



—Nevill Studio (Dunedin)

MURRAY GLADSTONE THOMSON
At 90 years of age.

Frontispiece

A Pakeha's Recollections

THE REMINISCENCES OF
MURRAY GLADSTONE THOMSON

Edited by Alfred Eccles

With a Foreword by Dr. H. D. Skinner
Director, Otago Museum



NEW ZEALAND
A. H. and A. W. REED
182 WAKEFIELD STREET, WELLINGTON
AND P.O. BOX 330, DUNEDIN

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Alfred Eccles.

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CORRECTION.

Illustration Facing Page 100.—It was in the following year, 1871, that the University of Otago took over the premises now known as the Stock Exchange.

FOREWORD

MURRAY THOMSON can be regarded as type specimen of those Otagonians whose youth fell in the 'sixties and early 'seventies of the last century. His training came to him in the university of hard knocks. He exploited the openings that presented themselves in an expanding pioneer community. His relaxations were taken in the open air—tramping and camping, on the running track, on the cricket field, and in the volunteers. Later, his time outside his trade was spent in social groups of which the church was principal. On the intellectual side he followed his father's bent towards botany and Maori ethnology, and it was in this last connection that I first made personal contact with him at Murdering Beach about the year 1910. I then discovered that he had been known to me in family tradition since earliest childhood as a figure in my great-grandparents' tale of the burning in the Atlantic of the ship *William Brown*.

No one who met him could fail to be attracted by his keen and twinkling eye, by his fund of entertaining experiences, and by his amazingly accurate memory. Though his life fell outside the field of romantic and hair-raising adventure, still it is of enduring interest because it is typical of most of the qualities that are admirable in the life of Otago of his generation. It is fortunate that he has found a biographer so capable of recording his life and hence his era.

H. D. SKINNER.

EDITOR'S NOTE

MURRAY GLADSTONE THOMSON died on the 8th of October, 1942, at the advanced age of 92 years. Alert to the last, both mentally and physically, he passed away quite unexpectedly in his sleep.

I count it a privilege to have been permitted to edit his "Reminiscences," for they have an historical value that should ensure them permanent interest. My work was commenced some months before Murray Thomson's death, but owing to unforeseen circumstance it had to be shelved when only partly completed. Then occurred my friend's death. This event, much as it was to be deplored, did not prove so great a hindrance to the continuation of the work as was at first anticipated. At no time had Murray Thomson contemplated carrying his story into the long period of his retirement. He had from time to time contributed articles to the "Otago Daily Times," and of these, with Sir James Hutchison's kind permission, I have largely availed myself. Errors in the articles, where noted, have been corrected, and additional matter has been incorporated in the text, thus avoiding where possible the use of footnotes.

I feel that those who knew my friend best would find this book lacking were mention not made of two institutions which were very near his heart. These were the South Dunedin Presbyterian Church and the Otago Early Settlers' Association.

Murray Thomson's connection with the South Dunedin Presbyterian Church was maintained for more than sixty years. During that time he actively identified himself with its work, as Sunday School teacher, Bible Class leader, and

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member of the Deacons' Court. At the time of his death he was a life member of that Court, and was also the oldest member of the church.

His interest in the Otago Early Settlers' Association is told in the following letter which the late Secretary, Mr. William Paterson, was good enough to address to me.

Lower High Street,
Dunedin.
2nd February, 1943.

Dear Mr. Eccles,

I am very glad indeed to hear that you are writing, with a view to publication, the interesting life story of my very old and much respected friend, the late Murray G. Thomson. As a man, and as a friend, I always held him in the highest esteem.

During his long and useful life, he played many parts, as your book will plainly show; he was an enthusiastic Early Settler, and a useful and valued member of the Otago Early Settlers' Association, in which he took a warm, personal interest, and to which he donated many interesting relics connected with the early days of the Province.

As a regular visitor to my office, he was always welcome, for his coming was like a ray of sunshine on a rainy day. Truly, it can be said of him, he wearied not in well doing, and died as he lived, loved and respected by all who knew him.

Yours faithfully,
W. Paterson,
Secretary, O.E.S.A.

Murray Thomson never lost his boyhood affection for Murdering Beach. When he sold the greater portion of his holding there in 1901, he built a summer cottage on one of the remaining sections and there he would repair annually at holiday time and enjoy his leisure with members of his family.

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After his wife's death in March, 1928, he made his home with his daughter, the late Mrs. P. G. Stewart, and her family, in York Place and at Maori Hill.

In conclusion, I would gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. H. D. Skinner for contributing a Foreword to this volume and for supplying the two plates illustrating *hei-tiki* found in the Murdering Beach district and for his comments thereon which will be found in the Appendix. To him, and to all who have rendered me assistance I express my warmest thanks.

ALFRED ECCLES.

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CHAPTER ONE

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

I WAS born at Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, on May 9, 1850, the eldest of a family of three children, two sons and a daughter. My fourth birthday was spent in Liverpool where my parents had gone some months previously, my father, Peter Thomson, having accepted a position there in a large printing establishment.

Apart from the following small incident I remember little connected with our stay in that city. The Crimean War was then in progress, and in September, 1855, word came of the fall of Sebastopol. It had withstood a siege of eleven months and the Allies' success was enthusiastically welcomed. The day that the news was received was declared a holiday, and my parents, taking advantage of a beautifully fine morning, decided on a picnic. Not able to obtain bunting, my father before leaving procured large, freshly-printed replicas of the flags of Great Britain and France, and these, to my delight, he hung from out our windows. All went well with our excursion until late afternoon, when a thunderstorm of some severity compelled us to hurriedly retrace our steps. Great was my disappointment on arrival home. The heavy rain during our absence had played havoc with our decorations, and now, sodden and with colours run, they bore no resemblance to the gay emblems I had earlier admired.

A year or so later my parents returned to Scotland and settled at St. Andrews where my father established a printing business of his own and published the "St. Andrews Pictorial Magazine."

This new environment in which my father found himself was to his liking. He had a decided leaning towards the sciences, with a preference, perhaps, for Natural History. Here he was able to cultivate his hobby. He formed friend-

ships with several of the University professors, and among my earliest recollections is that of visits to the Museum and other places in his and their company. Another early recollection is that of an aquarium which my father installed at our home. This it was my duty to tend and keep supplied with fresh sea-water.

On many of my visits to the seashore I was accompanied by my father and I came to share his enthusiasm for Nature. By the time that it came for us to leave St. Andrews I had acquired under his tuition a fairly extensive knowledge of the shore life of the neighbourhood.

Meanwhile my education, which had had its beginning in an infant school in Liverpool, proceeded along normal lines. I first attended Madras College and later my father transferred me to the South street Academy.

Our family might have taken permanent root in St. Andrews but for my mother's health. Unhappily, that was a constant source of anxiety. Acting on medical advice, my father in 1861 decided to try the effect of a sea voyage. In making choice of New Zealand to which to emigrate he was probably influenced by the fact that my mother's brother resided there.

I was now a lad of eleven years, and, apart from visits to my grandmother in Edinburgh during school holidays, had never strayed far from home. It was, therefore, with some excitement that I heard that we were about to cross the world and I eagerly awaited the day on which we should sail.

CHAPTER TWO

THE JOURNEY TO NEW ZEALAND

THE ship in which my father booked our passages to New Zealand was named *William Brown*. She was a vessel of 403 tons register, bound for Nelson, and she carried a crew of fourteen officers and men. Passengers brought the total of souls on board to twenty-three.*

The main incidents connected with the voyage are still, after eighty years, clear in my memory. I have before me my father's account of what befell us; and a letter from a lady passenger, Mrs. Hirst, great-grandmother of Dr. H. D. Skinner of the Otago Museum, confirms his story.

