Castle Rock was Mr. Barnhill, who, like himself, came from Ireland. He arrived in the *Cheviot*, which brought the consignment of Ayrshire cattle, Clydesdale horses, and Berkshire pigs from the Duke of Buccleuch's estate for the Company. Mr. Holmes wanted Mr. Barnhill to accept a position in the office in Dunedin, but the latter preferred a country life, and after a time joined Mr. Holmes in the purchase of Castle Rock, and took over the management of the station. He lived there for more than fifty years, and after the death of Mr. Holmes, when the property was cut up for closer settlement, he bought the homestead block of four thousand acres and about ten thousand acres of hill country, which he held till his death. It has been said of him that he was a master hand in every department of the agricultural and pastoral industry.

After leaving Castle Rock I rode round to the Aparima Valley, and down it to the Otautau River, and so back to Riverton and Invercargill, having ridden over the greater part of Western Southland.

On the 1st of December, 1865, the new Land Regulations came into operation. These had been passed by the Provincial Council, and enacted that the cost of the survey should be paid by the land purchaser. I therefore prepared a scale of charges, and issued new instructions for the guidance of the District Surveyors engaged in carrying out these surveys. The first land sale under the new Act was held the same day. By the 1st of March the Act was in force over the whole of the Southland District, and as it gave power of free selection to intending buyers, many large purchases of land

were made by runholders and others, and my Department was kept pretty busy. I was also appointed a Commissioner of the Waste Lands Board, of which Mr. H. Pearson was the Chief.

Walter Henry Pearson landed at Port Chalmers in 1855, and during the latter part of that year he explored a great part of the Maniototo Plains, in company with Mr. James Saunders and Mr. Peter Napier. Up to that time only one other party of explorers had been so far inland. Later he and Mr. Saunders purchased the Waipori run and stock, but finding the occupation of run holding uncongenial Mr. Pearson entered the Land Office in Dunedin in 1857, and was given charge of the Invercargill branch, which he opened in that year in a wattle and daub thatched hut in Tay Street. He was shortly afterwards appointed a Justice of the Peace, and when Southland was separated from Otago in 1861 he was made Commissioner of Crown Lands and Chief Commissioner of the Waste Lands Board, an appointment which he continued to hold even after the re-union of the Province with Otago, and also after the abolition of the Provinces. For a time he took an active part in Provincial politics, sat on the first Provincial Council, and was head of the Southland Executive Government till he resigned his seat, but besides all these he held many and various offices, and was in fact a regular Poo Bah. He was a clever caricaturist, and made numbers of drawings of local people and happenings. His reports were full and trenchant, and those preserved in the political archives should make interesting reading.

A few months later a petition was presented to the Council praying that the purchasers might be allowed to employ their own surveyors, provided these were found to be duly qualified—in other words “authorised surveyors”—instead of being obliged to employ the District

Surveyors, who were appointed by the Superintendent on my recommendation. In reply, I wrote a long report to the Council on the system of survey adopted by the Waste Lands Board at my suggestion, and urged the importance to the Province of the surveys being systematic and accurate. I pointed out that where the surveyor held his appointment under the Government he knew that if he slurred his work or neglected the wants of the public, he would lose his job, and, being appointed to a special district, he soon learned its needs, could organise a proper system of roads, and could select the necessary reserves for gravel, stone, etc., whereas a private surveyor employed by the purchaser would naturally attend to the interests of his employer, and would lay out roads to suit the owner of the land, without paying any attention to the requirements of the district as a whole, and that where four or five surveyors were employed on different blocks roads would run in all directions instead of following the natural lie of the land. Further, competition would be keen, and the surveyor might slur his work in his hurry to obtain other contracts. Also, land suitable for gravel, stone, ferry, quarry, and other reserves would be absorbed, to the great detriment of the public hereafter. In spite of my arguments the Council, swayed by the petition, passed a resolution condemning the system of survey in use, and, after six months, a further resolution abolishing it. However, the Waste Lands Board, which was responsible for all Crown Lands in the Province, was composed of members nominated by the Superintendent, and was practically pro-

tected from interference by any other power, so it was able to ignore these resolutions. The surveys were carried on as before by the District Surveyors, and if the work was not always done as quickly as the purchasers might have wished, at least it was carefully done, and the Province was not obliged later to spend thousands in having faulty surveys corrected, as was the case in some of the other Provinces.

This year and the two following years I had much work in connection with the extension of the railways. In February I inspected the line of railway to the Maitāwhiri. In June I was sent with Mr. Paterson, C.E., to select the best line to reserve for the proposed railway from Winton to Kingston at the foot of Lake Wakatipu. This was to be constructed to connect Invercargill with the Wakatipu goldfields. I find many notes in my journal such as "surveying land on the Northern Railway," "surveying on the Bluff Road and Railway," "went to Winton to report on state of timber in the bridges, etc.," "went to Dunedin to see Paterson about undertaking the survey of the Northern Railway," and so on. It was not, however, till April, 1868, that the Council finally decided to complete this latter railway.

1866 In the beginning of 1866 my brother Horace arrived in the Colony. I had written home that I could place him with one of my District Surveyors as a Survey Cadet. I put him under Mr. G. F. Richardson, who afterwards became Minister of Lands for the Colony, and who at that time was employed by me in surveying freehold lands that had been purchased.



James McKerrow.

About this time I became great friends with Mr. Brodrick and his family, and this friendship continued the whole time I remained in Southland, and, I may say, for the rest of my life, for although the mother and father have long ago gone to their final rest, the sons and daughters remain, and with them I have always continued our friendly intercourse. The sons were then growing up, and whenever I had a holiday they went with me on my shooting expeditions, generally duck shooting on the New River and on the lagoons near the Riverton Beach, and we nearly always obtained big bags of paradise duck, grey duck, and black teal. We had bought a scow from the wreck of a Norwegian ship, and this we carted one day to the head of the Makarewa River, and then, launching her, floated down the river, shooting duck all the way. Once also I remember having the boat carted to the Mataura River, and then coming down to the well-known Mataura Island and to a pool which was a favourite haunt of the duck, where we remained and shot the whole afternoon. The birds would start up and give us good overhead shots, the rest flying away, but always coming back, so that we had shots at them for the remainder of the day. In the evening we camped near the pool, for we invariably had a tent and camping equipment with us, and the next day we drifted down to the mouth of the river at the Tois Tois, by which time our boat was literally full of duck of all kinds.

At the beginning of April I set out to inspect the new goldfield at Pahia, going the first day to Riverton, the second to Colac Bay, and the third

to Mr. Hirst's, where I remained for four days, and then went on *viâ* Riverton to the Longwood diggings, and so back to Invercargill.

It appears that Mr. Pearson, the Commissioner of Crown Lands, accompanied Mr. Baker on this tour of inspection, and the following extracts are made from his report:—"The main body of diggers, some seventy in number, are working on the Orepuki beach. The gold is obtained by stripping off the sand and shingle, in some places a depth of one foot and in others eight feet. The wash dirt is generally passed through sluices, the bottoms of which are covered with blanket, or, better still, plush. Great care is required owing to the fineness of the gold dust and the difficulty of separating it from the black sand with which it is mixed. The yields of these claims have been pretty generally satisfactory. One party obtained twenty ounces in four days.

"The desirability of securing a site for a small township opposite the landing place was apparent to the Chief Surveyor and myself, and Mr. Hirst at once agreed to concede one out of his pre-emptive right. The Chief Surveyor laid off temporarily the site and pegged off a few sections.

"On the whole, whether it will prove a permanent goldfield or not appears to me to be a problem yet to be solved. The Longwood diggings are reached from Riverton by boating up the estuary of Jacobs River and Purapurakino. The working consists of stripping the beds of the small creeks, which appeared to be pretty numerous, and working into the banks. The gold is invariably coarse, and several nuggets of decent size have been found. The general appearance of it would lead to the conclusion that auriferous quartz reefs of no mean richness exist in the neighbourhood. The majority of those on the ground left it for the Orepuki diggings, but have returned satisfied that the Longwood offers better prospects."

An International Exhibition had been opened in Melbourne in October of 1866, and to it I sent maps of the Southland District, specimens of timber, wool, prepared flax, and agricultural produce, also samples of Southland coal, limestone, and other products of the district. For this I received from the Exhibition Commissioners a memorial "in recognition of highly valuable services."

Having been elected a member of the Otago Rural Deanery Board, I went to Dunedin to attend one of its meetings, and whilst there I went to a ball given to the officers of H.M.S. *Brisk*, then lying at Port Chalmers, and to another given by the well-known original settler, Mr. J. Jones (better known as Johnny Jones) to His Excellency Sir George Grey, who was at that time on an official visit to Otago. Both balls were attended by all the principal Dunedin residents, and by many of the country settlers as well.

1867

In the late 'thirties Johnny Jones bought a large tract of land from the Maoris in order to form a settlement in connection with the whaling station he had established at Waikouaiti. He also owned the whaling station at the Bluff. Finding that the expense of bringing supplies from Sydney was very considerable, he decided instead to bring men to cultivate the ground and rear cattle and sheep so that the little settlement might become self-supporting. With that idea in mind he returned to Sydney, and there engaged several families from the South of England, who had been some months in the Colony and, not liking the heat of Australia, were glad to move to a cooler place. They agreed to come to Otago with Mr. Jones for twelve months, at any rate, at a salary of £35 in addition to rations.

They sailed from Sydney in March, 1840, in the *Magnet*, a vessel owned by Mr. Jones, which traded regularly between Sydney and New Zealand bringing stores for the settlers and taking back oil, etc. In addition to the new settlers, the *Magnet* had on board on this voyage the first cattle, horses, and sheep brought to New Zealand, also one or two Maori chiefs, whom Mr. Jones had taken to Sydney in order to show them the sights of the capital of Australia.

Mr. Wohlers, the missionary who passed through Waikouaiti in 1844, gives an illuminating little sketch of Johnny Jones. He wrote in his book ("Memories of the Life of J. F. H. Wohlers") :— "Waikouaiti was at the time the seat of John Jones, of Sydney, celebrated for the extent of his kingdom. He was without cultivation, and not without rudeness; but he understood how to make money and acquire lands after the manner of the worldly-wise. He carried on an extensive whale fishery here, and employed many Maoris and Europeans. The latter consisted, to a large extent, of a class of reckless people from the Australian colonies, whither England at that time transported great criminals. They brought the Maoris no virtues, and John Jones came to see that he would be able to rely better on his men if there was a little of the fear of God amongst them. He applied, therefore, to the Methodists in Sydney, and requested them to found a Mission Station at his whale fishery in New Zealand, where he built a house for them. Missionary Watkin, who had worked for many years in the Fiji Islands and could not bear the climate any longer, was at that time with his family in Sydney, and to him was the post allocated. Besides being pious, he was a clever and experienced man, and knew how to take people the right way, and his labours were, with the blessing of God, successful as well among the Maoris as the Europeans. John Jones used to acknowledge this, but yet he complained that his best men would not work on the Sabbath Day." It is said that at this time Mr. Jones's tokens and notes of hand were accepted in the

district as current coinage, and were passed from one to another as a pound note might be to-day.

On the 18th of March, 1867, Sir George Grey came to visit Southland, and Southlanders still remember that he prophesied that one day Invercargill would be the most important town in New Zealand. This prophecy has not been fulfilled as yet, but I think he based it on the fact that the Bluff is eighty miles nearer to Australia, and several hundred miles nearer to Melbourne, than any other port in New Zealand, and he thought that for this reason it would be the one most used for Australian trade. He was given a luncheon at the Southland Club, and the next day a public ball at the railway station, a temporary floor having been laid down across the railway lines for this purpose. Two days afterwards he left in the H.M.S. *Brisk* to visit Stewart Island, and he asked Mr. Han-kinson and myself to go with him. We went first to Paterson's Inlet so that the Governor might visit and converse with the old whalers who had settled on "the Neck," several of whom had been there when the whale fishery was flourishing in the very early days of New Zealand.

Among those living on the Neck at this time were Lowrie, Hunter, and several others. They had married Maori wives, and were surrounded by sturdy families of half-caste boys and girls, many of them remarkable for their beauty and splendid physique. Some of their descendants still live on the Island.

Mr. Wohlers says in his book: "Some years before my arrival the Straits had been frequented by

sealing vessels, and some forty of the sealers had remained among the Maoris."

On this trip Sir George Grey had brought with him from Otago the sons of two Maori chiefs, Karetai and Taiaroa.

The next day we went across to Ruapuke Island, where there were still a good many natives, and where lived the missionary, Mr. Wohlers, who had been there since 1844. Sir George had a long conversation with Mr. Wohlers, and then left in the *Brisk*, which was returning direct to the North Island, so Hankinson and I were left on the Island, intending to go back to the Bluff by a sailing boat. However, a south-west gale sprang up, and we were detained there for nearly a week, Mr. Wohlers kindly entertaining us most hospitably, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Wohlers was ill at the time. We amused ourselves as best we could, and in the evenings a lady who was teaching Mr. Wohlers' little girl played the piano, whilst Hankinson and I danced with some Maori girls, orphans I think, who were living in the house. We were allowed to do this only on the strict condition that we did not flirt with them. Curiously enough, fifty years afterwards, when I and my daughter were on a visit to Stewart Island, we met Mrs. Traill, who was living there with her husband. She was a daughter of old Mr. Wohlers, long since dead, and on my asking her if she remembered me, she replied, "I remember you very well, Mr. Baker, and your dancing with the Maori girls while my governess played the piano." She must have been a very small child at the time, but I sup-

pose a visit from two white men was a rather tremendous event.

Ruapuke is about eight miles long by four wide, and when Mr. Wohlers landed in May, 1844, with a carpet bag and a pair of blankets, there were some two hundred natives living there in seven little villages. On his arrival he met the young chief Topi, who stood next in rank to Tuhawaiki (Bloody Jack), the leading chief of all the Southern Maoris. Mr. Wohlers says of Topi, who was later known as "King Topi," that he was "a friendly man, but a little unstable, so that one could not always rely on him." Captain Musgrave, who met him at Paterson's Inlet in 1865, says, "I had the honour of being introduced to Toby, the Maori chief of Ruapuke and Stewart Islands. This distinguished individual was over on a visit, as Ruapuke Island is his place of residence. Toby is by far the most intelligent looking Maori I have yet seen. He is, I should judge, about forty years of age, and is what may be termed a good looking man."

It was with Teone Topi Patuki (to give him his full name) that Commissioner Henry Tacy Clarke carried out the negotiations for the purchase of Stewart Island in June, 1864. The native owners received £4,000, an additional £2,000 being reserved for medical and educational purposes.

Mr. Wohlers built himself a house, and made a garden, where he grew flowers as well as vegetables. He produced his own food, and taught the Maoris to grow other things besides potatoes; he kept goats, pigs, ducks, fowls, and geese, grew corn, and taught the natives to do the same, and by 1846 he had, almost unaided, built a little church on the island. Meanwhile the German Missionary Society, which had sent him out, had provided no funds, and when an assistant arrived he brought nothing either, saying that the Society reported that the New Zealand Mission did not cost any money! Mr. Wohlers, writing of this period, says: "When I wrote home to Germany it took two and a half years

before I could receive a reply." A friend sent him a cart, plough, harrow, and a hand mill, and he introduced oxen for the plough. Soon more was produced on the island than could be consumed, and the Maoris then began to export to the mainland. Later, he also brought in a few sheep, and persuaded the Maoris to buy them too. To-day the island supports a fine flock, which thrives on the short salty grass that grows on the rocky hills and headlands.

Sixty-four years after Mr. Baker's visit the writer of this note was also storm bound on Ruapuke for four days, and stayed with Mrs. Topi, the widow of King Topi's son, who with her brother-in-law was then the only Maori living on the island. By a strange coincidence, the writer was at that time trying to learn the Maori language, and her teacher was the daughter of the young chief Karetai, who was a fellow traveller with Mr. Baker on the H.M.S. *Brisk*.

I went to Stewart Island on three other occasions this year, twice with Mr. Pearson, the Chairman of the Land Board, with whom I visited Paterson's Inlet and Port William. Perhaps it was on account of these many visits that the next year I was asked by Mr. Bowden, the Inspector of Schools for the General Government, to write the geography of Stewart Island and the Auckland Islands.

Much of the earliest history of New Zealand centres round Stewart Island. Captain Cook first saw it in 1770, and in sailing round the south end of it was nearly wrecked on the Traps. He then made the strange mistake of supposing it to be a part of the mainland, and this error persisted till 1809, when the discovery of the Strait is first mentioned, and it was called Foveaux, after the Lieutenant-Governor who had just arrived in Sydney. Since sailing vessels had been visiting the



The Southland Club Hotel, as it was in the early sixties.

Southland Times photo

Snares and the Auckland Islands for years it is probable that it was known though not named before this. The coast of Stewart Island was explored by the ship *Pegasus* that same year, and her first officer, William Stewart, made a chart of the harbour, which was called after the ship, and also drew a chart giving the outline of the island, and as Mr. McNab says in his book "Murihiku," it seems likely that the name Stewart Island was given to it because Stewart surveyed it, and not because he discovered it. From this time onward the island was visited by sealers and whalers, and at different periods gangs were left there, one gang at least being killed and eaten by the Maoris. Port William became a favourite port of call, and many whales were tried out in its sheltered waters. The first scheme for the colonisation of New Zealand actually to be put into operation was a scheme organised by William Stewart for the formation of a trading settlement for the collection of flax and timber in Stewart Island. He sailed thither in 1825, and in 1826 established a timber and shipbuilding yard at Port Pegasus, where a month or two later he was visited by the first batch of immigrants sent out by the New Zealand Company, who were on their way to the Thames district in the north. Stewart's scheme was a failure, as was the first scheme of the New Zealand Company, and he himself was even for a time imprisoned for debt in Sydney, while the party left at Pegasus, having built there a ship, *The Joseph Weller*, sailed away in her to Sydney. A few years later an odd little settlement of white sailors with Maori wives was made at Codfish Island, and so the history of Stewart Island continues with various settlements of whalers and their native wives, until the real colonisation of New Zealand began in the forties. It is curious that with the exception of Queen Charlotte Sound almost the whole scene of New Zealand's earliest history should have been laid in the Bay of Islands and the harbours of the extreme north and Dusky Sound and Stewart Island in the extreme south.

For the next year and a half the land sales to the runholders and others were very large, and I was kept busy inspecting surveys made by the District Surveyors, entailing many rides to different parts of the Province. This inspection often meant testing by actual measurement the accuracy of the work done. Up to the end of 1867, 224,857 acres had been purchased since the new Act came into force, and of these 161,313 had been surveyed. In this year also one hundred and fifty-one miles of main and district roads were laid out.

I had always taken care to make the necessary reserves for various public purposes, both in the country districts and in the already existing towns. These included reserves for future townships and villages, for colleges, schools, and cemeteries; reserves for coal and lignite, stone and gravel quarries, also large forest reserves, and many others; and on the 3rd of October, 1868, I sent a report to the Superintendent of Southland showing the grand total, which at that time amounted to 107,409 acres, divided up into twenty different kinds of Rural Reserves, and seven kinds of Town Reserves, the greater portion of which I had personally selected for the purposes named.

In 1869 a set of printed instructions was issued to the District Surveyors of Southland, and in this it is pointed out that "spots suitable for obtaining gravel or stone for making roads should be looked for and reserves made of them," also "any sites adapted for ferry, gravel, stone, bush, village, and other similar reserves must be reported to the Chief Surveyor" so that they might be kept back from

sale. The instructions everywhere stress the need for forethought, care and exactness on the part of the surveyor. This is typical of Mr. Baker, who had an absolute passion for accuracy in all details.

As I had been constantly at work for six years, I now applied for and obtained two months' leave of absence, and I determined to spend this in visiting the North Island. The Maori War, which had been going on since 1859, having more or less terminated in 1866, one could travel safely in most parts of the North Island, though there was still desultory fighting till 1870, and the final reconciliation did not take place till 1883.

1868

I went by steamer to Dunedin, and on to Lyttelton, going over to Christchurch for the day to see my relations at Willow Lodge. My uncle had died in 1864, but my aunt and some of the younger children still lived there. The older cousins had drifted off, and were engaged in various occupations in different parts of Canterbury and Otago.

I arrived in Wellington on October 22nd, and stayed at the Club, to which I had been introduced by Dr. Hector, the Curator of the Wellington museum. Next day I had a long discussion on the question of reserves with Mr. Taylor (the Southland Superintendent), who was also a member of the Legislative Council, and Mr. Domett (Secretary for Crown Lands).

Mr. Domett was one of the most distinguished literary men who came to New Zealand in the early days. He was a friend of Browning's, and himself

a minor poet. It is of him that Browning wrote in the poem "Waring."

"What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Chose land-travel or seafaring,
Boots and chest or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town?"

And ends with the line now become a familiar quotation,

"Oh never star
Was lost here but it rose afar."

Mr. Domett arrived in New Zealand in 1842, was Prime Minister in 1862-1863, and Secretary for Crown Lands from 1864 to 1871, and his public service to the Colony was a very distinguished one.

I left Wellington on the 24th for Napier and Auckland, and on the steamer was introduced to Dr. Pollen and Major Heaphy. The former was a member of the Legislative Council, and a clever writer and speaker. On reaching Auckland he introduced me as a member of the Club, where I stayed. Here I met again my old chief, Mr. Heale, who had become head of the surveys that were undertaken by the General Government independently of the Provincial Survey Departments. He kindly promised to give my brother Horace an appointment on his staff, as I did not wish to give him one on my staff lest it be considered that I had favoured him.

I spent a very pleasant fortnight in Auckland, meeting many people, and going to various entertainments. I had had an introduction from my friends the Brodricks to Mr. Bree, who was Rector of one of the churches in Auckland, and I saw much of him and his family. One of the daughters afterwards became my sister-in-law, as she married my brother Horace.

From Auckland I visited the Thames gold-field, the claims in which were now being worked, and there I met my cousin Frank Mathias, who had an interest in one of the Lyell claims. After this I decided to see something of the Waikato country, and went by coach to Russell Point, where I joined the steamer going up the Waikato River. It is the longest river in New Zealand, and runs wide, deep, and swift between high banks, and in places through fine gorges, but there is something sinister about its dark and swirling waters. I went to Hamilton, Cambridge, and several other places, passing through very fine agricultural land which was bound, I felt, in time to become a splendid farming district, and I thought much of the soil was the best I had seen in New Zealand.

At Cambridge I was introduced to the daughter of the late Maori king Potatau, whose grave I afterwards saw at Ngaruawahia, and from there I rode to Major Hay's survey camp, and went with his Assistant Surveyor, whose name I have forgotten, to a Maori settlement at Te Awa Waikato, on the Piako River. We had only one horse between us, so had to ride and tie. First I rode for a mile or two, tied the horse up to a bunch of flax, and walked ahead, then the other man following came up to the horse, jumped on, and rode past me for another mile or two, and so on. It is surprising how much ground one can cover in this way.

We stopped for the night at the Maori *pa*, a most wretched place; and in the evening some of the celebrated Hauhau fighting tribe arrived. They had fought during the Maori war, and

would not speak to us, and as my companion, who understood Maori, did not like their appearance or their behaviour at all, we determined to leave directly it was daylight and we could see the track, which we accordingly did. We rode and tied in turn for twenty miles until we reached Mr. Frith's station on the Waitoa River, doing the distance in five hours, including an hour lost in crossing the river. Here we obtained fresh horses and rode on to a hot spring known to my companion, where we enjoyed a warm bath. This spring is on the bank of the Thames, and when we had thoroughly boiled ourselves, one jump took us into the river for a swim in cold water. We then returned to Mr. Frith's station, dined and rode back to Cambridge, where we arrived at 9 p.m.; and as we had been walking or riding for seventeen hours that day and had covered sixty-seven miles, we went to bed very tired. I left early next morning in the steamer *Waipa* for Ngaruahia, where I landed, and went to see King Potatau's grave. This is one of the most charming and pretty places in the Waikato, and will some day become a spot that no tourist will wish to pass by. To my surprise, I found the steamer was full of people leaving the Waikato, as they were afraid of the aspect of the natives, which was becoming very threatening.

We reached Point Russell at 5 p.m., and coached on to Auckland, arriving there a little before midnight. I stayed there a few more days, visiting my friends and going to a Club ball and various other amusements; and then

I proceeded to Whangarei in the schooner *Meteor*, leaving at 11 p.m., and reaching Whangarei Heads at 5 p.m. next day. The entrance to the harbour is most beautiful. Masses of limestone rock of all shapes and sizes rise up from the water, the lower parts covered with pohutukawa bush. There are sandy beaches and little islands of rock, and the whole scene is entrancing and not easily forgotten. We had plenty of time to contemplate it, as we stuck on a sand bank, and had to sleep on board another night, but in the morning we went in a small boat to Whangarei itself, arriving in time for breakfast, which I had with Monsieur and Madame Cafflers, friends of the Brees, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction. M. Cafflers was a Frenchman who had settled in New Zealand and had married an English girl.

In the morning I rode with Madame to the Burnetts' homestead, where I was most hospitably received, and in the afternoon went with Mr. George Burnett to see some bubbling hot springs.

The Burnetts were very early settlers at Whangarei, and friends of the Brodricks, and next day I rode with some of the family to the farm where the Brodricks had first settled when they came out to New Zealand, and then went to see the great Wairua Falls on the river of that name, and on to some wonderful limestone caves called "the Abbey."

The following morning, after breakfast, I rode back to the Cafflers, spent another pleasant day with them, leaving the next afternoon in the schooner *Argo*. Again we stuck on a sandbank below Limestone Island, and stayed there all

that night, getting off when the tide rose early in the morning; but as we had a very light wind behind us, we did not reach Auckland wharf till the day after that. Everyone had been so kind and hospitable that my visit to Whangarei had been extraordinarily pleasant, and I was very sorry to say good-bye to my charming hosts.

I went to the Auckland Club and found that my brother Horace had arrived, and I called to see him. The next day he dined with me at the Club, and I took him out to the Brees', where we had a little dance in the evening, and I suppose I introduced him to his future wife.

My holiday was nearly over, but I had one more ride, and that was to the kauri forest. I had never before seen such magnificent trees. It was no wonder they were in great request for the masts of sailing ships before the era of ocean steamers.



Southland Times photo
A view of Tay Street, Invercargill, in 1864, looking east, taken from the site of the present Court Buildings. The board walks were a feature of the early streets.

CHAPTER VII.

WORK IN SOUTHLAND 1869 TO 1873, AND REMINISCENCES OF SOME SOUTH- LAND NOTABLES.

I now returned to my office work and survey inspections after the first real holiday since I went to Southland. 1869

In April, 1869, I was elected to represent the Invercargill Parish on the Dunedin Synod, and rode up to Dunedin with my co-Synodsmen, Mr. H. McCulloch, the Resident Magistrate of Invercargill, to attend a meeting.

Mr. McCulloch had a very charming personality, courteous and dignified. His wife, who had been a Miss Shea Lawlor, was one of the most warm-hearted amusing Irish women that ever existed, ready to do a kindness to anyone, and of course often imposed upon. There were endless stories in Invercargill of her doings and sayings, and everyone loved her.

This particular meeting had been called together to consider the nomination of Bishop Jenner to the See of Otago and Southland, which had been separated from that of Canterbury. Bishop Jenner had been sent out from England for the new See, but he was a very high Churchman, and his appointment was bitterly opposed by certain members of the Church in Dunedin. The Synod sat from 4 p.m. until 6 a.m. the next morning, and finally Bishop Jenner's nomination was rejected. (I voted

with the minority). The result must have been a great blow to the Bishop, who had to return to England, after coming all those thousands of miles to shepherd the flock which promptly drove him away.

From Dunedin I made a trip to Oamaru. It was a most beautiful and interesting drive, as the road overlooked the Dunedin Harbour, and in those days passed through a lovely forest. Between the trees one had glimpses of Port Chalmers, and then the road descended and skirted round Blueskin Bay till it reached Wai-kouaiti and Palmerston, and so on to Moeraki and past the Maori *kaika* to Oamaru, where I spent Sunday night with my friends the Giffords. Next day I returned to Dunedin, and after attending two more meetings of the Synod, rode back to Invercargill.

Mr. Gifford was the first Church of England clergyman to be sent to Oamaru—a very fine man and greatly beloved. He had a large family of sons and daughters, and was extremely hospitable, and it was quite common for there to be twenty or more guests sitting round his tea table on a Sunday.

On the 21st August, 1869, Mr. Taylor, the Superintendent of the Southland Province, resigned, and Mr. Wood took office in his place, and in the following June he asked me to act as his deputy when he was absent. This I declined to do, as I did not think I ought to be connected with Provincial politics while holding office under the Provincial Government.

William Wood came to New Zealand from New South Wales, where he had been a butcher, and a

very successful one. He did not enter into business, but invested his means, which were considerable, in land and mortgages. He was elected to the House of Representatives first as member for Invercargill and later as member for Mataura, but he always took a prominent part in the local affairs of Southland, was a member of the Provincial Council, and the last Superintendent of the Province. He was also first mayor of Invercargill when it became a Borough in 1872, and in 1878 he became a member of the Legislative Council, retaining his seat till his death.

In 1870 Southland was in such curious financial difficulties over the construction of the railways that on the 6th of October it was re-annexed to Otago. My final report to the Superintendent of Southland showed that a little over a million acres had been triangulated and 557,000 acres of sectional surveys completed, besides which several townships had been designed and surveyed, and many hundreds of miles of road lines had been laid out, both in the open country and in the bush. On the 17th of October Mr. Macandrew, the Superintendent of Otago; Mr. Duncan, the Treasurer; and Mr. Reid, Secretary of Public Works, came down from Dunedin to take charge of the district, and the Superintendent asked me to be responsible for the Provincial Government Buildings and to pay the official salaries.

1870

The next month Mr. J. T. Thomson, the Chief Surveyor of Otago, arrived to take over the Survey Department, and after going through things with me and examining the system of survey which Mr. Heale had inaugurated, and I had carried on, he expressed himself satisfied with its accuracy and completeness. He then

asked me if I would become Inspector of Surveys for the Southland district, remaining in the same office and carrying on my duties and the surveys exactly as before. Of course, in a sense, this was a come down after being Chief Surveyor of a Province, but since my Province had ceased to exist, I should have been a fool to have refused, and the only real practical difference was that I reported to Mr. Thomson instead of direct to the Head of the Government, as I had hitherto done.

Mr. Thomson was an English trained surveyor, and had also had years of service on the Indian surveys. He had, therefore, a thorough knowledge of his work, and much experience, and was a man whose good opinion was worth having. Broken down in health after his long sojourn in the East, he had come to New Zealand in 1856, intending to settle on the land, but through the intervention of his friend, Sir Francis Dillon Bell, he was persuaded to accept the position of Chief Surveyor of Otago, which he retained till 1873.

Mr. Thomson was one of the pioneers of scientific survey in New Zealand, and the colony owes more to him and to his assistant, Mr. McKerrow, than is, I think, generally recognised. In 1870 he issued a very interesting report on the Otago Surveys, which shows the painstaking enthusiasm and tireless accuracy with which both men pursued their work.

In May, 1870, Major Heaphy and Mr. Cooper, Secretary of Native Affairs, had come down from Wellington to settle about the Native Reserves on the mainland and on Stewart Island, the surveys for which they wished to be

1871

undertaken under my direction, and in the beginning of the next year. Mr. Thomson decreed that Stewart Island should be trigonometrically connected with the mainland surveys. I was busy with this work for three months, at the same time checking the surveys that were being carried out of the Native reserves on the Island.

I erected and took observations from various trigonometrical stations that I selected. This meant a good deal of cruising about Foveaux Straits in a cutter visiting Centre and Ruapuke Islands, Gull Point, Port William, and Raggedy. The latter proved a frightful place. It was so steep that it took us four days to haul up the timber, erect the beacon, and take the angles there. On the fifth night a gale came on in the middle of the night, and we had hurriedly to sail down to Saddle Point for shelter. I also went to Port Adventure and to Breaksea Island, where I had my boat stove in when landing, which necessitated the sending of the cutter for another.

Afterwards I crossed to Kawakapatu and Colac Bay, on the mainland, where I renewed my acquaintance with Boko, the Native chief and his wife with whom I had stayed in 1861, when on my first visit to Southland. They were still living in the same old whare, and the years did not appear to have altered the place in any way, except that I did not see so many Natives about as on the previous occasion. I immensely enjoyed cruising about the Straits in Tom Cross's cutter, and the erection of the trigonometrical stations and the subsequent taking of observations at them was a simple enough

matter to me, and did not entail any difficult work.

Tom Cross was a well-known character on the Island; rough, hard bitten, with a violent temper, but a very fine seaman. His voyage to the Auckland Islands in his small cutter, the *Flying Scud*, to rescue the two members of Captain Musgrave's crew who had been left there, is still spoken of as a magnificent and courageous feat. They took 25 days to get down, having three times to return to Port Adventure, and once to Port Pegasus, and they took ten days to get back. Captain Musgrave, in his diary written at the time, speaks of "the brave little vessel," and on the return voyage writes:—"She has weathered the storm bravely and without sustaining any visible damage about the hull. Surprising what those little vessels will stand; but she is an amazingly good sea boat, rides like a seagull, and holds her ground well. Bravo, *Flying Scud*." Of Captain Cross himself and his home at Port Adventure he writes:—"He entertains me at his house, which is superior to those at the village, and at some distance from it, standing quite alone on the top of a hill. I find that he holds himself very much in reserve from the rest of the villagers, who appear to look towards him with considerable respect. His wife is a half-caste Maori, and it is curious to hear them conversing together. He speaks English and she speaks Maori, as it appears that neither can speak the language of the other, although they both understand perfectly well."

Possibly as Captain Cross grew older his temper grew harsher, and towards the end of his life there was a terrible tragedy. He was then living with his family at Port William, and with his son and son-in-law he was taken down to the Snares for sealing and left there with a small dinghy for use in calm weather. Exactly what happened no one knows, but presumably there was a quarrel, and one night the two young men took the dinghy and departed. Some days later Mr. Traill, who was then in charge of the school at

the Neck, was standing with some of the Maoris on the beach when they noticed an empty dinghy drifting in, and on examining it, saw that she had evidently been carrying a sail, and that the mast had snapped, and presumably the occupants had been thrown into the sea. They were still discussing the matter when a boat sailed into the bay, and someone remarked "that's Mrs. Cross." Her boat was easily recognised because there was always a row of small heads appearing above the side, her family being a numerous one. They pointed out the dinghy to her, and she said at once "That's Tom's boat," and as he was supposed to be sealing at the Snares, it was clear that something was wrong, and a fishing boat was at once sent down to investigate. They found the old man walking up and down the island almost distracted. He knew nothing except that one night the two boys and the dinghy had disappeared. They were never heard of again, and their bodies were never found. To anyone knowing Stewart Island and its hundreds of inlets, reefs, and islands, it seems an almost unbelievable coincidence that the dinghy should have drifted on to the Neck, where there were people to see it, and that at the same moment the one person who could recognise it should also have sailed in.

About a month after the job at Stewart Island was finished I suddenly received a telegram from the Superintendent of Otago instructing me to go at once to Dunedin, and on my arrival he informed me that the Executive wished Mr. Thomson to resign, and wished me to take his place. This was indeed an astonishing development. It appeared that the Provincial Council had been having a serious difference of opinion with Mr. Thomson over the system of survey in practice. He had always insisted on survey before selection, as being more methodical and accurate, and in the long run more satisfactory to the province. The system of free selection

before survey was, however, much cheaper, as in that case the purchaser paid the cost, and that fact carried more weight with the Council than the need for method and accuracy. For ten days I was kept waiting in Dunedin while the discussions continued, and in the end was informed that Mr. Thomson had refused to resign, but had consented to introduce the Southland system of survey. I may here add that Mr. Thomson's views were entirely supported by the English surveyor who, in 1874, was asked by the Government to report on all the surveys of New Zealand.

During these years Mr. Baker's diary makes frequent mention of visits paid to Mr. and Mrs. Webster, at Benmore Station, and their neighbours, Messrs. Peter and David McKellar, of Glenure (Longridge), Mr. G. M. Bell, of Wantwood, and the McNeills, at Ard Lussa, on the Mataura. These visits were sometimes paid during the course of official tours of inspection, sometimes when he happened to have a short holiday. He spent a few days at Benmore at the beginning of August, 1871, apparently held up by bad weather, for the note occurs in his diary:—"Snowing, made a snow man for the young Websters." He was very fond of children, and always ready for a frolic with them, and this game in the snow seems to have made a great impression on these children. One of them, Miss Mary Webster, who now lives in Melbourne, told the writer that it was among the earliest recollections in her life, and that for a long time everything dated from "the winter when Mr. Baker made us the snow man." At any rate the friendship thus began endured until the end of his life, and has continued with his daughter.

Mr. McNeill, the owner of Ard Lussa, was a brother of General Sir John McNeill, V.C., equerry to Queen Victoria. Before coming to New Zealand

he had been in the Royal Engineers, and had fought through the Indian Mutiny. He had an enormous family, who all married and settled in New Zealand. On one occasion a man who arrived at Benmore complained that he had had great difficulty in finding the way there. He was asked why he had not made enquiries at one of the other stations on the road. "Well," he said, "I did go up to one house a long way back, but I saw a great huge woman on the verandah with a very short skirt and bare knees, and I did not like the look of her, so I came away." This was Mr. McNeill in his kilt.

In August I had again to go up to the Dunedin Office to prepare some maps, as Mr. Thomson had decided to extend beyond the Mataura the land district which I was to supervise from Invercargill. This work occupied me for a couple of months, and during that time I often met Professor Sale, whom I had previously known as a digger on the Tuapeka goldfields, and who was now one of the Professors of the Dunedin University. On one occasion we made up a party consisting of Sale, Anderson, Miller, Turton, Hodgson, and myself, to climb Mt. Cargill, and having hit on a bright sunny day we had a most enjoyable walk, and got back pretty tired. Professor Sale died in London in December, 1922, having, as his wife told me, "borne four long years of trying illness with perfect patience and sweet consideration for others." She said she well remembered the Mt. Cargill expedition, and that I was the only one now living of the six who took part in it.

During my absence from Invercargill, a very extensive fire took place on the 11th October, 1871, which burnt down the Bank of Otago and a large number of shops and some business places.

A few days after this I returned to my office, having more inspections to make of the surveys of the Native Reserves. I rode to Riverton and on to Orepuki, where Mr. Hirst had his home-stead, and with him I rode to the mouth of the Waiau River, which I had never visited before.

Henry Hirst landed in New Zealand in the 'fifties, made his way to Southland, and took up land at Te Anau and Manapouri, where he was one of the first settlers. Later he sold his interests there, and with Captain Watts Russell, of Canterbury, made an exploring expedition between the Waiau River and Breaksea Sound. The voyage was made in an open boat, with a Maori crew, but the explorers did not succeed in finding open country, which was the object of their search, and Mr. Hirst returned to Riverton and became a butcher, an occupation which seems to have laid the foundations of many a colonial fortune. He was the first to take a drove of cattle from the south to Gabriel's Gully during the gold rush in August, 1861. A few years later he bought a run at Orepuki, but on the discovery of gold there the land was resumed by the Government, and Mr. Hirst received compensation. He then bought another estate in the same neighbourhood. He was elected a member of the Wallace County Council in 1877, and was its first chairman. Afterwards he became a member of Parliament, and held many public positions.

Both this year and the following three years surveys were made for many townships in the district, and I inspected those at the Elbow, Winton, Longbush, Otautau, Woodlands, Mataura, and Gore. This last I checked personally, but little did I then think what an important and flourishing place it was to become.

1872 In January, 1872, Mr. Macandrew, the Superintendent, and Mr. Reeves, the Minister of

Public Works for the Colony, came down to Invercargill, accompanied by my old friend Professor Sale, and I went with them on the steamer *Wallace* to Stewart Island, which Mr. Reeves wanted to visit, and on the surveys of which he wanted me to report.

In March I commenced the standard survey of Invercargill town for the purpose of putting in stone blocks from which the alignment of the streets could always be accurately determined and encroachments prevented. This was not completed till December, 1874, and before I left Southland the Invercargill Corporation gave me a very flattering testimonial with respect to the benefit I had conferred on the town by this work.

On September 6th the first sod was turned of the Mataura railway, which was part of the main trunk railway to connect Invercargill with Dunedin and Christchurch, and a grand ball was given at the railway station to celebrate the event.

I had now to assess the carrying capacity of some pastoral country on the west side of the Waiau River, known as the Lillburn Run, and having been over it, returned to the Waiau, and had a long ride up to Linwood, Captain Hankinson's station, near Lake Te Anau. From there I rode up the Eglington River to assess Mr. Booth's run, and back to Mr. Clarke's homestead on the Mararoa.

In 1924 some reminiscences of old times by Cameron Clifton were published in "The Southern Cross." Among other things he says:—"I served a couple of seasons with Mr. Clark on the Mararoa.

He used to come up at shearing time, and met the shepherds when coming in from mustering with a tumbler in one hand and a jug of raw whisky in the other. Those who were used to it swallowed it without a cough, but it took the breath away from those who were not, and when he asked them a question they could not answer it."

Then I had a very long ride across country, past the lovely Mavora Lake, embedded in a forest of beech trees, to Mr. White's station (Mt. Nicholas), and from there to Lake Wakatipu. This was the first time I had seen or been near that magnificent lake, and I was much impressed with it. I rode up part of the west side to Mr. Turnbull's station, and then on to the Greenstone river, where I had to assess the carrying capacity of Von Tunzleman's old run. The view from here up the lake is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, and Mt. McKinley looks simply magnificent with the stretch of lake and wooded islands lying in front of it.

Nicholas Von Tunzleman was born on the family estate on the island of Oesel, in the Gulf of Riga. His mother's name was Von Adlerflucht (flight of the eagle), and both she and his father were of German origin, but were Russian subjects. The father was a general in the Russian army, and Nicholas was a godson of the Tzar Nicholas I. General Von Tunzleman, being anxious that his sons should have a liberal education, sent them to school in Germany, but he omitted to ask the Tzar's permission. This was deeply resented, and he was banished, the family receiving twenty-four hours' notice to leave Russia. They went to England, and later emigrated to New Zealand, among the first pioneer settlers. The eldest daughter was extremely musical, and in Wellington she met and married Mr. Gilbert Pickett, who shared her love for music, and

was the first conductor of the Wellington Harmonic Society. In 1860 Nicholas went with a party to Lake Wakatipu to select land. They seem to have had only a vague idea as to its whereabouts, and when they reached the Crown Range all but two gave up the quest as hopeless. Nicholas and Mr. William Gilbert Rees continued the search, but eventually Mr. Rees too was discouraged, and said he thought it useless to go further. However Nicholas said he would go just to the top of the next hill, and when he reached it he flung up his hat and gave a shout of joy, for there below him lay the vast expanse of Wakatipu. They drew lots for the two sides of the lake. Mr. Rees drew the eastern side and built his homestead where Queenstown now stands, and Nicholas, acting for his brother-in-law as well as himself, drew the western side, their occupation of that part of the country being commemorated in Mt. Nicholas and the Von River. For a time he managed both stations, as his brother-in-law was in business in Wellington, but later he, too, and his family came to live on the property. Mr. Pickett had put all his capital into this land, but a few years later the sheep developed scab, and a boat from Australia, bringing him a consignment of sheep for which he had paid, went to the bottom, and he was absolutely ruined. When he had paid his debts he had to borrow a hundred pounds to take him and his family back to Nelson, where the rest of the Von Tunzlemans were then living, and where John Von Tunzleman was a teacher of languages at Nelson College. He afterwards taught at Invercargill High School, and his old pupils recall that any mention of the Baltic always caused a long digression for a description of the island where he was born, a fact which naturally induced them to take a mischievous delight in raising the subject whenever possible.

On my return I waited for a steamer, and went to Queenstown, the well-known little town-ship on the north side of the lake. Next day I

rode over to Mr. Boys's homestead, had lunch there, and then rode on to Lake Hayes and back to Queenstown. After spending a day there, and visiting the survey office, I took the steamer across the lake, and had a two days' ride back to Linwood, lost my way, and did not get there till 1 a.m.

I had now a rather more difficult task of assessing a piece of mountainous country which had been taken up on the west side of Lake Te Anau, as there was no possible road or even track to it. This lake, one of the largest and most beautiful of the southern lakes, is 38 miles long, and has three lovely fiords branching from it. With the exception of the eastern side it is surrounded by magnificent high mountains clothed with silver birch forest, with many precipitous cliffs showing here and there. It lies at an elevation of 684 feet, some 400 feet lower than Lake Wakatipu, and its depth is said to be in places 1,350 feet, or 666 feet below the level of the sea. The views up the different fiords are most lovely, and it would require many days to visit all the various bays and coves. I took a couple of men and camping equipment with me and crossed the lake in a boat near its southern end. There I pitched the camp, and next day I proceeded to blaze my way through the birch-wood forest up the side of the mountain in order to get on to the open country.

Three parts of the way up I came across a high cliff which I and the men had some difficulty in climbing. However, eventually we did so, and after a piece more bush work reached the open grass country and climbed Mt. Luxmore. The view from the top of this mountain

is a glorious one, embracing as it does a great part of Lake Manapouri, the south branch of Lake Te Anau, and the low lying land at the entrance to it, which contains no less than nine little lakes or lagoons, all embedded in the green shrubs, and looking most picturesque. It was then getting towards evening, so we camped in a little wooded valley, and the following day went up two peaks which were about 5,400 feet high, and from which I had the most splendid panoramic view of snowy mountains I had ever seen. There appeared to be hundreds of glistening white peaks one after another as far as the eye could reach. Having seen the greater part of the country I had to assess, we returned to Mt. Luxmore, and found the blazed track in the bush from which we had emerged when we ascended from the lake. When we came to the cliff I did not fancy trying to descend at the spot where we had climbed up, so we proceeded along the top until I found a safer place, but on arriving at the bottom, I could not pick up the track we blazed on the upward journey. Blazing a track simply means that each man carries a tomahawk in his hand and takes a slip of bark off every large tree as he passes. It is then quite easy to return through the forest by the same route. Not being able to discover our upward track, we just made our way downhill, steering as near as we could judge for the place where our tents stood and our boat was tied up. We reached the lake, but no tent or boat was visible, and thinking I had struck the shore too high up, I said we had better go down a bit. At that moment, however, something white caught my eye, and investigation showed that it was

the top of the tent. This was lucky for us, because in all probability we should have gone a mile or more down the lake before we should have decided that we ought to have turned the other way. Thankfully we threw off our packs, and soon had a good fire, tea and supper, before turning in for the night. Next day, after crossing the lake, we made our way to Linwood, and my assessing being completed, I rode back to Invercargill.



J. T. Thomson, first Surveyor-General
of New Zealand.

CHAPTER VIII.

1873 TO 1876—A YEAR'S LEAVE, MARRIAGE AND LAST DAYS IN SOUTHLAND.

In January, 1873, Meat Preserving Works were built at Woodlands, a few miles out of Invercargill, and as I had been asked to supervise the survey and ground plans I was much interested in this venture. Previously, the price of fat sheep had fallen so low it paid better to boil them down for the tallow they contained than to sell them. These works were also used for the Frozen Meat Industry which was to become one of the chief exports from New Zealand to the Home country. 1873

By 1890 the value of this export already amounted to over a million sterling per annum, and twenty years later to nearly four millions.

Early in 1873 I drove out to the Makarewa to see the trout ova hatching ponds which were being looked after by H. Howard, the curator. This was the first beginning of the experiment afterwards so successful of acclimatising trout in the Southland rivers. Trout had been hatched out from imported ova in Canterbury and Otago in 1867, and in 1870 fish were liberated in various streams in these Provinces. Later this was done also in the North Island rivers, and afterwards salmon were acclimatised, but at this time no one could have foretold that the New Zealand rivers and lakes were to be cele-

brated for the size and number of fish they contained, and the colony was to become noted for the fine sport it afforded to anglers from all parts of the world.

About this time I had an amusing experience. I had taken my friend Mrs. Brodrick and her children for a drive on the Riverton beach and in crossing the Waimutuku stream the horses and buggy got into a quicksand and could not be extricated. There was nothing for it but to carry Mrs. Brodrick and the children to dry land and then unharness the horses. This I did and after much difficulty and a great deal of plunging and struggling they also reached the bank. Fortunately I managed to send a message to Invercargill by someone who was passing, and another trap was sent out to take us home. The buggy we did not get till next day, and after it had been twice covered by the tide. We then dug it out when it had been left high and dry at low water, and took it back to Invercargill.

Mr. Baker's relationship with the Brodricks was a very happy one and all the members of the family recall endless picnics and amusements planned by him, as well as the fact that he was an inveterate tease and played many practical jokes on them. One of these was described to the writer by Mr. Eustace Russell, with whose father and mother Mr. Baker was also on very friendly terms. On this occasion Mr. Baker and Mr. Russell senior had decided to make April fools of the Brodrick family and knowing the habits of the household prepared their plans accordingly. They had cut pieces of wood the exact length of the windows and early on the morning of April 1st. they slipped these under every sash so that no window could be opened, tied up all the doors

and then placed sacks over the top of the kitchen and dining-room chimneys. As soon as the servant arose she put a match to the kitchen fire and then as usual went along a passage to lay and light the dining-room fire. By the time she had done this the whole house was full of smoke but not a window or door could be opened. Her cries awakened Mrs. Brodrick, who, finding herself nearly stifled with smoke, rushed to her window and discovered that she could not move it. She at once guessed the cause of the trouble and said "I know it's that dreadful Mr. Baker and Mr. Russell." She was not to be outdone and determining to be even with them sought the aid of Mrs. Russell. A few nights later the two men went down to the beach to spear flounders, returning to Mr. Russell's house about four in the morning, cold, hungry and longing for a cup of tea. Two kettles had been put ready for them on the stove but into one Mrs. Brodrick had put a handful of salt and into the other a handful of soda. They boiled the one with the salt in it and made their tea, Mr. Russell taking a cup of tea to his wife who had called out that she was awake and who was inwardly chuckling at the punishment prepared for them. The thirsty men took a gulp of the tea and finding it intolerably salt flung it away, railing against the grocer for having sold tea from the *Hindu*. This vessel had just been wrecked on the beach and some of the salvaged stores had found their way into the Invercargill shops. They then opened another packet of tea and Mrs. Russell called out a suggestion that they should try the second kettle. This they did with even worse results and it was not till they heard her laughing that they realised they had been hoaxed. All this may sound very trivial but it gives an idea of the cheerful, light-hearted, friendly relationship of these early settlers.

Rabbit shooting on the Riverton Beach sandhills was now frequently indulged in by myself and the young Brodricks, and a bag of 50 was

not unusual. I remember a few years before, when the rabbit was first introduced into Southland in 1863, there was a fine of £5 incurred by anybody caught shooting one. If people could have foreseen what an awful curse the rabbit would become to the country, there would have been a bonus for every one destroyed. Even before I left Southland the stock carrying capacity of the run country had been diminished and Rabbit Inspectors instituted. Rabbiting had become a recognised calling and many sheep farmers, commonly known as squatters, had been practically ruined by this imported pest. Stoats and weasels were then imported to reduce the number of the rabbits and they in their turn became an almost greater pest, as they destroyed nearly all the ground game, even extending themselves over the snowy mountains and all through the forests of the West Coast of the South Island.

In July there was a great rush on the Southland land; the price was raised to £3 per acre and the Land Board sat for three days.

This month and the next, two family events occurred; my brother Horace married Alice Bree in Auckland, and I heard from England of the death of my father and also of my eldest sister's husband. My mother had died in 1859.

About this time I was appointed with Dr. Webster and Mr. Shand, who had a big farm at Centre Bush, to select blocks of land between the Mataura and the Molyneux Rivers for purchase on the deferred payment system. I rode up to Popotuna to meet them and we spent a week at this work going over the Conical Hill

run (Cameron's) and on to the runs of Mr. Logan and Mr. McNab.

Mr. Alexander McNab, of Nokomai and Knapdale, came to New Zealand from Australia. While living there he was once bailed up by a bushranger in Victoria who tied him to a tree and took away his watch and chain. Next time Mr McNab met the bushranger he covered him with his revolver and, as he was an outlaw, shot him dead, then taking a spade he buried the man, and reported the matter to the authorities and was publicly thanked by the speaker of the Legislative Council. He was a J.P. in Victoria. When first he landed in Otago he happened to meet a convict and finding he was a brother Scot and a Highlander, spoke to him in Gaelic. The warder hearing the outlandish tongue that he could not understand, thought this might be another criminal and that he had better take no risks, so in spite of protests and the fact that he was a J.P., Mr. McNab found himself locked up for the night. However, notwithstanding this, it was probably the most profitable conversation Mr. McNab ever had in his life, for the convict told him of the Waimea Plains in Southland and assured him that it was the best part of the country on which to take up a run. He followed the advice given and was one of the earliest pastoral settlers in Southland and an extremely wealthy man. The revolver with which he shot the bushranger used to hang in the old woolshed and on one occasion when the shearers threatened a strike and one of them attempted to attack Mr. McNab with the shears, he quietly showed the revolver and the strike fizzled out. His son, Robert McNab was a lawyer and a partner of Mr. Jack Watson, of Invercargill, by whom these reminiscences were related. In 1893 he was elected to the House of Representatives as member for Maitua, defeating the Hon. G. F. Richardson. He was a supporter of the Seddon Government, but was perhaps more of a student than a politician, and the enormous amount of research which he undertook

in collecting materials for "Murihiku" his history of Southland makes one realize that his early death was a tragedy as far as the records of the history of New Zealand were concerned.

Finally my companions and I went to Mr. Anderson's station, where we selected a block of country for the "Seddon Hundreds." I see that I have noted in my journal that as I wanted to get back to Invercargill on the last day, I was 17 hours in the saddle, not however all the time on the same horse.

In November, 1873, Mr. J. T. Thomson resigned his appointment and Mr. James McKerrow became Chief Surveyor in Otago. I thus had a new chief, but as I had met and worked with him before, I knew I should have no difficulty in getting on with him.

In the Otago Waste Lands Act, 1872, which had recently been passed by the General Assembly, it was provided that hundreds should be proclaimed by two distinct officers. This necessitated the separation of the offices of Chief Commissioner of Crown Lands and of the Waste Lands Board from that of Chief Surveyor. Mr. Thomson had elected to retain the two former and Mr. McKerrow had been appointed to the Chief Surveyorship.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Cuthbertson and myself, had also been appointed to classify the agricultural from the pastoral lands on the country occupied by runholders. At different times, for several months, we were engaged on this work both in 1873 and the next year and during that time I drove or rode over the greater part of the country that was held under pastoral condi-

tions, including the Mataura, Oreti and Waiau Valleys, the intervening hilly districts and the Manapouri and Lake Te Anau country.

In January, 1874, Mr. Macandrew, the Superintendent of Otago, with Sir James Fergusson, the Governor, visited Invercargill and the usual reception and ball took place, and on the 14th February the Mataura railway as far as Woodlands was opened for traffic. Shortly after this I had to inspect some surveys which had been made on the Mataura Island. I had never been on this island and did not know the regular place for fording the river, and as the water was much discoloured owing to the gold mining on the Nokomai, a tributary stream, it was not easy to locate the ford. Passing some men cutting flax, I asked them where the ford was and they told me to go on and that I should find a track which eventually led straight into the river. I did as they directed, discovered the track and followed it to the bank. I did not think it looked like a fording place, but my instructions had been so explicit, "follow the track and go straight in," that I headed my horse for the water. He had hardly taken two steps before he was out of his depth, and both horse and I went under. It so happened that I was not riding my own animal, but one I had hired from a livery stable. I stuck to the saddle, but the horse did what horses will often do, tried to sound with his hind feet and after the second try when I had been under water three times, I thought that was not good enough and slipping off the saddle began to swim. Immediately there flashed into my mind the caution given to me by my cousin when I first

1874

began to cross rivers in Canterbury, "in any difficulty in a river never leave your horse. If you get washed off stick to his mane, and if you cannot clutch that, hang on to his tail, because a horse is never drowned unless he gets into a quicksand." I also remembered the poor fellow that I had seen who was drowned in the Molyneux because he left his horse. I had, however, not far to swim and I reached the bank on the same side as I had entered the stream and fortunately my horse also came out on that side. Remounting, I rode back to the men and said "You are nice fellows to direct one to the Mataura Island ford. I did exactly what you told me to do, found the track, followed it and went straight into the river and the result was a ducking for me." "Good Lord" they said, "we forgot the cattle track; we should have said 'follow the cart track'." However, they took me to their camp where I stripped. They then produced a blanket, made a big fire, gave me a feed and hot tea and in a couple of hours my clothes dried. I remounted and one of them came with me and showed me the cart track and we followed it to the river. I crossed here on the ford without even wetting my feet and proceeded with my inspection, then re-crossing the river, spent the night at the Land Company's homestead at Seaward Downs.

In September of this year I placed the Brodricks' eldest boy as a cadet with Mr. G. F. Richardson, one of my district surveyors, and afterwards when he had passed his examinations, I took him with me as one of my assistants when I became Chief Surveyor of Canterbury. I little thought that in after years

when I had left the service (owing to a breakdown in health), the boy I had trained was to become Surveyor-General of the Colony, and then the Under Secretary of Crown Lands, so reaching much higher positions than I did myself.

In January my friend Brodrick lost his wife, and I a very good friend. She was buried in the new Waikiwi Cemetery which I had reserved from the Crown Lands, and which had been consecrated by Bishop Neville as St. John's Cemetery, in April of the previous year. 1875

At the end of 1874 a great deal of interest was aroused over the transit of Venus which took place on December 9th, and as Christchurch, New Zealand, was one of the five points chosen for observation, scientists both from England and America visited the Colony for this purpose. The observations were made at Burnham and were very successful. The ingress only was visible at Invercargill.

Major Palmer, R.E., who had come out from England in charge of the British Expedition was asked by the General Government to make a report on the conditions of the New Zealand Surveys. He visited the various provinces during the following January and February and afterwards sent in a report giving particulars of the trigonometrical and other surveys in each province, and practically recommending that the various survey staffs should be put under a Surveyor-General who should be responsible for carrying out the surveys of the whole colony. He reported extremely well on the work in the Otago Province, said that this was on the whole more satisfactory than in any other province

and mentioned especially the good system of surveying initiated by Mr. J. T. Thomson and Mr. McKerrow.

By 1875 I had been steadily at work in the Southland District for thirteen years and was entitled to a year's leave of absence. I applied for this leave to Mr. Reid, the Secretary of Lands, and my application was granted. I then became very busy getting my office work in order so that my deputy could carry on while I was away, and on March 13th I left Port Chalmers in the coastal boat on my way to Auckland to join the San Francisco steamer *Mikado*, in which I had taken my passage.

Amongst the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell of Otekaike, whom I already knew, and with them were Mr. Alex. Strachey and his twin sister, afterwards my wife.

Mr. Strachey had come out to New Zealand a year or two before with his college friend, Mr. Cyril Hawdon, the son of one of the earliest and best known settlers. After a time he wrote to his twin sister asking her to come and keep house for him, but on her arrival he met her at the wharf and said, "I am tired of this country. I have sold everything and am going home." "What!" she exclaimed, "After bringing me all these thousands of miles to keep house for you!" "Oh, never mind," he said, "we will travel about first and have a good time." This they did, and were then on their way back to England with Mr. Campbell and his wife, who before her marriage had been a Miss Hawdon. Later, Mr. Cyril Hawdon married a Miss Strachey, his friend's pretty niece, so the families became related.

Mr. Joseph Hawdon, the father, went to Australia among the pioneer colonists of that country and was the first settler at Dandenong in Victoria, where he had a run on the site of the town of that name. The first herd of cattle brought overland from Sydney to Port Phillip (Melbourne) was brought by Mr. Hawdon, who also took part in explorations with Sir George Grey. When he came to New Zealand he bought land at Craigieburn and Grassmere, where the Hawdon River and Lake Hawdon perpetuate his name.

Mr. Baker and Miss Strachey became engaged to be married on this journey, but while she went straight to England with her friends he took a trip into New Mexico, and did not reach Liverpool till the middle of May.

After visiting my remaining relations and making a trip to Wales and Scotland, I went to St. Malo, where I became formally engaged to Miss Strachey, and from there I journeyed to Paris, Berlin, Dresden, and Switzerland, and down the Rhine to revisit Königswinter, the place of my boyish exploits. I then returned to London, and was married, spent a short honeymoon, paid farewell visits to old and new relatives, and all too soon my holiday in England was over, and I found myself once more on an ocean steamer bound for New Zealand.

On April 5th, 1876, I took charge again of my office in Invercargill, began the supervision of the surveys then going on, and visited the camps of the District Surveyors to inspect their work. At this time we were staying with my friends the Brodricks, but I afterwards rented a furnished house on the North Road called Dunrobin Cottage.

1876

The abolition of the Provinces was now definitely settled, the Act having been passed on September 29th, 1875, and I knew that I should not be remaining in Southland, so we determined not to unpack the furniture we had brought out from England, or occupy the house I had purchased just before leaving for the Old Country.

In August I was asked to go up to Dunedin to see Mr. J. T. Thomson, the former Chief Surveyor of Otago, who had been appointed the first Surveyor-General of the Colony when the Act abolishing the Provinces, which was to come into operation on the 1st of November, 1876, should terminate all the Provincial services and merge them into one service under the General Government of the Colony. Mr. Thomson told me that Mr. McKerrow, my chief in Otago, would probably become the Assistant Surveyor-General, and that I could then be Chief in Otago or go back to Canterbury, where I had begun as cadet in 1858, and become Chief Surveyor there. I chose Canterbury principally, I think, because my wife had friends there, and the society was considered the pleasantest in New Zealand. After a visit to Oamaru to see and report on a freehold property at Teneraki owned by my brother-in-law, Mr. R. Strachey, I returned to Dunedin, and took the first steamer I could get back to the Bluff and Invercargill.

At this time Roberts, the famous billiard player, was making a tour of the Colony, and I went to see him play a game at the Club Hotel. His skill was perfectly marvellous; I had never seen anything approaching it.

I had now to re-visit Stewart Island to decide on the position of certain reserves that had to be made, and to inspect some surveys then being carried out. I went across the Straits in Tom Cross's cutter in which I had cruised in 1871 when engaged on the trigonometrical survey connecting Stewart Island with the mainland. We reached Halfmoon Bay, now (in 1923) a favourite summer resort, with a little township called Oban, which is the principal settlement in the Island. It is a most picturesque harbour, and has houses dotted along the shore, with small gardens and green paddocks cut out of the forest with which the hills are covered, but it was then a very primitive hamlet. From there I sailed to the "Neck," at the entrance to Paterson's Inlet, and stayed with a settler named Joss, whose claim to some land in Glory Cove I had to investigate.

The father of Mr. Joss had first come to Stewart Island in the *Sydney Packet*, a small vessel of which he was master. Later he settled for a time on the Neck, and married a Maori wife, by whom he had two sons. While there he built another vessel and took her into Glory Cove to rig her and put in ballast. After a time he left, taking with him two sons of a previous marriage. Neither he nor the sons were heard of again, and it is presumed that their ship was lost. His sons, William and Walter, had, therefore, great difficulty in proving their claim to the land in Glory Cove, and have never either used or sold it. Walter's daughter, Mrs. Neilson, is now the only person living at the Neck, where once there was such an interesting community of adventurous whalers and Maoris, and their sturdy children. His son, who is a sailor, is the last Joss left.

I found that a good many of the old whalers whom I had seen when visiting the island in 1867 had died and their families dispersed.

On the following morning I was rowed up the Inlet, which is a magnificent sheet of water about ten miles long and four in width, and in the south-west arm obtained some good shooting.

Next day I went with Mr. Hay, who was engaged on the survey work, to select a site at the head of the Inlet for a base line for the trigonometrical survey of the island, and afterwards walked up to Mr. Scott's sheep farm. This was the only piece of open grass country on the whole of the island, but the land was rough and I thought not very suitable for sheep.

I then went in the cutter to see Mr. Traill, on Cooper's Island, and later sailed back to Half-moon Bay, where I stayed another night.

Mr. Charles Traill, who, like so many Stewart Islanders, was a native of the Orkney Isles, had come there about 1870. Previously he had had some business in Otago, but being an enthusiastic conchologist, he had hired a boat and sailed round the southern coast of New Zealand, dredging for marine specimens, and visiting Paterson's Inlet and the coast of Stewart Island. It was during these operations that he discovered the oysters in Foveaux Strait.

How long he was away I do not know, but on his return to Otago he found his business had more or less gone to pieces, and he retired to Cooper's or Ulva Island in Paterson Inlet. He and his wife both died there, and are buried on this most beautiful spot, which he loved so well. His brother, Arthur Traill, came to join him in 1873, and as at this time it was found that a school was needed for the numerous Maoris and half-castes who were growing

up on the Neck, he was appointed schoolmaster, and lived there for many years. He married Miss Wohlers, the daughter of the much-loved missionary of Ruapuke, and they and their sons and grandchildren still live on Stewart Island, though not on the Neck. A third brother, Walter, had come from the Orkneys a little earlier, and eventually he also settled on Ulva, and there kept a little store and post office for the use of the people living round the Inlet. After the death of Charles Traill he lived there alone, and remained the sole inhabitant of Ulva until shortly before his death, which only took place a few years ago.

Next morning I walked with Mr. Hay by a very primitive track to Horse Shoe Bay, where a sawmill had been established, and then on to a settler's house in Port William. From this point we took a boat across the harbour to a bay where it was proposed to establish a township, and where Captain Grieg, the master of the *Southland*, steam tug, with whom I had made my trip to the Auckland Islands, had built a house and settled down after his seafaring life.

At this time there was a scheme on foot to form a settlement at Port William of immigrants from the Shetland and Orkney Islands, who were to found a fishing industry there, but the originators of the scheme forgot that there was no ready market at hand where the fish could be sold, so the immigrants soon dispersed, and all that now remains of the township of Rakiura are a few fruit and nut trees, and a patch of strawberries that have somehow managed to survive the ravages of birds and the rampant growth of grass and shrubs.

There the cutter met me, and I returned to the Bluff and back to my home in Invercargill.

A few weeks later, having occasion to visit the Queenstown office, I took my wife with me to show her the beautiful Lake Wakatipu. By this time the railway had reached the Elbow, and here my friend Mr. Cameron, manager of the Dome station, met us and took us to his house, where we spent the night. In the morning we went by coach to Kingston, at the foot of the lake, and on to Queenstown that evening by the little steamer, but the lake being very rough, we did not arrive till 10 p.m. Next day, after my business at the office was done, we took a steamer to the head of the lake, and my wife enjoyed, for the first time, the magnificent view of the snowy mountains to be had from there.

Shortly afterwards I received a telegram from the Surveyor-General to say that I was appointed as Chief of the Canterbury Survey Staff, and so I found myself returning to the Province where I had made my start in life as a survey cadet in 1858. For the next few weeks I was very busy arranging my office and getting it ready to hand over to my successor, Mr. Spence. Before leaving Invercargill I received letters from the Mayor thanking me for my services to the Corporation at various times, and from the Secretary of the Otago Education Board thanking me for the valuable reserves I had selected during my period of office as an educational endowment in the Southland District. The local press also made some very flattering remarks on the manner in which the Survey Department had been conducted whilst under my charge.



Paterson's Inlet, Stewart Island.

E. A. Phillips photo

The following may be quoted:—"Mr. Baker has always taken a prominent part in any matter whereby Southland might be advanced. He returns in about a fortnight to Canterbury, where he commenced his career as a surveyor eighteen years ago. He carries with him a high professional reputation, and the esteem and good wishes of all who have known him here in private life."

Though I was naturally pleased at my promotion, it was in some respects with great regret that I left a district in which I had passed fifteen years of my colonial life, and in which I had made so many good friends.

CHAPTER IX.

IN CANTERBURY AGAIN.

1876 We arrived in Christchurch just before Xmas and took rooms at Collins's Hotel until we could find a house to suit us. It was a much altered Christchurch and Canterbury to which I had returned. No longer was it necessary to toil up the bridle path over the hill and then drive in a spring cart to a small straggling untidy town. A short railway journey through the tunnel under the Port Hills brought one to what was now almost a city with well-made streets and pavements. The flax and toe-toes growing on the banks of the little river had been cleared away and weeping willow trees planted in their place. Imported water-cress was also growing luxuriantly on either side, too luxuriantly it turned out afterwards, as it must have cost hundreds of pounds to cut it away and keep the channel cleared. The old wooden survey office in which I had worked had been pulled down and well-built Municipal Buildings stood in its place. Large and rather picturesque Government Buildings had been erected for the Survey and other Government Departments on the opposite side of the river with a very handsome Provincial Chamber in which the Council had held their debates before the Provincial Governments were abolished. A fine Museum had been put up and was opened on the 7th June, 1877, shortly after my return to Christchurch, and a splendid collection of moa bones, geological

specimens and various curiosities had been made for it by Sir Julius Von Haast. (This has since been augmented by the several curators who have managed the Museum). The new Christ's College had also been built and was opened on the same day. The Public Gardens in the big bend of the river had been laid out with ornamental flower beds and pretty shady walks and the Park which I remembered as covered with native grass on which my uncle used to run his cows was now planted with firs, oaks and other trees, and cricket patches and tennis courts had been established. A fine Cathedral was being erected, while large warehouses and handsome offices and shops, all built in stone or brick, had taken the place of many of the old wooden edifices that I knew when I first landed in 1857. The improvements in the country were as great as in the city. Railways had been made down to the Waitaki in the south and up to the Hurunui in the north, and branch lines had been run to Springfield and to the Oxford Forest, others from the Rakaia to Methven, from Ashburton to Springfield; from Timaru to Fairlie and from Studholme Junction to Waimate town; and all the big rivers which had to be forded or swum when I left Canterbury had now been bridged, some of them in several places. At Rakaia and Ashburton where only public houses had existed there were small growing townships, whilst Timaru which consisted of two or three shops and houses when I first passed through it was now a town of considerable size, with a breakwater and harbour in which woolships were being loaded, taking the produce grown in that dis-

trict direct to the Home market. Kaiapoi, Rangiora, Oxford, Geraldine, Waimate and many smaller places had sprung up and become the centres of country districts. Farming had extended in every direction and farms existed miles beyond the land that I had assisted to survey and peg out just past the present Christchurch racecourse. The swamps in the neighbourhood of Kaiapoi and round Lake Ellesmere had been drained and were then flourishing dairy farms; and prosperity abounded everywhere. It was the same with the squatters or runholders who had become a large and important class in the community with enormous flocks of sheep and well-built and well-furnished homesteads, sending after shearing thousands of bales of wool for exportation to the Home Country. To this most flourishing part of the Colony I had now returned.

1877 I called on the late Superintendent, Mr. W. Rolleston and he introduced me to Mr. Hewlings, the retiring Chief Surveyor, and it was arranged that I should take charge of the Department on the 2nd of January, 1877, which accordingly I did. I found remaining a few of the officers who had been there when I was a cadet and Mr. Cass was chief; amongst them Mr. Williams who had risen to be chief draughtsman and who remained with me in the same position, and Mr. Kitson the Senior Surveyor on the staff who became under me the Inspecting Surveyor.

At the request of the Secretary for Crown Lands and the Superintendent of Canterbury, Mr. Thom-

son, the newly appointed Surveyor-General, had made an examination of the Canterbury Survey Department and had sent in a report on the subject in August, 1876. The following quotations from this report may be given.

“The initial station of the Foundation Surveys of Canterbury is on Mount Pleasant, an eminence situated above the harbour of Lyttelton. The true bearing from thence was supplied by the officers of the *Acheron*, Admiralty Marine Surveying Ship; this was in about the year 1849. In the year 1849 a base line was measured on the plains near Riccarton in length 20,469 links, and on this a net work of triangulation of 2 to 3 miles sides was carried from thence northwards to Oxford and southward to the Rakaia. . . . In the maps there is no proof that any attempt had been made to carry on the true bearing from the initial station and there is seldom any evidence of how the lengths and positions of sections were connected with the trig points. The Land Regulations of this Settlement from the very first allowed of free selection before survey so in the same locality selections were of necessity surveyed at different periods and by various officers. The mode of proceeding was to build the last section on its preceding neighbour, or on the road and topographical traverses, thus a separate survey seldom closed on a trig point

“One of the worst application maps is of the Selwyn District which has been in use for 12 years. It is also plotted without triangulation, being based solely on traverse work. It is soiled and in shreds, so as to be for the most part illegible, and the markings of sections are confused and inextricable.

“In regard to extent of error in some districts. I first examined that of Little River. Here an error of six chains was pointed out to me in a distance of only two miles. The survey seems to me to be incongruous and incorrect throughout. Thus the centre road line instead of being straight as shown on the plan is actually bent to an extent of five chains.

Notwithstanding this fact, Crown grants are being issued. The Chief Surveyor is inundated with complaints from this quarter about disputed boundaries. This inaccuracy pervades all the old and closely settled districts more or less.

“Nor are all the errors unintentional—as the price of land was high good measure, it was thought, should be given. Thus in the towns of Christchurch and Lyttelton a link more or less is added per chain in each section.

“But if under the regulations, inflowing small settlers have brought about these difficulties there were counter operations of pioneers already in possession by lease or license which did likewise. These operations go under the name of ‘Gridironing’—That is a licensee applies for 20 acres (the lowest amount that could be applied for) in many different parts, always leaving 18 or 19 acres interval; he thus secures close on double the country that he cares about purchasing, and the intervals he runs little risk of losing as these by the law when applied for must be put up to auction. But besides ‘Gridironing,’ what is colonially called ‘Spotting’ on the part of the runholder in his natural anxiety to preserve his interests against the inflowing colonists, goes on to a large extent. This process would be best described by supposing that the ‘Gridiron’ itself had been broken into a hundred pieces, the bits strewed at random over the ground, then you would see what would appear to be a map of quadrilaterals utterly without design, yet the design is found to be most efficacious when we comprehend the purpose thereof It will be admitted that they retard and complicate settlement survey.

“I would recommend as a first step that with the concurrency of the General Government a qualified officer competent to undertake standard operations be at once appointed under whose direction either

major triangulation or meridional circuit might be initiated."