The *William Brown* was commanded by Captain Barclay, who, fortunately for us, proved to be as fine and capable a seaman as one could wish to sail with.

We left the Thames on Saturday, September 7, 1861. Before quitting the Channel, unfavourable weather compelled us to put in at Plymouth and there we were detained till the 17th of the month. We made the crossing of the "Bay" under exceptionally stormy conditions. However, we had no cause for concern until October 2, when, in the vicinity of the Azores, there came to us that most dreaded experience of those that go down to the sea in ships—Fire.

We were all down below, with tea just finished, when a deck hand excitedly called down the hatch for all buckets and pans and informed us that fire had broken out in the forehold. My father hurried on deck and found his worst fears confirmed; smoke was issuing from the bulkhead dividing the

* Besides the five members of the Thomson family, the passengers in the *William Brown* were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hirst and Mr. and Mrs. Muckleston. The Hirsts were returning to New Zealand after visiting relatives in the Homeland, and the Mucklestons, like the Thomsons, were making their first voyage. Both the Hirsts and the Mucklestons were afterwards well-known residents of New Plymouth, and Mr. Hirst represented that constituency in the Taranaki Provincial Council in 1865-66.

forecastle from the hold and also through the decking in the vicinity of the foremast.

By this time we all had reached the deck and my father, after doing his best to reassure us, went below to collect his papers and a few other valued possessions. He was soon back on deck again, and with another passenger, Mr. Thomas Hirst, joined in the fight against the fire. A large quantity of water was poured through holes cut in the deck and for a few brief moments it looked as though the efforts of those engaged in fighting the dread enemy would be successful.

Captain Barclay, however, was not so sanguine and, in preparation for the manning of the boats, despatched the steward post haste to the cabin with orders to bring up the sextant and charts and also a supply of provisions. On going below for the second time, the poor fellow was overcome by smoke and collapsed. His body was found and brought to the deck, but alas! too late, life had fled.

Our hopes for success in the fight were doomed to disappointment; the fire gained in volume and intensity and the order was at length given to clear the longboat. This was no easy task, a nasty sea was running and the boat was in danger of being swamped or crushed against the side of the doomed vessel.

Soon came Captain Barclay's order to "abandon ship." Despite the adverse conditions, the transfer of passengers to the heaving longboat was at length safely accomplished. Sea tradition was strictly observed, "first the women and children." These were safely lowered by rope, and among them was my mother. Then followed my father and the other adult male passengers, two in number, and finally the officers and seamen who were superintending operations. Captain Barclay was the last to leave the ship and take seat in the longboat. Meanwhile the ship's gig, in charge of the second mate, was successfully launched and manned by the remainder of the crew.

Among the possessions which my father had brought up from below were a rifle and cartridges, and during preparation for abandonment, he kept firing shots in the vain hope of attracting the attention of some passing vessel.

What next followed is best described in my father's words: "A great deal of water came aboard," he wrote, "and the passengers were wet up to the middle. Once the boat was nearly down; as the ship rolled, it caught the side of the boat and nearly forced it under. The water rushed in and I thought all was over. Instinctively I began to throw off my top-coat, which was ballasted with over a hundred rounds of ball cartridge, but it rose again immediately, and was with difficulty veered astern, and fastened to the ship with a long rope.

"By this time the flames had broken out through the deck, and all around the forecastle hatch was a mass of flame. The foremast began to shake, and the captain ordered the longboat's painter to be cut, so that the boat might be clear of the ship before it fell, which it shortly did, bringing down with it the main topgallant mast, etc. This was at 11.15 p.m. So here we were, adrift in a leaky boat, over two hundred miles from the nearest land, and with a very heavy cross sea running which took the utmost skill and attention of the captain and crew to guard against.

"We kept as near the burning ship as we could, so that if any ship should be near it would bear down on the flames, and we could thus be more readily saved. At 1 a.m. the mainmast fell, and the ship drifted slowly before the wind, while we were rapidly going to leeward and the wind and the sea were getting worse. Shortly, one of the crew said he saw a vessel's lights approaching us."

At first his news sounded too good to be true, but in course of time our eyes picked up the form of a brig under sail making in the direction of the burning ship. Once again my father attempted to attract attention by rifle fire but, owing

to the wet condition of both rifle and ammunition, his efforts were fruitless.

Captain Barclay then ordered the second mate, who was in charge of the accompanying ship's gig, to attempt contact with the brig and make known our desperate plight. After the gig had gone, the hours of anxiety we spent were almost unendurable. We saw that our crew had great difficulty in keeping our boat head on to wind and sea, indeed we frequently turned almost broadside on and baling continued without stop.

Fortunately, at about 3 a.m. the gig managed to reach the brig. She proved to be the *Hedvig Charlotta*, of Stockholm, Captain Hallengren, bound for Rio. The *Charlotta* was headed in the direction that it was considered our boat was most likely to be found and shortly after daylight, to our intense relief, she hove in sight and bearing down on us was soon alongside.

We were soon on board the brig and very thankful for our delivery from what threatened to be severe privation at sea or, perhaps, a watery grave. Nothing could efface from memory the great kindness of the captain and crew; they did everything possible for our comfort. The brig called in at Funchal, Madeira, and there we were landed on October 6, just four days after we had left the burning ship.

We remained at Funchal for twelve days awaiting the arrival of a ship in which to effect our return to England. We were then taken off by the S.S. *Dane* and landed at Southampton on October 25.

This tragic experience was one which none who took part in it could ever forget. The rifle that my father used in vain effort to attract attention hangs on my wall to-day, a reminder, if such were necessary, of a very trying occurrence.

My parents might well have been pardoned had they shrunk from proceeding further with their plan to migrate to New Zealand. But that was not their spirit. In the short space of three weeks they had us all outfitted afresh and ready

to essay a second voyage. This we commenced on November 13, when we dropped down the Thames from the London Docks in the sailing ship *Matoaka*, 1,323 tons, Captain Stevens, bound for Port Cooper (Lyttelton). We anchored for the night off Gravesend and next day saw us once again at sea.

I have the day to day journal that my father kept during our passage out. Though there is much of interest in it, it shows the voyage to have been uneventful. We reached port on February 10, 1862.

We had set out with the intention of re-shipping to Nelson where my mother's brother lived, but on reaching Lyttelton we received word that he had shifted to Dunedin. My parents decided to follow him there.

We remained at Lyttelton six weeks before proceeding south. My father, meanwhile, secured us accommodation at the port and himself accepted temporary employment as a compositor on the staff of the "Lyttelton Times."

On March 23 we embarked in the P.S. *Geelong*, Captain Boyd, and, after calling at wayside ports, reached Dunedin three days later.

CHAPTER THREE

"KELVIN GROVE"

ON arrival at Dunedin my parents took up quarters at a house in upper Russell street. They did not remain there long. The extent of benefit my mother had derived from the voyage had been disappointing, and my father decided in her interest to get away from the town.

On May 1, 1862, he entered into an agreement with the Maori chief John Wetere Korako,* to lease for a term of seven years the property known as "Kelvin Grove," situated at the Lower Maori *Kaika* (Ruaititiko), Otago Heads. There we removed as soon as the arrangements necessary for our reception had been made.

Making his way south from Wellington in the early 'forties, Archibald Anderson established "Kelvin Grove" as a farm—the first on Otago Harbour. Cattle raising and cropping were carried on under the supervision of a manager, a man of the name of Rowen. Gradually, however, dairying took the place of cattle raising, though a limited number of sheep were still kept. Many a visiting ship's crew had reason to be thankful for the existence of so handy a source of supply. It was from "Kelvin Grove," in 1848, that the passengers brought out in the *John Wickliffe* and the *Philip Laing* obtained their first supplies of fresh milk, butter and vegetables.