Fortunately we soon found a house to suit us in Opawa. It was called "Wildwood" and had just been vacated by the Count De La Pasture. We took it by the year, and at last we were able to unpack the furniture we had brought out from England and before very long were settled in our new home.

We already had several friends in Christchurch and in a very short time had many more as it was one of the most friendly and sociable places imaginable. A few days after our arrival we spent a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Harper at their beautiful home. Some of Mrs. Harper's relations in England were friends of my wife's family, and this made a bond between them and we were always welcome at Ilam. It was a spacious comfortable house, and had perhaps the prettiest garden in Christchurch, with green lawns sloping down to a little river, a tributary of the Avon, and big weeping willow trees. Mrs. Harper was very musical, and had a fine organ in a gallery overlooking the hall, though I am not sure it had yet been installed at the time we paid our first visit. The Sunday we were there was the last day of 1876, and Mr. Harper and I sat up to see the New Year in, smoking and talking. He was one of the best talkers I have ever known, could spin a yarn with any man, and he had a most persuasive tongue and an over sanguine temperament.

The first dinner party we went to was at Cashmere, the home of Sir Cracroft and Lady

Wilson on the Port Hills. At that time it was, as far as I can remember, the only house on the hills and was a landmark from any part of Christchurch.

Sir Cracroft Wilson was one of the most distinguished among the early settlers of New Zealand. He was an Indian Civil Servant but on account of ill health was ordered to leave the country for a time and in 1854 he came to New Zealand. Mr. Sewell, writing of his arrival, said he brought "a retinue of coolies and intended to bring all sorts of animals, antelopes, hares, deer, etc., but unhappily most of them died on the voyage." He bought a considerable amount of land in New Zealand and then returned to India, serving with great distinction through the Mutiny. He was recommended by Lord Canning to the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government as having "saved more Christian lives than any man in India." As a reward for this service he was made a K.C.B. and later a K.C.S.I. After the Mutiny he returned to New Zealand and settled in Canterbury with the avowed intention of creating an estate worthy of being entailed on his descendants. He was a member of Parliament and of the Canterbury Provincial Council.

We soon became great friends with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves and their family, who were neighbours of ours at Opawa. He was the proprietor of the "Lyttelton Times," a Member of Parliament, and Minister for Education under successive governments. They too had a most beautiful garden, and Mrs. Reeves, who was an enthusiastic gardener, used to get up very early in the morning and work for hours in her borders before breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilding were also neighbours and friends and there was a charming old lady called Mrs. Tipping, who mothered my wife on our first arrival, and used to take her out driving in her pony carriage until we had a carriage of our own.

At the John Studholme's house we were frequent guests and from them and many others we received much kindness and hospitality.

The Studholmes were among the earliest settlers in Canterbury, the three brothers having arrived there in 1851. They were a youthful trio. John, the eldest, had just left Oxford and Paul and Michael were twenty and seventeen. Like many others they were lured to Australia by the glamour of the goldfields, but they did not make their fortunes and after a year's hard work had hardly enough money to pay their passages back to New Zealand where, luckily for them, they had deposited most of their money in the bank before they set out for the diggings. On their return they took up two runs in Canterbury, one in Otago, and one in Southland, and for some years worked in partnership. John was the business man of the three and the most adventurous and he spent a great deal of time exploring and looking for new country. It is told of him that in 1853 he and one of his brothers walked to Invercargill to buy cattle, but between the time the bargain was made and the day they wished to take delivery the price of cattle had risen and the cattleman was not at all anxious to part with his beasts at the price arranged, so refused to accept the Studholme's cheque. John Studholme was not to be beaten and walked back to Lyttelton, cashed his cheque himself, and then tramped a second time the 300 miles to Invercargill, taking the money with him, but his boots wore out on the long journey and he had to wrap flax round his feet to protect them. On the way he came to the Clutha River which had to be crossed by boat. The Maori

in charge of the boat was suspected of having upset lone travellers and let them drown for the sake of their blankets. John Studholme strapped his blankets securely round him and remarked that if he drowned they would go too. He reached the other side in safety. He was the means of taking people's letters both ways and his trip was considered a great opportunity for correspondence.

The social life was extremely pleasant. There were constant friendly gatherings and during the summer months almost daily garden and tennis parties to which my wife went. I often joined her at them, after my office work was over, and had a good game of tennis before going home. We had a good court ourselves at Wildwood, and gave many small parties.

I have already mentioned that my brother-in-law, Alex. Strachey, had originally come out to New Zealand with this college friend, Mr. Cyril Hawdon, and had a small station. This place which he had called Ashwick after his home in England was in the Timaru district near Fairlie Creek. One of his nearest neighbours had been the Raine brothers of Sherwood Downs, and when my wife first came to New Zealand she travelled with Miss Raine, who was also coming out to her brothers. Strachey had sold his property before she actually arrived, but naturally she went to pay a visit to her travelling companion, Miss Raine, and came to know all his late neighbours and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kimbell at Three Springs, Mr. and Miss Macpherson at Clayton, and the Macfarlanes at Albury.

Mr. Macfarlane (Dugald) was one of the Canterbury pioneers. He had been in the army, had

fought at the battle of Waterloo and was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before. It is said that when summoned from the ball to march with his regiment he could only find one boot and fought through the battle with a boot on one foot and a dancing shoe on the other. It is also said that when he took up land in 1851 the first shearing was done out of doors on a drawing room carpet which the family had brought with them to New Zealand. They turned it wrong side up to shear on and the most active shearer was the sturdy Scotch maid who had come out with them.

They were the kindest friendliest folk and rode over to each other's houses to lunch or dine or spend the night whenever they felt inclined, and with them my wife spent many happy months.

Mr. and Mrs. Kimbell were the father and mother of the district to whom everyone went in any distress or difficulty. He had, I think, originally intended to become a doctor, and had taken part of his training, when his health broke down. At any rate he had a considerable medical knowledge and as there was no regular doctor living near, all minor ailments (cuts, burns, teething babies, etc.), were referred to him. He also conducted the services at the little Church at Burke's Pass, except when there happened to be a clergyman to officiate. These people together with Mr. Hawdon's two married sisters, Mrs. Robert Campbell and Mrs. Humphreys and the Brodricks of Invercargill, were our most intimate friends, at whose houses we often stayed, and who constantly stayed with us. Later most of them came to live in Christchurch, but I do not think any of them were living there in 1877. By this time, how-

ever, Miss Raine had married a neighbour, Mr. Cooke, and Miss Macpherson had become Mrs. John Raine. Curiously enough, her elder sister had married a man whose home was not ten minutes' walk from my wife's old home in Somerset, and later her younger sister married my wife's nephew, Claud Strachey, but this is anticipating events. Two more intimate friends were Mr. and Mrs. James Lance of Horsley Downs. My wife had known them previously at Dinard in France where at one time her eldest brother had a villa, and as the years went by they became frequent and welcome visitors at our house, always coming to us for the November Race week or any special gaieties.

I had now time to visit all the Survey Camps and become personally acquainted with the Field Officers of my staff and instruct them in the system of survey adopted in Otago and Southland of tabulating all main road and river traverses on the meridian of the nearest trigonometrical station, so that any error in the work would be discovered and any mistake in closing the work would be seen at once.

The most unpleasant thing I had to do was getting rid of incompetent surveyors who would not take trouble or who did not understand the necessity of doing accurate work. This gave me much anxiety and of course made many enemies for me who misrepresented my object in doing this, and said I was only dismissing them to make places for my personal friends. In the Timaru district where one survey firm had a contract, or practically a monopoly of the surveys of land purchased from the Crown, the holdings had been surveyed and pegged on the

ground, but the plotting of the work and the making of plans had been allowed to get into arrears and thousands of acres remained unplotted. This caused endless trouble as new purchasers could not be shown accurately on the Land Office maps how far the land had been taken up. It was months before I got these arrears of mapping completed. The triangulation of a large part of Canterbury had not been made, so this was the first work which had to be put in hand and I had to visit many parts to see the nature and features of the country over which the trigonometrical survey was to be extended.

Extract from letter of the Chief Surveyor of Canterbury to Surveyor-General, dated 24th July, 1877:—

Surveys on Banks Peninsula.

“The inaccuracies of the former sectional surveys can hardly be exaggerated. The Sections overlap one another many chains. . . .

“The roads in many cases are not where they are shown to be, and in numberless cases, have not been made where they were originally laid out, but are on private property.

“Any revision of the old Surveys and the issue of correct titles must, from the very heavy arrears of surveys to be done in the Canterbury district, remain in abeyance for at least two years. Individual cases of very great hardship are almost daily pointed out to me of people who have not been put in possession of their land, purchased, in some cases, five or seven years ago; but as they occur in twenty different bays or valleys, I cannot send surveyors to all of them, but I purpose having at least six surveyors stationed on the Peninsula so soon as I can obtain suitable officers.”

A leading article which appeared in the Canterbury "Standard" about this time says:—"The Surveyor-General's last report on the Surveys of New Zealand is a document well worth perusing. . . . The wretched state of confusion, inaccuracy and even professional imbecility, in which the management of survey affairs in several provinces had been permitted to drift by the local authorities is almost inconceivable. In some districts it is now ascertained that farms have been pegged out and since fenced in and improved as much as three-quarters of a mile out of their true position!

"That portion of the Surveyor-General's Report affecting Marlborough and Nelson shows a deplorable state of things. 'In Nelson,' says Mr. Thomson, 'so impossible has it been found to map and record the ubiquitous applications there made, that Crown Grants have actually been issued for land *the whereabouts of which was unknown*'."

On April 17th of this year, my wife presented me with a little son, of whom she was immensely proud, and he was christened Owen Strachey, and in June he was taken to Otekaike, near Oamaru, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell, where my wife stayed for a month.

Otekaike was, I suppose, at this time the most imposing home in New Zealand. It was built of white Oamaru stone, a fact of itself sufficiently remarkable as all private houses were then built of wood. It stood on a hill and the gardens were below it in terraces with flights of stone steps and fountains and a pond at the bottom. Mr. Campbell, who was a member of the Legislative Council, was a kindly hospitable man who liked to fill his big house with guests, and Mrs. Campbell, who was a most beautiful woman, made a very gracious hostess.

The main trunk railway had been opened as far as Oamaru in February of this year.

I now made new arrangements at the Timaru office as the sales of land in this district had become so large that it was a great convenience for the public to be able to see the maps there instead of coming up to Christchurch to do so. I also went over Burke's Pass to Lake Tekapo returning by the Mackenzie Pass to Albury so as to become better acquainted with this section of the country.

I well remember our first November in Christchurch, as this is the festive time for Canterbury, and the runholders and country people come there for the summer races and agricultural show. Balls and tennis parties were the order of the day and we had a very gay time to be followed by a very sad one, as in December our child became ill with infantile diarrhoea, an illness Christchurch children were much subject to in those days. We took him to Sherwood Downs, the house of our friends the Raines, where he recovered, but we brought him back too soon. He became ill again and we lost him, and he is buried in the churchyard at Riccarton, under the shade of the trees I had helped to plant in 1857, and which had been grown in the garden of my uncle Archdeacon Mathias. Two months afterwards I took my wife to Otekaike and went on to Invercargill to have another duck shooting expedition down the Mataura River with my friend Mr. G. M. Bell of the Wantwood Station, near Edendale. In two days we managed to get a bag of over 50 brace of various kinds of duck and teal.

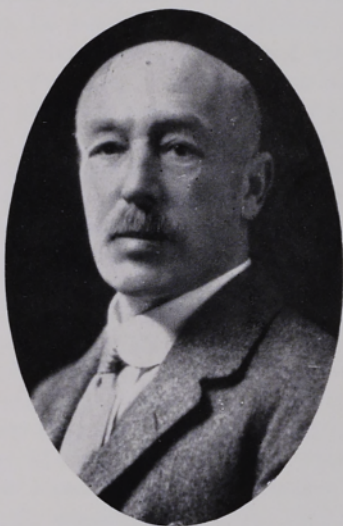
1878

Mr. Bell, of Wantwood, near Gore, was an extraordinarily handsome man. He lived in the grand style, entertained lavishly and was a real old fashioned country gentleman. His sons were great cricketers and great sportsmen.

Shortly afterwards I was obliged to go to Invercargill again about the sale of some land I had bought in the Lyndhurst district and on the homeward journey the train was stopped by a great flood in the Molyneux River which had washed away part of the embankment. The passengers had to cross the break by stepping from sleeper to sleeper and when I reached the other side, I found a man who had got his wife across, but had lost his nerve, and could not go back for his two little children. The weeping woman begged me to go, so I recrossed the gap and picked up the children who naturally were not pleased at being handled by a stranger, and screamed and struggled. However, I tucked one under each arm and jumping from sleeper to sleeper, handed the children to their mother who wrung my hand and blessed me as if I had saved their lives. My reward was that I lost the train which had been sent to meet the passengers who had come from Invercargill, and I had to go on in a truck on a ballast train to the next railway station.

During the whole of this year the work was very arduous and there was an immense amount of organisation and re-arrangement to be done in my department.

I often stayed at the office till late at night, but then my wife persuaded me to bring the correspondence home and go to bed early and she used to wake me at 5 a.m. so that I could



Thomas Noel Brodrick.

get several hours' work done before breakfast. However, this plan did not last very long and I soon dropped back into the habit of working late, rarely going to bed before twelve or one, and I kept this up during the greater part of my official career. My health would soon have broken down under this sort of strain if it had not been that of necessity I went into the country fairly often to inspect surveys or to see for myself land which had to be surveyed or land that had to be kept for educational or other reserves, also that now and again I took a day off for duck shooting. It was these long days in the open air that kept me fit in spite of the heavy office work. I have given an account of a good many of these journeys, not because they are interesting in themselves, since they are somewhat in the nature of a catalogue of names. "I went to A and stayed the night at B; next day I went on to C and stayed the night at D," but they give an idea of the sort of work that had to be done by the first Chief Surveyors and Land Commissioners when the country was still in the making. On looking over what I have written, I feel that I may have given the impression that my life was one long joy ride, but the reader must remember that between each of these various expeditions were many weeks when I worked at my desk twelve hours a day.

The following extracts are taken from a report written by Mr. Baker to the Surveyor-General dated 3rd September, 1878.

"Shortly after I took charge of this Department, I reported to you the enormous arrears of sections returned as surveyed, but not plotted, or only partially so, and for which it was impracticable to

issue Crown Grants. Since then I have had proper sectional record books prepared and returns made of all sections surveyed, but unplotted; and I regret to state these arrears are much greater than I at first supposed, as I have found sections surveyed in March, 1872, not yet plotted.

“On the 1st January, 1877, there were, so far as I can judge, not less than 4,725 sections containing 437,674 acres returned as surveyed but which were unplotted. It is necessary to call your attention to this matter, as the plotting of these arrears causes an immense amount of work both in the Christchurch and Timaru offices. There is no clear index in the field books by which these sections can be traced and the field notes are so imperfect that it often takes an officer days to elucidate and plot a survey which should be done in a few hours. Several of the Surveyors who did the work had left the staff and the country before I joined the Department, so that no reference could be made to them.”

Under the heading “Land Transfer Surveys,” he writes:—

“The work under this branch of the department is increasing so rapidly that the work of supervision required to be undertaken by this office is already largely augmented. If the Land Transfer Surveys are to be as they should be, systematically checked and properly recorded, more precautions will have to be observed in order to guard against the receipt of incorrect work by licensed surveyors. The character of the work done for the Land Transfer Office by licensed surveyors has steadily improved since the institution of mathematical tests in January, 1876, and this improvement has been very evident during the past year. Some of the incompetent surveyors have ceased to practise, and others who still send in work find great difficulty in getting it passed. A continuance of the same system will soon weed out the few surveyors who still send in indifferent or negligent work. That such a check was really a necessity cannot fairly be denied. Plans have been sent in by licensed surveyors which,

if the titles had been issued upon the plans as submitted, would have probably involved the Government in serious losses.

“A plan of a sub-division of an estate, into allotments not exceeding half an acre, although showing no serious discrepancies, was proved by inspection on the ground, to have errors of from 2 to 30 links in the sides of separate allotments. A certificate of title under the Act conveys 30 links of a property belonging to an adjoining holder, which 30 links happens to include the best part of the latter's house as well as the ground.”

On the 6th September, 1878, the railway was opened connecting Christchurch to Dunedin.

The following December my little daughter was born on Christmas morning. Three weeks later she was christened, and at the suggestion of her godmother, Mrs. Robert Campbell, was called Noline.

About this time Mr. Baker bought a pair of roan horses and had a carriage sent out from England, so what with horses and carriage, coachman, baby and nurse, he and Mrs. Baker added considerably to their establishment in this year.

At the end of January I had to go to Wellington to give evidence before a commission on a charge which had been preferred by the Surveyor-General against the Chief Surveyor of Wellington. It was quite clear that the accusations were justified, and the Commission had to report accordingly.

1879

Mr. Jackson was a competent surveyor, but his system of survey was different from that used by Mr. Thomson in Otago, and when Mr. Thomson was appointed Surveyor-General,

with the special object of unifying the surveys throughout the Colony, he naturally insisted on the adoption of his system.

Mr. Jackson, as might be expected, did not like having to abandon his own method, and practically did not abandon it. The position, therefore, became impossible, and as a result of the inquiry he was asked to resign. The affair was much to be regretted as both were able men, but of course it was essential that the same system of survey should be used in all districts. The fact that this had not been done in the past had led to great confusion, and was one of the principal reasons for Mr. Thomson's appointment.

I stayed for a few days at the Wellington Club and then returned to Christchurch. Shortly after Mr. McKerrow, the Assistant-Surveyor-General, came down from Wellington to determine which was the better of two possible roads for giving access to the Wharfedale country. Both routes had been surveyed, and a sum of money for making the road had been voted at the last session of Parliament. I went with Mr. McKerrow to Whiterock Station, and walked over Mr. Dobson's new road across the Karetu Pass, and next day over the Karetu Hill, up the Waipara River, and across another pass down to the Okuku River, and then over Lees Pass to the Wharfedale Station.

At this time Whiterock was owned by John Macfarlane. He had come to New Zealand early in the forties, and had first taken up land in the North Island, but was driven out by the Maoris. He came to Canterbury in 1850, and landed from a whaleboat about a fortnight before the arrival of the First Four

Ships, which he saw from the top of Scarborough Hill. He sold Whiterock in 1882.

In "Early Canterbury Runs" Mr. Acland says:—"Wharfdale was first taken up in 1856 by the Lee Brothers, who named the station after Wharfdale, in Yorkshire. At that time the only track to the station was over the mountain called Blowhard, and in severe winters it was completely cut off for several months. Nevertheless the manager, Samuel Coleman, took his wife and children to live there, and some of his children were born there. Lee thought he had the whole of the upper Ashley River to himself, but about 1876 the Hon. Edward Richardson began applying for small sections of the run and crowding sheep on to them, so that Lee had either to go to the expense of fencing or see his stock starve. He then sold Wharfdale to Richardson, who worked it as part of his other station, "Glentui," extending the Glentui Forest Road by a pack track to join the Blowhard track, and so bringing the two stations within easy reach of each other. Richardson had come to New Zealand in 1861 to build the Christchurch-Lyttelton tunnel. He became first a member of the Canterbury Provincial Council, and in 1871 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and a year later became Minister of Public Works."

As McKerrow's horse had gone lame we had to ride and tie for the last part of the long day's work. Next day we proceeded to inspect the other route that went through the Ashley Gorge. We were on foot now, and found the ground so rough that we preferred to go down the bed of the river, where we had to cross it repeatedly, I think about thirty times. Later, when we left the Gorge, we were obliged to climb a stiff hill through scrub, and then cover six miles of bush track before we reached Oxford, by which time I was pretty nearly

fagged out. The following day we drove to Mr. Gorton's station, and I visited one of the surveyors' camps, and afterwards went on to the Waimakariri River, and crossing over the Gorge bridge reached Sheffield, and next day returned by train to Christchurch.

In 1877 Mr. G. Adams, the senior Field Surveyor, had under my directions commenced the standard survey of Christchurch City for the proper alignment of the streets. This being now completed, I advised the City Council of the discrepancies found at various points, and forwarded lithographs showing the position of stone blocks inserted to mark the correct lines of the streets.

The Council, on August 5th, 1879, moved a resolution tendering me their best thanks for the valuable work I had performed for the town.

In October that year I made a trip to the Peninsula to visit the camps of the surveyors who were working there. I rode first to Port Levy to McDonald's Camp, and spent the night at the Fleming's homestead, and then on to Pigeon Bay and Mackintosh Bay, where I stayed at Mr. Menzies's house, necessarily a large one, as he had, I think, 12 children. I had known him when he was a settler in Southland.

When Mr. Menzies first went to the Peninsula he met with various difficulties in securing the land he wanted. The following is his own account, taken from the book printed for his family:—"I made an agreement with Mackintosh for the purchase of the land he owned, viz., about 1,400 acres. The land held by him and purchased by me consisted of a number of twenty acre sections that were supposed to secure the eyes of the land. The next important

thing, the moment I had bought Mackintosh's land, was to secure that mixed up with it. There was at this time a land boom going on in Canterbury. Every day from 10 o'clock in the morning till four in the evening the Land Office was crowded to suffocation with applicants. The first thing I did was to go to the Union Bank and ask for an overdraft for £10,000, partly to pay Mackintosh and also to secure the rest of the land. I then went to the Land Office, thinking that the rest was an easy matter, but I was sadly mistaken. The small room where the applications were being made was full of people of all sorts and kinds, with anxious faces, trying to get maps to make applications. A map was the first step. I was a stranger. You must not, even now, be a stranger in Canterbury. Not one of the clerks would take any notice of me; it was entirely a case of favouritism. The whole of the first day I stood trying to induce a clerk to see me, but it was no good. On the second day I did induce a clerk to give me a map, when a strange thing happened. While I was looking in astonishment at a map six foot square all in rags, a red faced man came up and told the clerk who was attending to me to give him a map. The clerk said, 'I am attending to this gentleman, sir.' The man then used this threat, whatever it meant:—'I will write a letter.' That was enough, my map was taken away, and for the rest of the day I hardly dared show my face in that room. But fortunately I knew the Chief Surveyor, Mr. Baker, who had once been Chief Surveyor of Invercargill. I called on him and told him what had happened to me. I also said that in Invercargill there was a book on the counter in which names were signed and applications were taken from it in the order in which they were made. Mr. Baker said nothing, but next morning when I reached the Land Office, long before the door opened at 10 o'clock, I saw a notice on it that no one seemed to see but myself, and it was to the effect that a book had been placed on the counter and that applications would be taken in the order in which people signed their names. I was the very first person to sign my name, and in my joy and

excitement I shook my fist at the clerks, and said 'now you must attend to me, and you cannot help doing so.' So I worked hard all that day and secured all my land, thanks to my friend Mr. Baker, but that same ragged map is still the map and the only map that you can make an application on for land on Banks Peninsula or this part of it anyhow."

Later he wished to acquire other sections, but since many of the boundary marks had been lost or removed it was almost impossible to discover what land was really available. At last by dint of much searching and many enquiries he found out that a piece of land which he particularly wanted had never really been allotted to the man who was occupying it, and he took the next steamer to Lyttelton. The man, guessing that Mr. Menzies had discovered he was not a *bonâ fide* owner, also took the same steamer. On arrival Mr. Menzies jumped into a hansom cab and drove full gallop to the survey office, where he at once made his application for the land. His neighbour, being of a more economical turn of mind, walked to the office, only to find that his application was too late.

I spent ten days on the Peninsula inspecting the work of five or six surveyors, and enjoyed my rides through some of the beautiful forest scenery there.

At the end of 1879 Mr. Thomson resigned his position as Surveyor-General, and Mr. McKerrow was appointed to succeed him.

In his last report Mr. Thomson says:—"As the responsibilities accepted by Messrs Smith (Percy) and Baker in their charge of the Auckland and Canterbury districts were more than ordinarily heavy, it is due to them to bring to your notice the efficient and highly satisfactory manner in which they have met and overcome their difficulties. The burden on each has been of a different nature, yet the charge has been so equal, that in soliciting the

approval of the Government of their labours, both must be mentioned simultaneously. . . . 7th December, 1875, Canterbury District was burdened with 2,014,696 acres of unproven sectional survey, 2,008,000 acres of unproven minor triangulation, possessing only 992,000 of the latter reliable, but in addition to this the claims for immediate survey of land purchases were unprecedented in the Colony. Thus in October, 1877, the arrears amounted to 718,880 acres; in June, 1878, to 765,934 acres; in October, 1878, to 890,000 acres, which in June, 1879, are reduced to 552,512 acres."

The following is an extract taken from a leading article which appeared in the "Standard," 3rd December, 1879:—

"Wellington telegrams inform us that a bonus of £300 to Mr. Baker, the energetic Chief Surveyor of the Canterbury Provincial district, had been placed on the Estimates by the Government, and that when that portion of the Supplies came before the House the sum was rejected by the narrow majority of one. . . . When Mr. Baker, a few years ago, was especially selected to fill the post here which he now holds the Government did not take the step without mature consideration. It was a case of emergency, when a really good man was urgently needed to hold a most difficult position, and a thoroughly thankless one at that. The Canterbury surveys had been the laughing stock of professional men for twenty years or more past. . . . Abolition (of the Provinces) came . . . and Mr. Surveyor-General J. T. Thomson set about selecting a man who could cleanse an Augean stable. Mr. Baker was at once nominated to the post, and during the years he has held it he has more than fully testified to the wisdom of him who made the choice. The whole department was placed upon a thoroughly new footing, a sound system of administration being at once adopted. . . . To effect these results the new Chief Surveyor had to work late and early, visit all parts of the Province, and as a recognition of his services the small honorarium of £300 was placed on the estimates this year. It has been cast over. Hard times and a devouring

desire to cut down salaries has caused a valuable servant to be shorn of a well-earned reward. We fancy Mr. Baker cares little about it. Yet in the interests of the colonial ratepayers we cannot help expressing our opinion that the precedent thus established is a bad one. Sterling public servants, from whom the public get their pound of flesh or more, are rare. Quill drivers are in plenty, and at a moderate price. Good men, even at fancy rates, are singularly difficult to procure."

On the 12th December, 1879, I went to a garden party held at Bishops court to celebrate the golden wedding of Bishop Harper, who had been installed as the first Bishop of Christchurch on the 25th December, 1856.

The hot weather was now beginning, and the baby had already developed infantile diarrhœa, so I took her, my wife, and the nurse by steamer to Little Akaloa, where I had engaged rooms at a settler's house, and here we spent our Christmas. On Boxing Day I hired a boat and went out fishing on the Boulder Bank, a favourite place for catching groper, one of the largest of the New Zealand edible fish, but the sport was bad that day.

1880 We left the nurse and baby there for three months until the hot weather was over, my wife returning to them when I had to go on my next country trip, which was to the Mackenzie Country. The trigonometrical survey was now being carried out over this district by Mr. Maben, whose camp I had to visit. From Lake Tekapo I rode across to Pukaki, and went on to Mr. Burnett's station (Mt. Cook), but I could not cross the Pukaki River to visit the Mt. Cook glaciers as I had intended since the river was in flood and not fordable.

Mt. Cook station lies north of the Tasman and its continuation the Pukaki River, while the mountain itself lies south of it. This station is one of the few still in the family of the original owner.

On April 20th I was examined by the Civil Service Commissioners.

In the spring of this year a Commission had been appointed to examine the working of the Civil Service, principally with a view to cutting down expenditure, since then, as now, the burden had become too great for such a small community to bear. A newspaper article on the work of the Commission says:—"They came early to the conclusion that the railways department was that which most urgently demanded reform, and in which the greatest amount of useless expenditure existed. Therefore they determined that it should be the one which was most strictly investigated." Then follows amazing disclosures of extravagance, of the appointment of men of no special ability or training, and of a large number of unnecessary officials. The same applied to nearly all the Government Departments, Customs, Post and Telegraph, Treasury, and Audit, Justices, etc. Of the Crown Lands Department they say:—"The Survey Department is very costly, involving £150,000 expenditure last year. Being regarded from a scientific rather than a practical point of view, and being left almost in the hands of specialists uncontrolled, Commissioners have formed a low opinion of the real utility of a large proportion of the work done."

In view of the present depression in New Zealand and the necessity for rigid economy, their conclusions are interesting:—

"We are quite prepared for the accusation that all our recommendations as to the treatment of civil servants are illiberal in character; but we address your Excellency under a painful sense that the financial condition of the Colony is such that any pretence at liberality would be a delusion and a crime. It is

only by very uncommon exertion and heroic sacrifice that the small number of taxpayers in New Zealand can hope to honestly meet their engagements and bear the excessive burdens which the last ten years of borrowing and reckless spending have brought upon them. . . . The number of adult European males in the Colony is 136,915. . . . When, in addition to all the ordinary expenses of their own Government, it is borne in mind that this small number of producers will have in future to send annually to our foreign creditors no less than £1,535,000, or £11 15s. 1d. each, or 4s. 6d. per head per week, it becomes only too evident that economy will, in future, be severely forced on the Government of this Colony, and that we are in no position to be liberal either with the number or with the salaries of our civil servants. In 1874, when our goldfields were pouring in their long hidden treasure, the land sales were swelling our revenues, and the natural blaze of prosperity was fanned by the expenditure of borrowed money, Sir Julius Vogel proposed that our civil servants should participate in the general prosperity of the time. It will be far less pleasant to ask them to share in the depression of the present period, but no reasonable body of men in such circumstances could expect that they and they alone in the community should stand unaffected by circumstances that have greatly lessened the productive powers of the whole population."

The following extract is from the "Standard," June 26th, 1880, and refers to the Commissioners' report on the Crown Lands Department:—"The Commissioners state that they regret having formed a low opinion of the real utility of a large proportion of the work done. But singularly enough, not one single word do these Commissioners utter regarding the imbecile and effete system prevailing under Provincialism, with its nine different modes of administration of surveys, or regarding the almost perfect system which replaced it since Abolition took place, under the able *regime* of Mr. J. T. Thomson, the late Surveyor-General. Had they sat some years ago every word of their report might

have been true. But they are a very long day behind the fair."

An article which appeared in the "Southland Times," in October, 1880, more or less sums up the matter when it says:—"The Civil Service Commission gave the department along with others, a passing growl, but fortunately an innocuous one. Hence Parliament has left it but little affected."

In June of this year I got some pheasant shooting with my friend Jack Raine on the Peninsula, both at Port Levy and Pigeon Bay, also at the head of Akaroa Harbour, and in Barry's Bay, and in each place we got $4\frac{1}{2}$ brace, which at this time was considered a fair bag. Besides these we obtained a brace or two in other places.

In August, 1880, the H.M.S. *Danae* arrived in Lyttelton. My cousin, John C. Purvis, was the captain, and he came to stay with us, and afterwards entertained us and some of our friends on board. He had asked me to go with him on a cruise to Milford Sound, but an order came to take the Governor of New Zealand to the Fiji Islands, and much to my regret I lost the proposed trip. Some years afterwards, when I met my cousin again in London, he told me how much he disliked taking the Governor, and how bored he was by the amount of etiquette that had to be observed. One morning, when at Fiji, the Governor went off in his pyjamas for a bathe from the beach, and when he returned in a dripping condition, Captain Purvis received him with full naval honours on the quarter deck! The Governor was very indignant at being so received, but he could not find fault, as he had not notified the captain of his intention.

At the beginning of this year we had heard that we should have to leave Wildwood as the ground around was being sold for gravel quarries, and a few months later we had the offer of Mr. Latter's house on the Fendalton Road, which I bought, and named "Chilcomb," after the rectory in Hampshire, where I was born. I built a new wing, and planted a drive up to the house, laid out a new lawn, and enlarged the kitchen garden. It had a good stable and coach house, as well as good grass paddocks for our horses and cows, so we now considered that we had established a permanent home for ourselves in what was deemed the favourite district of New Zealand.

This house, which had previously been called Coldstream, had once belonged to Edward Jermy Wakefield, the son of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, prime mover in the schemes for the colonisation of New Zealand, and there had hung the beautiful portrait of Wakefield and his two dogs, which is now in the Canterbury Museum.

Our circle of acquaintance had by this time grown to be a very big one, and among our newer friends there were none of whom we saw more than we did of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parker. He had formerly possessed a run near Waimate, but had sold this, and had come to live in Christchurch. Their house was close to my office, and when my wife drove into the town for shopping she used often to go and sit with Mrs. Parker until I was ready to return home with her. The Parkers had a family of jolly high-spirited obstreperous children, and I remember on one occasion arriving at the house in time to see three or four of them escape into

the street in their nightshirts. As each rushed off in a different direction the distracted nurse did not know which way to go. I joined in the chase, and eventually they were all returned safely to their beds. Through the Parkers we came to know Captain and Mrs. Temple. He had been in the Indian Army, had fought through the Mutiny, and when retiring from the Service had decided to make his home in New Zealand rather than in England. They bought some land in the Geraldine district, and built their house at an attractive spot on the edge of some native bush, through which the garden paths led. There they brought up a very large family, one of the elder daughters married a son of our friend James Lance, and one of the younger sons married quite recently my wife's great-niece, Aileen Strachey. Captain Temple was an extremely clever artist, and spent the greater part of his time painting pictures of the wonderful New Zealand scenery. After we settled at Chilcomb we saw a great deal of Mrs. Tom Acland, a cousin of Mrs. Harper's, who was then living not very far from us. She was a delicate woman, who was much at home, and my wife spent many an afternoon with her. About this time a friendship began with Mrs. Corfe and Mrs. Cook, whose three little girls became great allies of Noeline's. Mr. Corfe was then headmaster of Christ's College, and Professor Cook mathematical professor at Canterbury College, and a great lover of music. Mr. and Mrs. Spackman, who lived in a small house on the Fendalton Road, were also constantly at Chilcomb, and as they were keen tennis players they often came for a game in the evening and stayed on to dinner.

CHAPTER X.

CANTERBURY 1881 TO 1886—SURVEYS
AT THE HEAD OF LAKE WANAKA—
TRIP TO ENGLAND.

1881 The following Christmas we went to Invercargill once more and stayed with the Brodricks and after the holidays were over I left my wife there and journeyed up to Queenstown to ride over the Crown Range to Pembroke on Lake Wanaka. From Pembroke I rode along a well-made horse track up Lake Hawea and over the low saddle to Wanaka again and found it was indeed easier going than in the days when I made my exploration trip to the lake. I went up the Makarora to the forest and stayed at a bushman's hut for the night and next day rode on to Mr. Noel Brodrick's camp and then up to the watershed on Haast Pass where I had climbed a tree to view the land nearly 20 years before.

At this time the country at the head of Lakes Wanaka and Hawea was included in Canterbury. It was not till 1915 that it was transferred to Otago.

From his camp in the Makarora Valley, Mr. T. N. Brodrick wrote in 1881 this account of the surrounding country and of the birds and people he met there.

“The Makarora River after flowing through a narrow valley flanked by high mountain ranges empties itself into the head of the beautiful Lake Wanaka. After leaving the lake and following the river for a few miles you come to the bush which



Chilcomb, Mr. Baker's Home in Christchurch.

extends from the river up the sides of the hills to an altitude of about 4,000 ft., the only open land being a small grassy flat or two on the river bank. Close to the bush is a little cluster of houses and the Makarora Park Station homestead. At the time I am writing the houses were occupied by bushmen and the timber was rafted down the river to the lake and towed from there by a cutter to be finally distributed amongst the diggers and settlers on the Clutha River.

“At the head of the river and about 20 miles from the lake is the Haast Pass, the largest gap in the Southern Alps, about 1,700 feet above sea level and covered with dense bush through which is a horse track to the West Coast. This strip of bush connecting the great forest of the coast with the bush in the Makarora Valley has made a pathway for the wingless coastal birds which are plentiful in the valley. The kakapo and kiwi, except here, are strangers to Canterbury unless they are to be found in the Hunter Valley, with which I am unacquainted. It is said that a kakapo was once caught near the Bealey in the very early days of the Canterbury settlement; if so it probably came over Arthur's Pass as there are only a few miles of open country separating the two forests there.

“During our three months of sojourn we had bad weather and good and at times petty annoyances and discomforts but they were met with good temper and soon forgotten; the one trouble none of us could either forget or forgive was the daily martyrdom we suffered from flies. Blue-bottles and sandflies seemed to have collected from all parts for our discomfort and while daylight lasted devoted themselves with an energy and persistence to blowing everything and to stinging us.

“We were obliged constantly to cross the river which is cold and has a swift current. At first we used to strip and take a pole about 20 feet long, the swimmers being at the ends and the others holding on to the middle. In this way we generally managed to withstand the rapid current, the weight

of the men collectively with only the width of one body to the stream being a great assistance. We soon found that the river often rose rapidly while we were away, making the return dangerous, and after one man had been washed off the pole and carried down the river some distance before we could pull him out, we decided to make a canoe. In a wooded country like the Makarora Valley it did not take long to find a suitable dead tree and in a single day we hollowed it out and shaped it sufficiently for our purpose. We then lashed a large bundle of dead koradis (flax sticks) to each side to give it more stability, fixed a rough frame over it projecting about a foot beyond each side to hold the thole-pins, and we had a boat capable of carrying three men and our instruments and tools. It only remained to launch and float her down to the crossing place and it was not without some little pride that we saw how well she behaved in the water. She did her work and saved us much labour in crossing and pain from the cold.

“We explored every part of the valley, every day or two climbing first through the bush, then through the half mile of gnarled and tangled scrub, and over the coarse grass, lilies and alpine plants of all descriptions up into the everlasting snow. To sit on a high peak far above the snowline on a fine sunny day in that clear cold air and enjoy the magnificent panorama of lakes and rivers and mighty peaks with its wonderful colours and tints is a thing not easily forgotten.

“On a peak to the west of Haast’s Pass and considerably above the line of perpetual snow in a cairn of stones which were frozen together, I found a powder flask with the inscription deeply scratched into it on both sides ‘Charles Cameron, Jany. 1863.’ The place was wild enough when I was there and Charles Cameron, whoever he was and whatever his object, must have been an adventurous man to have visited it 18 years ago. I wrote his name and the date, 1863, and my own and the date, 1881, on a stone and left them there, but I brought away the tin for a curiosity. Cameron was the first man who

explored this country, and I suppose no one had been up this hill since. I shall call it Mt. Cameron.

"I hear the Charles Cameron who was exploring here, was an officer during the war in the North Island. Pipson says he remembers him well. All the provision he took with him was a bag of oatmeal and a gun."

It seems curious that Mr. Brodrick should not have known that Mr. Baker explored this country two years before Cameron. It is certainly true that he thought so little of his early explorations that he rarely mentioned them. They are however entered in his diary written at the time so there can be no doubt about the facts. To continue Mr. Brodrick's account—

"The bush is principally beech, though a few specimens of most of the common trees are to be found in it. In many places the ground and the trees as well are thickly covered with moss but unless the traveller was accompanied by a good sporting dog or was very observant he would detect little that was out of the common. Should he be benighted, then the variety of unusual sounds which commence soon after sunset would certainly attract his attention, the startling laugh and deep boom of the large owl, the harsh grating cry of the kakapo, the high shrill note of the kiwi, and the hoot of the morepork would be added to all those other voices of solitude which come with and seem to belong to darkness in mountainous country—the sighing of the wind, the falling of stones and the rumbling of water and avalanches.

"In our rambles in which we were always accompanied by a dog we caught numbers of birds of all kinds and I will try to give a short description of some of their habits. First the kakapo or ground parrot, the largest land bird in New Zealand except the roaroa and the takahe, though this latter is probably extinct. The kakapo's wings are only partially developed and though it cannot fly it makes good use of them when chased, flapping them continuously and spreading them to break its fall

when jumping off rocks. It is a clumsy bird and easily caught but can bite most severely and I have known one to sit in a hole under the root of a large tree and face a setter in such a determined manner that he could not get it out and was savagely bitten every time he tried. We found several nests; they were invariably in a hole either under a rock or the root of a tree. The eggs, two in number, were simply lying on the ground; they were white and about the size of a small hen's egg. The young kakapo is a singular looking little ball of white down with a soft beak and wide gape. On dull days we sometimes found kakapos climbing about the trees but generally they were perched on branches in dark places or sitting in holes looking very much like owls. Where the neck joins the body just above the breast bone in all the specimens I skinned, there was a great deal of fat, perhaps nearly half an inch in thickness, and somehow after it is taken out and the skin cured the stuffed bird has never the appearance of the living one. Towards night these birds come out to feed and then frequently utter their disagreeable cry. They eat grass and often go some distance outside the bush to get it; they also eat the dark green grass which grows in the forest and I suppose other things as well though I never saw them doing so. The great peculiarity of their feeding is that they never swallow the fibre but apparently suck it till it looks like small balls of prepared flax and then spit it out. We found kakapos all through the bush but they were more numerous near the edges and especially along the upper one at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. The general appearance of the kiwi is much better known. Apparently they never go as high on the ranges as the kakapo but prefer soft mossy places. They have a shrill cry which bears the same resemblance to a weka as a guard's whistle does to an ordinary one, that is to say it has a tremble or rattle in it. The young bird is fledged like the old one. These birds are purely nocturnal, and if let loose in the daylight blunder against everything in their path. Their feathers instead of being smoothed down stand nearly on

end, which gives them a soft fluffy appearance. They come out very easily, so in catching the bird the legs must always be taken hold of or the specimen will be spoilt. Their only means of defence is to kick and scratch or jump on the hand that is thrust into the hole to catch them. Besides kakapos and kiwis and all the common bush birds there are rock wrens and bush wrens, both of which are only found in mountainous country, also the sleek red wattled crow. It has a low melodious note and can only fly a very short distance and that downwards. Above the bush are to be found the sheep-killing kea and the mountain plover or dottrel. It is about twice the size of the common dottrel and has more colour on the breast. It makes its nest in coarse grass and its eggs are a great delicacy.

“Out of a cave near Kiwi Flat we got the nearly perfect skeleton of a small moa; even the bony rings of the windpipe were there. I think that if set up it would have been about four feet high.

“We were not altogether without visitors. On Christmas Day a poor fellow who had been benighted came into the camp very hungry and exhausted and it was quite a pleasure to supply his wants. He had been unable to light a fire for it had been raining heavily for some time. Another day a family of Maoris visited us, a man, woman and three children. They had been nearly a month travelling and had come from Okarito on the West Coast and were going to Waikouaiti in Otago, a distance of about 300 miles. The oldest child was a boy of seven and the youngest was a baby in arms. They had already been three weeks on the road and were in good health and spirits. The woman carried the baby and a piece of calico about 6 ft. x 10 ft. for a tent, also a blanket. The man carried a few potatoes in a kit, a frying pan, and the second boy when he was tired, and last but not least a dead robin tied to a slender stick about six feet long, also another stick with a flax snare on the end of it. He told me they lived on what they could catch, principally wekas, and showed me how he caught them. Imitating the cry of a wounded robin and

handling his stick in such a way as to make the dead robin appear to dance on the ground, he soon had a weka attacking it, and so intent was the bird on what it was doing that he had no difficulty in slipping his flax noose over its head and securing it with a sudden jerk. The poor children were so pleased with some cake we gave them that I believe the oldest boy would have been quite content to stay in such a land of Goshen and let his parents leave without him.

"The man was very intelligent and repeated many traditions of his race to me, some of which I have been told by the natives of Ruapuke and Riverton. He told me that the tribe supposed at one time to exist on the West Coast, north of the Waiau River, must, he believed, be extinct, and gave as his reason that there were so many white men about the Sounds on the coast that they must have seen any Maoris if they had been there. He also informed me that the last one of the tribe was found by Maoris long ago living in a hollow tree. It was a woman, and she was of great age. Her skin was like the bark of a totara tree (meaning very rough, I suppose), and her hair had grown down below her waist and was quite white. (This is a very extraordinary length for a Maori woman's hair to grow, and its being white proved she was very old.) I understand from what he said that they killed her. He said in war time the Maoris had used this route to the coast, but not often on account of the scarcity of food. I know a few greenstone axes have been found in the valley."

Shortland mentions this Maori track to the West Coast in the account of his journey through the South Island in 1843 and 1844. He says, "Huru-huru's leisure in the evenings was employed in giving me information about the interior of this part of the island with which he was well acquainted. He drew with a pencil the outline of four lakes, by his account, situated nine days' journey inland of us and only two from the West Coast in a direction nearly due west of our position. (They were then camped on the banks of the Waitaki.) One of

these named Wakatipua is celebrated for the 'pounamu' (greenstone) found on its shores, and in the mountain torrents which supply it. It is probably the 'Wai-pounamu' of which the natives spoke in reply to the inquiries of Captain Cook and Mr. Banks, who supposed it to be the name of the whole island. The other three lakes Hawea, Waiariki (an arm of Wanaka) and Oanaka (Wanaka), had formerly inhabitants on their shores, who frequently went to and from Waitaki to visit their relatives. Huruhuru pointed out on his chart the positions and told me the names of several of their places of residence and described the country through which the path across the island passed. Not many years ago a party of natives about forty in number came down the West Coast in two canoes from Cook Straits. They were commanded by the Chief Te Pueho. Leaving their canoes on the bank of a small river called Awarua, they took advantage of a mountain path from that place to Oanaka and falling by surprise on a few families residing there, killed most of them. The war party with the assistance of some of the prisoners, whom they reserved for slaves, then built themselves mokihi (canoes or rafts made of raupo) such as I have described and descended the river Matau (Molyneux) till they reached the sea coast. . . . From the coast they made their way overland to the Mataura River, where they surprised another party of natives. On this occasion some escaped, and carried word of what had happened to the Bluff, and thence to Ruapuke, the stronghold of this division of the tribe, and a few days after, several boats, with a large armed party, headed by Tuhawaiki in their turn surprised and killed Te Pueho and many of his men, and made slaves of all the rest."

After leaving Mr. Brodrick's camp I rode the following day up the Wilkin River to the first gorge and afterwards to the sawmills in the Wilkin Valley and then to Stewart's station on the Makarora where I remained for the night,

going on next day to the hotel at the foot of Lake Hawea.

W. G. Stewart went early to the Makarora and did very well out of this run which was on the west side of the river and was called Mt. Albert. It was great cattle country and he was not troubled by rabbits as were most of his neighbours, since this pest did not spread up the Makarora till later.

I had now to visit some country up the Hunter River at the head of this lake, and I rode to Fraser's station on the east side, and after staying there for the night set out at six o'clock in the morning and went 20 miles up the Hunter River. I inspected the country that I had come to see, returned to the station, and after dinner rode with a fresh horse to an accommodation house on the Molyneux, arriving there at 10 p.m., after having been about 15 hours in the saddle.

Next day I rode to Cromwell, caught the coach going through Clyde to Alexandra, and having crossed the Molyneux stayed the night at Beaumont, and the following day reached Lawrence, the present township at the mouth of Gabriel's Gully, where I had kept a store towards the end of 1861. There I joined the railway and went back to Dunedin and on to Christchurch.

My next expedition was to North Canterbury. Going by train to Amberley I caught the coach to the Hurunui and drove on to Mr. Clarke's station on the Hanmer Plains. In the morning I visited and bathed in the sulphur springs which were beginning even then to be known as a health resort. Afterwards the Government

erected a fine sanatorium there and made extensive plantations around it. I then rode over Jollie's Pass to the Acheron River and back to Mr. Clarke's station.

Mr. Clarke was manager for Mr. Low at St. Helens. This station which comprised about 18,000 acres of freehold and 200,000 of leasehold was the property of Mr. Low for about twenty years. It was taken over by the Loan and Mercantile in 1887.

Returning to the Hurunui I spent three days riding over the Greta Peaks Station with Mr. Sanderson. The second day it came on to rain and we got very wet.

Greta Peaks had originally been part of Stonyhurst estate but had been sold to Mr. Sanderson and the two Studholme brothers in 1863. The latter never lived there and Mr. Sanderson was managing partner till he died.

From Greta Peaks I rode over the Black Hills and finally reached the homestead of my good friend James Lance at Horsley Downs. The following day Lance took me to the Hurunui Gorge, where we lunched and then returned to the station. Next day we rode over his country up to Lake Sumner which I had never seen. This beautiful lake lies rather out of the way and is seldom visited, but will no doubt some day become a place to be visited by tourists and a summer resort for Canterbury residents. We stayed at a station where there is an exquisite view up the Hurunui Valley and then we rode over a pass to another smaller lake (Lake Mason) and down the south Hurunui

River back to Horsley Downs which we reached after a very long day's ride. The following day we went over some splendid farming land to Lance's other station called Heathstock, which was the station first occupied by him and his family. The country was already overrun with rabbits, by which pest he was eventually ruined, but in any case he was not of the hard-headed, hard-working, thrifty sort that was able to pull through the terrible difficulties that beset the land owners of Canterbury in the years that followed. A more cheery companion it would be impossible to find, a delightful talker, full of good stories, a fine sportsman with a passion for horses, and a connoisseur of wine and food in whose house one was certain of an excellent dinner. He was a first rate whip and it was indeed a pretty sight to see him drive his tandem or four-in-hand.

From here I rode on by myself down the Waipara River and over the Doctor's Hills, staying a night at a shepherd's hut, and then on to Mr. Innes's station at Mt. Brown and over the Teviotdale ranges and Mt. Cass back to Amberley, from which place I was able to return to Christchurch by railway.

On November 1st, 1881, the new Cathedral was opened with great ceremony, every seat in it being full. To build such a church was certainly a large undertaking for a province of which the first colonist had landed only thirty years before.

The building of a Cathedral was part of the original plan of the Canterbury Association but it was indeed wonderful that it was actually begun within fourteen years of the foundation of the

settlement and when the population of Christchurch numbered but 6,423 souls. It was as early as 1858, only eight years after the landing of the pioneers, that the first steps were taken and Sir Gilbert Scott, then considered the greatest ecclesiastical architect, was asked to prepare the plans. Nothing but the best was good enough for this proud and dauntless little community. When they wanted to make a tunnel they consulted the world's greatest railway engineer and when they wished to build a cathedral they employed the foremost architect of the day. The foundation stone was laid in December, 1864, the nave and spire were consecrated in 1881, but the whole building was not completed till 1904.

In his report to the Surveyor-General for 1881 Mr. Baker says, "Notwithstanding the material reduction of the field officers, of whom six have either resigned or left the service in consequence of the recent retrenchment, a very satisfactory amount of work is shown to have been done.

"Minor Triangulation.

Mr. Brodrick has done 44,062 acres with topography and 61,088 acres without, in the Mount Thomas and Grey Survey Districts, and 37,440 with topography in the Makarora Valley, from the head of Lake Wanaka to Haast Pass. The work last mentioned was exceptionally arduous, all the stations but three being about 5,000 feet above sea level.

"Mr. Welch has finished 45,741 acres, thus finishing the Peninsular triangulation, a work for which he deserves great credit, owing to the systematic manner in which it was done, carried, as it was over a very rough and difficult piece of country, necessitating extensive clearings on many of the hills."

In February, 1882, I went to Geraldine and drove to Mr. Dennistoun's homestead at Peel Forest where I stayed a couple of nights. From

there I rode to Mr. Tripp's station and on to Mr. McClure's camp and spent two days arranging survey matters. Then I rode over the Blue Saddle Pass to the Raine's (at Sherwood Downs) and the second day to Fourpeaks and back to Mr. Tripp's, going the day after that up the Orari Gorge and over the mountains to Mesopotamia, where I had not been since Butler's time. I set out the next morning down the Rangitata to the Acland's where I dined that evening, going on after dinner to Geraldine, altogether a very long ride.

There are perhaps more stories told of Mr. Tripp than of any other Canterbury pioneer. He was a man of tremendously strong character, quite unself-conscious, doing what he believed to be right entirely untroubled by doubts as to what other people might think about it. Like many of the early colonists he was a devout churchman and always had prayers in the mornings and grace before meals, but his son has told the writer that Mr. Tripp was often in such a hurry that he began grace as soon as he opened the door and finished it before he reached the table. One morning when he was reading prayers he came to the passage about the lean kine and the fat kine. He broke off for a moment and said to his son, "That reminds me Bernard I forgot to let the heifers out this morning," and then continued reading to the end of the chapter.

On the 10th April the first International Exhibition in Christchurch was opened. Mr. Twopenny, one of the managers, had, as a boy, been on intimate terms with my father and sisters who were then living at Yport near Havre in France, so he and his wife became frequent visitors to our home. I exhibited a beautiful topographical map of the Canterbury

Province, a second map showing the whole of the Trigonometrical surveys in the Provincial District and several others, for which my department was awarded a silver medal by the judges of the exhibition and a certificate of the "First Order of Merit."

During the winter one of my really fine pair of roan horses was killed. I was driving home in the evening and a stupid fellow who was not sober ran straight into me; the shaft of his cart entered my horse's chest and the veterinary surgeon to whom I went advised me to have him shot, to which I reluctantly consented.

Mr. Baker was very proud of his horses and liked them to show plenty of spirit. This was not so pleasing to his unfortunate office messenger to whose lot it fell to unharness one of these fiery steeds every morning and put it into the little stable at the back of the Survey Office. He used to complain bitterly that "those dreadful horses" would be the death of him some day. One day Mr. Baker had a couple of bottles of claret in the buggy. Perhaps the horse was particularly restive and the messenger particularly nervous, but at any rate he managed to drop and break both bottles. He came into the general office where the young clerks were, in a great state of agitation. "Whatever shall I do? I have broken both his bottles of claret, and now I shall have to tell the chief and he will be so angry," and off he went to Mr. Baker's room. All the clerks followed and listened at the door to hear the explosion. They heard an explosion all right but it was an explosion of laughter. Out came the messenger and stamped up and down the passage in a fuming rage. "Well, what on earth is the matter now?" they asked. "He laughed at me, he laughed at me!" gulped the messenger, and was far more ruffled than if he had been roundly cursed.

Mr. Johannes Andersen who was one of the clerks listening at the door on this occasion has said that it was a perpetual amusement to him to watch Mr. Baker when he was reading any letter that bothered him or over which he had to think rather deeply, for he would then take a blue pencil and absent-mindedly draw maps on the top of his own bald head!

Another transit of Venus took place this year and an expedition came out from England under Col. Tupman and Lieut. Cooke to make observations, the actual transit being on December 7th. The observations were most successful, both at Burnham in Canterbury where the former transit had been observed by Col. Palmer, in Wellington where it was observed by Mr. McKerrow and Mr. Adams of the Survey Department, and in Auckland where the observer was Mr. E. Smith of the American expedition. The photographs taken were considered even better than those obtained in 1874. Mr. Kitson of the Christchurch Survey Office also made some very useful observations.

1883

Early in 1883 I went on a long tour of inspection starting from Timaru, and on the way there I took my wife to stay with the Dennistouns at Peel Forest. With Mr. McMillan, a well-known farmer, and Mr. Foster, a sheep inspector, I had been appointed as Run Classification Commissioner to determine what was agricultural land and what was purely pastoral country, and we spent a month riding over different parts of the Canterbury Province.

Mr. David McMillan arrived in New Zealand in 1857, the same year as Mr. Baker landed. He took up agricultural pursuits, was returned to

Parliament as M.P. for Coleridge in 1881, became a member of the Canterbury Land Board in 1883 and was President of the Canterbury Agricultural and Pastoral Association in 1897.

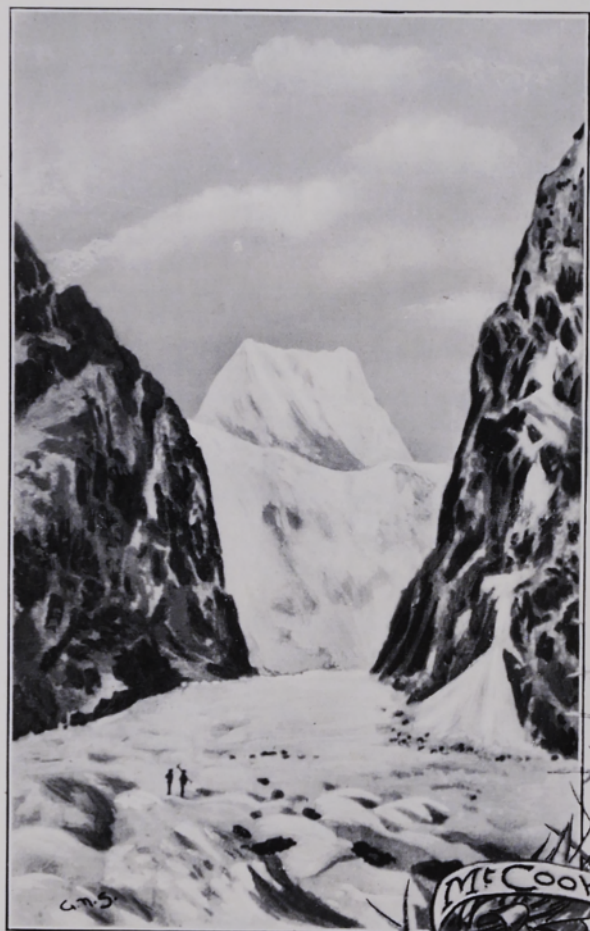
A little later Sir William Jervois, who was now the Governor of New Zealand, paid a visit to Christchurch, held a levee in the old Provincial Council Hall and had a big dinner given to him at the Christchurch Club. He afterwards came to my office to see the maps of the district. About this time too I had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. T. Heale, formerly my chief in the Southland province. He was leaving New Zealand, having resigned his appointment in the North Island, and he congratulated me on the advance I had made since the days when I was his assistant. To my regret this was the last time I ever saw him, as I always felt that I owed him much and that my rapid promotion in Southland was due to his appreciation of my work whilst I was serving under him.

During these years Chilcomb was the centre of much gaiety. Mrs. Baker's young nephew Claud Strachey had come out to New Zealand in 1882 to learn farming and was constantly with his uncle and aunt for race weeks or any social festivities. His pretty sister had married Mr. Cyril Hawden and arrived in Christchurch the next year. For them several big parties were arranged and in the diaries of both Mr. and Mrs. Baker frequent mention is made of the giving of dinner parties, musical parties, tennis parties, and even three dances, so if Mr. Baker's office life was strenuous his home life was certainly cheerful.

My next trip was to the Lake Coleridge district. I spent the first night at Waireka.

Then owned by two brothers of the Rt. Honourable Joseph Chamberlain. They never lived in New Zealand and the station was managed by Mr. Reginald Wade, who at one time had no less than ten cadets on the place.

From Waireka I rode on to Snowdon and then by moonlight up to Mr. Neave's station at Mt. Algidus. This was, I think, the first occasion on which I met Mr. Neave, but later when he and his family went to live at Okeover and became our nearest neighbours, they also became very great friends, and though he has long since died the family friendship still continues and has even extended to his grandchildren. He was a man of good family and education (Eton and Christ Church, Oxford) and the most absolute integrity, but for one of his class, upbringing and outlook he had an extraordinary business faculty, and a remarkable power of foresight. He seemed to know by instinct when to buy and when to sell, and he did well out of land at a time when so many other landowners came to grief. Under his chairmanship the Farmers' Co-operative grew from an insignificant body into a really powerful organisation. Yet in matters political and domestic he was the most uncompromising conservative I have ever met. During all the years I knew him and on all the varied occasions that I saw him he wore a suit of the same cut, colour and material. His family, to whom he was extremely devoted, consisted of five sons and three daughters, and in order that they might



Mt. Cook and Baker's Saddle,
from the Strauchon Glacier.

all drive out together he had an enormous buggy constructed and for many years after they had grown up and dispersed he continued to drive this colossal vehicle. He was a good and loyal friend, and a man whose advice could be trusted.

He had come to New Zealand in 1864 and in 1865 had bought Mt. Algidus from Mr. Rolleston. Mr. Acland writes in "Early Canterbury Runs," "It is to these two that we owe the fine classical names in these parts."

The mention of Mr. Neave and his family reminds the writer of a little story heard recently.

On one occasion Mrs. Neave was bemoaning to her old friend Mrs. Gresson that she could not have some alteration made to the house because Mr. Neave said the money was needed for the station. "Well never mind, my dear," said Mrs. Gresson, "it is no good worrying about it. Some men drink and some men gamble, and some men farm, but they all lose money." However true this generalisation may be, in this particular case it was false. Mr. Neave did not lose money over farming.

But to return to my expedition. I spent two days at Mt. Algidus, and on the second rode up the Rakaia and over to Double Hill to look at the encroachment of the river. Then I went up the Wilberforce to Mr. Neave's upper hut where I came in for a snowstorm which detained me for a day and afterwards returned by Lake Coleridge to Snowdon where I had to inspect a new road.

Mr. William Gerard, the owner of Snowdon, went to Australia in 1842 at the age of 16. Some years later with his wife and two children he came to New Zealand with "Ready Money" Robinson, and

went as his manager to Cheviot, and he bought Snowdon in 1866. Mr. Acland says, "he was one of the ablest of the old squatters, and by the time of his death in 1897 had made freehold the greater part of Snowdon, besides owning Double Hill and Manuka Point stations, altogether shearing 60,000 sheep."

I afterwards went on to High Peak station and the next day to Rockwood and so to Waireka again, returning the following day to Christchurch.

High Peak was originally allotted to Richard Westenra and then transferred to Sir Cracroft Wilson. In 1881 it was sold to Duncan Rutherford who transferred it to his brother George whose second wife was Miss Mary Gerard. His daughter Mrs. Buchanan still owns the station.

Rockwood, or part of it, was taken up by Henry Phillips in 1852 and it was held by the family till 1878, after which it changed hands three times in nine years. The first wire fence on the Canterbury hills was put up between Rockwood and Malvern Hills station.

During this journey I had caught a bad cold which developed into congestion of the lungs, and I was laid up for a fortnight. Later on I saw Dr. Batchelor in Dunedin and he decided that I had better take a long holiday, as I had overworked myself, so I then applied for a year's leave of absence, which eventually I obtained.

1884 On the 15th February, 1884, I was appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands, this work being added to the already enormous amount for which I was responsible, though my pay was not increased. The new arrangement made it

exceedingly difficult for me to be spared and when Mr. McKerrow came down to discuss matters he said that he did not think I could have a whole year's leave, but that I could go to Australia for six months. My wife who, though very small, was very determined, then went to him and told him that the doctor had said that unless I had a long rest I should break down altogether and that if I could not go right away out of reach of business letters I should resign from the service. At that Mr. McKerrow gave in and Mr. Kitson, my Inspecting Surveyor, became my deputy as Chief Surveyor and Commissioner of Lands. The Christchurch "Press" noted my "departure on a well merited holiday," and gave me credit for the seven years' hard work that I had done in Canterbury where the land sales had been so great and the arrears of surveys so large that it had been necessary to re-organise practically the whole field and office staff.

On the 5th April we left Lyttelton in the S.S. *Ruapehu*, of which Captain Crutchley was the commander, on our voyage to England via Cape Horn and Rio. A number of friends came down to the steamer to say good-bye and drank our healths in champagne and wished us a good voyage and a safe return. As the steamer was leaving the wharf Noeline called out, "Good-bye, ebberybody," and the crowd gave "three cheers for the little girl." The child who was now five years old, was not at all shy and was often very amusing. Shortly before this a friend of my wife's was married from our house. I gave her away and Noeline was bridesmaid, and while we were driving to the church together

she said, "As we are going to church I think I ought to sing a hymn," and at the top of her voice she began, "Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born king," which was scarcely an appropriate choice for a wedding. On another occasion, a year or so later I think, she was having a doll's wedding and invited some visitors who were staying with us to come into the nursery for the ceremony. Her mother had told her that she was not to use the words from the prayer-book, so as she marched the happy couple up to the altar she solemnly chanted, "This is the pathway down to Hell," to the vast amusement of the visitors from the drawing-room.

Our voyage to England I need not describe except to say that we went through the Straits of Magellan, which passage was then sometimes attempted if the weather was suitable. The doctors that I consulted in England sent me to Carlsbad to take the waters and we travelled there via Holland and the Rhine visiting again K  nigswinter, and reviving old recollections. A month at Carlsbad corrected the heart trouble from which I was suffering, and then my wife and I had a pleasant tour, going to Nuremberg, Dresden, Vienna and Italy, and spending Christmas at my wife's old home Ashwick in Somersetshire. We sailed from Plymouth on the 17th of the following February in the same steamer, the *Ruapehu*, of which Captain Brough was now the captain, and we had a fine passage to the Cape calling at Teneriffe on the way. A week after leaving the Cape we encountered a terrific hurricane and shipped a sea which smashed part

of the bulwarks amidships, washed two boats off their davits, carried the main boom away, and flooded the saloon and cabins so that our belongings were floating about in our stateroom. Fifty tons of caustic soda, packed in iron drums, which were stored in some empty third-class cabins broke loose and in a short time wrecked the whole of the fittings of the cabins and the boxes belonging to the unfortunate steerage passengers, and next morning there was a clear space from side to side of the ship where the cabins had stood. Finally the drums themselves were also smashed, and the caustic soda was strewn all over the place. The sailors were ordered to clear it away but refused to touch it and a party of saloon passengers volunteered to try to throw it overboard, but this was impossible whilst the storm lasted and as a result Doctor Kemp and myself got a splash of caustic soda in our eyes, and all of us had our clothes completely spoilt. The second day afterwards the storm abated and the damage was so far repaired that we could proceed on our way. We arrived at Port Chalmers without any further mishap and transferred into a Union Company's steamer and so reached Lyttelton and Christchurch once more and went into lodgings for a few days until we could occupy our own house which had been let during our absence to a Mr. Perry of Sydney.

After taking charge of my office again I was kept pretty busy for several months inspecting the surveyors' work, and in accordance with instructions received from the Surveyor-General I had this year to make considerable reductions

both in the field and office staff, in consequence of retrenchments required by Parliament in the departmental expenditure.

In November I went to Horsley Downs and drove with Mr. Lance to Kaikoura, where we stayed at Swyncombe then belonging to Mr. William Wood, the well known miller of Christchurch, and I had a day's sea fishing for hapuka and secured a good catch.

Most of the country near Kaikoura had in the early days been taken up though not stocked by Mr. Fyfe and Captain Ruck Kean, and the latter was the original owner of Swyncombe. He it was who first introduced the rabbits into this part of New Zealand. The little hill where they were liberated is marked by a plantation of gum trees. It is said that when he released the rabbits Captain Kean turned three somersaults for joy at the thought of the fine sport he would have in future. Alas for human calculations! In a few years he had been absolutely ruined by the pest and he died of a broken heart.

In the evening Lance, who was a member for this district, made an excellent speech to his constituents in the public hall. He drove me back to the Hurunui where I caught the coach to Waikari and from there the train to Christchurch.

Towards the end of December my wife and I journeyed to Invercargill to be present at Miss Brodrick's wedding to Mr. McLean, afterwards headmaster of the Malvern Grammar School, Melbourne, and a few days later I took the train to Orepuki to see a coal mine, lunching there with my friend Mr. Hirst. I could not help contrasting my easy railway journey with my long

walks through the forest and round the beaches on my first visit to this part of Southland when I stayed with the Colac Bay Maoris.

Early next year I made a trip to the West Coast going by railway to Springfield and then on by coach. The whole excursion was of enormous interest to me, as curiously enough I had never been there before, though I was the discoverer of at least two of the passes that lead over to the coast.

1886

When the Provincial Government was instituted in 1853 Canterbury included Westland but the two provinces were separated in January 1868.

By a well-made coach road we ascended Porter's Pass which I had crossed on my first exploring expedition in 1860. We then passed Lake Lyndon and reached Castle Hill station, so long the home of Mr. C. Enys; we continued along the shore of Lake Pearson, a small and lovely sheet of water and on past Lake Grassmere till we arrived at the Bealey Hotel where I stayed for the night. Next morning we crossed the Waimakariri River, proceeded up the Bealey River and soon reached the Devil's Punch Bowl with its fine waterfall. From here the ascent begins of Arthur's Pass, so named after the son of Mr. Dobson who made the first exploration across it. A magnificent view of Mt. Rolleston is obtained from the top and the road then descends into the famous Otira Gorge, the beauty of which cannot be surpassed, especially if one happens to see it when the rata is in full bloom and its fiery crimson shows against the deep blue of the shadows in the gorge or the glistening white of the snow peaks.

The lower slopes were clothed with pine trees and shrubs of all sorts and alpine flowers abounded everywhere. The tops of the mountains were covered with snow which glittered in the morning sunlight and made the dazzling grandeur of the scene more wonderful still. We only travelled that day as far as Jackson's accommodation house on the Tere-makau. Next morning when we reached the Taipo River we found that it was flooded and that the coach could not cross and we had to walk 6 miles to the nearest bridge, only to discover that this had been carried away. We then managed to ford one stream and cross a second by a log bridge. On the further side another coach was waiting for us and we were able to proceed to Kumara and Hokitika. Next day, after visiting the Survey Office, I drove over to Ross and Mr. Mueller, the Chief Surveyor, met me there and took me to the great gold sluicing claims where practically the whole side of a hill was being washed away by the enormous force of water brought to play on it through tremendous hose pipes. Boulders, gravel, soil were all swept down by the water and passed through the sluice boxes which caught the gold and this went on day and night, the work at night being made possible by the use of electric light. In the afternoon we returned to Hokitika, and the following day Mr. Mueller and I rode to Lake Kanieri to see the reservoir and the aqueduct carrying the water to the Humphries Gully claim. We followed it to the point where it enters a tunnel under the hill, and we then had a rough walk across the hill where we met Mr. Jack, the principal director

of the claim who took us all over it. I found it most interesting watching the various operations going on in such a huge mining claim as this. Next morning I went to Greymouth by steamer and spent Sunday walking about and on Monday morning I took the train to the Brunner coal mines, and visited the Heath Company's mine. Returning to Greymouth I went by tramway to Kumara, crossing the Tere-makau River in a cage on a wire rope. There I met Mr. Seddon, member for this district (afterwards the well known premier of New Zealand), and he took me over some gold claims being worked there and showed me the big Government Sludge Channel. I joined the coach at Dillmanstown and went on over Arthur's Pass to the Bealey. Mr. Noel Brodrick was now the surveyor in this part of the district, and he met me there by appointment, and the following day we went together to the head of the Waimakariri River to visit the glaciers that feed it. They are not very large ones, but are the most accessible on the east side of the Southern Alps.

I think it must have been of this trip that Mr. Brodrick related the following story. When they reached the Waimakariri it was in flood and the crossing seemed too dangerous to attempt. Mr. Baker was very disappointed and sat on his horse looking at the river for some time, and at last he said, "Let's go in together and risk it." Mr. Brodrick pointed out that this was not the orthodox way of crossing a river, and as he knew the place better than Mr. Baker he ought to go first. "No," said Mr. Baker, "if we go at all we will go neck and neck." So they forded the river together and came safely to the other side, "and," added Mr.

Brodrick, "the whole incident was so typical of the man."

The views up the river are very pretty and at the head the character of the country becomes grander and more alpine. We returned to the Bealey accommodation house after a long day's ride and walk. Next day we crossed the Waimakariri by the bridge, rode down it for some distance and then up the Poulter River. Returning we stayed for the night at Mr. White's station, and on the following day rode past Lake Letitia into the Lochinvar country which I had not visited before.

The following is taken from "Early Canterbury Runs." "The Minchins took up this run in 1857. They sold it to Major Thomas Woolaston White, an early commander of the volunteers in Canterbury. He lived at his other station near Oxford, and Mt. White which is named after him, was worked by his brothers whom he took into partnership. White built the new homestead on its present site by Lake Letitia, a beautiful mountain lake with bush to the water's edge, which White named after his wife. The lake is a sanctuary for native birds. There are black teal and crested grebes, and Mt. White is about the only place in Canterbury, except some parts of Banks Peninsula where woodhens are plentiful. They are always about the buildings and yards, and come regularly to the cook-house door for scraps. About 1869 White sold Mt. White with 18,000 sheep to John Moore Cochran. He died at the station, and in 1885 the Loan and Mercantile took over Mt. White from his executors."

We found a deserted hut where we lit a fire and had our lunch, going back to Mr. White's station in the afternoon. In the morning, making an early start, we forded the Waimakariri

and rode to Forester's old station where Mr. Brodrick had his camp and afterwards I rode *viâ* the Craigieburn River to Mr. Enys's station, Castle Hill, where I put up for the night, and then rode over Porter's Pass to Sheffield and on by railway to Christchurch.

Castle Hill was bought by the brothers John and Charles Enys in 1864. They were known as the "buckets in the well," because they took it in turn to go backwards and forwards every year, each staying six months in New Zealand and then six months in England, and so arranging it that they spent six weeks together at either end. They were interesting, charming and somewhat eccentric old bachelors who had travelled much and were very well read. John was a naturalist and an authority on New Zealand moths and butterflies, and Charles was one of the finest shots in the country. The establishment at Castle Rock consisted of several detached houses, one big and well furnished and full of treasures that had been collected all over the world was the sitting-room; another was the kitchen where Mr. Enys and his guests had their meals served by the cook in white apron and high white cap; and others were bedrooms. Arrangements were sometimes surprising as when Lady Von Haast found that her bed had been made up with two tablecloths instead of sheets. Charles Enys died in 1890 and about the same time John inherited the family property in Cornwall and selling Castle Hill went to live permanently in England.

On the 10th of June this year (1886) the eruptions in the North Island took place and the Rotomahana Lake and the beautiful pink and white terraces were totally destroyed. This was most ably described by Mr. Percy Smith, then the Assistant Surveyor-General in his reports on the eruption of Tarawera.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OPENING OF THE KAIKOURA ROAD
—SURVEYS OF THE MOUNT COOK
GLACIERS — SURVEYS AT THE
HEAD OF LAKE OHAU.

1887 The following March we were invited by Mr. Lance to drive with him in his four-in-hand to the formal opening of the road from the Waiau to Kaikoura. He, as member for the district, had been instrumental in getting the road constructed, and our drive was a veritable triumphal progress. We went by railway to Culverden, where we joined Mr. Lance, and drove to Mr. Wharton's station, where we stayed the night. Next day we set out at 5 a.m. with five four-in-hand coaches, driven by Mr. Lance, Messrs. Rutherford, Thomson (of Balmoral), Rhodes, and Greenwood (of Teviotdale), two tandems, driven by H. Lance and Mrs. Rutherford, and Mr. Macfarlane with a pair of horses. It made a most imposing cavalcade.