I do not know at what date Anderson gave up "Kelvin Grove," but at the time of arrival of the "First Two Ships," March-April, 1848, it was occupied by a man named Edward Stokes. He, in turn, vacated it in the early months of 1849 and went to live in Dunedin. An advertisement of the sale

* Korako's signature to the lease agreement is as given here.

"KELVIN GROVE"

of his stock appeared in the "Otago News" of March 7, 1849, and read as follows:—

FOR SALE.

Seventy-Seven Head of Cattle, well bred, in good condition, and perfectly acclimated.

The greater part of the above Cattle being in full milk, or about Calving, are well worthy the attention of persons wishing to set up Dairies, or to private parties desirous of having a quiet Cow.

Several valuable Horses, broken in to work.

Also about 600 Sheep. For particulars apply to Mr. Garrick.

N.B.—Cattle may be inspected on Tuesdays and Fridays, at Kelvin Grove, Otago.

The "Mr. Garrick" mentioned in the above was David Garrick, who arrived in the *John Wickliffe* and was the first man to practise law in Dunedin.

Neither do I know how long "Kelvin Grove" was unoccupied before we took possession, but the condition of the ground would indicate that the place had been neglected for some considerable time; with the exception of the remains of a stockyard, all farm buildings had disappeared and in the garden a few flowers struggled for existence amid a mass of weeds and self-sown potatoes.

The property, as we found it, consisted of a dwelling surrounded by a few fenced-in acres. Roughly, it lay about midway between Harrington Point (usually referred to by the old hands of the neighbourhood as Hobart Town Point) and the Black Rock (Te Umu-Kuri).*

The house was about 400 yards back from the beach, nicely placed on rising ground overlooking the harbour to Port Chalmers and the Spit. It was in fairly good repair and appeared to have been used as a school or for mission work, for on the shelves surrounding one of the larger rooms we found numbers of books, all in the Maori language, many of

* The Rev. T. A. Pybus says that Miss Karetai remembers "Kelvin Grove" and that it stood about 150 yards below Mr. Don. Reid's present farm residence, on the approach road to it. Mr. Pybus further says that the daughters of Octavius Harwood, the late Mrs. Dick and the late Mrs. Wilson, agreed with Miss Karetai as to site.

them being Hymn Books, Testaments and Catechisms. It was in two parts. One part was built of wood, and the walls of the other part were of clay or, perhaps, wattle and dab. This latter part was one large room and, as far as I can remember, must have been quite 30 feet in length and not less than 14 feet wide. It ran north and south with the windows and doors facing the harbour. There was a very large fireplace and chimney which at times was used for smoking fish. The roof was well thatched with rushes. There was no ceiling, and the ground served as floor. This large room we used as dining room, kitchen and parlour in one. The north-east corner was partitioned off, and the wide shelves round the lower part would lead one to the conclusion that it had been used as a dairy. A doorway at the end of the big room gave access to the wooden part which ran right across the south end, thus forming the letter "T." This part consisted of four rooms which were used as sleeping quarters. These were small; they had ceilings and wooden floors, and the walls had been papered. The roof was shingled.

The front faced the bush, in which was a small creek, the source of our water supply.

My father soon had the garden dug over and planted with potatoes and about 200 cauliflower plants which he procured from George Matthews, seedsman, in Dunedin. These grew well, and when sent in sacks to town realised one shilling each. I remember that, when turning over the ground, my father found a nice greenstone axe, of which he was very proud.

Our nearest neighbours were the Maoris at the Middle *Kaika* (Tahakopa), quite a quarter of a mile away in a southerly direction. About the same distance to the north-east lived a European couple, James Rickus and his wife, and a few Maoris, one of whom was Tare Wetere Te Kahu, better known to the whites as Charles Wesley. There were no houses and no cultivated ground between.

Mention of James Rickus—I have seen his name variously spelt Rickers, Rickards, and Ricketts—reminds me of an occurrence which might easily have bred trouble for us.

The year before my father took a lease of "Kelvin Grove," the Maoris had taken a crop of wheat off the enclosure round the house. They had apparently harvested it very badly, for in the spring following a good crop of wheat appeared. After my father had cut and stooked the ripe corn, the Maoris arrived on the scene and laid claim to it on the ground that the seed was theirs and that my father had not sown it. They threatened to return and take away the whole crop by force. My father consulted Rickus, who had been living among the Maoris for some time and understood their ways. He advised him to thresh out the crop at once, and stated that he would buy it. My father acted on this advice. A sail from one of the boats was spread on the ground, a water barrel was emptied and placed on its side in the centre, and the sheaves were beaten against the outside of the barrel. While some were threshing, others were winnowing the wheat by pouring it from milk cans on to the sail. A warm wind aided the operation, and soon two sacks and a half of good wheat were taken away on a sledge by Rickus. The wheat returned my father three shillings a bushel. When the Maoris came for the crop, my father, following Rickus's instructions, just said "Gone," and appeared not to understand what was being said. The Maoris left, dissatisfied and angry, but no further action was taken.

A twofold reason prompted my father's decision to settle at "Kelvin Grove." He had it in mind to combine there a bit of farming and a fishing speculation. With neither project did he progress very far. Three months after our arrival my mother died, and this sad blow entirely altered his plans.

Early in 1863 he gave up his lease of the property and removed to Dunedin. Here he entered the employ of the "Otago Daily Times" and "Witness" as reader, a position he held until his death in 1879. During this period of service

he was a fairly constant contributor to the columns of the "Times." Over the signature of "*Pakeha*" he wrote a series of most interesting accounts of "Rambles" made on foot in various parts of Otago. Besides being a foundation member of the Otago Institute, before which he read many scientific papers, he instigated the formation of the Dunedin Naturalists' Field Club.

To-day, there is no sign whatever of "Kelvin Grove." The site has been deeply buried beneath the sand drift, and a dense plantation of lupins adds to the difficulty of locating the exact position of the old farm.*

* See footnote, page 29.



Mr. and Mrs. JOHN WASHBURN HUNTER,
of Murdering Beach, with whom Murray
Thomson lived for three years—1862-1865.

CHAPTER FOUR

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH MURDERING BEACH

ON my mother's death, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter showed their sympathy by offering, for a time at least, to relieve my father of the care of one of his boys. They had then but recently married and gone to live at Murdering Beach, where they farmed the land that had belonged to Mrs. Hunter's first husband, William Coleman.

Needless to say this was an offer of practical help of which my father was glad to avail himself, and I, being the elder of his two sons, was duly handed over. Thus began for me a long stay at Murdering Beach, and now, after eighty years of close association, there has been bred in me an enduring love for the place where I spent three years of happy childhood.

And now for a word about Hunter and his wife. I look back with affection to the latter, regarding her as my foster mother.

John Washburn Hunter hailed from the States. He was a native of Boston, Massachusetts, where his parents, well-to-do Quakers, were engaged in the shipping trade. When young, he took to the sea and for a time served in the United States Navy. During a cruise in the Mediterranean he was petty officer in the frigate *Brandywine*.* After leaving the Navy he joined the merchant service, in which he remained for a few years. He then transferred to the whaling industry, joining up in 1841 as first mate in the German owned vessel,

* On page 96 of Harold and Margaret Sprout's book—"The Rise of American Naval Power, 1776-1918," (Princeton University Press, 1939)—it is stated in a footnote that a frigate of this name was in commission in the Pacific in 1835, and facing page 43 is a reproduction of a water colour painting depicting the *Brandywine* in company with other ships of war leaving Port Mahon in 1825. This somewhat unusual ship's name is derived from that of a river in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., Brandywine Creek, on the banks of which, on September 11, 1777, during the War of Independence, was fought a battle in which the English commander, General Howe, defeated Washington.

Juliana, then being fitted out at Boston, to go on a cruise to the Southern Ocean. A fairly successful time was spent among the sperm whales, after which, in 1842, the *Juliana* made for Otago Harbour to undergo overhaul, replenish her supplies of fresh water and food, and obtain such necessities as might be available.

Hunter frequently recalled his sea experiences, and I listened with all a boy's delight in such stories.

One day, while the *Juliana* was lying inside Otago Heads, Hunter with a small party went ashore on a pig hunting expedition for the purpose of getting a supply of fresh pork. During the hunt he was unlucky enough to meet with an accident. His gun exploded and blew away the third and fourth fingers of his right hand and part of the palm. It was a serious wound, and, as the *Juliana* was on the eve of sailing, it was agreed that he should be left behind, and he was given his discharge. He was attended for his injury by Dr. Crocome, of Waikouaiti, but it was several months before the hand was sufficiently recovered to be of service to him.

Hunter had by then become used to the people and the life, and had resolved to settle. He bought a good whaleboat from one of the ships, and, securing a Maori crew, he took part in whale hunting off the coast.

He also took to piloting, a work for which he was well trained. In those days, of course, only sailing ships entered Otago Harbour, which was a regular port of call. As many as eleven whalers had been known to be in the harbour at one time, and, as there was always a sand bar at the entrance to the port, it required an experienced seaman to bring in vessels. This was before the days of tugs, and all vessels had to be brought in under sail. Until the appointment in 1847 of Richard Driver as official pilot, the taking of ships in and out of the harbour was shared between Driver, of Murdering Beach, and James Fowler and Hunter, both of Otago Harbour. Driver cultivated a garden on the hill bounding the western end of Murdering Beach, and from this vantage ground—

now known as Pilot Point—he kept watch for approaching vessels. Hunter and Fowler set their watch from high ground on the Peninsula. There was keen competition between these men. The rival crews engaged in many a good race, contesting every foot of the way. The first man to reach the ship got the job to pilot her in and out of the harbour, for which the recognised fee was £5 each way.

Hunter was a handy man with tools, and could make anything from an axe handle to a boat. He had a full set of cooper's tools including an anvil, which, some years ago, I presented to the Otago Early Settlers' Museum. At the cooperage connected with the trying out works at the Otakou whaling station, he helped put together the barrels for the whale oil and many a time have I seen him cutting down the staves of discarded barrels with which to make buckets and tubs.

He was very popular with the Maoris, who dubbed him "*Kai papa*" on account of his accident while pig hunting. Being liberal and hospitable he soon made friends with them. He frequently acted as their agent when captains of vessels approached them, bargaining for potatoes, pork, or other commodities.

When Driver was officially appointed to the position of port pilot, Hunter, perforce, had to look for other work and he took to cattle raising. He was thus employed when I went to live with him and his wife at Murdering Beach in 1862.

Hunter was a regular sea dog; everything had to be done "shipshape," as he called it. I responded to his training and we got along very well together. With the exception of an occasional runaway sailor who would stay with him until his ship had sailed, we two did all the work at the little farm.

Hunter frequently had calls from these runaways, and he knew how to handle them. One such incident is impressed on my memory. One afternoon Mrs. Hunter from the front of the house saw what she thought was a line of Maoris coming over Pilot Point. Putting the glass on them, Hunter saw

that they were not Maoris but sailors. He watched them come down the hill and over the flat towards the house where we stood. When they were about sixty yards from the house Hunter called out in a loud voice: "Stop there. Put down your bundles. One of you come up." They evidently recognised the voice of command, for they immediately obeyed. A tall, dark man came up, and stood a few feet in front of Hunter and answered satisfactorily all questions put to him. We learned that they had deserted their ship, *Viola*, the day before, and had spent the night in the bush without food, but with a plentiful supply of tobacco. They were tired and hungry, and were very pleased when Hunter told them that, in the meantime, they might take possession of a nearby fowl-house that had just been built. Hunter then directed that two of the handiest of the party should be sent up to him, and these he supplied with a large three-legged iron pot, two buckets of potatoes, and a large piece of corned beef which had been cooked for our dinner together with a large uncooked piece. It had been Mrs. Hunter's baking day, and she gave them nearly all the bread she had baked, as well as plenty of butter and a bucket of milk. After tea Hunter called them out, and told them that after breakfast next day they would have to clear out, and advised that, in order to keep clear of the police they should get back to the harbour side, but lower down, and there persuade some of the fishermen to put them across to the Portobello side. By so doing, he said, they would not only put the police off their tracks but stand a chance of getting odd jobs from the settlers.

Murdering Beach at this time was a very isolated place, the whole district being just one great forest stretching from Port Chalmers to Purakanui. The only roads were Maori tracks, of which more anon. The cattle, some seventy or eighty head, were allowed to roam at will through the bush. To get the beasts out, often entailed a long search and an arduous drive. Hunter, though a seaman by training, was a splendid man with cattle. He was kind to all animals, and

specially gentle when breaking in a young cow after she had been brought in from the bush with a calf.

Mrs. Hunter was a quiet, kind little woman. As I have said before, Hunter was her second husband. In 1840 she and William Coleman, her first husband, had come across from Sydney to Waikouaiti in the *Magnet*, as members of a party of agriculturalists sent over by John Jones to cultivate his land. Later, the Colemans had gone to reside at Otago Heads, and, later still, in 1856, they had taken up land and had removed to Murdering Beach. William Coleman met his death by drowning, on February 10, 1860.* Mrs. Hunter had no children by either marriage.

I spent three years with the Hunters at Murdering Beach, and of that time I have none but pleasant memories. In December, 1865, I rejoined my father in Dunedin.

* Murray Thomson refers to this accident later on in his "Reminiscences," on page 79.

CHAPTER FIVE

MORE ABOUT OTAGO HARBOUR

WE are told by those who have delved into the question that the Maori population of Otago and Southland was at no time large. According to these authorities, it was after the introduction of the potato that the maximum number of approximately 2,000 was reached about the year 1835. Since that date influenza and measles, brought to New Zealand by the white man, had exacted a heavy toll and I should say that, while we were living at "Kelvin Grove" there were not more than 100 natives, all told, resident in the Otago Heads district.

I have already referred to the Lower, and Middle *Kaika* in Otago Harbour. The Upper *Kaika* (Omari), where the old warrior Taiaroa still lived, lay on the western or Portobello side of the Black Rock. I used to move about these three native localities freely, and I cannot recall that I had at any time the slightest cause for fear. The Maoris were most friendly, and to me, a youngster straight out from "Home," their mode of life was a continual source of interest.

Sometimes my rambles took me further afield. I have a clear recollection of one such trip. It marked the date on which I first set foot on the Spit at the entrance to the harbour, May, 1862.

Some months previously, a barque, the *Genevieve*, with a cargo of sugar and coffee from the Mauritius, had gone ashore about half a mile from the harbour entrance and had become a total wreck. Heavy seas were now breaking her up and the beach was littered with wreckage.

Along with my father and two other men, I crossed from the "Kelvin Grove" side in the hope of picking up some pieces of timber suitable for repairing a boat that had been damaged. After finding what was wanted—also some coco-

MORE ABOUT OTAGO HARBOUR

nuts with their husks on—we left the beach and crossed the sandhills to the flat. There not far away to our left front, was a large cave that we hastened to explore. On our way we came across an old Maori camp, easily recognised by the usual heap of shells, bones, etc. We noted also a few native ovens and some burnt stumps of what had once been corner posts of *whare*.