The Rutherfords and Macfarlanes are two families that have spread themselves over a large part of North Canterbury; in fact it is almost impossible to speak of North Canterbury without speaking of the Rutherfords. They are like a rugged Highland clan, working together and playing together, having their own polo team, and coming down *en masse* to the Christchurch races and Show weeks. The first George Rutherford came from South Australia in 1859, and bought Leslie Hills Station, then named Addington, from Messrs.

Knyvett and Hodgson. His experienced eye saw at once the enormous advantages of this piece of country, bounded on two sides by a great river, and backed by a high range. He realised that it would only need fencing on one side, and thus could be worked much more cheaply than most of the country, and in this and many other matters his knowledge of farming gained in Australia gave him an enormous advantage over his less experienced and less sturdy neighbours. After having bought the station he returned to Australia, chartered two ships, and brought over his wife, his seven sons, the stud sheep, horses, and cattle. (It reminds one irresistibly of Noah and the ark, and indeed there is something patriarchal about the whole Rutherford story). He also brought a goat so that his wife might have milk on the voyage, but the seven sons found that they had to rise early if they were to be in time to prevent the sailors from taking the milk. When they reached New Zealand they anchored some distance outside Lyttelton Heads and swam the animals ashore, and when they had themselves landed hitched up the bullock waggons, and took the whole cavalcade up to Leslie Hills. Standing on the verandah of the old house and looking out to the wide valley of the Waiau one can see dotted all round the horizon Rutherford homesteads, belonging to grandsons and granddaughters of the original pioneer. On his death in 1885 he left Leslie Hills to his sixth son, Duncan; and to his grandson's sons, Duncan Leslie Rutherford and Stuart Leslie Rutherford, it belongs to-day. One of the seven sons settled in South Canterbury, and one in Marlborough, but the rest and most of their descendants remained in North Canterbury.

We had breakfast at Wandle Bush, and lunched at Greenhills, where we were joined by another four-in-hand and many traps, and we drove on to Kaikoura, where a triumphal arch had been erected, and Mr. Lance had to make a speech, which was received with great applause.

We put up at the Pier Hotel, and next day drove to Mr. Bullen's, where a champagne luncheon was given.

Mr. Bullen came from Sydney to New Zealand, and in 1866 took up the run afterwards known as The Elms, buying it from Mr. Fyfe, who with Captain Kean had taken up, though not stocked, most of the country near Kaikoura. He had great taste in planting, and made plantations on the tops of all the hills on his estate. He built the present homestead about 1873, and it was considered very magnificent. His hospitality was unbounded; cricket teams going to play the local eleven, visitors to the neighbourhood, passers-by, were all sure of entertainment at The Elms.

This country had never been bush country within the memory of living man, though there was a tradition among the old whalers that long ago a tremendous fire had been seen sweeping over the lower Kaikoura ranges; at any rate the number of moa bones found in the swamps suggests that they had fled there from some conflagration.

Mr. W. R. Bullen has told the writer that in draining one of these swamps he found that at some period it had been heavily timbered with white pine, and judging by the size of the roots and remains of the trunks the white pine forest was evidently hundreds of years old. Below these was a layer of river silt and shingle, in which were embedded red manuka stumps, showing that this ground had once been a dry flat covered with manuka scrub, while on a still lower level he came to good rich soil with totara logs embedded in it. As he remarked, it must indeed have been many years since those trees reared their heads to the sun, and it was interesting to sit on a hill and follow with the eye the course of the river from the mountains to the sea, speculating on the time it had taken to cover the rich soil, where the totara grew, with the shingle where the red manuka flourished, and then again by some change of its bed, to turn the dry flat into a swamp suitable for the

white pine trees. Another swamp proved to have been a lake at one time, for underneath the relics of the pine forest was the mud bottom of the lake, where he found remains of raupo and flax, also mussel shells, and the skeleton of a moa, which had presumably perished in the lake when the country was burnt.

We had tea at Mr. Collins's house (Mt. Fyfe) and then drove back to Kaikoura, and in the evening there was a grand ball at the hotel, attended by all the leading people. A big picnic the following day finished the festivities.

The Kaikoura township, with its port, is the centre of a considerable pastoral district extending from the Amuri Bluff on the south to the Clarence River on the north, between which places there is some fine farming country which stretches up into the valleys of the rugged Kaikoura mountains. The little town itself is most attractive, with its blue bay in front, the fertile plain behind, with the great wall of encircling mountains beyond, deep blue in summer and shining white in winter, and changing at sunset into wonderful mauves and purples. While we were there my wife went to see old Mrs. Parsons, a member of a Somerset yeoman family, who remembered being at the wedding of Mr. Richard Strachey, my wife's father, some 57 years before. She was delighted to see someone who could talk of her own village in England, and she insisted on giving my wife a plate out of a beautiful set of Lowestoff china that she possessed. When we took it home we found that it was exactly the same pattern as one that had been given to me by my sister as a wedding present. Whether

the two plates had originally been part of the same large dinner service I do not know. If so, it was strange that they should have travelled out to New Zealand to meet again under the same roof.

We drove back to Mr. Wharton's station, Highfield, and on next day to Horsley Downs and Heathstock, where we spent a few days before returning to Christchurch.

Highfield was taken up by Mr. L. Lee, and after one or two changes was sold in 1876 to Mr. Henry Wharton, who in 1884, formed a company by taking into partnership his two brothers-in-law, Messrs. Frank and James Northcote. A few years later the latter married the only daughter of Mr. Lance. The woolshed was one of the largest in Canterbury, and much has been done to improve the property.

I had now to go on survey business to the Mackenzie country, and I stayed first at Richmond, Mr. Musgrave's station on Lake Tekapo, and rode with him to Lillybank, Mr. Sibbald's station, which was the land I had discovered and held for a year before my claim lapsed. Afterwards we rode up the Godley River, and had a good view of the two glaciers at the head of it, one of them leading to the Sealy Pass.

Mr. Musgrave, known familiarly as Muzzie, was a good sportsman, keen on hunting, and a great favourite. He was for some years a partner of Arthur Hope, who owned Richmond Station from 1880 to 1899. Musgrave afterwards owned Lake Heron Station, where in 1895 he lost most of his flock in a snowstorm.

Returning to Richmond Station I went on to the Tekapo Hotel, and next day visited the Alexandrina Lake, which, lying some distance from the main road, is not so well known



Paradise Lake, on Pigeon Island, Lake Wanaka.

[N.Z. Govt. Publicity photo

as the other Mackenzie country lakes. It is much smaller than the others, but is a very pretty one. In the evening I rode down to the Pukaki Hotel, and next day up the west side of the Lake to the Hermitage accommodation house, situated almost at the foot of Mt. Cook. The native name of Aorangi, the cloud piercer, is wonderfully suggestive of this magnificent peak, and in this mere journal of my journeys and experiences in early New Zealand it is impossible for me to describe its beauty and grandeur. I shall not attempt it. Mr. Huddleston, the manager of the Hermitage, a man very keen and enthusiastic in the work he had undertaken, took me for a long walk to Kea Point and then some way up the Mueller Glacier and into an ice cave.

The glacier was named after Baron Von Mueller, Austrian explorer and botanist, and first curator of the Botanical Gardens in Melbourne. When he visited Mt. Cook he is said to have remarked, "Now will I sit on mein's own glacier."

This was my first sight of a really big glacier, and as we saw several avalanches, one of them of a tremendous size, falling from Mt. Moorhouse, I was greatly impressed. I was also immensely struck with the beauty of Mt. Sefton, towering like a huge wall above the ice river where we stood, and I think this was one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent. On the following day we rode over to the great Tasman Glacier, and lunched near two little lagoons on the west side of it. On our return ride when we reached the Hooker River, which we had crossed quite easily in the morning, we found large

blocks of ice coming down it, and had some difficulty in effecting a safe crossing. Having spent two days at the Hermitage, which was all the time I could then give, I determined that as soon as I could spare one of my surveyors, I would have a complete survey made of the Mt. Cook glaciers, and in the next year, 1888, I instructed Mr. N. Brodrick, who was now one of the best on the staff, to carry out this work. I set out on the return journey in pouring rain, and the big creeks we had to cross were flooded, and the driver found it difficult to get the trap over them. We lunched at Glentanner station, and finally arrived at the Pukaki Hotel.

Glentanner station was originally taken up by the Dark Bros. in 1858, and named after the ship that brought them to Lyttelton.

After a night's rest I rode on to the Ohau River, where I had to inspect the site of the proposed new bridge, and I then crossed the river in a wire cage, and went on to Mr. Maitland's station on Lake Ohau, where I stayed the night, and the day after rode up the Hopkins and Dobson Rivers, which I had explored before I left Canterbury. Next day we had a splendid day's duck shooting, our bag including a number of black teal, and the following day Mr. Maitland rode with me to the Benmore station, where we lunched—(this is not to be confused with the Benmore station in Southland)—and then went on with me as far as Omarama, on the other side of the Ahuriri River. In crossing this country I noticed that the rabbits swarmed in hundreds and thousands

showing how this pest had increased, and I could not help thinking of the fine of £5 that had been imposed for shooting one in Southland a few years before. That night I reached the Waitaki, and stayed at an accommodation house, and from there rode down to Kurow, got a buggy, and drove up the Hakataramea to inspect the site of a proposed township. I then returned to Kurow and went to Mr. Campbell's house at Otekaike, and, after a day's rest, on to Oamaru and Christchurch. Arriving home late I found my wife had gone to a ball given by Mrs. Rhodes, so I dressed and followed, to my wife's great astonishment, as she had just been telling her friends that I was up at Mt. Cook.

In this year I had to make further reductions in my staff, and I am sorry to say lose my Inspecting Surveyor, Mr. Kitson, who had been a staff surveyor under the Provincial Government, and had been with me ever since I took charge of the Canterbury Surveys.

On September 1st, 1888, we were startled very early in the morning by an exceedingly heavy shock of earthquake, the severest felt in the South Island since 1868, and longer in duration than any previously recorded in Christchurch. It did considerable damage to the Cathedral spire, erected by the children of the late George Rhodes, of Timaru, in memory of their father. About 20 feet of the top of the spire fell to the ground, and large stones were scattered over the footpaths in Cathedral square, so if the earthquake had come in the daytime there would probably have been some loss of life. Several other buildings were more or less

1888

damaged. In our own house many ornaments were broken, and a marble statue of Diana that I had brought from Rome, fell from its pedestal and was smashed beyond repair.

The following account of the fall of the spire is from a Christchurch paper of September 1st. An eye-witness who saw the fall of the spire described it in these words:—

“The first view I got of it after my attention was directed to it by the ringing of the bells, was seeing three or four stones shoot out. Then the top part of the spire swayed for a second or two, having a peculiarly weird effect in the kind of half light which prevailed, and then, as it seemed to me, when the violence of the shock was over, down toppled the whole of the topmost portion, the cross falling against the part of the tower which was standing. The fall of the stones and the ringing of the bells made a tremendous noise, and for a few seconds I could hardly tell what had happened.”

In his report to the Surveyor-General for 1888 Mr. Baker says:—

Minor Triangulation and Topographical Surveys. As proposed in my report last year, four of the staff surveyors have been engaged on this work to enable me to get more reliable plans made of the pastoral country proposed to be re-let next year in Canterbury. Mr. Welch has been employed on the Okuku and Noble Survey Districts, situated in the northern part of the province, adjoining the Huru-nui River; Mr. Hay, in the Mt. Somers and Hutt Survey Districts, in the Ashburton County, embracing the head waters of the north branch of the Ashburton River; Mr. McClure has completed the Fox, Mount Peel, and Sinclair Survey Districts, in the Geraldine County, including the head waters of the Orari, and the Havelock branch of the Rangitata River; and Mr. Brodrick has been engaged in com-

pleting the triangulation of the North Tekapo and Godley Survey Districts, in the Mackenzie country, embracing the northern part of Lake Tekapo and the Macaulay, Godley, and Cass Rivers. The work undertaken by those officers has been of the most arduous description. The unusually late fall of snow in the early part of October last year, the fierce and ever-recurring north-west gales which blew with such force during the past summer months, and the early fall of snow this autumn, have all helped to retard the progress of the work; and necessitated the highest peaks being ascended again and again before satisfactory observations could be obtained. The average height of the stations observed was over 4,500 ft., a great many of them being over 6,500 ft., and the highest 7,645 ft. I am glad to be able to report that no loss of life has occurred, although Mr. Welch's party, whilst fording the South Hurunui River, were washed down it, barely escaping with their lives; and Mr. Brodrick had one of his men so badly frostbitten that he had to be sent to the nearest hospital. The total area triangulated is 416,838 acres; and besides getting the topographical features of this, the topography of 335,154 acres of the higher portions of the mountain ranges extending far into the Southern Alps has been obtained by extending chain traverses to the sources of the various rivers and their principal tributaries, the peaks and leading ridges being fixed by cross bearings and the other topographical features by cross bearings and carefully prepared sketches taken from the various minor stations. The average cost of the triangulation and topography was 0·98d., and of the topography alone 0·35d. per acre, which includes every cost in connection with the field parties to the end of the season. The several surveyors and their parties pushed on the work with the utmost energy until they were compelled by the approach of winter to leave the high altitudes in which they had been camping. The calculations and topographical plans having been left to be compiled during the winter months, I am unable to report definitely on the various closures which have

been made with previous work. The rough calculations, however, show satisfactory results."

The paragraph in the report referring to the Government's action with regard to retrenchment seems extraordinarily bold as coming from a servant of that Government.

"*Retrenchment.*—I sincerely regret that the reduction of the office staff ordered by the Government has led to the retirement of ——— and ——— and ———. The compulsory retirement of officers after many years—perhaps a whole lifetime—given to the public service of the colony, without any adequate retiring allowance or without any pension, whilst other officers of perhaps shorter or not such valuable service retire with a good pension, simply because they happened to be appointed in the first instance by the General Government instead of the Provincial, is a great blot on the Civil Service of the Colony, and is probably without parallel in any Crown or constitutionally governed dependency of the British Government; and I doubt if in any Civil Service in the world would such glaringly unequal and unjust treatment of public servants be tolerated."

1889 Towards the end of this year I had some very long rides with Mr. McMillan and Mr. Foster, the two other Run Classification Commissioners, going over all the properties in the lower part of Canterbury, south of the Rangitata River. I arrived home two days before Christmas, and a week after we started again at Hakataramea and visited all the stations in the Mackenzie country, which took us till nearly the end of January. Being near Mt. Cook I went up to the Hermitage to see Mr. Brodrick, who was now at work making the complete

survey of the Mt. Cook glaciers. Setting out early one morning we crossed the Mueller glacier, walked to the terminal face of the Hooker, where we had lunch, and then walked on up the glacier to a point opposite the saddle at the end, afterwards named the Baker Saddle, where I had a magnificent view of the head of the glacier and of Mt. Cook. It was nearly 5 p.m. before we turned back, almost dark before we regained the Mueller, and we did not reach the Hermitage till half-past nine, having done the longest day's expedition in the Hermitage records of glacier walks. I am of course speaking of a time before Mt. Cook was ascended, or any of the other big climbs made. I now gave Mr. Brodrick instructions to have numbers painted on about a dozen of the larger rocks moving down the surface of the Mueller Glacier and to fix their position by trigonometrical observation so that these might at a later date again be determined and the rate at which the various parts of the glacier were moving could be easily ascertained. I also asked him to range lines and fix rods on the Hooker, Tasman, and Murchison glaciers, and a few months later to re-range the lines and measure the distance each rod had moved, so that the rate at which these glaciers were travelling should likewise be discovered.

From Mr. Brodrick's report, published in 1891, it appears that the greatest movement of one of the rocks on the Mueller was 611 ft. in twenty months (from March 29th, 1889, to November 14th, 1890), and the greatest movement of the rods placed on the Tasman was 49 ft. in a month (5th December, 1890, to 7th January, 1891).

It was at this time that Mr. Brodrick surveyed the Noeline Glacier and named it after the daughter of his chief.

After a visit to the run on Lake Ohau we went up the Hopkins River, and then over the Benmore run, and down the Omarama River to Kurow. Here I parted from the other Commissioners and went to Otekaike, where my wife and daughter were staying, and returned with them to Christchurch. We then made a trip up the Rakaia to Glenrock Gully, which was the pastoral country that I had discovered in 1860, about 29 years before. Later we rode over the Lake Heron country and up the Rangitata to the Clyde River, and then back to the Mt. Somers railway station. This concluded the work of the Land Classification Commissioners, and we returned to Christchurch. After this I had to visit Wellington to see the Minister of Lands about the classifications we had made. New leases were to be submitted to auction at Timaru and Christchurch that autumn, and the object of our inspections had been to determine the size of the runs and the minimum rentals to be charged.

In May Mr. Percy Smith, who had lately been appointed Surveyor-General, came to Christchurch on his first official visit to my department. Mr. McKerrow, whom he had succeeded, had been made the head of the Land Purchasing Department for buying back land from the big station owners, to be divided for closer settlement. On May 30th I held the first large sale at Timaru of the runs in the southern part of Canterbury, and on the 4th of June, in Christ-

church, of the runs in the middle and northern parts of the province. It was my first experience of acting as an auctioneer at big land sales, but I got a good deal of credit in the Press for the way I had conducted them.

When the Provinces were abolished in 1875 and the General Government took over the administration of the land the runholders were allowed to continue their leases on the old conditions till May, 1880. The runs were then re-valued (under the Land Act of 1877), and the rentals were based on the carrying capacity and position of the stations, varying from 9d. to 2/- per sheep, and from 4/- to 10/- per head of cattle. Before the leases ran out again in 1890 the runs were let at these auction sales for periods of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, the time being based on whether the land was likely to be needed for closer settlement. At this time a certain amount of the land was taken by the Government for closer settlement, but the majority of the tenants obtained their runs again.

In July I went by train to the Waipara, and drove on to the Motunau station, and had two days' shooting there. I cannot remember the number of guns, but I kept a note of the bag. We had 41 hares, 23 pukakis, 3 pheasants, 3 ducks, and 2 swans, not a bad bag for those days, as shooting was nothing like as good as it had been when first I arrived in New Zealand.

At the end of this year we lost our very good friend, Mr. Robert Campbell, who had been ill for some months. He was an extraordinarily genial kindly man, his own worst enemy, and we had always been made very welcome visitors at his charming home. He was buried at Dunedin, and I went down there to attend the funeral on December 11th.

Mr. Baker's report for the year 1889 refers to the very heavy work being done by the office staff.

“Office Work.—Since the reduction made in the office staff last year the whole of the office work as regards the checking and construction of all plans, district, county, and Crown-grant record-maps, has been supervised by Mr. Shanks, Chief Draughtsman. Fifteen new district plans have been made for the public map room, and were revised and added to. Four new districts have been traced and sent to Wellington, for photo-lithography; but the principal draughting work done this year was the construction of four run plans, on a scale of one mile to an inch, showing all the topography, fences, run-boundaries, etc. This last work was only completed in time to let the public have the use of them before the run sales by the strenuous efforts of several of the draughtsmen, who for many weeks had to return to the office after the usual hours and remain nightly till 10 p.m. in order to get them finished. Twenty-eight large and forty-one small plans were sent in by the surveyors, most of which have been checked and passed. There were 313 certificates of title or Crown grants of 435 sections of rural, town, or suburban land, containing 20,298 acres, prepared. Plans were put on 104 leases in triplicate, involving the drawing of over 300 separate plans on these deeds.”

During the year 1889 the New Zealand Institute of Surveyors was formed, and Mr. Baker was one of the original members.

1890 On the 29th January, 1890, the first sod was cut of the Midland railway, which was to connect Canterbury with the West Coast. The ceremony took place at Springfield, then the terminus of the railway from Christchurch, and little did those who were present guess that this short line would take over 30 years to complete.

In the beginning of this year it was reported that sawyers were illegally cutting timber in

the forest at the head of Lake Wanaka. This necessitated a visit of investigation, and my friend, Captain Temple, an amateur artist, begged to go with me. We went by railway to Oamaru, and up to Otekaike, where I left my wife with Mrs. Campbell, going on myself with Captain Temple to Kurow. Next day we hired a buggy and a pair of horses and drove to the Benmore station, where we stayed the night, and then on to the station on Lake Ohau. The following day we drove to Mr. Brodrick's camp at the head of the lake, where I had work to inspect. He had by this time finished his surveys of the Mt. Cook glaciers, and was making a topographical survey of the Dobson and Hopkins Rivers. Having examined the maps, I rode with him up the Hopkins River, an exceedingly attractive ride, with lovely views of the adjoining hills. We camped in a horse paddock at the junction of the Huxley River with the Hopkins, where we obtained a most magnificent view of Mt. Fraser and other snowy peaks, and on the next day we rode about two miles further up the river, which is wooded on both sides, to the glacier at the head of it. The following morning we rode back to Mr. Brodrick's camp, and shot rabbits, which had now penetrated even into this very wild country. The day after we rode up the Dobson River, but the scenery was not nearly as beautiful as that on the Hopkins.

It was at this time that Mr. Brodrick discovered the pass over to the West Coast at the head of the Huxley River, which is now called the Brodrick Pass.

My work here being completed we drove down the Ohau Lake to the Benmore Station and on to the Omarama Station, and after staying the night we drove up the Ahuriri to Birchwood Station. The following day, a Sunday, we rode up the river to an out-hut where Captain Temple stayed to sketch, but I rode on to where the birch forest comes down to the river on both sides. It is an extremely pretty valley. Next day we said good-bye to our hospitable hosts, and drove down the Ahuriri and over the Lindis Pass to the station where Owen and I had stayed in 1861, 29 years before. After spending the night there we drove through the Lindis Gorge to the Morven Hill Station, lunched there, crossed the Molyneux at the Ludgate Ferry, and went on to Pembroke at the south end of Lake Wanaka. From here we determined to make a trip up the Matukituki River, which I had never seen, so we rode round the south end of the lake to Glendhu Bay, where there is a lovely view of Mt. Aspiring. Mr. Cameron, the manager of a station there, kindly piloted us by a short cut to the river we intended to explore, and we had beautiful views all the way up to a sawmill, where we spent our first night. We then rode for two miles up the west branch of the Matukituki, and obtained a magnificent view of the Rob Roy glacier. Here Captain Temple stayed to make a sketch, and I rode on a few miles further. We lunched at another sawmill and went up the east branch of the river till we reached a spot opposite the Cascade Glacier with its hundreds of waterfalls, a most glorious sight. On the return journey we rode all the

way back to Pembroke in one day, not reaching there till half-past ten at night, both of us pretty tired with our long ride. The following day, putting our horses on board the steamer, we proceeded up Lake Wanaka, stopping for a short time at Manuka Island, where we walked up a little hill to see a pretty lake at the top. Descending again to the steamer we went on to the head of the lake, and landing our horses rode up to the Makarora station, of which Mr. Symonds was the manager.

Mr. Charles Symonds went first as a cadet to the Makarora Station, which was on the east side of the river opposite Mt. Albert. This run belonged to his aunt, Ellen Symonds, who also owned Kekerangu, in the Marlborough province. Later he became manager, and lived there for many years.

Next day I proceeded up the Wilkin River to the sawmill, which was the object of my visit, and seized the cut timber as being Crown property, and notified the sawmill proprietor that he would be prosecuted for cutting it without a license. I then rode on up the river to where it forks into two branches, and had a grand view of the Castor and Pollux peaks and of Mt. Alba, part of the snowy mountain range dividing this country from the West Coast. I also had a ride up the Makarora River to the forest, to seize timber illegally cut there, and I afterwards returned to Lake Wanaka, and went by steamer back to Pembroke.

I then had to assess the carrying capacity of some country taken up on the Hunter River at the head of Lake Hawea, and to do this was obliged to swim my horse across the Molyneux

as the punt at Newcastle was laid up for repairs. I rode to Lake Hawea and up to the Dingle Station, arriving there at 10 p.m. Very early next morning, having secured a fresh horse, I rode on to the station at the head of the lake, and had breakfast here, and again being supplied with a fresh horse, rode about fifteen miles up the Hunter River to the country I had to assess. It did not take me long to complete this job, and finding a shepherd there I changed horses with him, rode back to the station, where I had breakfasted, had dinner there, and, mounting the horse I had ridden up returned to the Dingle Station. Then getting on the horse I had brought up from Pembroke, I completed the return journey, arriving about 9 p.m., after being in the saddle, with only short intervals for meals, about fifteen hours, a good day's work for any man.

Next morning, with Captain Temple, I drove to the Tarras Station, where we had lunch, and then on to the Lindis Station, where we stayed the night. Leaving at six o'clock next morning we drove to the woolshed, and had breakfast in the hut, and then drove over the Lindis Pass down to Omarama, where we had tea, changed horses, and got down to Kurow a little before midnight, after a very long day's drive. Here Captain Temple left me, as I had to visit the camp of Mr. Mathias, one of my surveyors, and at the same time a cousin. I also went to Ote-kaike, where my wife and daughter were staying with Mrs. Campbell, spent Sunday with them, and returned by rail to Christchurch. At this time Mrs. Campbell was seriously ill. She had strained her heart nursing her husband,

who was a big heavy man, but it had been hoped that rest and quiet in her own home would bring improvement. As, however, this was not the case, my wife took her down to Dunedin to consult the doctor there, and later Mrs. Humphreys (Mrs. Campbell's sister) came down to be with her.

I now had to go to Wellington to see the Minister of Lands *re* further sales of runs in the Midland Railway area, which were to take place the next month. Shortly after I went down to Dunedin, where my wife was still nursing Mrs. Campbell at the Criterion Hotel. An exhibition was being held there, which I visited, and then dined with the Ritchies, and had supper with my old friend Professor Sale. Two days later I returned with my wife to Christchurch, but in less than a fortnight a telegram came saying that Mrs. Campbell was much worse, and Mrs. Baker went back to Dunedin, and the following day Mrs. Campbell died. I went down to her funeral, which took place on the 19th April, only about four months after that of her husband. We thus lost two friends who had been very kind to us ever since our marriage, nearly fifteen years before.

In July of this year I had again to visit Wellington to attend a conference of Chief Commissioners about an Amended Land Bill, and also to attend a committee on "land dummyism." Since the Act had come into force restricting the area that might be bought from the Crown by any one individual a certain number of people had evaded the law by purchasing not only in their own names but also in the names of other people, and in this way held more land

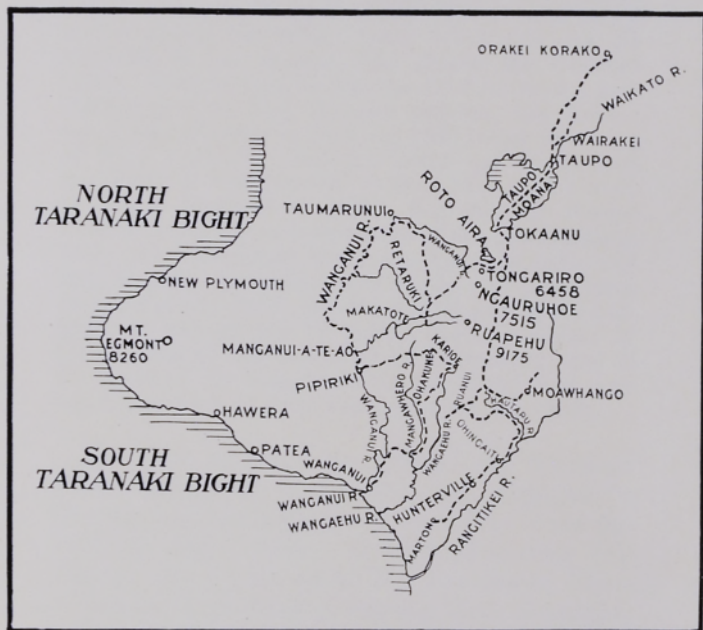
than they were entitled to hold. This practice was known as land dummyism, and the Government was determined to put a stop to it. The committee of enquiry sat for ten days, the various Chief Commissioners gave evidence, and I was detained in Wellington for the whole of this time.

Commenting on the evidence given before this Committee, the "Oamaru Mail" said:—

"There is a striking dissimilarity in the evidence in reference to dummyism given before the Waste Lands Committee of the House by Mr. Maitland, the Commissioner of Otago, and Mr. Baker, the Commissioner for Canterbury. Mr. Maitland lent all the authority of his official position to the statement that dummyism was unknown at present. Mr. Baker acknowledged that dummyism is an existing evil. He mentioned the case of a 'certain company in Canterbury which had obtained land by dummyism, the dummies being the manager and a number of employees.' 'It is also said that one proof of the case being one of dummyism is that "the cheques for the sections were numbered consecutively." ' Mr. Baker also did good service by directing attention to the fact that when applicants make false declarations the law appoints no one to prosecute them. Of a verity our laws are wonderfully made."

Whether the virtuous Scotchmen of Otago were less addicted to this reprehensible practice, or whether Mr. Baker was more observant than Mr. Maitland seems to be a moot point.

In the spring I had a long ride up the east coast of the South Island, from the Hurunui River to Picton on the Cook Straits. I went by train to Waipara, and then rode on to Stonyhurst, the station of Sir George Clifford, who was to accompany me on this expedition.



Sketch Map of Riding Tour, January and February, 1894.

Stonyhurst was originally taken up in 1850 by Mr. Charles Clifford and Mr. Frederick Weld (afterwards Sir Charles and Sir Frederick). It is one of the few stations that still belong to the descendants of its first owners. The run then included Greta Peaks. They were experienced sheep farmers, which was by no means common among the early runholders. In 1848 they brought sheep down to Flaxbourne, in the Marlborough Province, which also belonged to them, but they did not send sheep to Stonyhurst till 1852. Later Weld sold out his interests to his partner, and joined the Colonial Office. Both he and Sir Charles Clifford took a prominent part in New Zealand politics; the former was Prime Minister in 1864 and 1865 (later Governor of West Australia), and the latter was Speaker of the House of Representatives from 1854 till he went to live in England in 1860. His son, Sir George Clifford, came out to take charge of the two estates in 1871. At Stonyhurst there are fine plantations of English oaks, Australian hard woods, and pines from all parts of the world, and the greater part of the property is surrounded by rabbit proof fencing. It grows some of the best wool in Canterbury, and is the home of the Stonyhurst thoroughbred stud, and has a stud flock of pure Tasmanian merino sheep.

The first morning we crossed the Hurunui River and rode to Cheviot, Mr. Campbell's Station, and he drove me to Gore Bay to see the landing place there. In the afternoon Sir George and I rode on to Mt. Parnassus (then owned by G. A. Anstey, staying there the night, and the following day we went to the Conway River and down to the coast, where we obtained a most lovely view of the Kaikoura mountains. That night we stayed at Claverley, belonging to Mr. Smith, and then continued our journey along the coast till we reached Kaikoura, where we stayed at the homestead of Mr. Collins.

This was one of the most beautiful rides I have ever had, as our way took us along the base of the hills, which here come right down to the shore and are covered with bush. The track passed through groves of karaka trees, which later in the year are hung with brilliant yellow berries, and skirted lovely bays, where the sea is of a wonderful brilliant greeny blue, and where the great waves from the Southern Ocean break themselves into foam on the jutting out ledges of rock. Some of the beaches are covered with large paua shells with exquisite iridescent colouring of greens and blues and mauves. Next day we rode on by the new road to the Clarence River, where we again stayed the night, and the following day we lunched at Kekerangu, belonging to Mr. Edmund Rutherford, and in the afternoon reached Sir George Clifford's station of Flaxbourne, in the Marlborough Province. I remained there for four days, riding about the run, and I saw a Wolseley shearing machine at work. These were quite new to the Colony, and it was the first time I had seen one. We afterwards rode on to Blenheim, the capital of Marlborough Province, stayed there one day, and went by rail to Picton and by steamer to Wellington, and the same night I caught a boat going to Lyttelton, but had rather a rough passage, and was glad to get home again. Mr. Percy Smith, the Surveyor-General, came down in the same steamer, and spent the night with us at Chilcomb. I was going with him up to Mt. Cook, but it was the time of the November races, and the Bachelors' and Jockey Club Balls, and as I wished to be present I left Christchurch a day later than my

chief, who had no taste for such frivolities, and had to make a forced journey to catch him up. I went by rail to Fairlie Creek, where I procured a buggy, and leaving there at 8 p.m. drew up at Tekapo about midnight, and though it was raining hard I set out again into the night, and arrived at Pukaki Hotel at 6 o'clock in the morning. There I had an hour and a half's sleep before starting with the Surveyor-General in the coach for the Hermitage, which we reached at 4.30 in the afternoon. I had thus taken only 29 hours to make what was generally a forty-eight hours' journey. We were unfortunate in the weather, as for the next two days it rained or snowed the whole time. The third day was fine, and we went to Kea Point and to the terminal face of the Mueller Glacier, returning through Governor's Bush, a pretty piece of native forest so called because one of the New Zealand Governors had camped there. We afterwards went back to Fairlie Creek and on to Timaru and Christchurch by railway.

Early in December I had to visit several places on the Peninsula, and I took my daughter Noeline with me. She was only eleven, but was used to long rides on her pony, though this was her first riding tour. She had never been away from her mother or governess before, and though she could manage a horse there was great doubt if she could manage all the buttons of her clothes. However, we decided to risk this. We rode across Dyer's Pass to Governor's Bay, on Lyttelton Harbour, and spent the night at the small hotel there, and next morning rode round the head of the bay to Purau, where we lunched. We then went over the hill to Port

Levy, staying the night with the Flemings, who were among the oldest settlers in Canterbury, having come out in the *Randolph*, one of the four ships that brought the first founders of the Canterbury Settlement in 1850. From there we rode over to Pigeon Bay and on to Mackintosh Bay, where we stayed with the Menzies family. We spent a day there, left very early the following morning, and by breakfast time came to Little Akaloa, where my daughter had spent her first birthday when we sent her away from the unhealthy heat of Christchurch. She says that if she lives to be a hundred she will never forget the breakfast they gave us at the farm. It was only home-cured bacon, new potatoes, and home-made bread, butter and jam, but eaten after a long ride in the early morning air, it tasted more delicious than anything else she ever tasted. We stayed that night with the Thackers, at Okain's Bay. They were very old settlers there, and had a comfortable farmhouse overlooking the bay, with a sloping sunny garden.

Mr. J. E. Thacker and his family arrived in Canterbury in one of the "first four ships." He lived for a few years in Christchurch, but in 1855 he went to Okain's Bay, where he bought a section. It was fine bush land, and from that time till his death he kept on adding to his property, which then consisted of 4,500 acres. Since then his descendants have increased it to 7,500 acres.

They had no spare room, but they welcomed us warmly, and said Miss Thacker, "You shall have my father's room and the little girl shall sleep with me." Now the little girl, being an only child, had always had a bedroom to her-

self, and the thought of sharing a bed with a strange woman filled her with horror. She has told me since that she walked up and down the kitchen garden path for an hour saying over and over to herself, "What can't be cured must be endured. What can't be *cured* must be endured. Noeline, you are eleven years old, and it is quite time you knew that," and finally having screwed up her courage to sticking point she marched into the house, undressed, and went to bed. Little did the kind lady think that the generous offer of half her bed would necessitate such heroic resolutions. On the other side of the bay was a Maori *pa*, which we visited in the morning. This was a matter of great interest to Noeline, as she had never seen a native village before or spoken to any Maoris, though she must have seen them occasionally in the streets of Christchurch. I also had to go to the top of the range to inspect a reserve, and we afterwards rode over to Le Bons Bay, and then on to Waikerikeri Bay to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who were old friends of ours. We remained there over Sunday, and we went for a walk into the bush to see the magnificent tree-ferns that grew in that part, and on Monday went over Mr. Roberts's property along the Gough Bay ridge.

The following day we rode to Akaroa, and catching the steamer *Penguin* reached Lyttelton, and arrived home that night, to the great delight of my wife, who had, I think, felt rather nervous about allowing her precious baby to go for such an expedition.

The whole of the peninsula, before it was occupied by the settlers who purchased land

there, was covered with bush, and it is astonishing to think of the amount of labour which must have been expended on it before the bush was felled and it was turned into splendid grazing country. Most of it was sown with cocksfoot grass, and the sale of the seed when gathered in, helped to a great extent to pay for the original cost of felling the timber, burning it off, and sowing grass in the ashes of the forest. Of course the stumps of the burnt trees were for a time very unsightly, but gradually these were levered out, piled up, and reburnt with the fallen trunks, and eventually fine grassed paddocks carrying large herds of cattle and sheep took the place of the forests with which the hills were originally clothed. This happened in all the innumerable bays and inlets of the Peninsula, and when I revisited it many years afterwards in 1920 it was impossible to believe that the smooth grassy hills had been an almost impenetrable forest when I first visited it.

The following quotations from Mr. Baker's report for 1890 are of interest:—

Whilst up the Huxley River Mr. Brodrick found a saddle in the Southern Alps at an elevation of 5,308 ft., which he crossed, and thence descended to the Landsborough River. This is marked on Mr. Mueller's topographical survey of this river, but it is now found not to lead over to the head-waters of the Hunter River, which must rise somewhat further south; it is a connecting saddle between the Huxley and Landsborough Rivers. Mr. Brodrick has written a detailed and interesting account of his climb over this and Sealy Pass, at the head of Godley River, with sketch map illustrating his route. So far as I am aware, he is the only person who has actually crossed the main range between Whit-

combe and Haast Passes, though Mr. Sealy, from the Canterbury side, ascended to the top of the pass named after him. Mr. Brodrick has completed about 90,000 acres of triangulation at under $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per acre, and 189,000 acres of topography at 0·37d. per acre.

Land Transfer Survey.—Mr. Munro, the officer in charge of this work, reports as follows:—"The amount of work which has been passed through this office during the year ended 30th June, 1890, has been approximately the same as during each of three previous years. . . . From a tabulated statement extending over several years, compiled by the District Registrar from gazetted monthly returns, the amount of work performed by the Christchurch office of the Land Transfer Department is about two-fifths of that passing through the whole of the Land Transfer Department of the Colony, both as to value and as to number of documents."

From 1881 the survey reports make mention of many roads constructed by the Department in addition to other survey works.

The Surveyor-General's report for 1890 says under the heading *Road Work*:—"Since the Department took over the whole of the constructive road works of the Colony, in January, 1889, this branch of the service has been a somewhat important one. A very large amount of work is immediately conducted under the direction of the Chief Surveyors, with the occasional help of road surveyors and a staff of overseers specially engaged, whilst some of it is supervised by two Assistant Engineers, who were transferred to the Department for that purpose from the Public Works Department."

From 1885 to 1890 there was much coming and going of relations at Chilcomb. Mr. Baker's nephew, Hugh Fisher, had come out to New Zealand in 1884, and when Mr. and Mrs. Baker returned from their trip to England in 1885 he came to live with them. Her nephew, Claud Strachey, was still working as a cadet to Mr. Charles Harper, and was a constant visitor, and these two young men brought many others to the house and there were frequent tennis parties and small dinner parties for their

amusement. In 1887 another nephew, Clive Strachey, came from England, and joined his brother at Clearwell, which belonged to his father, and was managed by Mr. Harper. Like his brother he was often at Chilcomb, and being charming and amusing, added much to the gaiety of an already cheerful household. In 1886 Mrs. Baker's eldest brother, Richard Strachey, the father of these two young men, had come out on a visit to see to his interests in the Colony. He had had various investments in New Zealand, but in 1880 had invested money with his brother Alex, and his son-in-law Cyril Hawdon, in the Westerfield Estate. When the partnership dissolved, which it did shortly afterwards, Clearwell, which had been part of the estate, fell to his share and Barford to Alex. Strachey. About this time also he acquired an interest in the Maronan property. In 1887 Claud was married to Miss Macpherson, the sister of Mrs. John Raine, and the wedding naturally took place from Chilcomb. Children came, and they and the children were always welcome. Lastly, in 1890, Mrs. Baker's twin brother, Alex, arrived with his very handsome wife, and remained in New Zealand for six months, spending part of the time at Barford but much at Chilcomb, and the same year another nephew, Claud's eldest brother, came on furlough from India. Mrs. Baker was very attached to her family, and these numerous visits gave her great pleasure, and were the excuse for a good deal of entertaining.

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD-BYE TO CANTERBURY — FIRST
YEARS IN WELLINGTON—TRIP TO
TAUPO AND WANGANUI RIVER.

In January, 1891, the Australian Scientific Society held a session in the large Provincial Council Chamber at Christchurch and a reception was given at Christ's College by Sir James Hector, the eminent geologist. Various papers were read, including one by myself, afterwards published by the Australian Association for the Advancement of Science, on "Mount Cook Glacier Motion," giving particulars of the movement of the different glaciers as determined by the surveys made by Mr. Brodric in 1889. The whole session was most interesting and very well attended. 1891

About three months later I had a telegram informing me that I was to be transferred to Wellington to take charge of the Land Department there and I went north to see the Minister of Lands, Mr. McKenzie, who told me that I was appointed principally to put down land dummyism, which was rampant in the North Island, and that I should in due course receive the further appointment of Assistant Surveyor-General. I returned to Christchurch to prepare for my departure. There was much to be done, not only in the office but also at Chilcomb, since this promotion necessitated the break-up of our home, the letting of our house, the selling

of our horses, cows, etc., and the removal of our furniture to Wellington.

I now held the last meeting of the Canterbury Land Board, where Mr. McMillan moved a resolution conveying the Board's appreciation of the "able, courteous and impartial manner" in which I had presided at the meetings. I also received from the officers of the Survey Department a silver tea tray with a letter expressing their sense of the good feeling that had existed between us during the many years I had held the position of Chief Surveyor and Commissioner of Crown Lands in Canterbury; and almost before I realized that I was going, I had left Christchurch and transplanted myself to Wellington, where I obtained a room at the Club, of which I had been made a member.

On the 28th of May, 1891, I took my seat as Chief Commissioner of the Wellington Land Board and the senior member, Mr. McCardle, made a little speech assuring me that every assistance would be given me by the members in carrying out the provisions of the new Land Act. I did not find it very easy to shake down into my new position, as all my previous work, including my training, had been done in the South Island, and the conditions there were in many ways different from those in the North. One of my earliest pieces of work was revising the proposed Land Act; then came the first case of land dummyism that I had before the Board. This was the Anderson case, but many others followed later. In July I made my first official trip up-country, going to Masterton, held my first land sale in the North Island, and later went to inspect the roads taken through

the Te Werate Estate, about which there had been a dispute.

In October I obtained a month's leave of absence to bring my family and possessions to Wellington. I had previously taken the lease of a house in the Tinakori Road called "Lindfield," which had belonged to old Mrs. Riddiford, who was one of the earliest settlers in the Colony. After I reached Christchurch I took my wife down to Dunedin and we stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Hocken. Then, leaving her there, I journeyed south to Invercargill, where I stayed with my friends the Brodricks.

The morning I left Invercargill I got into the wrong train, and did not find out my mistake until it was well under way. It was not yet going very fast, so I threw out my travelling bag and following it, picked it up, ran back to the station, and arrived on the platform just as the driver had started the other train. I think I shouted to him to "be a good fellow, and stop one moment," and, being one, he slowed down and, much out of breath, I hurled my bag and myself into the first passenger carriage that came along. I was particularly anxious not to miss that train, as I wanted to get out at Edendale to visit a farm I had purchased on the Mataura River and then catch the afternoon train to Dunedin. This I was able to do, and I joined my wife and next day returned with her to Christchurch.

We were very busy for some days packing up our furniture and belongings, and then I left by steamer for Wellington and about a fortnight later my wife, daughter and servants

arrived, and in a short time we were settled in our new house.

The reason we had not brought up our carriage horses was that now we had uprooted ourselves from the nice home we had established in Canterbury, we had practically made up our minds that sooner or later we would return to live in England, where all my wife's relations were, and, this being the case, we had determined to economise. I had no pension to look forward to, so we felt that for the next few years we ought to add as much as possible to our capital. Our coachman, McKee, came to Wellington with us to put the new garden in order and I then obtained a place for him as coachman and gardener to Mrs. Rhodes, and shortly afterwards he married our housemaid, their wedding breakfast being held in our house. Twenty-eight years later, when I and my daughter revisited New Zealand, we found them living in a charming bungalow house of their own in a beautiful position at Wadestown, with two grown up children, but he was still gardener at the house where Mrs. Rhodes had lived, though she had died many years before.

I was soon hard at work again, visiting special settlements that had been made under the new Land Act, holding land sales and Courts to hear old soldiers' land claims and ballots for special settlements, also visiting the camps of many of the surveyors to inspect and check their surveys.

Sir George and Lady Clifford were our first visitors after we had settled into our new home. They had been married only a week or two. We

drove them out to the races, the first we had been to in Wellington.

In Mr. Baker's report for 1891 he says—

“A great need exists for completing the road surveys left undone when the early surveys of this part of the Colony were made. Very great injustice will be done to existing settlers, and the future settlement of the country will be greatly interfered with, if these roads are not laid out before the right to take them has lapsed; in many cases it has already done so, and roads are thereby forced into routes which would never have been chosen if the right to take the proper line had been exercised. Roads which have been in existence as coach roads for a quarter of a century have never been located on the plans, and a correct plan of the district showing the internal lines of communication cannot be made. I am having rough maps made of each county, showing on them every road laid out when the original survey was made, or that has been legalised since. These I propose sending to the local bodies asking them to allow their local engineer to sketch thereon every road that is in use that is not shown, and also to indicate any road that should be taken where the right to do so has not expired.

“Whilst, however, providing for the most pressing of the necessary road and other surveys required, I propose to get a very considerable area of Crown lands open for sale by placing staff or contract surveyors on new blocks of land, first getting the main roads graded and contracts out for forming such portions of them as funds can be provided for, then allowing the surveyor to go on with the sectional work, so that by the time the survey is done the main roads will be ready to be opened, and intending settlers will be able to see the land and the boundaries of their selections, and the access thereto before they take up any block. As the surveys eventually have to be done in any case, it is far the cheapest in the long run to get the whole survey done when the surveyor is first on the ground, and

though it may for the first year prevent the land being opened as fast as might otherwise be done, it will, I am convinced, prove more economical and more satisfactory both to the public and to the Department."

The New Zealand Alpine Club was formed in 1891. Mr. Baker was one of eight people present at the inaugural meeting and he was a vice-president of the club for that and the three succeeding years.

The Polynesian Society was also formed about the same time (January 8th. 1892), and Mr. Baker was also one of the original members of that society. He was elected to the Council in 1893 and held a seat on it for the next two years. He retired in 1896.

1892 On the 1st March, 1892, I was appointed Assistant Surveyor-General. This was really an honorary appointment and carried no special duties. More than anything else it was supposed to be a guarantee that the holder would be the next Surveyor-General.

In December of this year I had to visit Mr. Barton's country, past Cape Palliser, and I took my daughter with me on her pony, which we had not sold with the other horses. We rode over the Rimutaka Range on the old coach road and spent the night at the hotel in Featherston and then went down the east side of the Wairarapa Lake to Mr. Russell's station called "Whangamoana," where we stayed. Miss Russell was a charming old lady and welcomed us most warmly. Next day we had a nice ride up the Turanganui Valley. That evening Mr. Barton joined us and the following day we rode round Palliser Bay to Mr. Pharazyn's station and then round Cape Palliser to White Rock, Mr. Barton's own station, where we remained for two nights. This station was far from the

beaten track and few visitors ever came there. No woman lived on the place and the animals were quite frightened of a person in petticoats. When the dog saw Noeline he sat and howled, and the cat bolted under one of the bunks in the hut and could not be tempted out by the choicest morsels. The next day we rode up the White Rock River with Mr. Barton to see his country, and the following day went on to Stonycreek, Mr. Charles Pharazyn's property, where we stayed. Then we rode up to the top of the Makara Hill and across country past Martinborough back to Featherston. This was a very long ride for a girl on a pony and it was then said that no woman had ever done it before. The next day we returned to Wellington by railway over the Rimutakas and soon after spent our second Christmas in Wellington.

In the survey reports for this year mention is made many times of the employment of "unemployed"; for example, "The Road Surveyor, Pahiatua, reports 'During the nine months ending 31st March, 1892, I have been entirely engaged in the construction of roads by the unemployed, who have been recently developed into co-operative contractors. I have during that period found employment for over four hundred men, most of whom were provided with stores, including clothes and medical aid when necessary and all of them with tools and tents'."

In Mr. Baker's diary for this year there are many references to visits to various towns to receive Village Settlements applications, to hold sales of sections and ballots for Special Settlements, also to the holding of Land Courts to hear old soldiers' claims and so on; and he was evidently kept extremely busy with this work. However, there are also numerous references to dinners and dances in

Wellington, so life was not all work. The writer remembers many picnics arranged with our near neighbours, the Levins and the Stowes, and parties at the houses of Mrs. Charlie Johnston and Mrs. T. C. Williams, but these were more especially for young people, though Mr. Baker often joined in the picnics if they happened to be on a Saturday afternoon. There was certainly plenty of gaiety in Wellington in those days both for the young and the more elderly and Mr. and Mrs. Baker enjoyed the social side of life.

1893 Early in the year I took my daughter and Miss Burnett by train to Paremata to visit Mana Island, lying just outside the Porirua harbour. Our boatman's name was Villa and he was an Italian fisherman who had come out to the Colony some years previously. His wife had just died and he was living with his family of dark-eyed swarthy children in a little house on the beach. Later he went back to Italy to marry a girl from his own country and they returned to New Zealand in the *Wairarapa*, which was wrecked somewhere near Auckland. Most of the passengers were drowned, but Villa managed to swim ashore with his young wife and returned to his occupation of fisherman.

In May I took my wife and daughter on a visit to my brother's home in Napier. He had been for some years Chief Surveyor of Hawkes Bay, but by this time he had resigned from the Government Service and had set up a business of his own as land agent. He had a most charming house and garden on the hill behind the town with a beautiful view of the sea. The garden sloped towards the north and was warm, sunny and sheltered and many things grew there which would not grow further south—



Tasman Glacier, Southern Alps.

[N.Z. Govt. Publicity photo

not, at any rate, in wind-swept Wellington. My brother and I went by steamer to Wairoa, where I had never been before, as it was outside my Provincial District. After our arrival we rode to Mr. Griffiths' homestead and had three days' fine duck shooting and then, returning to Napier, went to Te Aute and had a few days' quail shooting there. I forget whose place it was, but these few days' shooting were the best I had had since we left Canterbury.

I then returned to my routine office work and continued it without any special break till the end of the year.

Extract from Mr. Baker's report to the Surveyor-General, 1893—

“Sectional Surveys.—Six of the staff and fourteen temporary staff surveyors have been engaged nearly the whole of their time in grading and laying out roads and pegging sections in the Farm Homestead Association blocks, in areas ranging from 100 to 300 acres each. Seven of the Association blocks, containing 35,449 acres, have been finally completed and the plans have been received. In twenty-one others, containing 134,990 acres, the roads have been pegged and a preliminary scheme of the sections sent in sufficient to allow of the ballots taking place, and in many cases the settlers are already felling bush on them. Four other Association blocks are in progress, and I expect to receive the preliminary plans of three of them in time to allow of the ballot for the land taking place, and permit of some bush-felling being done this winter. . . .”

Mention is also made of over 300 miles of road surveys.

“In concluding my report, I have to express my sense of the good services rendered by both the field and office staff in assisting me to carry out the very heavy work which has had to be got through during the past year. The current work has only been

overtaken by continued application necessitating much overtime, which much curtailed the leisure hours of many of the officers."

Each year the Surveyor-General's Reports grow larger and more detailed, so likewise do the reports from the Chief Surveyors showing the enormous amount and the complexity of the work dealt with by the Survey Department.

In the Report for 1893 besides the details of ordinary survey work, trigonometrical, topographical, road surveys, etc., and the ordinary office work such as accounts, correspondence, map and plan making, land transfer, etc., there are whole sections devoted to land settlement under such headings as Special Settlement Associations, Village Homestead Lands, Amount of land purchased from the Crown (under 17 different headings), land acquired by the Crown from individuals for settlement purposes, particulars of runs of which the leases had expired during the year and which had to be re-classified and offered again, and so on. Then also there are sections on the State Forests and the Thermal Spring regions, including improvements at the Government Sanatoria at Rotorua and Hanmer Springs (under this heading details are given even of the number of baths taken and the prices paid).

These are followed by appendices with particulars, under much the same headings, of work done in each of the ten districts into which New Zealand is divided. A great part of Mr. Baker's own report is taken up with "Rangers' Reports on Improvements" (on land held under various settlement schemes, all of which had to be inspected). He says under "Farm Homesteads Associations," "Twenty-two ballots for sections in these associations have taken place. I attended and personally conducted seventeen of them."

1894

In January I had to attend a land sale at Hunterville and visit some of the surveyors' camps in the northern part of the Wellington district, and as my daughter was then having

her summer holidays, I took her with me. Besides visiting the camps I intended to go to Lake Taupo and come down the Wanganui River in a canoe from Taumarunui to Pipiriki and I knew this would be a great pleasure to her and that she could manage the long rides that the expedition entailed.

The day after the sale we set out on our horses for Ohingaiti, passing some pretty pieces of bush on the way.

We slept the night at Ohingaiti and, leaving there after an early breakfast, expected to reach Ruanui, Mr. Joe Studholme's homestead on the Turakina River, by tea time. We soon came to an immense cutting being made for the railway which was to be brought past Ohingaiti and in the distant future taken on to Auckland, and we spent some time watching the clever way the horses were trained to carry away the trucks of earth as they were filled. Further along the road we passed at intervals clumps of tents or huts belonging to the railway men, for they were working at the tunnels and deep cuttings for many miles. Just when we seemed furthest from human beings, buried in the deep stillness of a New Zealand forest, suddenly we would come upon a group of tents or houses, some even with gardens round them. The bush in this part was very magnificent, the great pines standing out above the lesser trees, and every now and then we caught glimpses of blue hills in the distance. At lunch time we stopped at a place where there was a small settlement of road men and one of them asked us into his hut and his wife made us tea and talked to us of her great ambition, which was to have an accommodation

house. She was a neat little woman and seemed to take an immense pride in keeping the little place, half tent, half hut, in which they lived as tidy as it is possible to keep such a place. About a mile or so beyond this we turned off from the road and took a bush track. Sometimes this led across a hill-side and we looked down into a deep, dark gully below; sometimes it wound along the flat among the stately old trees, and every now and then it would widen out into a long green avenue covered with tall cocksfoot grass where we could see a little peep of blue sky above our heads and perhaps catch a glimpse of a kaka, of which there were many screeching in the tops of the trees. By and by we came to a clearing where there was a hut and there I hoped to find someone who would show us the way, since the rest of the road was unknown to me. However, the hut was empty and we plunged once more into the bush and after half an hour emerged into a valley covered with flax. The track wound in and out of this and then suddenly seemed to disperse in all directions. We wandered about for some time trying to find our way over a small gully and at last I saw a track going up the hill on our right and determined to try that, hoping that from the top I might see Adamson's station, which was the next station to Ruanui, and was, I felt sure, situated somewhere in that valley. Alas, no station was visible and we followed the track on and on till we came to two small lakes lying in little hollows at the very summit of the hills, surrounded by low bush and looking very grey and still, with wild duck floating on their surfaces. By this time the sun had quite dis-

appeared and darkness was coming on apace, in fact in places it was difficult to see our way, and I knew there was no chance of reaching Ruanui that night and that there was nothing for it but to camp down without food or blankets and make the best of a bad job. This was a new experience for my daughter, though it had happened to me once before. We gathered fern to lie on and used our saddles as pillows, but the fern was rather wet and the night was damp and chilly and we did not have a very comfortable time as we lay by the side of the lake, listening to the mysterious night sounds of the bush and the occasional plaintive cry of a water-fowl. As soon as it was daylight we saddled our horses and followed the track over the hills, and at about six o'clock saw in front of us a big cluster of station buildings, woolsheds, huts, sheep-pens, etc. Our hearts rose; here at last was Ruanui. We rode up to the men's hut and asked which was Mr. Studholme's house. The man we were speaking to looked surprised and said, "Oh, that's a long way from here! You must take the track over the hill," pointing to the one by which we had come, "past two small lakes, till you come to a valley covered with flax. Go along that and you will reach Adamson's station and there you had better ask the way again." We turned sadly back and retraced our steps, and it was not till much later that I realized how idiotic it was not to have asked for breakfast. I think the shock of finding how far we had wandered from our road put all other thoughts from my mind. We did not reach Ruanui till 11 o'clock, but a hot breakfast, or rather lunch, was soon ready and we rested for the remainder of the day.

The following day I rode with Mr. Studholme over his run and was much struck by the splendid piece of country he had secured and the beautiful views of Mt. Ruapehu to be seen from it. Noeline was still very done up and had developed a heavy cold, so she stayed behind and sat sketching in the sun and dosing herself with various remedies that our host had provided. I got up at 5 next morning, rode to the camp of Mr. Maitland, one of my surveyors, and inspected the work on which he was engaged and then, returning to Ruanui, picked up my daughter and rode with her to Moawhango and on to Mr. Birch's station, which was called "Erewhon," after the book written by my friend Butler. Mr. and Mrs. Birch were extraordinarily kind and friendly and, as Noeline was still very tired and her cold rather bad, they insisted on our remaining with them for nearly a week; this in spite of the fact that they had a cadet in the house seriously ill with typhoid fever, who naturally required a great deal of nursing and attention. When we were thoroughly rested we rode back to Moawhango, stayed the night at the Batleys', and next morning drove in his coach half way across the dreary plains, our horses trotting behind. The arid desolation of these plains, which in places are practically a desert where no vegetation will grow, gives added value to the splendour of the range of mountains behind them. This range consists of the three volcanoes, Tongariro, Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu, of which Tongariro has a crater that still emits steam, Ngauruhoe is always smoking, and the crater at the summit of Ruapehu, though surrounded by everlasting

snow, is filled by a lake that at times boils furiously. As we approached these mountains, their beauty seemed to grow on us and my daughter, who never before had been really near to great mountains, was absolutely spell-bound by them.

After lunch we mounted our horses and rode on to Tokaanu, which we did not reach till 7 p.m., very tired by our long dusty journey, and in the evening I much enjoyed a bath in one of the hot springs that lie hidden among the manuka scrub which surrounds the little town. It then consisted of a few wooden huts, mostly inhabited by Maoris, a very primitive hotel, and I think one general store. It is charmingly situated on the south shore of Lake Taupo; behind it rises a range of wooded hills and the strip of flat ground between them and the water's edge is covered with giant manuka shrubs almost as big as trees. Amongst these are wonderful hot pools, whose margins are a dazzling white, the shallow water at the edge the colour of aquamarine and the deep water in the centre the most brilliant blue that it is possible to imagine, and when the manuka is in flower the effect is that of an enchanted garden. There were no bathing houses, so one undressed behind the trees and then ran across the short grass and slipped into a bath as hot as one could bear.

At this time leprosy still existed amongst the Maoris and I remember seeing one young man who was living in an isolated hut. He was a nice looking boy, but he passed us with his hand behind his back so that we might not notice the ravages of the disease.

Next morning we set out by boat and spent the whole day crossing Lake Taupo, and as we sailed we obtained the most glorious views of that magnificent group of mountains, Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe and Tongariro, the effects changing as the distance increased and the day advanced from morning to midday and from midday to afternoon. When we reached the village of Taupo at the north end of the lake we drove to Ross's Hotel about a mile and a half from the township. There we stayed the night and late in the evening, before going to bed, had the most delightful hot baths in the little valley behind the hotel, where there are a series of tiny hot lakes and mineral springs.

The following day we drove first to the Huka Falls on the Waikato River, a splendid and thrilling sight. For some distance above the fall the river runs through a narrow chasm between cliffs and the water, which is a very dark blue, swirls and races at an appalling pace till it is churned into white foam and finally rushes in enormous volume over the precipice into the wide pool below. There it gradually becomes less white and as it flows away in the distance it turns again to the same dark blue.

We then drove to Wairakei, where we arrived at about 11, and went at once with a party to see the uncanny miracles of nature in that wonderful valley, through which flows a boiling hot stream. We came first to the Round Pool to hear the Sledge Hammer. There is nothing to be seen at this spot except numerous jets of steam rising from the edge of the creek, but one hears below the surface a great thud, thud, thud, and the earth trembles as if some giant were

trying to make his way out but could not. We next went to the Petrifying Geyser, that covers everything on which it falls with a lovely pinky-red incrustation like coral, so that even a dead leaf or a twig dropped near it becomes in a month or two an object of exquisite and sparkling beauty; and from there we visited many geysers and pools and finally reached the Great and Little Wairakei Geysers with beautiful incrustations round their craters, the former sending forth at times tons of water and occasionally throwing it to a height of 40 feet. Near it is the Champagne Pool, a vast boiling cauldron, the surface of which sparkles with bubbles of gas and then suddenly seems to gather itself up into a gigantic mound of water six feet high, while dense clouds of steam surge against the black rock wall behind and rise to the bank of almost tropical ferns with which it is crowned. This was the last and most impressive thing that we saw in a fairyland of wonders that took us three hours to traverse.

After lunch at Mrs. Graham's comfortable hostel, we drove back to Taupo and on to Joshua's Spa, where there was a hotel, now a sanatorium, delightfully placed in a little glen through which runs a pretty stream. Since we were leaving early the next morning we went that afternoon to see the local marvels, the most remarkable of which is the Crow's Nest. This is a mound about 8 feet high out of which an eruptive geyser plays at uncertain intervals of about half an hour, when it spouts into the air a column of water varying from 8 to 80 feet, accompanied by a cloud of steam, plays for some ten minutes and then subsides. We had

to wait a quarter of an hour for a display and when it was over we went down to look into the cavity, but immediately the water began to boil again and we had to scamper to get out of the way. We had, of course, approached it on the windward side and luckily for us it was only a miniature eruption, but the guide told us that the geyser hardly ever made a double spout like this and he had only seen it do so once or twice before. We also saw the Witches' Cauldron, an immense spring of boiling water in a dark cavern, and, passing the Porridge Pots of simmering, bubbling clay, reached, after a ten minute walk, a spot where we could listen to the Paddle Wheel. Through a large hole in the ground, from which steam is always rising, we heard deep down in the earth thump, thump, like the sound of the wheel of a paddle steamer beating the water and apparently going on for ever and ever.

We then went back to the hotel and had an excellent meal, our long day's sightseeing having made us extremely hungry. Later in the evening Noeline told me that the landlord's daughter had taken her to the big bath house and that they had had a bathe there. "It was heavenly!" she said. "You must try it." So in the warm darkness of a summer's night I wandered down through the garden to a tepid open-air bath, and after swimming about there for a time, passed under a bridge into a great dimly lit shed covering a tank 150 feet long. The water there was just about as hot as I could stand and I swam up and down and floated in it for twenty minutes or more and then, going over the bridge, plunged into a perfectly cold

pool. It was extraordinarily exhilarating and one felt as fresh as a kitten after it.

Mr. Ross called for us at 6.30 the next morning and drove us about 13 miles towards Rotorua and from that point we rode 8 miles to Orakei Korako, where a mighty geyser had lately come into activity. It only played every four or five hours, flinging up boiling water 80 to 100 feet into the air. This lasted for an hour and a half at a time and then it spouted steam alone for another hour and a half. Unfortunately, when we arrived it had been playing for some time and we merely saw it blowing off steam, but even that was perfectly wonderful. It roared and hissed in the most alarming manner and we stood watching it absolutely fascinated. Then to escape from a shower of rain we took shelter in a Maori whare and ate the lunch we had brought with us. The geyser had now ceased to play and we approached to inspect it more closely. There was nothing but a big hole in the rock, but we shuddered to think of the force below it. The whole country around and on the other side of the Waikato, which is close to this geyser, is all smoking and steaming. I could not count the number of large and small vent holes actively at work. The reader must remember, of course, that I am writing of what I saw 30 years ago, and in any of the places I have described alterations must have taken place. We rode back to the buggy and reached Lake Taupo by seven in the evening and as Dan, the skipper of the steam launch, had stated that he would not wait for us beyond that hour, we went straight on board and started immediately for Tokaanu. We had tea in a

sort of cabin in which there was just room to sit up, and as we were very tired with our strenuous day we then lay down on some sacks among the cargo and were soon fast asleep. We arrived at our destination about midnight and when we reached the hotel and had eaten some supper my daughter retired to bed, but the skipper and I went off and had a bathe by moonlight in one of the hot pools, and most delicious it was.

I had now to visit the camp of one of my surveyors, situated on the Waimarino Plains, and from there I intended to ride to Taumarunui and go down the Wanganui River in a Maori canoe as far as Pipiriki, a distance of about 80 miles. It was therefore necessary to collect camping equipment, hire a couple more horses and get a packman to bring them back to Tokaanu when we had finished with them. The next day was wet, so we did not set out till eleven o'clock the following morning. We were quite a little cavalcade, consisting of my daughter, myself, our horses, the two pack-horses laden with tent, blankets, cooking utensils and food for ourselves and the beasts, and the packman, a Swede, who was a strange, dried-up, diminutive person, extraordinarily silent. The way lay past Roto Aira, a small and pretty lake, and then close under Mt. Tongariro and Ngauruhoe towards Mt. Ruapehu, but the country seemed bleak and desolate, and as rain soon began to fall in heavy showers the impression of dreariness increased. We passed a native settlement near which we had our lunch and later crossed the Wanganui River, there only a small stream almost at its source. A

little further on we rode over the Mangatipopo, a much larger stream with a very rough ford, and after going up it a mile or two through a flax-covered swamp, we came to an empty shepherd's hut where we camped for the night. This hut had a sinister reputation and was supposed to be haunted. Behind it was an impenetrable forest, on two sides an impassable swamp, and the only way of reaching it was by the winding pathway through the flax by which we had come. One snowy winter night a party of shepherds was sheltering there. They were dozing round a log fire when something caused them to look up and they saw at the window a terrible white face. For some moments they were paralysed, and then, rushing out, they searched round the cottage. By this time it had ceased snowing and was a perfectly still moonlight night, but nowhere along the only possible way of approach was there any imprint of human footsteps. Some months after this a Maori boy was discovered lying dead in the hut. He had not a single mark of violence on his body or visible sign of disease, and from the expression of abject terror on his face it was concluded that he had died of fear. I do not vouch for the truth of this story, or even guarantee that I have repeated it correctly. Thirty years play strange tricks with one's memory, but I believe I have told it just as it was told to me.

Next morning we passed through some patches of bush and reached the open Waimarino Plains, then uninhabited except by a few Maoris. We came to a native pa and, getting off our horses, exchanged greetings with

Pehi, the Chief. We both talked amicably, but as neither understood what the other said, we could not get very far and were soon reduced to standing and smiling at each other. He and the other natives were evidently much interested in my daughter and her cream coloured pony. I do not suppose they could have seen many white women before. We tried to get from them directions as to the whereabouts of Mr. Seaton's camp, but only managed to gather that it was a long way off in the bush, so after riding across the grass covered flat for a few miles we plunged into the bush again. Luckily, we soon met some of Mr. Seaton's men and one of them turned back with us. He said the track was difficult and dangerous, as in some places it was cut out of the papa cliffs and was not more than two or three feet wide. On coming to one of these cuttings leading down into the Makatote River the man dismounted. My daughter, who was following him, turned round to see if I was going to dismount, but finding that I was going straight on, she remained on her pony. I did not get off because I knew that we had many dangerous places to face before we reached the end of the journey and I wanted to try her nerve. It was certainly a nasty bit of road and if I had known how bad I should have made her get off and lead her pony. In some parts the cutting had slipped away and the track was so narrow that there was just room for the horses' feet and no more; the swags on their backs grazed the cliff and on the other side there was a sheer drop to the river-bed a hundred feet below. However, much to my relief, we got down quite safely and when

we arrived at the bottom the man said naively and apologetically, "*We* always walk down this cutting." Still, I was not sorry to have made the experiment, as it satisfied me that my daughter's nerve was as good as my own. We went on a few miles and came to Mr. Seaton's camp situated in a magnificent piece of bush in the Manganui-a-te-Ao Valley. There we spent the afternoon and night and next morning, having finished my business, we set out early, returning by the same track. I need not say that this time we all dismounted at the papa cliff cutting.

After gaining the Waimarino Plains we rode over them to the forest beyond, through which we had to travel to Taumarunui, but before we had crossed the open country a fine drizzling rain came on, so we only went a few miles into the main bush and camped at the turning off of the new road into the Retaruke Valley. Fortunately the rain held off for an hour and we got a fairly dry camp. Here we were joined by Mr. Dalzell, another of my surveyors, who was working in this district and had come to talk business with me, and by a half-caste Maori from Mr. Seaton's camp, who was going with us to Taumarunui to act as interpreter and to take our riding horses back to Ohakune. The camp was pitched in the middle of the most wonderful stretch of bush I have ever seen. The pine trees were enormous, soaring up hundreds of feet into the air, and the wealth of undergrowth was tropical in its magnificence. Ferns of every description covered the ground, from the most delicate and feathery to gigantic tree ferns, while the trunks and branches of the

trees were smothered in mosses, ferns (including the rare kidney fern), creepers and parasites of all kinds. In front of our tent we made a huge log fire, round which we sat, and at night the leaping flames lit up the surrounding forest, the great furry trunks and branches and the hanging ropes of the creepers, and formed an enchanted scene strange and eerie in the extreme. I do not remember if Mr. Dalzell spent the night with us. If so, it must have been a very tight pack for five people in the small tent across which we could just manage to lie at full length. My daughter slept at the end, I came next, then the half-caste, and the packman slept on the outside near the fire—if he did sleep at all. Whenever I awoke he was piling on more logs or crouching on his heels in front of the blaze, looking like a Japanese figure carved of wood, while the half-caste's huge white pig-hunting dog crouched on the other side.

We broke camp early, but it was only a rough track we had to follow, and we were much delayed by fallen trees past which we had to scramble. One of them had fallen across a siding, and as it took us nearly three hours to cut a new way round it, this entailed a second night in the forest. A mob of Maoris passed our camp next morning on a pig hunting expedition. They stopped to chat, and laughingly christened the Swedish packman "Ruapehu" (the snowy mountain) because he looked so cold. This was a curious illustration of the quick observation and sense of humour of the Maori. In an instant they had noticed the chilling reserve and curious lifeless appearance



Head of Otira Gorge.

[N.Z. Govt. Publicity photo

of this silent Northerner, and applied to him the name of the coldest thing they knew. We emerged from the bush shortly before ten o'clock, and after crossing the Wanganui, where my daughter's pony nearly came down, we reached Taumarunui and camped in the Government hut. In the afternoon, with the half-caste as interpreter, I went up the river to the Maori kainga to arrange with them about getting a canoe, but the Maoris cannot be hurried, and nothing was settled that day. I continued the negotiations all next morning, and at last concluded a bargain with a native called Hakiaka Tawhaio to take us down to Pipiriki for £15. After stowing our tent and camping equipment in the canoe, which was the hollowed out trunk of a tree, the packman set out on the return journey to Tokaanu, and the half-caste took our riding horses, which he was to lead to Ohakune, there to await our arrival. At two o'clock in the afternoon our long thin barque slid out into the stream, and at first I thought I had been "done" by the natives, since only Tawhaio and his wife appeared in the canoe, but it was all right, as they both turned out to be splendid canoeists. She took her baby and a small child with her. After going down the river a few miles we passed a place which had once been a missionary station, where there was an old peach grove. The fruit was just ripe and we took as much as we wanted. Here we saw our first rapid, called the Papawa, but as there was not much water in the river the Maori made us get out and scramble along the bank while he and his wife steered the canoe through the rushing shallow torrent into the deep

channel again. At another place we went between a big rock and steep cliffs, and had to shoot over a small waterfall. Then going on for an hour or so, we came to a sandy beach where we camped, and, having pitched our tent, gathered fern to make our beds and rolled ourselves up in our blankets, we spent quite a comfortable night.

We started fairly early in the morning, and some time later caught sight of the Maori kainga or village, called Whakahoro, situated on a high terrace on the right-hand side of the river, and, understanding from our canoeists that they would like to see the natives there, we put into the bank and landed. It was drizzling a little, so I told Noeline to remain in the canoe while I climbed with the natives up the steep path that led to the village. When close to the palisade by which the kainga was surrounded, the Maori's wife gave a shrill cry, and out from the whares came numbers of women who rubbed noses with the Tawhaio, and then began to weep bitterly, sitting in a circle on the ground, swaying and sobbing, the tears streaming down their faces. We stood there looking on till a man, who was standing at the door of the largest whare, or meeting house, beckoned to me and Tawhaio to come in, which we did, leaving the women still crying outside. Inside there were several natives, who welcomed us warmly, and I thought it all so interesting that I sent Tawhaio back to the canoe to fetch my daughter. The Maoris, finding that I could not speak their language, called a Pakeha, or white Maori, to act as interpreter. He was an English boy who had run away from

his parents' home in Wanganui and was living with the natives. By this time Noeline had arrived and my Maori was talking with the others, and they were all laughing. I asked the boy what the joke was. "You are the joke," he replied. "Do you know what you did?" "No," I said. "What did I do?" "Why, you told the half-caste before leaving Taumarunui to tell the Maori that if the canoe upset he was to save the girl. If you had said he was to save you, the Rangatira, they would have thought that all right, but to tell him to save a wretched girl is one of the biggest jokes they have ever heard." I also asked the boy why the women were weeping. I thought perhaps they were mourning for some lost relative. "Oh, no!" he said. "It is not that; it is only because it is so long since they met." The natives do not often go up or down the river, for though it is easy to paddle down and through the rapids, it takes many days to go up again, and in places the canoes have to be towed.

It was now midday, and food was brought—boiled potatoes and pork, in large flat dishes. We all sat round on the mud floor and helped ourselves, and ate with our fingers, plates, knives, and forks not being in general use in this rather out of the way part. The natives would take out a piece of pork, chew a bit of it, and then throw the rest back into the dish for someone else to finish. I need not say that we finished our original helpings and did not accept a second, especially as one of the Maoris who had now joined the group was a terrible diseased creature. Whether he had leprosy or some other awful scourge I do not know, but

half his face was eaten away. Among the men in the whare was one fine looking fellow who, as a boy, had been adopted by Hochstetter, the German scientist, had been taken to Europe, and educated at a German University. After some years, unable to bear civilization any longer, he had returned to his tribe, and there he was, sitting on the mud floor wrapped in a blanket, perfectly contented with his lot. It was a rare thing in those days to meet a Maori of the lower classes who could stand civilization for any length of time. For years they might live like white men, and then the day would come when they would suddenly throw off their English habits and go back to their native ways. The rangatiras, or chiefs, could and did become completely civilized, living in well-appointed houses, and acquiring a very considerable degree of education and refinement.