The Maoris had shown their usual good judgment in choosing for their settlement a place, beautiful as well as sheltered. It faced the rising sun, was screened from the southern winds by high cliffs at the back, while at a reasonable distance flax grew in plenty and firewood was abundant. The base of the cliffs was fringed by a lovely bush and a few rocks that had the appearance of monuments completed a very pretty picture.

Close by was the cave. That it had been used by the Maoris was apparent from the shells, burnt wood and old dry flax leaves that were lying about and were now partially covered by drift sand. The presence of quantities of sheep bones on the floor of the cave gave evidence of its having been used for sheep folding.

From a distance the entrance to the cave reminded me of the entrance to a cathedral. It was as wide as any church door and between 40 and 50 feet in height. Inside, however, the cave narrowed to more moderate dimensions. About half way through, the roof became lower and lower until progress could be made only in a stooping position. All at once, on turning a slight curve, we again saw daylight and found ourselves in a beautiful little nook among the trees on the other side of the hill.

In this picturesque corner lived, up to the year 1852, a number of Maoris with their chief, "Big Fellow,"* as he was called by the early whalers. "Big Fellow" stood over six feet in height and was a very powerful man. He was popular with the captains and crews of the whaling vessels

* Native name, Kaikoarare.

that visited Otago Harbour. He was always ready and willing to help supply visiting whaling vessels with such foods as fresh pork, potatoes, and any other available vegetables, and I recall how, on one occasion when a vessel arrived with ropes worn out during a protracted voyage, he supplied the captain with ropes of Maori make.

Unfortunately "Big Fellow" came to an untimely end. On Sunday, May 2, 1852, he was returning home from Dunedin with three native boys. It was blowing half a gale and he was coming down the harbour under a reefed lug-sail. When below the islands off Port Chalmers, his boat touched upon a sandbank and overturned. All on board were lost. Two days later "Big Fellow's" body was found at the Spit. So ended the life of a good fellow, friend alike of Maori and Pakeha.

It is believed that after the death of their chief the Maoris left the camp, and ten years later when we made our visit, there were no traces of recent occupation. Unfortunately this interesting spot was blasted away by the Harbour Board when carrying out operations for the construction of the mole. The site of the cave is now part of the township of Aramoana.

On the Peninsula side of the Otago Harbour is the Black Rock, supposed to be the spot at which the whalers originally landed in 1831. In 1862 a house was still standing at the edge of the encroaching sand in its vicinity. It was occupied by Octavius Harwood and had formed part of the whaling establishment owned and operated by the Weller Brothers. When the Weller Brothers got into financial difficulties, Harwood, who had been clerk and storekeeper in their employ, took over part of their property and was now running cattle and sheep on the neighbouring Maori Reserve.

Hunter—not as yet married to Mrs. Coleman—lived in a house at the back and, when not undertaking pilot work, managed Harwood's cattle and sheep.

Later, the sand gradually crept forward and covered this area, but at the time of which I speak the ground in the



THE VICINITY OF OTAGO HEADS IN 1870.
A vestige of Wellers' whaling establishment may be seen amid the encroaching sand on the near side of the Black Rock.

rear of Harwood's house was under cultivation and included a nice little orchard of fruit trees.

The Black Rock was the only natural landing place in that quarter of the harbour. With very little trouble, vessels of small tonnage could at any state of the tide use it to discharge or take in cargo. It had been used by the Wellers for that purpose, as well as for a trying out station where the captured whales could be brought alongside, stripped of their blubber, the oil tried out, put into casks and shipped away without any worry of harbour dues or custom duties. It was the shipping centre of the old settlement of Otago which, according to some of the old-day maps, was honoured with the name of Musselburgh, and was for many years a meeting place or centre where everybody gathered on special occasions.

Although it had been the site of the trying out works in the Wellers' time, there was in 1862 little to show that such a place ever existed. All the buildings that had comprised the whaling station had disappeared with the exception of one square wooden structure, bereft of windows and doors, that stood down towards the Rock. This building, I was given to understand, had belonged to James Fowler, to whom I have referred as having been one of the three original Otago Harbour pilots. Whale bones lay about here and there. I can remember an old try pot lying on its side near the rock, and in one place, a great number of rusty rings in the sand showing where the old iron hoops had been cast aside by the coopers when repairing the oil casks. This was apparently the site of the blacksmith's shop and cooperage.

In 1862 the little sandy beach between the Rock and what is now the road to the Heads was used by most of the residents—both Whites and Maoris—for beaching their boats. Here painting and repairing was done, as well as overhauling and drying of fishing nets. On the bank above, were a number of *whare*, and very prominent was the wooden house in which dwelt the chief Korako. Here, at all times, were to be seen a number of Maoris moving about doing odd jobs to the boats,

and Maori women scraping flax or making flax baskets or kits. One day, I had been up the flat getting a bundle of flax leaves, and on the way back loitered for a little at the Rock, speaking to some Maori boys. Mrs. Korako who, with some other Maori women, was squatted on the bank in front of her house, making large flax baskets for holding potatoes, spied me, and beckoned me to come over to her. She took from me my bundle of flax leaves, and, after selecting about a dozen of the longest leaves, handed the depleted bundle back to me with a smile. I think she was very modest, for she might very easily have taken the lot.

On one occasion, on going to the Rock in company with my father to do something to one of the boats, we found a big gathering of Maoris in front of Korako's house. There was some speechmaking, and games of some kind were in progress. They were farewelling a number of Riverton Maoris, who had come up by sealing boat and were returning to their homes the next day. We were looking on, when a fine tall Maori came to my father and asked him if he would let his boy run a race with their boy, called Tinirau (the racer). My father agreed, and we lined up for the race round a small rock about sixty yards away, and back. Just before we started, my father said to me, "Now, Murray, run for your country." It was a good race, and I ran for my country right enough, just managing to win by about one yard. I don't think that I ever in my life ran so hard as I did that day.

While we were staying at "Kelvin Grove," what I think must have been the first excursion from Dunedin to the Maori *Kaika* took place. It must have been during the Christmas holidays of 1862. The P.S. *Rainbow* brought a full cargo of passengers and landed them by boat at the Black Rock, near which they spent some of the time dancing and boiling the billy. The remainder of the time they devoted to looking at the settlements, and I had the pleasure of showing a small party of gentlemen over the places of interest, for which I was thanked and handed a few shillings for my services.

CHAPTER SIX

A FIGHT AGAINST NATURE

I HAVE remarked on the damaging effect of drift sand in the "Kelvin Grove" and Black Rock localities, and will now say something about the steps taken to combat the same menace in the bays lying to the west of Heyward Point.

Up to the year 1884 the flats behind the beaches of those bays were protected for their whole length by an unbroken line of sandhills, clothed with a strong, wiry, brown grass that was at one time common on the sandhills of our coastline. This native grass effectually held the sand against the strongest winds, and made an excellent shelter for the flats behind.

It was on these flats, lying between the sandhills in front and the wooded hills behind, that the Maori chose to make a home. *Miki-miki* and other scrubby bushes grew thickly right up to the sandhills and the remains of *whare* have been found in snug position against these hills on the land side. On Long Beach, owing to its liability to flood, the settlement was farther back on higher ground. Gradually these naturally formed sandhills began to disappear and the face of the land to change. I attribute the blame to that mystery fish, the frost fish, which in goodly numbers threw their lives away on these sheltered beaches. During the winters of 1882-1886, the settlers, and their sons and daughters, made all-night watches for the stranding of these fish, and many good catches, or I should say "pick-ups," were made. I have known as many as eighty of these fish to be picked up on Long Beach in one night, and early one morning before breakfast I myself on one occasion picked up on Murdering Beach no less than seventeen in a space of fifty yards. These night vigils were not always successful. Many a time the watchers returned home in the morning, cold and tired, and without a single fish.

But what has all this to do with the destruction of the sandhills? Well, to relieve the monotony of waiting and at the same time cater for their comfort, the boys used to set fire to the native grass, and night after night saw patches of the sandhills ablaze. In places the grass disappeared altogether, and at these points the strong north-east wind cut its way through, opening up long hollows through the protecting sandhills and carrying the sand over the flat in long, straight lines, or spreading it out fan-shaped.

The curio hunter was yet another contributor to this work of destruction. The grass having been burnt away, the level of the sand was lowered and consequently what remained of the corner posts of old-time Maori *whare* appeared above the surface, and old fireplaces, long hidden, were exposed to view. Collectors knew that the Maoris were in the habit of hiding their valuables round the base of the walls of their *whare*, and shovel and spade were soon at work removing the sandhills.

For years, little or no notice was taken of the change that was slowly coming over the flat, but on one of my visits to Murdering Beach, I was awakened to the fact that already the damage was great and soon if something were not done the whole beautiful flat would be a sandy waste. In the openings I erected scrub fences and for a time this held the drift, but the mounds rose higher and higher, and at last, surmounting the barriers, the sand once more blew freely over the flat and rapidly approached the cottages at the foot of the hill. Anxiously I looked for the recovery of the native grasses, but in vain.

It was in the year 1897 that my attention was first called to the value of marram grass and lupins. A consultation with Mr. J. H. Hancock, then chairman of the Ocean Beach Domain Board, resulted in my procuring three sacks of marram grass roots. November 9, the birthday of the then Prince of Wales, gave me an opportunity to go out with friends to Murdering Beach and put in a day's planting. The

main planting was done on the sea side of the sandhills, but some few weakly roots we planted on the land side, and these we protected from rabbits and other pests by a wall of scrub.

Returning to the scene of our labours at the Christmas holiday season, we were disappointed to find that the exposed positions in which the stronger roots had been planted had proved too much for them, only three out of forty having survived. Better luck had attended the protected weaker roots, every one of which was in a thriving condition. However, a second planting which we made on the following November 9 was more successful, fully fifty per cent. of the roots surviving against heavy odds.

Meanwhile I had decided to experiment with seed sowing. I lived near the Ocean Beach Domain, and many an evening I spent cutting off the riper heads of the grass that was now growing profusely at the back of Tahuna Park. When my harvest was threshed I found I had a sugar bag full of seed. The next Easter holidays saw us back on the old ground. The seed was sown the whole length of the beach—600 yards—close up to the sandhills on the seaward side, in a strip four feet wide. The sowing and the raking made a good day's work, and great was my disappointment when two days later a tearing nor-wester swept down on the beach and apparently nullified all our work. But not so. Time showed that the wind had scattered the seed on the sandhills and over the flat, and green blades appeared over a widespread area.

At this stage the late Robert Reynolds, who was at the time occupying a cottage at the flat, began to take an interest in the work, and on my periodical visits, he was proud to point out to me solitary little plants that he had marked and protected during my absence. As the grass multiplied during the next five years the roots were subdivided and transplanted. Nature carried on, and to-day the Murdering Beach flat is protected by an unbroken line of sandhills closely covered with marram grass.

Lupins, also, have played their part in saving this historical flat from destruction. Sown on the land side of the sandhills, they have done yeoman service in assisting to stem the onward creep of the sand. Incidentally, they have created a never-ending holiday job for a certain young member of the family, checking their forward march towards the cottages.

When I was satisfied that the grass I had planted at Murdering Beach had become established, I turned attention further afield. On my holiday tramps to and fro my cottage I scattered seed along the entire length of Long Beach. The result has been most gratifying. The grass has grown strongly, and a line of protecting sandhills now runs the length of the beach.

The Purakanui Flat also was in danger of being overwhelmed with sand, and the late Moses Warren, a Maori, having heard something of what was being done at Murdering Beach, made calls for assistance. One holiday my son and I carried over a supply of lupin and marram grass seed, and with Warren's assistance, it was sown. Whether the great crop seen to-day is the result of that one day's sowing, or whether roots or seed were subsequently taken to the district by someone else, I do not know.

Kaikai's Beach is neighbour to Murdering Beach on the east side. It was the home of old Kaikai, the last Maori resident on that spot. Poor old Kaikai clung to his beautiful home till the death of his wife, when he departed for good, carrying his dead wife on his back all the way to Otakou. His old *whare* was still standing when I was a lad, and I recall that I burnt it to the ground because it was reported to be infested with fleas. But the beauty of Kaikai's Flat has disappeared. As on the other beaches, the midnight fishers destroyed the native grass with the inevitable result; the regular line of sandhills that had made a sheltered home for old Kaikai and his wife were cut into and blown over the flat, burying what was once a lovely green sward dotted with beautiful native shrubs. The pretty little creek that flowed

through the flat was blocked by the driven sand, making several swampy places. Even the caves, in which I had seen the Maoris living when on eeling expeditions or on the look-out for frost fish, were blocked up and made no longer habitable.

In 1911 I made an attempt to do some reclaiming on this beach. I gathered seed from Murdering Beach and spent a day sowing. The seed grew in patches, but, for want of attention, only a few hummocks of sand were formed and this once beautiful flat has since been left to the mercy of the elements.

CHAPTER SEVEN

HOW MURDERING BEACH GOT ITS NAME

THE locality now known as Murdering Beach* was called by the old time Maori, Whareakeake. How the place came to be called Murdering Beach is told by Dr. McNab in "Murihiku." The story is culled from a contemporary Hobart Town paper and was contributed by one who participated in the event recorded. In outline, it may serve as preface to my next chapter.

On December 11, 1817, the Tasmanian sealing brig, *Sophia*, dropped anchor in Otago Harbour, then known as Port Daniel. On the same date her master, James Kelly, went ashore and met with a friendly reception from the natives. On the following day, Kelly with a boat's crew of six men, Tucker, Viole, Griffiths, Dutton, Wallon, and Robinson, made his way round to Whareakeake—called Small Bay in McNab's story—and, landing in quest of potatoes, was again well received. Leaving Robinson in charge of the boat, the other members of the party set out for the chief's dwelling, where Kelly made a present of a small quantity of iron.

While bartering was in progress, a large number of natives gathered in the village and about sixty had entered the yard of the chief's house, where the boat's crew awaited. Suddenly, without warning, the Maoris attacked the unsuspecting men. Kelly, Griffiths, and Viole were thrown to the ground, while Tucker, Dutton, and Wallon were seized. Dutton and Wallon, shaking off their assailants, succeeded in reaching the water's edge. Here they found Robinson reeling on the beach,

*The name "Murdering Beach" appears on the first survey map of the district, that of Arthur in 1863. Murray Thomson in course of conversation said that he never heard the locality referred to by that name until the 'seventies or the 'eighties. He omitted to say by what name the beach was generally known to the settlers prior to that time. Possibly they knew it either as "Coleman's Beach" or as "Driver's Beach." The latter name can be found pencilled in on a map in the Otago Early Settlers' Association's library.



See page 51.

THE COTTAGES AT MURDERING BEACH IN 1880.