Lunch over, we said good-bye to our hospitable entertainers and set off again, taking with us another woman who wanted to go to a Maori village lower down the river. She was a help, as she paddled well. It was a delicious warm afternoon, and we traversed a most splendid bit of the river where for a quarter of a mile it runs through a very narrow gut, only a little over a hundred feet wide, with steep papa cliffs on either side. This was the only place that our Maori woman really feared, and I noticed that before we entered it she put her baby into the sling that the women always use for carrying their babies on their backs, and placed the other child by her until we were through the race. The danger was that the canoe might hit on a sunken snag when the rapid current would

swing it Broadway on across the stream, and very likely upset it.

The scenery on the river is superb, graceful tree ferns and ferns of all kinds clothing the banks on either side. We thoroughly enjoyed shooting the rapids and going through the whirlpools, and though it was exciting we were not afraid, for the Maoris' management of the canoe showed how expert they were at the work.

About four o'clock a perfect deluge of rain came down, and we were obliged to pitch camp before the ground became too sodden. Unfortunately, at that spot there was very little firewood available, and the fern that we collected for our beds was already decidedly moist, so in spite of ground-sheets we were rather chilly and uncomfortable. Still, one can bear most things in the open air, and we slept more or less well.

Next morning, however, the sun was shining, but the river had risen six feet, and was in flood, and though we travelled much quicker, the rapids were not so thrilling, and we had to look out for snags and the trunks of trees that were being carried along by the brown and swirling torrent. The whirlpools were wonderful, and one's hair stood on end whilst going through them. In the afternoon we came to the place where the Manganui-a-te-Ao issues into the Wanganui from a magnificent gorge. It is one of the most beautiful parts of the river, but I shall leave the description of it till later. I had determined by this time to bring my wife to see what I considered one of the grandest sights in New Zealand, and after a few months I again visited this spot.

We reached Pipiriki that night, staying at the accommodation house, and next morning we paid and said good-bye to our Maori canoeists, thanking them for the expert and careful way in which they had brought us about 80 miles down the river. We then made up the swags we were to carry on our horses, and shortly before eleven o'clock set out in a hired buggy for Ohakune. The road was good, and led through a lovely forest and close to a fine gorge, into which we could look down through the trees. We had lunch with a kind settler, and about four o'clock in the afternoon drove into Ohakune, where we found the half-caste and our horses awaiting us. Having had some tea there, we mounted and continued on our way, but we did not arrive at Karioi, our next stopping-place, till after dark. We stayed the night with Mr. Studholme's manager, Mr. McDonald, and next morning had a glorious view of Mt. Ruapehu, which is particularly imposing from this point. As soon as we had finished breakfast we departed, and, after passing a native settlement, we stopped near the edge of the bush for my daughter to make a sketch of the mountain. Then we went on and had a very long and tiring ride down Field's track between the Wangaehu and Mangawhero Rivers. Noeline's pony had developed a sore back on the journey across the Waimarino, and as this was not healed when we picked up the horses at Ohakune, we had borrowed a horse for her to ride. The animal had been out on grass for many months, and was very soft and not inclined for strenuous work, and as we had about fifty miles to go that day he was dead beat long

before the end of the journey, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be made to move at all. We stopped and had lunch, but missed the track to an accommodation house where we could have had tea, and it was quite dark before we saw the lights of Mr. Manson's homestead, where we were going to stay the night. By this time we were thoroughly tired out, but were soon sitting down to a comfortable meal, which revived us considerably. We made an early start next morning, and went along into the Upokongaro Valley, which we descended till we joined the Wanganui again at the ferry, and rode on into the town of Wanganui.

Our trip was then over, and my daughter went by train to Patea to stay with her friends the Jollies, while I took the afternoon train to Wellington. I found my wife delighted to hear that our expedition was safely over, but furious with me for letting our daughter ride down the papa cliff cutting on the narrow track. "What would you have done," she said, "if Noeline had fallen over and been killed?" "I should not have dared to face you, my dear," I replied. "I should have bolted off to America at once."

CHAPTER XIII.

SECOND VISIT TO THE WANGANUI
RIVER AND TRIP TO THE WEST
COAST.

1894 Easter was early this year, and we all went to stay at Plimmerton for the holidays (Good Friday to Tuesday). In those days there were only some half-dozen bungalows there, and the splendid bathing place was certainly not overcrowded. Friends came out to join us on Saturday, and we had a grand picnic on the beach. On Easter Sunday my daughter and I walked to Porirua Harbour, and the next day out to the Heads, and on Tuesday morning we returned to our home in Wellington.

Then followed some months of strenuous office work, varied by trips into the country for land sales, road inspections, and visits to surveyors' camps, but in November, having to visit one of the camps on the Wanganui, I decided that the time had now come for carrying out my intention of showing it to my wife.

We took the express to Wanganui, and stayed with Mrs. Freeman Jackson, my old friend of Invercargill days, and Miss Lysaght, who was going with us, joined us there next morning. We left for Pipiriki in the little steamer *Waiwera*, and, stopping for an hour or so at Hiruharama, or Jerusalem, went to the convent to call on Mother Mary Joseph, famous throughout the Colony for her herbal remedies. At this point the lovely scenery of the river,

which has been described as the Rhine of New Zealand, may be said to begin, and since we were lucky enough to have a fine afternoon for our journey, my wife was enchanted with the beauty of the bush and the fern-covered banks on either side of the stream. As my daughter and I had finished our canoe trip with the Maoris at Pipiriki, this part was new to me also, and though not nearly as pretty as the upper reaches, it was certainly very attractive.

We stayed that night at the Pipiriki hotel. Mr. Otway, the surveyor, whose camp I was visiting, came to meet me there, and he engaged a large canoe and two stalwart Maoris, one of them named Henri, to pole us up the river. The following day we set out, and went as far as the Manganui-a-te-Ao gorge, where we had lunch. This is a wonderfully grand and impressive spot, the precipitous papa cliffs being covered everywhere with luxuriant fern trees and shrubs of every description and innumerable creeping plants. Both Miss Lysaght and my wife agreed that it was the most charming piece of river scenery they had ever beheld. We then continued in the canoe to Tieke, and from there to Mr. Otway's camp some miles further on.

Next morning Mr. Otway and I climbed a high hill to have a view of the country he was surveying, and in the afternoon we went across the Wanganui to a native village called Utapu, where the children danced a haka to amuse the Pakeha ladies. Next morning, before my wife and Miss Lysaght were up, a lot of Maori girls arrived, bringing kiekie hats to sell, and were intensely interested, peeping into the ladies'

tent to see them doing their hair. They were most friendly, and I think that some of them had probably never seen English women before. After breakfast we departed in our canoe, and I stopped again at Tieke to have a conference with the native chief concerning the survey being made by Mr. Otway. The natives are always suspicious about surveys, thinking that they may interfere with their rights.

We canoed down to Manganui-a-te-Ao, where we again lunched. I should have liked to go up it to Arawata, one of the prettiest places on that tributary, but unfortunately our canoe was too large.

We reached Pipiriki early and Henri brought his wife and children to see us. My wife managed to get some coloured handkerchiefs at the store for the children, whereupon their mother stripped off a grass mat that one of them was wearing, and presented it to my wife.

Next day we returned to Wanganui in the steamer, said good-bye to Miss Lysaght, and caught the afternoon train to Wellington.

Extract from Mr. Baker's report, 1894:—

“The selectors on settlement conditions now registered on the books number 2,793, of whom 920 are under the Farm Homestead conditions; and the work of seeing the conditions of the Act are complied with has assumed very large proportions. As applications for titles, transfers, etc., which are now very considerable, are received, the last reports have to be examined, and the necessary letters drafted in accordance with the state of the case. The Rangers' reports, which numbered over 1,200 during the year, have to be recorded, carefully checked and analysed; and in the case of defaulters,

schedules for the Land Board prepared and the necessary notices sent out and followed up from time to time to insure prompt steps being taken to comply with the Act. This necessitates very careful supervision and constant reference to records to see that the required action is taken at the right time and that none are overlooked.

The work in connection with the Land Board has also increased very much, the sittings always lasting one whole day, and sometimes two days; the writing up of the minutes takes, on an average, about three days after each ordinary meeting.

The outward and inward correspondence, including reports from rangers, surveyors, notices *re* payments from selectors, etc., aggregate over 27,000 letters, etc., or an average of about ninety per day. . . .

In 1894 there was a good deal of friction in connection with some of the Farm Homestead Settlements, and at a meeting of the Land Board in December there was a very wordy warfare between Mr. Baker, as chairman, and Mr. Hogg, M.H.R., who was a member of the Board and also a member of the Masterton Reform Association, which at this moment was fiercely attacking the Board's policy. A leading article in the "New Zealand Times," commenting on the matter, says:—"At this meeting of the Land Board Mr. Baker said he wished to say a few words about the Farm Homestead Settlements, as the action of the Department had been unfairly aspersed at a public meeting lately held in connection with the Masterton Reform Association. He considered that the more honourable course for a member of the Board to have taken, if the members of the Farm Homestead Association had any grievances, would have been to have first represented them to the Board before taking a leading part at a public meeting and allowing the executive officer of the Department to be abused for requiring the members of the Association to fulfil their obligations to the Crown.

"Mr. Hogg replied that before he would tolerate such aspersions on his character as a public man

he would be prepared to sacrifice his position on the Land Board and as a member of the House of Representatives. . . . The Commissioner had tried to extort money from the settlers, who could not afford to comply with the demands. It was the general opinion that the Commissioner was the friend of the big man and not the small settler. A great mistake was made when Mr. Marchant was sent away from Wellington and Mr. Baker was brought in his place."

This storm in a teacup would not be worth relating except that it shows the kind of difficulties and the unpopularity that were encountered by those who were trying to administer the Land Act in connection with closer settlement. I might here mention that when Mr. Baker retired two years later the most appreciative speech about his work was made by Mr. Hogg, which also shows that in spite of differences of opinion and temporarily mislaid tempers, the men who worked with him really valued Mr. Baker's honesty of purpose.

This year as well as the previous year Mr. Baker's diary mentions many journeys taken to various parts of the district to hold ballots for Village Settlement sections and sales of town sections or to attend meetings of the Native Land Court, etc., etc.

1895 For some months after this I was exceedingly busy, both in my office and with journeys that I had to make all over the country. I often worked at the office very late, and one night, just as she was going to bed, my wife rang me up. She never dreamed that there would still be a clerk in attendance, so directly the call was answered she said, "You poor dear overworked slave, do come home!" and the clerk, naturally recognising the description, replied, "Do you wish to speak to Mr. Baker?"

We had now decided definitely that I should resign my appointment the next year, the doctor

having said that I was suffering from an enlarged heart, due to the strenuous work I had done for years past, so we made up our minds to sub-let our house in May, sell our furniture, and go into lodgings at Mrs. Kerslake's in Hill Street, where we remained till we left New Zealand. I then went on with my ordinary work to the end of the year.

The following extract from the Surveyor-General's report for 1895 shows that by this time it was recognised that the tourist traffic was becoming one of New Zealand's principal assets:—

“Advantage has been taken of every opportunity to publish and distribute matter for the encouragement of tourist traffic. To that end 18,000 copies of the ‘Grand Tour’ were printed and supplied to the travelling public by the Agent-General and Cook and Sons principally. . . . Data have been collected for a new tourist guide, which will be published before the end of the year.”

In January I was entitled to my annual holiday, and as my wife, who had now lived twenty years in New Zealand, had scarcely seen any of the famous beauty spots, and I felt it was absurd that she should leave the country without visiting them, I determined to take her and our daughter for a trip to the West Coast, the Sounds, the Lakes, and Mt. Cook. Miss Izard, who was a friend and near neighbour of ours, asked if she might join us for the first part of the journey, and we left Wellington on January 6th for Picton, but had a very rough passage across the Strait, and did not get there till past ten that night. After breakfast we explored the surroundings of the pretty little

1896

township, which comes right down to the water's edge, and is closed in on every side by hills. There was a small river running into the sea, and along its banks were pleasant homesteads, each with its own garden surrounded by poplars and willow trees. The place was very well planted, and looked so peaceful and quiet, and though there was never anything much going on, the inhabitants seemed to enjoy themselves with boating and fishing, picnics, and bathing.

In the afternoon we went by train to Blenheim, the capital of the Marlborough Province, where we took rooms at the Criterion Hotel. The journey was not interesting, the line passing through much swampy country, but as we approached Blenheim the land became more cultivated, and we saw a great number of pretty farms, with their orchards and gardens.

The following day Mr. Charles de Vere Teschemaker called on me. I had not met him since I was in England in 1884, when I and a nephew of mine happened to be staying for a night at Ilfracombe. We had gone down to the baths to have a morning dip, and there I saw Mr. Teschemaker swimming about. He did not know me, but I had often seen him at the Christchurch Club, so as I swam past him I enquired casually what was the latest news he had from Marlborough, where he had a sheep run. "How do you know that I come from New Zealand?" he exclaimed. "Don't you?" I replied innocently; and after a little more banter, he said, "Well, who the devil are you?" I then told him that I was the Chief Commissioner for Canterbury, and he laughed and said, "You had

me that time," and added that we would liquor up when we were dressed—which we surely did. He had called to remind me of this incident of more than ten years before.

That evening we watched with great interest the mail coach come dashing into the Square, the four splendid horses looking as fresh as if they were only just setting out instead of being at the end of a long run. One of the passengers on the coach was an old lady of about 80, so bent double that we wondered how she could possibly have stood the journey. She looked as if she had come out of an old-fashioned picture, for she wore a full gathered skirt, a paisley shawl, and an ancient poke bonnet. We supposed that she hailed from some very isolated part of the West Coast where modern fashions had not penetrated, and that she had undertaken this tiring drive in order to see her grandchildren, or perhaps her great-grandchildren. We discovered afterwards that she was a globe-trotter, that she had been travelling for seven years, and that after she had "done" New Zealand she was going on to China and Japan, as the only places left that she had not visited.

We set out at seven o'clock the next morning, and from our elevated positions on the box seats obtained a very good view of Blenheim, which is a pleasant little town, not unlike a smaller Christchurch. It lies in a well-watered valley, surrounded by peaceful farms, with crops and orchards, and the banks of the river Wairau, which runs through the town, are planted with weeping willow trees. Some miles along the road we passed through the village of Renwick, and then forded the Opawa and Wairau Rivers.

The latter is one of the most dangerous rivers in New Zealand, owing to the quickness with which it rises and the swiftness with which it flows. The bed is about a mile broad, and in times of flood is covered by one foaming mass of water. A man on horseback crossed every morning to see whether it was safe, and if there had been rains and it had risen, he put up red flags to show that it was dangerous, and people had to go about a mile further up to another ford, while if there was a big flood they had to go a great many miles round to a bridge near Blenheim. The red flags were flying when we reached the banks, but our driver was so accustomed to the river that he knew it was not too dangerous for him to take the coach over. Still the stream was decidedly swollen, and the water was soon rushing about inside the coach, and my wife was extremely thankful when we came out safely on the other side. We were told that when one of the Newmans, those celebrated West Coast drivers, was on the Blenheim-Nelson road, he never attended to the red danger flag, and crossed whether it was there or not. On a certain occasion the river was in flood and running very swiftly, and when they were half way over one of the horses slipped, and, getting its head under water, was drowned. The man, with the greatest coolness, got off his box, and, crawling along the pole, cut the horse loose and let it drift away down the stream, and then brought the coach out of the river with the remaining three.

From here the country became wilder, and we passed through the narrow Kaituna Valley, with high hills on either side. Much of the land



The Drop Scene, Wanganui River. [N.Z. Govt. Publicity photo]

was covered with blackberries and sweet briar, both of which had become a fearful curse in that part of the country. Along the road we kept dropping the mails, parcels and papers at the various cottages and farmhouses, and we noticed the intense interest that everyone took in the coach. It was their one excitement in the day.

We soon reached the top of the Pass, and descended into Havelock, at the head of the Pelorus Sound. We skirted round this, and came to the Pelorus Valley and the hotel there, where we quickly despatched the lunch which was ready for us, and for which we also were exceedingly ready.

We then went up the valley, and, having crossed the Pelorus on a fine bridge, drove through the Rai Valley. Our way wound in and out among beautiful bush; tall trees, rimu, rata, and black birch threw their shadows over the road, ferns spread a carpet underneath, and running brooks crossed our path and flowed away into the deep green of the forest, making a delightful accompaniment to the song of the tui. Everywhere one smelt the delicious damp smell of the bush, and we drove for miles and miles in absolute solitude, passing over splendid roads, smooth as the smoothest carriage drive, and never meeting a soul. It was difficult to realize that near this peaceful valley the brutal Sullivan murders had taken place during the days of the gold diggings.

It was a lovely evening, and our first view of Nelson was enchanting. We saw it nestled among the hills, the long boulder bank stretching across the harbour in front and the ships lying

anchored in the port in the distance, and all along the way we passed quiet little homesteads with their beautiful orchards. We drove up to the Masonic Hotel at about half-past six in the evening, having come 78 miles during the day, with five changes of horses.

Nelson is often called "Sleepy Hollow," or, more happily, Sunny Nelson, and its climate is unrivalled. For weeks and months together there is brilliant sunshine, and in the country round are endless gardens of fruit and flowers. Unfortunately, our time being limited for all we intended to do, we could not spare a day there, but we hoped to see something of the place before leaving by train in the morning. However, we discovered that evening that the train to Foxhill, which was the point of departure for the Westport coach, left in the afternoon, and that we were too late to catch it. This meant that we should have to drive, and we went round to the coaching stables to see what could be arranged.

We were up at four o'clock next morning, and left the hotel at five. Nelson looked a picture of loveliness in the early light, the sun shining through a slight blue haze that hung over the orchards and hop gardens of the fertile valley. We reached Foxhill in time to catch the coach and secure the box seats, for which I had telegraphed some days before, and which add so much to one's enjoyment when one wants to see the surrounding country. We had breakfast at Gork Rogers Hotel, a funny old-fashioned place, all grown over with creepers, and directly we had finished we departed in the coach with one of the Newmans as driver.

All through the day we passed from time to time solitary miners' huts. There was then little gold to be found among the mountains, but these men just managed to make a living, and had an independent life, working when they liked and resting when they liked. Many of the old miners were of a superior class, some even college men from good families in England, but they had become accustomed to this solitary life and were now fit for nothing else. Some lived alone, but most had a "mate," with whom they shared their hut and their mining claim.

We were amused at the casual way in which "Her Majesty's Mails" were treated along the route. At one place we drew up at a hut labelled "Post Office," the driver called and coo-ee'd without result, then a passenger went in and looked all round but could see no one, and finally a woman came from a neighbouring cottage and said she did not know where the old man was, but she didn't mind taking the mail, so she signed the receipt and the bag was handed over to her.

From the top of the Hope Saddle we followed down the Hope Valley to its junction with the Buller River, at Jack Kerr's letter box. Here the Gorge scenery begins, and becomes more and more wonderful as one proceeds, till one is almost overwhelmed with the magnificence of the stupendous bush-clad cliffs and the wild luxuriance of the ferns of every variety. Except for the rushing of the river over the rocks, there is the most extraordinary stillness. We seldom even heard a bird.

We broke a swingletree in crossing a creek, but Newman had another in reserve, and

it was soon replaced and we continued our journey. After the junction of the Mangles and Buller Rivers the gorge becomes narrower, and the now mighty torrent passes between some extraordinary rocks, of which the strata are turned up edgeways like a number of parallel walls varying in height, some rising in mid-stream, some on the opposite bank. One of them, about twenty feet high, separates the road from the river, while on the other side of the road is an enormous precipice, hundreds of feet high.

We reached Longford at about 6.30, and found a comfortable little hotel, where we stayed the night. After tea we went for a walk and came to a place where the river can be crossed in a box swinging from a wire rope, the box being about 4 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 18 inches deep. In this the passenger sits and pulls himself across by means of a rope fastened to either bank. The contrivance was used principally by miners and bushmen, and looked dangerous enough, as the box was so shallow, and there was really nothing to prevent anyone from falling out, but of course my daughter and Miss Izard would cross in it, going one at a time since it was not big enough to hold two. The proceeding was watched by two Englishmen, father and son, who were taking the West Coast trip, and we were amused at the young man's horror when the girls suggested that he also should try this novel mode of transit.

After a comfortable night's rest and an early breakfast we left Longford at 7 a.m., but unfortunately it was a showery morning, and

clouds were drifting over the hill sides. For a couple of miles the road passed along a gallery cut in the face of the cliff, and from here we had lovely views up the valleys of the several tributaries which flow into the Buller River. In crossing the rough bed of a creek we managed to smash the pole of the coach, and it took the driver and myself nearly an hour to make a temporary mend by splicing on a strong piece of wood cut out of the bush. It was odd to see the utter helplessness of the two Englishmen in this emergency. Presently we came to Lyell, a curious little mining township, once a much more prosperous place. It is built on the steep sides of the valley, and the houses, or wooden shanties, are perched about in the oddest way. The whole population was gathered round the Post Office to see the coach arrive, which was evidently the event of the day. Here we crossed the Buller on a fine girder bridge, and about nine miles further on reached Inangahua Junction, where we lunched, and where the broken pole was properly repaired. The weather had now improved, and we had a fine afternoon for our drive through the most magnificent part of the gorge. At first the valley widens out, being in some places almost half a mile broad, then after a few miles it narrows again till the river is rushing between towering cliffs, out of which the road has been cut. The scenery is beyond description, and the climate is so warm and moist that the rampant luxuriance of the vegetation is amazing. We drove through miles and miles of bush, richer than anything we had yet seen, with tree ferns, ferns of all sorts, mosses, and a

dense undergrowth of shrubs and creepers of every kind. We passed round the narrowest corners where the coach came so near to the edge that there seemed only a few inches to spare, and but for their faith in the splendid drivers, who know every inch of the road, I think many travellers' enjoyment would be spoilt by fear. In several places the road is carried by means of galleries along the face of the cliffs, and in others it is tunnelled through the rock. The passengers on the top seats had to bend very low to avoid hitting their heads against the roof. Suddenly the gorge ends, and one sees an open plain stretching out in front. At this point the river is crossed in a punt on to which the coach is driven and it is carried across to the other side by means of the current. From here there was a good but uninteresting road into Westport, which we reached at 7.30. We went to the Empire Hotel, and were glad to have dinner and go to bed after our drive of over sixty miles.

The next day was Sunday, and having had three strenuous days, we enjoyed a long rest and came down to a late breakfast. In the afternoon we walked to the end of the breakwater, a very fine one, which was designed by Sir John Coode, and we also looked at the coal staiths for loading the steam colliers, and wandered about the ugly, straggling, untidy, little town. It had only one long street of odd bungalow shops, but there were several hotels and three banks, all kept going by the coal mines, which were the best in New Zealand. There was an extraordinarily unkempt look about the place, which is characteristic of most of the

West Coast towns, where the grass grows in the streets, and everything seems in dire need of a coat of paint. This may be due partly to the dampness of the climate, partly to the careless, happy-go-lucky ways of the mining population, but one has the general impression of numbers of rotten looking houses and tumble-down sheds, their tin roofs streaked with rust. Westport, however, is not in Westland, but in the Province of Nelson; still, it is typical of the rest of the coast.

The following morning Miss Izard, my daughter and I set out on an expedition to Fox's Gorge, which I had heard was wonderfully beautiful, though it was not a place ever visited by tourists. This seemed rather too rough for my wife to attempt, so she remained behind at Westport. We obtained a buggy and drove to Charleston, stopping on the way to look at the Shamrock gold claim worked by hydraulic sluicing. The manager kindly showed us over the workings, where the immense pressure of water played from enormous pipes tore away the ground, carrying boulders and soil into a wooden race in which the stones and coarse gravel were caught on wire netting, the finer sand being washed through and on over quicksilver tables, where the gold was deposited. We lunched at Charleston, another ramshackle mining township, which had once been a much more considerable place in the days of the first gold rush. There we hired horses from the butcher, and rode on to the mouth of Fox's River, the greater part of the way being along the beach. In several places gold was to be found in the sea sand, and one or two miners

had claims there and were working them. When we came down to the shore we noticed two striking-looking figures in front of us, and as we rode past them we stopped to see what they were doing. They were an enormous Irish miner and his daughter (Miss Stacia Foley), and they were washing the sand for gold. They had in front of them long sloping tables covered with quicksilver and over these a small force of water from a hose pipe was gently running. Slowly they lifted shovelful after shovelful of the curious black sand on to the tables, the water washing it across the quicksilver, which catches the precious golden particles. The daughter was a magnificent creature, almost a giantess, with a beautiful face and a wonderful head of red hair, and she lifted the heavy shovels of sand with the utmost ease. We talked with them for a few minutes, and my daughter was enormously struck by the girl's quiet assured manner and her charming voice. We were told afterwards that she always worked with her father, but that she was a great reader, and had many books in their little wooden hut.

Further along the beach we passed a place that had once been a big mining settlement, with, so it was said, no less than seventy hotels. Then, however, there was nothing left but two derelict wooden churches, Protestant and Catholic. Every month service was said in one or the other, and the whole of the scattered mining population went to whichever church was in use.

At the mouth of the river there was a solitary settler's house, and there we stayed the night. The man, Mr. Nebbin, who was an old South-

lander, and his wife and family seemed glad to see us, for it was seldom that visitors passed that way. The daughter showed us with pride the new swing bridge that had been put across the river. Until recently the only means of crossing had been a box on a wire rope, and she told us that one stormy night a year or two before, when her little brother and sister had been coming over in the box, the rope had broken, and they had been washed out to sea.

We had an early breakfast next morning, and then rode up the gorge, taking with us a small boy to act as guide. Having forded the river, we followed along a track on the south bank that led in and out among the straight trunks of the birches and tree ferns which covered the hills to the water's edge. The further we went the narrower the valley became, till at last it was scarcely ninety yards across, while the cliffs on either side were hundreds of feet high. Wherever it was possible to find root hold great forest trees grew. Long trails of white clematis hung from them, and the ground underneath was covered with moss and ferns, which even clung to the rock itself. After some time we came to a spot where the river divided, and we went up the south branch for a mile or so, then turned and followed the other branch for some distance. The views were magnificent, and we all felt that this gorge was absolutely wonderful and utterly different from anything we had seen before. We came to a limestone cave, and peered into the entrance, deeply regretting that as we had not brought candles with us, we could not explore it. On our way down my daughter's horse bolted, but eventually she managed to pull him

up with no damage done, only I had to return to pick up her hat, which had blown off at the beginning of her mad charge. We lunched at the settler's house, and afterwards rode to Charleston, got our buggy, and drove back to Westport. My wife was very glad to see us, as she had had a dull time while we were away. She had tried to do a little shopping, and she told us that the people in the shops seemed so surprised and interested when she came in, for except on the evenings when the coach arrived there were hardly ever strangers in the town. Among other things, she wanted a cushion, since she found the seats on the coach extremely hard, but such a thing did not seem to exist in all Westport, and she was offered first a pin cushion and then a tea cosy as a substitute. Finally she took the cosy, and sat on it for the rest of the journey. The landlord's wife had invited her to spend the evening in their private house, which was near the hotel, so she had not been allowed to be lonely. This was typical West Coast friendliness, for no matter how much of a stranger a man may be when he arrives on the Coast, by the end of a week he feels that he knows and is known by everyone, the truth being that Westland is so completely isolated from the rest of New Zealand that its inhabitants really *do* know all about each other and the stranger is a marked man, and interesting just because he is a stranger. The drivers of the coaches know and will often recount the history of all the dwellers along the route, and the landlord can tell the story of everyone who comes into his bar.

Westland differs from the rest of New Zealand as much as France or Belgium differs

from England. Its whole position is extraordinary, since it is over 180 miles long and in most places only about 15 miles wide, not more than thirty at the widest, bordered on the east by the immense chain of snowy mountains, and on the west by the Tasman Sea, whose great breakers thunder on the shore. The climate is as peculiar as its position, for it has a rainfall of over 100 inches in the year, and as it is also fairly mild, the luxuriance of the vegetation is almost tropical. Moss and lichen cover everything, clinging to the posts of the wire fences and to the very telegraph poles. The people also are as different as it is possible to imagine from the hard-working, smart, alert men of the rest of New Zealand, with their busy towns and their prosperous, well-kept farms. A large proportion of the West Coasters are miners, who came over during the gold rush, and remained when the gold petered out, partly because they were too poor to move, partly because they were attached to the place, or had not sufficient energy to uproot themselves and their families—wild, happy-go-lucky fellows, rich yesterday, poor to-day. Many of them are Irish, and Catholics, and they seem to have brought with them from their native land their “agin the Government” attitude, for there are perpetual strikes and troubles of all sorts.

It is difficult to realize how completely Westland is cut off from the rest of the Colony. There are but two coach routes by which it can be reached, the one through the Buller, and the other through the Otira Gorge. In both cases the journey is expensive and arduous, and during the winter is often practically impossible. Approach by sea is equally difficult, for

there are no natural harbours, and the artificial ones are not easy of access. The coast is very stormy, and sometimes a steamer will lie tossing for days outside Hokitika or Greymouth and then go away without being able to cross the bar. This means of approach, therefore, is not one that appeals to most people. I imagine that the opening of the new railway from Canterbury will completely alter conditions, and for the sake of prosperity and progress one must hope that it will, but the country will undoubtedly lose much in charm and interest.

We left Westport next morning, and drove back through the most beautiful part of the Buller Gorge as far as Inangahua Junction, where we lunched. Then in the afternoon we followed up the Inangahua River to Reefton. We enjoyed the drive, which was mostly through bush, and the views were pretty, but not nearly so magnificent as in the Gorge. We had scarcely finished an early dinner at Dawson's Hotel, where we were staying, when Mr. Fenton, manager of the "Keep it Dark" gold mine, to whom I had an introduction, called to see us. He most kindly drove us all to Black Point, and asked the manager of the "Wealth of Nations" to let us go down and view the workings. My wife would not venture into the mine, but Miss Izard and my daughter were delighted to go, and we went down two shafts and along several drives to where the miners were breaking the quartz reef in which the gold seams lay. It was extraordinarily interesting, and we were more than an hour underground, and did not get back to Reefton till long after dark.

Early the following day, we went by an omnibus to the railway, and though it was very wet, we were all turned out to walk over a bridge that was not supposed to be safe. The line, which goes through the charming wooded country of the Grey River Valley, where there is a good deal of settlement, passes Totara and Ahaura.

We left the train at Brunner, and stayed there three hours to visit the well-known Brunner coal mine. The manager took us down himself, and we went a long way in a trolley worked by an endless wire rope, and saw the principal faces where the miners were hewing out the coal; and we all thought it nearly as interesting as the gold mine. It was not many months later that there was a terrible explosion here, when numbers of men lost their lives.

We then continued the journey by train to Greymouth, where we stayed at Gilmer's Hotel, and in the afternoon we had a delightful walk to the end of the breakwater at the entrance to the Grey River. It is not as fine as the one at Westport, but the town itself seemed to us much more solid and better kept.

Next day we went back by the same railway to Stillwater, where we left that line and joined another, which took us past the Brunner, or Moana Lake, to use the Maori name, to the Taramakau River. Having crossed this, we arrived at Jackson's, at that time the terminus of the railway. There we secured seats in Cassidy's coach, and proceeded up the Otira Gorge, so often described, with its wonderful road winding up to Arthur's Pass. In some places it is cut out of the rock, in others it is carried over ravines on solid embankments

faced with walls of timber or stones. The slopes of the mountains are covered with trees, ferns, and flowering shrubs, manukas, veronicas, fuchsias, the lacebark or ribbonwood, with its beautiful white flowers, and the lovely crimson rata. I had been through the Gorge before, but my wife and daughter had not, and it was most unfortunate that rain came on and spoilt the best views; we did not even catch a glimpse of the snow-capped Mt. Rolleston. We arrived at the top of the Pass, 3,038 feet, and the rain ceased as we rattled down the other side through groves of stunted birch trees and along the banks of the Bealey River to its junction with the Waimakariri, where we stayed the night at the accommodation house.

Making an early start, we soon reached the Cass River, and saw Grassmere station, where twenty-three years before, when she came out to New Zealand as a girl, my wife and her twin brother had stayed with the Arthur Hawdons. We passed the pretty little Grassmere and Pearson Lakes, changed horses at Craigieburn, and after crossing the Broken River, arrived at Castle Hill, where we were glad to have some hot tea. Then turning to the east at Lake Lyndon, we mounted Porter's Pass, 3,100 feet, and, tearing down the other side, reached the Kowai River and Springfield, where we found a train ready to take us to Christchurch. There Miss Izard left us, and we were sorry to part with her as she had been a very pleasant travelling companion. We stayed for a couple of days at Warner's Hotel, and, one of them being Sunday, we went to the Cathedral to hear the beautiful musical service, of which the town was so justly proud.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRIP TO THE SOUNDS, LAKE WAKATIPU
AND MT. COOK — THE CLIMBING OF
TONGARIRO AND NGAURUHOE.

The next part of our sightseeing programme was a tour of the Sounds, and we left Christchurch by the express for Dunedin, there to join the steamer that was making the round trip. We spent a day there and then went to Port Chalmers where the *Tarawera* was lying. On board we met many friends who were also going to the Sounds and we made up a party to sit at table together. Among others were Miss Lysaght, who had taken the Wanganui trip with us, Miss Burnett from Wellington, Mr. Symes of the Melbourne "Age" with his wife and sister-in-law, and Miss Wilde, sister of Oscar Wilde. We were amused to find that the ancient lady we had seen getting off the coach at Blenheim was also on board, having as luggage for her world tour a couple of carpet bags. Later we discovered that in spite of her apparent infirmity she was always the first in the boats when anyone was going ashore, but though she was as great a traveller as had been reported, she was not interesting and would not talk of her wanderings. We came to the conclusion that she was selfish and rather terrible.

We weighed anchor during the evening and had an extremely rough passage down to the Bluff, which we reached next morning. The weather was by this time very bad and the

Captain decided not to leave that day, so we had a quiet twenty-four hours alongside the jetty. My wife had been horribly ill, and if our friends the Brodricks had come from Invercargill to see us, I am sure she would have gone ashore with them and given up the trip altogether, but luckily for us all, they did not appear.

We departed at dawn, going through Foveaux Strait, which I knew so well, having sailed about them for many days in Tom Cross's cutter when making the trigonometrical survey that connected Stewart Island with the mainland. We arrived at Preservation Inlet before lunch and, after gliding slowly round Long Sound, anchored in Cuttle Cove, where there are numbers of charming little wooded islands. There we remained for two days and leaving early on the third steamed into Dusky Sound, which is finer than Preservation Inlet, with larger and higher islands and bolder peaks.

Dusky Sound is one of the most historic spots in New Zealand. In 1770 Captain Cook, in the *Endeavour*, sailed past the entrance and named it Dusky Bay, and in 1773 he returned there in the *Resolution*, and entering the Sound on March 25th, stayed there till May 11th. McNab says in his book "Murihiku" "as the boats sent out brought in great quantities of fish and numbers of wild fowl were to be seen, and as no one had ever landed there before, Cook determined to stay some time and thoroughly explore the bay, recruit his men and refit his ship. Places were cleared in the bush, a small observatory was set up, a forge for repairing iron work, tents for the sailmakers and a brewery to brew beer for the sailors, for which purpose branches of rimu and manuka were used. They



The Lion and Pembroke Peak, Milford Sound,

[N.Z. Govt. Publicity photo]

felled trees and cut them into planks or split them for fuel and long rows of casks were filled with fresh water. On arrival Cook had a number of men on the sick list, but daily these became less. Fresh food in the shape of fish, seal and roast duck is not to be beaten for the storm-tossed mariner and although the bay was found to be very wet this does not appear to have been injurious to the health of the sailors."

During the time that Cook was there he surveyed and made a chart of the Sound.

In 1791, Vancouver in the *Discovery* visited Dusky Sound and stayed there nearly three weeks and he surveyed the north arm which was the only part left unsurveyed by Captain Cook. He says of this visit, "we quitted Dusky Bay greatly indebted to its most excellent refreshments and the salubrity of its air." The next year Captain Raven of the *Britannia*, a vessel owned by Messrs. Enderby, left a gang of sealers at Luncheon Cove, Anchor Island, and as he was leaving a sharp shock of earthquake was felt. This was the first sealing gang stationed on the New Zealand coast. While they were there the Spanish explorer Malaspina with two corvettes, the *Descuvierta* and *Subtile* attempted to enter Breaksea Sound but failed. He sent one of the ship's boats ashore, but neither he nor the sealing gangs were aware of each other's proximity. The Spaniards gave names to several headlands and these names appear on the earliest charts. Raven returned in 1793 to pick up the gang and on this occasion the *Britannia* was accompanied by the *Francis*. The frame for this vessel had been sent out from England but she was the first vessel completed in Sydney. As a sanatorium Dusky had kept up the reputation handed down by Cook and Vancouver, for Raven found the gang all well and he reported "The rains here are not attended with that inconvenience experienced in other climates, colds or rheumatism my people were never afflicted with, the winter was mild and in general they had better weather than in the summer." During their stay they had secured 4,500

seal skins but this was not considered a good haul. They had also built a small ship and as far as is known this was the first ship built in Australasia from local timber. She was left on the stocks but as it turned out she was not left for long. In 1795 Captain William Wright Bampton sailed from Sydney for India in the *Endeavour* (not the same as Cook's *Endeavour*), calling at Dusky on the way. He was accompanied by the *Fancy*, commanded by Captain Dell. No sooner had he cleared the Sydney Heads than 45 stowaways, one of whom was a woman, were discovered on board. When both vessels were anchored in the Sound the *Endeavour* was found on examination to be quite unseaworthy and Captain Bampton resolved to abandon her and complete and sail in the vessel that the sealing gang had begun which he named the *Providence*. While this work was being done there were, including the stowaways, 244 people at this wild isolated spot, and as the *Providence* and the *Fancy* were not big enough to carry that number the frame of the long boat of the *Endeavour* was used to build a craft to take the remainder. Bampton in the *Fancy* and Dell in the *Providence* sailed from Dusky in January, 1796, the whole company having been there for three months. The reconstructed long boat reached Sydney two months later, but she had still left 35 people behind as she had not enough food for them. They were however rescued the following year by an American whaler.

In 1803 the supply of seals in Bass Strait was beginning to be depleted and in that year a boat belonging to the Australian or Bass Strait fleet was sent sealing to Dusky, and from that time onwards it was frequently visited both by sealers and whalers. Oddly enough the first visitor of the Bass Strait fleet was also called the *Endeavour*.

We had on board Mr. McKenzie and a party of explorers and we landed them here near to Resolution Island and then continued past Long

and Cooper Islands to Supper Cove. There we turned and came down the Sound again to the narrow Acheron Passage which divides Resolution Island from the mainland and, passing part of the island, entered Wet Jacket Arm before lunch, anchored there and stayed till the next morning. This is a most lovely inlet, but unfortunately it rained in the afternoon, so we were not able to see it to advantage. Considering that there is a rainfall on this part of the coast of 120 inches in the year, visitors ought not to be surprised if they get wet weather. Of course, it is this extraordinary moisture, combined with a mild climate, that gives the peculiar charm to these fiords; and when a fine day *does* come it is radiantly beautiful. The vegetation is rank — huge forest trees covered with every sort of parasite, with wreaths of mosses hanging from their branches, gigantic tree ferns and innumerable varieties of other ferns. On every leaf and frond are sparkling drops of water, and down the mountain sides fall endless cascades, big and little.

Sailing at day-break next morning, we passed out to sea by the Acheron Passage and Break-sea Sound, and followed along the coast to Doubtful Sound, where we arrived just before breakfast, and then continuing northward reached George Sound about lunch time. It was there that the last trace of the West Coast Maoris was found. They had been driven ruthlessly to the mountains during the eighteenth century and though it was said that the smoke of their fires was seen as late as 1872, I don't know that this was ever confirmed.

In the afternoon we went a short distance in the launch, and landing, climbed up to a waterfall and on to a lake above. This is perhaps the most lovely of the sounds, though quite different from Milford, which is far grander.

We slid out of George Sound as soon as it was light the following day and soon gained Milford Sound, perhaps the most magnificent fiord in the world. It was raining and blowing furiously as we made our way up past the Stirling Falls, which have a clear drop of 500 feet into the sea. Cascades were pouring down the hillsides everywhere and often the violence of the wind drove the water away in clouds of spray before it ever touched the sea. The mountains rise straight from the water, and in some places their sides of ice-carved granite soar up, almost perpendicularly, for 5,000 feet—nearly a mile in vertical height. The snow-capped Mitre Peak looked immensely grand as we approached the head of the sound and when we came to the Bowen Falls the sight was magnificent, as there was a tremendous volume of water rushing over. These falls leap some fifty feet into a rocky basin, then shoot up into the air and plunge 300 feet into the sea. Forest trees, mostly totaras, grew wherever it was possible to find roothold, and ferns and shrubs seemed to cling to the very face of the precipice, while the scarlet rata blossoms made gorgeous patches of colour against the dark evergreens.

It rained nearly all day, and as there was a flood in the river, the Captain said it would be impossible for us to get to the Sutherland Falls (the highest falls in the world), which so many of us wanted to see. This was a great dis-

appointment, but in the evening the rain ceased and the moon shone, and I shall never forget the exquisite beauty of the Bowen Falls by moonlight; it was a compensation for almost any disappointment.

We had time next morning to go in the launch up the Arthur River and to walk on to Lake Ada, which we did not especially care for. I think we all felt that it was terribly tantalizing to get so near the Sutherland Falls, which are only seven miles beyond the lake, and then not be able to see them. As, however, the Captain had said he could not wait beyond 3 p.m., it was impossible to attempt the expedition. We lunched on shore, and then put off to the *Tarawera* and before long she was steaming out of Milford Sound. Notwithstanding that we had been unfortunate in having so much wet weather, we had all enjoyed our trip thoroughly.

Next morning we found ourselves back at the Bluff, where we landed and took the train to Invercargill for our last visit to the old place before leaving New Zealand. We stayed with the Brodricks, and in the afternoon I went to the Survey Office, and we called upon several of our friends, including my old landlady, Mrs. Cochrane, with whom I had lodged for so many years and who was delighted to see me and my now nearly grown-up daughter. Early the following day, my daughter and I climbed the new water-tower as far as the gallery, which is 90 feet from the ground and from which a fine view of the whole town is obtainable. I could not but contrast it with the primitive little place it had been when I first saw it in 1862. It had increased and spread in all directions, tramways

were running along the two main roads, the ramshackle wooden shops and offices had nearly all disappeared and there were fine brick and stone structures in every street, though of course the private houses were still built of wood. Handsome new Government Buildings had taken the place of the old Land and Survey Department that I had ruled over, and everywhere there was growth and improvement visible.

We left that morning by train for Gore, where once there was nothing but a tussock plain before I laid out a township there. Now it is a fair-sized country town and the centre of business for the surrounding district. There we changed into the train that was going over the Waimea Plains, came to Lumsden and finally Kingston at the foot of Lake Wakatipu, which was the next item on our sightseeing programme. The Lake steamer was waiting and we were soon on board and moving swiftly over the clear blue water towards Queenstown, which we reached at about half past nine that night. By the evening light we had a fine view of the rugged Remarkable Mountains. We stayed at Eichardt's Hotel, built on the site of a woolshed belonging to Mr. Rees, who in 1862 occupied as a sheep station the land where Queenstown now stands. Shortly afterwards, gold was discovered in this district and in place of his homestead, which had a beautiful position on the Lake, a township sprang up that is now the resort of tourists in the summer, and invalids in the winter season.

Our first day there was Sunday and we drove across the Shotover bridge to Skippers and by

a long winding track to the top of a saddle, said then to be the highest in New Zealand, over which a driving road had been made. On the other side, it zigzagged in and out between rocks, spanned gullies and in places was cut out of the solid cliff hundreds of feet above the river. I have never seen anything that looked so perilous, but both horses and driver were accustomed to the route and no doubt it was not nearly as dangerous as it appeared.

On Monday we proceeded by steamer to the head of the Lake, but as the day was wet we did not have the gorgeous views of snow-covered mountains that generally make this trip such a delight. We stayed at Birley's Hotel, Glenorchy, and as we had been joined by some of our fellow passengers from the West Coast tour, we were a large and cheerful party, which included our friend Miss Lysaght.

Setting out early on Wednesday morning and taking two extra horses, we drove to the Dart Valley, left the trap at a point opposite the Routeburn River, and then, mounting the horses, crossed the Dart and followed up the Routeburn as far as the Government camping hut, which we reached at about 11 o'clock. It was a beautiful day and we immensely enjoyed our ride through the gorge, where the scenery was extremely fine. The path wound up and up above the river; and between the trees we had wonderful views of huge mountain peaks towering over us, and saw a most lovely waterfall that springs from a gap in a high cliff, falls 700 feet, and disappears apparently into the ground. We had our lunch and directly afterwards began the climb to Lake Harris and the

Saddle beyond. It was a pretty stiff ascent, but the view from the pass was superb. With another of the party I tried to climb to the top of one of the peaks, but a fog came on and we were obliged to turn without having accomplished our purpose. After regaining the hut we had tea and then rode down to the place where we had left the trap, but it was dusk before the horses were harnessed and we had a very rough drive back to Glenorchy in the dark and did not get in till 11 p.m.

On Thursday we rode up the Rees Valley to the Lennox falls and then on for another two miles to a spot where a branch of the Rees comes out of the ground, not as a tiny spring, but as a fair sized stream. An immense slip from the mountain must have filled up the whole valley at some time and now trees are growing all over it. From here we had a most splendid view of Mt. Earnslaw, with its snow cap and its steep rocky slopes. We then turned and rode back to our hotel, having covered about forty-two miles during the day. I need not say that my wife did not come with us on these long expeditions. She and one of the ladies of the party walked that afternoon to the Valpy gold washing claim, near Glenorchy, and while they were watching operations the men found the biggest nugget they had ever discovered.

On Saturday we returned to Queenstown and on Monday left for Dunedin and after a day there we went by the northern express as far as Timaru en route for Mt. Cook. Neither my wife nor daughter had ever seen it, except its summit, which is visible from the Canterbury Plains, and this was to be my last trip there

before leaving the Colony. In the morning I walked down to see the Timaru breakwater. The shingle had accumulated enormously on the south side and would, I was afraid, be a serious drawback to its future utility.

We left by the afternoon train for Fairlie Creek and met in the train Mr. and Mrs. Seddon (no relation to the Prime Minister) who lived at Ashwick Station, which had formerly belonged to my wife's brother, Alex Strachey, and had been named after their old home. I had met Mr. Seddon before, but not Mrs. Seddon, and my wife did not know either of them. They insisted, however, that we should spend the night with them rather than at the hotel and were more than kind and hospitable. Next morning Mr. Seddon drove us to meet the coach on which we had engaged the box seats. The road took us over Burke's Pass, which was of great interest to my wife, as she had heard so much of it before she ever came to New Zealand and had been there so often during the short time she stayed in that neighbourhood when she came out to visit her brother. He had helped to build the tiny church there and she had sent the altar furnishings out from England and had given the font.

At Lake Tekapo we lunched and then proceeded to Lake Pukaki, where we stayed the night. Next day we had splendid views of Mt. Cook all the way to the Hermitage Accommodation House, and, thanks to the charm of the journey, my wife was not overtired with the two days' coaching. The only other visitor staying there was a Mr. Hannen, son of Lord Hannen, the great divorce Judge, and we

naturally got into conversation with him, and in the most casual manner began a friendship that has lasted from that day to this. The following morning, the weather being suitable, my daughter and I determined to go to the Ball Hut which had just been erected by the Government on the north side of the mountain some miles up the Tasman Glacier. We obtained riding horses and a pack horse and, leaving the Hermitage about eleven o'clock, forded the Hooker River above its junction with the Tasman and then, after riding for a time along the left-hand bank of the latter, had lunch near the terminal face of the glacier. Here we luckily hit off the new track over the moraine on which the travelling was pretty good except in one or two places where slips had partially covered the path. We sighted the hut at about 5 o'clock and were greeted by shrieking keas, which flew round to inspect us. They are incredibly inquisitive and not the least afraid of human beings and directly we stood still they came up to us and pecked at our boots or at the ends of our riding whips. Later we were joined by Mr. Hannen, Mr. Inglis and Mr. Marshall, who had followed us up from the Hermitage. We all wrote our names in a little notebook we found in the hut, and I think there were only some half dozen in front of ours and that my daughter's was the first woman's name to be entered.

The keas woke us at dawn by glissading down the tin roof. This is a favourite amusement of theirs which they will continue for hours, and sleep is impossible when once they have begun that game. We had an early breakfast and Mr.

Hannen and his party put on their swags, as they were bound for the Mt. de la Bêche bivouac. We all set off together and soon got up to the Ball Glacier moraine, passed over it, and reached the Hochstetter Glacier at a narrow point which we crossed and then, having negotiated the dividing moraine, emerged on the clear ice of the Tasman Glacier, which is perhaps one of the most wonderful ice rivers in the world. It is eighteen miles long, and the largest in New Zealand. Here we parted from Mr. Hannen and the other two, who went up the Tasman to climb the Hochstetter Dome, while my daughter and I turned back, going close under the Hochstetter ice fall, a most lovely one with thousands of ice pinnacles glittering in the sunlight. Noeline, who had never been on a glacier before, was enchanted with it. We came straight down the Hochstetter Glacier so that she should have a little experience of the ice, and then, scrambling up the moraine, regained the hut and were very glad to have our lunch. We then caught our horses and commenced the return journey, getting to the Hooker River just at dusk. I saw that the river was considerably higher than it was when we forded it before, this being due to the fact that the day had been hot and much snow had melted. I took my horse through but, finding the water pretty deep, called to my daughter to dismount and drive her horse in and then go to the wire rope further up the river. I followed on my side, and, re-crossing in the cage suspended from the wire rope, brought her over. It was quite dark by the time we mounted our horses again but we were

soon at the Hermitage and thankful for our supper and beds, for we had had a long though very delightful day.

I was up very early on the morrow, as I intended to try to climb the Barron Saddle near the top of the Mueller Glacier. I set off at 6 a.m. with Adamson, the Mt. Cook guide, for Kea Point, and began to traverse the Mueller, but about the middle he became lame and said he must turn back, so as I was determined not to have my trip spoilt, I elected to continue it by myself. After getting across the Mueller, I went up the glacier on some clear ice, then had a bad bit of moraine past the waterfall, but by hugging the right side, close to the mountain, I soon gained a snow slope on which I kept nearly to the head of the glacier. There were only a few big crevasses that I had to go round; the rest I could jump or step over. Eventually I arrived at the foot of the Barron Saddle and struggled to the top (6,672 feet) exactly at noon, after a six hours' tramp, having hardly made a halt since I left the guide. I had a good spell and drank a bottle of claret which I had brought with my lunch, leaving in the empty bottle a note of the date of my visit. The view from the Saddle was most imposing. One sees the whole of the Moorhouse Range and Mt. Sefton, with its overhanging glaciers and walls of perpendicular rock. Every now and then one hears the crash of an avalanche echoing like thunder in the distance, and can trace the rush of falling ice down the side of the mountain. I sat and looked at this magnificent scene until I was quite rested, and then started on my way back to the Hermitage, which

I reached safely about 6.30, the only difficulty in the journey being the jumping across the crevasses. Mr. Huddleston, the manager of the Hermitage, made a note of my trip, as it was a record, having been done only once before in a day by two men, never by one alone. It was considered to be a two days' expedition. The hanging glaciers at the head of the Mueller are very fine, and I felt I had had a splendid day to mark this, my last of many visits to Mt. Cook. As a matter of fact, it was not really to be my last visit, since twenty-five years later I spent five days there with my daughter, and though I could not climb again to the Barron Saddle, I managed to go once more to the Ball Hut and to the hut some eight miles up the Hooker Glacier.

Mr., now Sir Joseph, Kinsey, with his daughter and an Italian gentleman, Signor Guiseppe Barszilino, drove up by the evening coach. The Italian had brought with him from Europe Zurbriggen, the well-known Swiss alpine guide, and Mr. Kinsey had brought a young New Zealand guide called Clarke. Next afternoon, Miss Kinsey, my wife, my daughter and I took our tea to Kea Point. Mr. Kinsey, Signor Guiseppe and the two guides, who had been out on the Mueller Glacier, joined us there and we had a jolly picnic and were all photographed by Mr. Kinsey. This photo I still possess, and we look the most complete set of ruffians that it is possible to imagine. Clarke pointed out the Empress and the Noeline Glaciers near the head of the Hooker, the latter having been named after my daughter. My wife was rather tired, but enjoyed our walk back to

the Hermitage and the sunset on Mt. Cook, the last we should see.

We left by the morning coach, all very sorry to say goodbye to the Hermitage, where the weather had favoured us so royally. Mr. Hannen travelled with us and we lunched at the Glentanner Station, reaching the Pukaki Hotel about six in the evening. As my holiday was up, I had to continue my journey that night and as soon as I had had a meal I set forth on horseback for a midnight ride over the Mackenzie Plains. I had intended to rest at the Tekapo Hotel, but, finding it shut up, had to ride on to the Burke's Pass Hotel, where I arrived about half-past one. There I lay down for some four hours and was in the saddle again by 6 a.m. The horse lost a shoe shortly after leaving Tekapo and it was very wearisome riding to get him along on three legs. At Three Springs I had breakfast with my old friend, Mr. John Raine, who was staying there, and I got to Fairlie in good time for the morning train, Raine riding thus far with me. At Timaru I caught the express for Christchurch and slept soundly that night at the Club.

Next day I went out to Fendalton to see our house, which had been let, leaving by the mid-day train for Lyttelton to catch the steamer. As this was only a coal boat, I had a slow and very uncomfortable passage and it was late in the afternoon on the following day before we steamed into Wellington Harbour. My wife and daughter stayed with friends in Canterbury and did not get home for nearly a month.

I was soon in harness again and was kept pretty busy for a time at my office and at Land Board meetings.

Towards the middle of April I had to go to Tokaanu to meet the Surveyor-General, Mr. Percy Smith, and have a conclave with the Maoris, as the Government wanted to buy back some of the Native Reserve and lay out a township.

The following extract from the Wellington "Times" of November 22nd, 1900—written on the occasion of a presentation to Mr. Percy Smith (on his retirement)—shows the esteem in which he was held among the natives. "In the early days among the Maoris and in remote districts his services had been of a remarkable character. So great was the trust with which the Maoris regarded him that he was allowed to penetrate country and run his lines where no other surveyor dared venture he had often carried his life in his hands when out in the Urewera country. He had had many times to trust to his own resources and the goodwill of the natives, among whom his word was always looked upon as being as good as his bond."

At Tokaanu I found the Surveyor-General, and also our Mt. Cook friend, Mr. Hannen, who was now touring the North Island. A large concourse of Maoris had assembled, parties having come from the other side of Taupo from Lake Roto Aira and from Urewera, though these latter tribes had little or nothing to do with the matter in hand. In the morning we walked over the site suggested for the township, but as the afternoon was wet we sat and chatted with the Urewera natives and Mr. Smith persuaded them to sing some of their tribal songs to us. In the evening we went to a ball given by the Maoris and the girls performed a mild haka for our entertainment. Then they continued danc-

ing polkas, waltzes and lancers, and did it wonderfully well and very quietly. After a time I slipped out and had a bath in one of the numerous hot springs before going to bed.

The next day being Sunday, nothing especial was done, but on Monday morning the first big meeting was held, in which the various tribes took part. It began with a series of hakas, the Tokaanu and Taupo natives dancing first and then those from Roto Aira and Urewera each trying to go one better than the others. It was a thrilling spectacle, the men stark naked, except for their waist mats, and the women or wahines, wearing the usual Maori cloaks of grass or feathers and keeping splendid time for the dancers with their hands and feet. The yells were blood-curdling and the grimaces extraordinary, eyes rolling and tongues hanging out; and at times one could almost feel the earth shaking under the stamping feet. I forget which tribe we considered the best. After the dances were over they combined and sang a song of welcome. In the afternoon the Tokaanu natives executed another haka and then the speechifying commenced, but nothing was settled definitely. Next morning we tried to get the Tokaanu people to decide about the township, but could not persuade them to attend to business; and as it is utterly useless to attempt to hurry the Maoris, we determined to put off further discussion till the following Saturday and to occupy the time in the meanwhile in climbing Tongariro and Ngauruhoe with Mr. Hannen.

We procured horses and a pack horse to carry the tents and camping equipment and set off in



Mt. Ngauruhoe

[N.Z. Govt. Publicity photo

the afternoon, but the first night only reached the native kainga at Otukou. As it was then quite dark we asked the Maoris if we could stay there, and they gave us the use of their large meeting house, supplied us with hot water for our tea and hot potatoes and gave us plenty of mats to sleep on, so we had a fairly comfortable night. Departing about eight in the morning, we rode past the native settlement at Papakaio and on as far as we could take the horses and then left them on a flat a little below the Ketetahi springs and fumaroles, which are at an elevation of 4,800 feet above sea level, and were steaming furiously. About half past ten we commenced the ascent of Tongariro and as we mounted we saw Lakes Roto Aira and Taupo spread out below us with the splendid stretch of bush covered hills that lie between them. Unfortunately the clouds now began to roll up and the top of the mountain was veiled in mist and when we gained the edge of the north crater (6,100 ft.) at 11.45, we were enveloped in a dense fog. However, Mr. Hannen and I walked round the lip of the north crater and, crossing the western one, climbed up through the snow to the highest point of Tongariro where the trigonometrical station is situated (6,458 ft.), but the red or active crater was quite invisible though it was just below us. It was intensely cold and soon snow began to fall and we could not see more than 20 feet ahead, but with considerable difficulty we managed to retrace our steps and, traversing the west crater again, scrambled once more up the north cone, from which, through a rift in the clouds, we could see the

Blue Lake lying to the east of us. This is a little sheet of water which now fills an extinct crater and is the most wonderfully vivid blue. Then, dropping into the cup, we found Mr. Percy Smith and the men—and very irate men they were, for while we had kept tolerably warm climbing, they, who had been standing still waiting for us, had been almost frozen to death. We had been gone about an hour and a half and they had not dared to go away and leave us, and when they had eaten all the food they decently could, there was nothing to be done but stamp and curse. Hurriedly we swallowed the food that had been left for us, crossed the crater where the snow was half up to our knees, passed over the lip, and began the descent. On the way down we had a good view of the Te Mari blow-hole, which was throwing up a big column of steam; and keeping south of the Ketetahi Springs, we came to our horses about half past three in the afternoon. We were very tired after our strenuous exertions, but we mounted and rode back to our Otukou quarters, where we were thankful to arrive about 5.30. We had dinner and a smoke and were soon rolled up in our blankets, sleeping as men can sleep after a long, hard day in the open.

Next morning Mr. Smith decided to return himself to Tokaanu, so Mr. Hannen and I, with the two men, packed up and moved on about ten miles to the Mangatipopo Stream and pitched our camp near a small patch of bush there. After lunch we walked out to inspect our route for the ascent of Ngauruhoe next day. It was a fine clear afternoon and we could even see Mt. Egmont miles and miles away, so with

the aid of glasses we had not much trouble in picking out the line that seemed to offer the fewest obstacles. Going back to our camp, where the men had made us comfortable fern beds, we had our supper and turned in betimes, as we were going to make an early start in the morning. We got up at daylight, had our breakfast, and were on our horses before 7 a.m., getting to the foot of Ngauruhoe, where we left them, about nine o'clock. We had a terribly rough scramble over the loose scoria, slipping back a foot for every two that we progressed, and our boots were almost cut to pieces. About 500 feet above the saddle between Tongariro and Ngauruhoe the really stiff climbing began, and but for the fact that there had been a fall of snow, I hardly think we could have made the ascent, as the scoria gave us no foothold, but by taking advantage of the snowdrifts the going was not too impossible, and Mr. Hannen and one of the men arrived at the edge of the crater just before noon. About half an hour later I reached the top of a smaller one somewhat higher than they were and, proceeding round the west and south sides of the main crater, always keeping a little below the outside rim to escape the sulphurous fumes which were pouring forth, came to the point where the trigonometrical station is situated, 7,515 feet above sea level. Mr. Hannen joined me there, having passed round the other way. The snow was pretty deep and it was very cold, also clouds came up and spoiled the magnificent panorama we had had till then of Tongariro, Ruapehu and the surrounding country, with the small lake of Ngapuna-a-Tama lying far below.

The peep into the mouth of the volcano, now of course only smouldering, was very impressive. The top of the mountain was one huge extinct crater. Inside it were two smaller ones with a narrow ridge of ground between them. That to the north-west was extinct, its bottom and sides being covered with snow, and only at a few places there were small steam jets visible. The other, to the south, was active. It consisted of a hole with perpendicular sides like a huge well, and there was no difficulty in getting to the very brink. The best point, however, from which to look into it, was from the top of a tiny extinct crater on its edge. Standing on this we could look sheer down into the steaming gulf from which columns of smoke, and even some stones, were being thrown up. Needless to say, we were on the windward side. Mr. Hannen threw a large stone into the pit and it took nine seconds to touch bottom. Ngauruhoe is often in violent eruption and we noticed the last lava stream on the east slope of the mountain and others to the right and left of it.

After eating our lunch we turned to descend, and I stopped in one place to get some specimens from a flow of sulphur which streams over the edge and down the mountain when any large eruption takes place. We had a fine run through the loose scoria to the saddle and from there followed the bed of a creek to the Soda Spring, which comes bubbling out of the earth. If it was not so far from civilization, it would certainly be utilized and probably would be of considerable commercial value. Then, continuing along the creek and crossing the tail end

of the scoria, we reached the horses and got back to camp late in the afternoon. We had taken a totally different route from that used by the surveyors and others who had climbed the mountain before us, and as far as I know, we were the first to tackle it from that side.

We were up again at daylight, packed and started back to Tokaanu, but at Otukou we turned off the main road and took a Maori track along the western shore of Lake Roto Aira and across the Pihanga Hill by a low saddle. This was supposed to be a short cut, but the track through the bush was very steep and rough, and in places so deep and narrow that we rubbed the sides of our legs against the banks, so I do not think we saved any time by going that way.

In the afternoon Mr. Percy Smith and I had another interview with the Tokaanu natives and finally arranged that certain reserves that they wanted in the township site should be kept for them. After that we attended a football match and saw some excellent play, which showed what fine athletes the Maoris are.

Next day, Sunday, we had a last interview with the native Chief and with Mr. Biggs, the surveyor who was to carry out the survey of the township, and, our business being over, I packed up so as to be ready for the coach which left early in the morning. Here I said goodbye to Mr. Hannen and we both expressed a hope that we might meet again in England, and then, with other passengers, I departed in a down-pour of rain for Waiouru, and so to Wellington.

My next trip was to Auckland, to inspect the office there, and then to go with Mr. Mueller,

the Chief Land Commissioner, to visit Hokianga and Whangaroa, neither of which places I had seen before. One afternoon I went with Mr. Mueller to see Lake Takapuna, pretty and very strange and interesting, for though it is within two hundred yards of the sea, its waters are quite fresh, and, more curious still, it has no visible inlet or outlet and is of enormous depth, evidently filling the crater of an extinct volcano.

We left Onehunga Harbour at 3 p.m. the next day, crossed the Hokianga Bar about nine o'clock the following morning, and, passing Omapere, steamed on to Opononi, where we landed and went up to Mr. Webster's place. He kindly showed us over his house and we saw his paintings of the South Sea Islands, taken 50 years before when he visited them in his yacht, the *Wanderer*. He also showed us many curiosities he had collected in his numerous cruises among the islands, and took us through his orange grove. He was at Hokianga at the time of Heke's war at the Bay of Islands and he was a great friend of Judge Maning, the author of that charming book "Old New Zealand by a Pakeha Maori," the best description of the Maoris ever written.

Later in the day we saw from the deck of the steamer *Kuohi*, the house where Maning had lived, then passing through the Narrows, we reached Rawene, or Hokianga, where we stayed the night.

Next morning we went in a steam launch up the Mangamuka branch of the harbour, through the Narrows described by Mr. W. Reeves as the most beautiful piece of river scenery in New Zealand. It is certainly very pretty, but in my

opinion not equal in grandeur to the Wanganui River. We went as far as the bridge and then returned to the hotel for lunch, having thoroughly enjoyed our morning trip up and down these beautiful Narrows. In the afternoon we went up the Taheka River to the head of the navigation in the harbour, where Mr. Patterson, known as "the Gum King," had an hotel. By arrangement he met us there with his express waggon and drove us on to Kaikohe where he himself lived. He entertained us royally, showed us his gum stores and gave me some fine specimens of kauri gum.

Leaving in the morning, we drove to Ohaeawai and went into the church built on the site of the old Maori pa where so many English soldiers were killed in 1845 during an attack on the pa by Colonel Despard with soldiers of the 58th and 96th Regiments.

After leaving Ohaeawai, we drove past Mr. H. Williams' place, called Pakaraka, and over some low hills to Kawakawa, the Bay of Islands coal mine. We lunched there and went by the railway to Opuā, where the coal is shipped and then on, in the steam launch kept there, to Russell, the oldest town in New Zealand. It was a quiet sleepy little place stretching along the strip of beach at the foot of the hills and it has considerable old world charm and great historical interest for the New Zealander. The Bay of Islands was visited by Captain Cook on November 27th, 1769, and it was he who gave it its name. There the first mission station was founded by Samuel Marsden in 1814, there also the treaty of Waitangi, the first treaty with the Maoris, was signed in 1840, and in 1841 Russell

became the seat of the first Government. The harbour is extraordinarily beautiful, its surface dotted with innumerable islands, and its shore line broken by countless bays and headlands. At this time there was little cultivation and the surrounding hills were mostly in their wild natural state. A more perfect paradise for the yachtsman or the fisherman could hardly be imagined, for all kinds of fish abound and many days might be spent exploring the inlets and coves.

On the following afternoon, we left in the coastal steamer, the *Clansman*, for Whangaroa, and at daylight were on the landward side of Stephenson Island and steaming towards what looked like a solid wall of cliffs. After a little while, an opening appeared and through this our boat passed into one of the most lovely harbours in New Zealand. On either side are high rugged cliffs of the strangest and most fantastic shapes, and there are twelve remarkable looking hills, called the Twelve Apostles. It was in this harbour that the massacre of the crew of the ship *Boyd* took place in the year 1809. A full description of it is given in Brett's "Early New Zealand." Shortly stated, the story is as follows. The ship came over to New Zealand laden with Australian red gum spars, the captain intending to complete the cargo with kauri spars, at that time in great demand for the masts of ships. On board was a young Maori boy, son of a chief, and for some misdemeanour the captain had ordered him to be flogged during the voyage. The *Boyd* put into Whangaroa Harbour, which happened to be the home of the Maori

boy's tribe; he landed and told of his treatment, and it was resolved that he should be avenged. Then the captain and part of the crew were invited on shore to look at kauri trees in the forest, where a party of natives were concealed who attacked and murdered them all. In the dusk of the evening some of the natives dressed themselves in the sailors' clothes and went off in the captain's boat to the ship. The mate, thinking it was the captain and the sailors returning, allowed them to hook on, and the Maoris then sprang on board and murdered the rest of the crew, but spared the lives of a woman and two children who were passengers. These were rescued later. While looting the vessel next day, a Maori who was smoking dropped a spark into the powder magazine which blew up, killing several of the natives and setting fire to the ship, which burned down to the water's edge, drifted up the harbour, and sank. The settlers who came there years afterwards were able at low tide to get out some of the Australian spars, and a piece of one was given to Mr. Mueller, the Auckland Commissioner, who was with me. He took it back to Auckland and had it turned into a stick which he gave me, and which I use to this day—one hundred and fifteen years after the massacre of the *Boyd*.

Steaming out of Whangaroa, we proceeded along the coast and passed through Doubtless Bay into the small harbour of Mangonui, one of the safest in the island.

Two days later I reached Auckland and from there returned to Wellington, having had a delightful trip to a most fascinating part of New Zealand.

In March this year regulations were issued for the examination of surveyors, the next month the first meeting was held of the Board of Examiners, of which Mr. Baker, as Assistant Surveyor-General, was one, and in June the first list of Authorised Surveyors was published, and so another milestone was passed in the long fight for efficiency in the Survey Department of the Colony.

In August I had to visit Christchurch to arrange about the sale of Chilcomb, and on the steamer, to my great surprise, I met my friend Mr. Hannen, who was then supposed to be on his way to England. He had come back to New Zealand to marry Miss Mabel Gould, of Christchurch, whom he had met in Fiji. Next day being Sunday I went to the Cathedral, and heard Bishop Julius preach a sermon on the death of Mr. FitzGerald, who had been Superintendent of Canterbury when I landed thirty-nine years before. I also paid a short visit to Horsley Downs to say good-bye to my old friend Jim Lance, for as we were leaving New Zealand so soon I felt I was not likely to meet him again. On my return to Wellington I went up to Mangaweka to hold my last land sale, and then on October 6th there was the last meeting of the Land Board, and the farewell to its members.

The following account of this meeting is taken from a Wellington newspaper:—

As to-day's meeting of the Wellington Land Board was the last that Mr. J. H. Baker, Commissioner of Crown Lands, would preside at, he took the opportunity of saying a few words in taking leave of its members. When he took charge of the district, owing to the want of efficient inspectors, the inspec-

tions of the various holdings were tremendously in arrear; so much so that the lessees practically looked on the conditions as a dead letter. To convince them that the letter of the law had to be obeyed by the large as well as the small holders of land was at first no easy task; but in proof that it had been accomplished the Commissioner pointed to the comparatively few cases now reported to the Board of settlers neglecting to make improvement or not residing on their holdings. Effectual systematic inspection and the impartial administration of the law had had the effect of teaching the settlers that the various conditions under which Crown Lands were held had to be carried out. This result had not been brought about without some complaints that the law was being harshly administered, but the Commissioner was able to say that when any settler had shown that he was struggling to fulfil the conditions under which he occupied the land in a *bonâ fide* manner, the utmost latitude had been allowed by the Board.

The Commissioner also referred to what is often alluded to as the "dummy hunting" proclivities of the Board. If this were meant as a term of reproach it should be levelled at the law and not at the Board. Dummyism was systematically resorted to in order to increase the holdings under the Land Act, 1885; but though no "dummy" had been hanged, dummyism had now been made unprofitable, and had to a very great extent been stamped out.

With respect to village settlers and holders of very small areas of land, the Commissioner said he was convinced that it was not any kindness to them to let their rents accumulate, except for very short periods, because it afterwards became impossible for them to pay the accumulated rent. The action of the Land Board in insisting that, in the case of farm homestead holders actual occupation of the land should take place before transfers were granted, to show that it had not been acquired for the purpose of re-selling, had had a most beneficial effect.

The work of the office and of the Land Board had enormously increased during the last five years; the

correspondence of the office had more than doubled itself, and the number of questions to be referred to the Board increased every sitting. Mr. Baker concluded by expressing his own deep regret at parting with the members of the Board.

Mr. W. A. Fitzherbert spoke in terms of praise and appreciation of Mr. Baker's conduct of the business of the Board.

Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.H.R., moved—"That on this occasion of Mr. J. H. Baker's severing his long connection with the Public Services of New Zealand, the Board places on record its recognition of the honest and faithful manner in which Mr. Baker has performed his duties, and wishes him *bon voyage* and a long and pleasurable holiday." He added that his impression of Mr. Baker was that he was above influence, his honesty was unimpeachable, and he had ever done his duty with a stern integrity. Mr. Hogg also testified to the benefit that had resulted to the settlers during Mr. Baker's administration as Commissioner.

Mr. Mackenzie, the Minister of Lands, and Mr. Percy Smith, the Surveyor-General, both wrote and expressed their regret at the loss of my services, and I was granted three months' leave of absence and the usual compensation given to officers retiring from the Colonial Service. The Wellington School Board and the Wanganui Harbour Board also sent letters of thanks, the former for the valuable reserves to which they were entitled, and which I had selected for them, bringing the total up to 28,500 acres. The Wellington papers, too, gave a flattering account of my colonial career. After this came days of packing and forwarding direct to England such of our possessions as we did not want to take with us on our travels.

Mr. Baker had decided to spend the first year of his leisure travelling round the world, visiting Australia, Ceylon, India, Burma, Singapore, China, Japan, and North America.

I had to pay yet another visit to Christchurch to attend the auction sale of my property, and to say good-bye to the many friends I had made there, Mr. Noel Brodrick, one of the oldest of my Invercargill friends, coming to Lyttelton to see me off. In Wellington I had a last hectic week, packing, sorting, and arranging papers at the office, and working there up to one in the morning. I called to say good-bye to the Minister of Lands, and the next day there was a gathering of the officers of my department, fifty-eight of whom presented me with an illuminated address and a gold watch inscribed with my name and official title "as a tangible expression of their recognition of able services rendered to the State." Looking back I think I may be permitted to hope that since my arrival in New Zealand in 1857 as a half educated boy of fifteen I had done with credit my small part towards the colonization of the country.

Two days later I handed over my keys and left Wellington for New Plymouth, where I joined my wife and daughter. We did not actually leave the country for a month after this, and we spent the greater part of that time at Rotorua, since my wife had not seen any of the wonderful sights of the Thermal region, and my daughter had been ordered a course of baths for rheumatism.

At last on November 23rd, 1896, we found ourselves on board the steamer bound for Sydney, setting out for a tour of the world. We sailed from Auckland at five o'clock on a lovely spring evening, and on the wharf, to wave us farewell, were my friend Mr. Mueller, with whom I had taken so many pleasant trips, and Mrs. Field, a daughter of my oldest friends, the Brodricks, of Invercargill. We were all sad to think that this was really good-bye to New Zealand, and we lingered on deck till it was no longer possible to see even the dim outline of its coast.

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