The one on the right was the Hunters' home, that on the left was where Murray Thomson lived. The small central cottage was used by curio hunters; it was later moved and used to enlarge Murray Thomson's cottage. An interesting feature of this photograph is the timbered state of the surroundings at that day.

wounded in the head. Believing that there was no hope of escape for the others, the three launched the boat. To their surprise, however, Kelly and Tucker appeared on the scene; Kelly wounded in the hand and Tucker speared in the thigh. Kelly made for the boat and was dragged aboard, but Tucker, falling in the water, was seized by the savages, hacked limb from limb and carried off.

On regaining the *Sophia*, Kelly and his companions found that about one hundred and fifty Otago Heads natives had boarded her. At first the natives appeared friendly, but on learning what had happened at Whareakeake they became excited and made ready to seize the vessel. However, they packed so densely round the crew drawn up on the quarterdeck, that they were unable to make use of their weapons. For the same reason the crew were prevented from using firearms, so they drew their sealing knives and used them with such effect that many of the natives were glad to take the risk involved in jumping overboard.

The casualties sustained by the natives—sixteen killed, about fifty wounded, and as many more swept out to sea on the ebb tide and drowned—did not deter them from making a further attempt to seize the *Sophia*. On the following day they returned to the attack, but were again beaten off.

By way of retaliation, Kelly landed an armed party and destroyed all the canoes lying on the beach. Two days later, he landed another party and destroyed by fire "the beautiful City of Otago." On the following day he weighed anchor and sailed from the scene of strife.

Such, in brief, is the story printed by McNab. From it, one would be led to think that it was the Maori settlement at Otakou that Kelly destroyed. However, archaeological excavation has never been carried out on that site, while on Murdering Beach excavation clearly establishes the fact that the settlement there was destroyed by fire, but by whom and when are questions that are not conclusively answered.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CURIO HUNTING

THE date of departure of the Maori population from Murdering Beach cannot be definitely established, but the many excavations that have been made in the locality have definitely proved that the settlement suffered destruction by fire, and the position in which many native working tools have been found, suggests a hasty abandonment of the site, the probable date being soon after the *Sophia* incident.

But why leave their old home? It has been suggested that, their dwellings having been destroyed, they resolved to remove to districts where they might reap the advantages of contact with the white man whose possessions they coveted. Be that as it may, there were no Maoris living at Murdering Beach when I first came to know it in 1862, and I have heard my father say that two years later there were not above a dozen living on the coast between Otago Heads and Waikouaiti.

But though the man departed, he left behind many traces of his long sojourn. Murdering Beach and other districts to the west of Heyward Point have yielded up many beautiful examples of Maori workmanship. Most of these were found by private collectors, and many of them, from time to time, have found their way into the Otago Museum.

Amateur curio hunting on Murdering Beach was for many years quite common, but it was not until 1883 that methodical, scientific digging with the spade was introduced. The credit for imparting method to the work belongs to Alfred Reynolds, one of a little band of enthusiasts who in the 'eighties and the 'nineties made curio hunting their hobby. Alas! to-day I am the only surviving member of that company, all the others—the Reynolds brothers (Alfred, Henry, Edward and

CURIO HUNTING

Robert), Jack P. Ness, J. W. (Jim) Murdoch, and F. R. ("Chub") Smith—have gone to their long rest.*

Alfred's plan was to prospect round for a *whare*, or the remains of a *whare*, and when found, to work back through the hut, leaving plenty of room for tailings. He would first open out a wide face in the sand, at the spot where he wished to operate. He would then gradually cut this away in vertical downward slices, throwing clear the sand he dislodged, so as not to hamper operations. By this method he appreciably lessened his chance of losing articles, through re-burying them. Haphazard, clumsy work often led to such a result, and experienced diggers, going in later years over ground which had been previously prospected, could tell of frequently unearthing valuable articles thus missed by the original workers.

In many places on Murdering Beach excavation disclosed three distinct Maori "marks," in other words, three distinct occupation levels. These were dark layers separated, usually, by a thickness of clean white sand. Articles were sought for in each "mark," but it was in the topmost "mark," the most recent occupation level, that most of the manufactured greenstone articles were found.

Digging was an interesting occupation and, if the ground proved fairly good, was intensely fascinating. Anticipation kept the prospector at work and many fruitless hours were spent in ground that seemingly offered good results. The digger's great ambition was to strike a fireplace. He knew, then, that he was in the centre of a *whare* and that he should work outwards to the walls where the Maori in most instances kept his valuables. But the unearthing of a fireplace did not fall to the lot of all hunters, but only to the few, and most diggers were content to work away as long as the "mark" was good. A good prospect was indicated by the appearance

* Other early enthusiastic curio hunters in the district whose names Murray Thomson wished to see recorded were Edmund Bowler, who farmed at Inchclutha; "Jack" Branigan, son of the one-time well-known provincial Police Commissioner; and John Mallard, in later years the genial President of the Otago Early Settlers' Association.

of various objects, as, native grindstones and cutters, *paua* shells and other shells used as paint pots, haematite pounders, bits of worked bone and even flakes of obsidian and quartzite. Many of these, regarded as worthless by the earlier diggers, are to-day seized upon as a prize by the finder. I should here add that in recent years many a lucky find has been made on Murdering Beach after a strong wind has swept the flat. The shifting of the drift sand has left on the surface specimens of more or less value. Many of these, no doubt, had been brought close to the surface by earlier prospectors.

Though the sandy flat on which the Maori lived produced by far the greater part of the treasure trove, various valuable articles have been found on the high land at the back of the Murdering Beach flat. These latter, doubtless, had been lost, or perhaps hidden, by their Maori owners. Once when climbing the hill at the back of my cottage with my son, I sat down on a tree stump to take a rest. Looking down on the ground at my right side, I saw what I thought was a piece of green-coloured wood. Reaching down I touched it and found it to be the exposed end of a very fine greenstone axe, seven and a half inches in length. It was lying quite close to the base of the stump, and I should guess that, whoever had put it there had intended to pick it up again. That is only one of many instances I could mention of finds on the hill behind the flat. The late Charles Driver, who farmed some two hundred acres of what used to be Maori hunting ground at the back of Murdering Beach, found many evidences of former native settlement, such as ovens and implements. Most of his finds were made fully a mile from the beach, in ground which in the time of the Maori was heavily bushed.

I recall another occasion, when, quite by accident I became the possessor of a rare and valuable Maori relic. I was on the flat looking for a likely place to set a rabbit trap, and on stooping to set the trap, I noticed among the seedling lupins a small green object that was little distinguishable from a lupin leaf. I touched it, it was hard and smooth. I confess to a little

excitement and I assure you, I lost no time in bringing the whole object to light, and I was delighted to find myself in possession of a very fine specimen of a *hei-matau* or, neck pendant. It was beautifully made from the best of greenstone, and was without a flaw of any kind. It measured three and a half inches in length, and was one and three-quarter inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick at the thickest part. *Hei-matau* are very rare, and this one is only the second, to my knowledge, that has been found in the district. The first had been found in 1884 by one of the boys living at Murdering Beach. In appearance it was similar to mine, but it was not quite so large and was of a deeper green. The stone from which it was made had had a defect and this had caused a crumbling at one of the corners. I managed to secure it, but the late John White, an enthusiastic collector, came to me and persuaded me to part with it. Dr. Skinner has told me that when he was on a visit to the Field Museum, Chicago, U.S.A., he saw that same *hei-matau*, and he brought back with him a photograph which I at once recognised as a picture of my one-time possession.*

As another instance of what I may term unexpected luck, I may relate the following experience of one of the Reynolds brothers. Robert was one day passing through the sandhills on Murdering Beach on his way to Kaikai's Beach when his attention was attracted by a rust mark. Pausing to investigate, he found the discolouration was caused by an iron rod stuck into the sand. Routing round with his fingers and finding that the rust continued down into the sand, he took to the spade. About three feet down, the rust ended and in pure white sand he found the reward of his labour, some seven or eight greenstone articles. Among them was a greenstone axe, ten inches long and one and a half inches wide. The others were six to eight inches long, about the thickness of a lead pencil and beautifully rounded. Some had drilled eye-holes and pointed ends, others were slightly flattened at the points.

* Dr. Skinner informs me that a third *hei-matau* from this district is in the Otago Museum.

My explanation is, that some years earlier, a Pakeha fossicker had "planted" the articles to be called for on a convenient occasion, and that either the occasion never came or that he was unable again to locate his mark.

Each of the three beaches lying to the west of Heyward Point has proved a rich hunting ground for curio hunters, Murdering Beach being easily the richest. In its Maori hey-day this beach was the main manufacturing centre of greenstone articles for the whole of New Zealand, and many of its products were bartered for goods from the north.* It is not surprising, therefore, that tools, such as adzes, gouges and chisels, etc., have predominated among the articles found there. It has been estimated that, in all, some three and a half hundredweight of worked greenstone had up to the year 1933 been reclaimed from this beach.†

Of the various articles found, the *mere* and the *hei-tiki* were the most highly prized. Apart from their monetary value, the delicacy with which the one was fashioned and the grotesqueness of the other appealed to collectors. I think I am aware of all the *mere* finds that have been made in the district since 1862, and they have been few in number.

The first *mere* that I ever saw was in 1863 when I was living with the Hunters at Murdering Beach. It had been picked up on the site of an old Maori *whare* by William Coleman, not long before he was accidentally drowned in February, 1860. It was a very fair specimen, made of a dark stone called by the Maoris, *onewa*. It was about fourteen inches long. The hole for the thong was nicely countersunk on both sides, but it was not quite drilled through. Unfortunately, it met with a cruel fate. One day a young man named Peter Mouat, from Port Chalmers, wanted to test its strength. Very foolishly, he struck at a cooper's anvil that was handy and broke off a large part of the blade. After that, the broken *mere* was discarded and left lying on the ground outside the

* Information derived from the Otago Museum.

† "The Maori Population of Otago," Elizabeth W. Durward, M.A., J.P.S., Vol. 42.

house, near where the wood chopping was done. My father noticed it on one of his regular visits to me. Picking it up, he said, "It is a most interesting article and deserving of a better resting place." Hunter gave it to my father with some other things including the handle of another *mere* made of the same kind of stone. Both articles are now exhibited in the Otago Museum, being included in the late A. Moritzson's collection.

The next *mere* that I saw, and which later came into my possession, was one that my brother-in-law, the late Nicholas Thomas, turned up in 1881 while ploughing in the centre of Murdering Beach flat. It is one of the best-finished Otago weapons that I have seen. Made of a dark grey stone called trachyte, it is fifteen inches long and three and a half inches wide at the broadest part of the blade. The knob at the extremity of the grip, with its fluting or grooves and the hole for the thong, is as perfect as if done by modern machinery.

It must have been about three years later that Edward Reynolds dug up two perfect black stone *mere*, beautifully finished and exactly alike—twins in fact. He was down on Murdering Beach with Jack Ness, and standing near the remains of a sand mound that in the past had received a great deal of attention from both diggers and fossickers. "For the satisfaction of knowing there is nothing here, I'll just finish off this small bit that's left," he said, and with that he commenced digging, the result being the twin *mere*. There were no signs of a hut at the spot where they were found, no fire stones, no bones or shells, nothing but a faint Maori "mark" through the mound. The twins were afterwards purchased by the late George Gray Russell for the sum of twenty pounds.

Edward's brother, Henry, unearthed a similar, though shorter *mere* on the flat at Kaikai's Beach. It, too, found its way into the hands of a collector, the late John White, of Anderson's Bay.

In the Alexander Thomson collection in the Otago Museum is a large piece of the blade of what must have been a very fine *mere*. It was given to me by the late J. Mackay, of Heyward Point, who found it on Kaikai's Beach. Also in the Museum are two *mere*, one from Kaikai's Beach and the other from Murdering Beach. Both are made of black stone. The latter, which reached the Museum in the Moritzson collection, is a well-finished specimen, but, unfortunately, it is broken across the thong hole. The other, presented to the Museum by W. Fels, is of a different design. It is longer and narrower than the one from Murdering Beach and it has a peculiar grip. The blade is notched on each side, and the thong hole is much smaller than in any of the other *mere* I have recorded. The names of the finders of these two last mentioned weapons are not known.*

* In more recent years, says Dr. Skinner, two further *mere* were found by University students at Kaikai's Beach—one of black slate, now in the Otago Museum, the other of whale bone, now in the Wanganui Museum.



PLATE X

Hei-tiki, most of which are from Murdering Beach.
See pages 58-59, also Appendix, page 119.



PLATE Y

Hei-tiki, most of which are from Murdering Beach.
See pages 58-59, also Appendix, page 119.

CHAPTER NINE

HEI-TIKI AND A RARE MEDAL

MURDERING BEACH has rewarded searchers with more numerous finds of *hei-tiki*, than of *mere*. In her paper on "The Maori Population of Otago" from which I have already quoted, Miss Durward stated that up to the time of writing, June, 1933, no fewer than twenty-two specimens of this form of greenstone neck pendant were known to have been unearthed in the locality. From personal knowledge I am able to supply information concerning the finding of some of these and also of others on the neighbouring beaches.

Strange to say, although during the years I lived with the Hunters, we were continually finding all kinds of Maori relics in bone, stone, and shell, I cannot remember the name "*tiki*" even being mentioned. And when I picked up the head of a fairly large one made of a dark greenstone, we did not know what it was. Nearly the whole of the features had been intentionally ground away, only the circles of the eye remaining. The hole for the suspending cord, usually quite conspicuous on top of the head, in this specimen could not be seen from in front, as it was bored through a small projection at the back of the head. It was lent by my father together with some other Murdering Beach finds to Mr. F. R. Chapman (afterwards Sir Frederick Chapman, Judge of the Supreme Court) who had them photographed for some institute in France, connected, I think, with Dr. Filhol. A copy of the photograph is now in the Hocken Library and the head itself may be seen in the Otago Museum, which received it as part of the Moritzson collection.

The first *hei-tiki* I remember having been found on the Murdering Beach flat was picked up by a boy, Will Norman, who was spending a few days with the Hunters. Young Willie was fossicking over the old Maori camp when he found,

on the top of a pile of sand that some digger had thrown up a very nice *tiki* of moderate size made of light greenstone. He gave his find to Mrs. Hunter, who, I afterwards learned, gave it to Mr. Chapman when on a visit to herself and husband. Later I saw in the Otago Museum a *tiki* that had been presented by Lady Chapman. This *tiki* I recognised as Norman's find. It must have been during the last few months of 1881 that he picked it up.

To two of the Reynolds brothers, Alfred and Edward, fell the good luck of finding about half the total number of Murdering Beach *hei-tiki*. I am not sure of Alfred's tally; it ran into several, but I know that Edward had the fortune to discover seven, besides two on Kaikai's Beach.

It was on a Christmas Day in the middle 'eighties that Alfred found what was probably the best, though not the largest, *tiki* that the beach has ever yielded. It was made of pale greenstone, and was beautifully finished and polished, as well as deeply carved. Because of the day, Alfred named it "Christmas." In all the years that he and his digging mate, Jack Ness, had been going to the beach, there were only two occasions, I believe, on which spirituous liquor found place among their provisions. Some special fate must have ordained that this Christmastide should have been one of those occasions, and the little newcomer was duly toasted.*

The extraordinary luck of the Reynolds brothers will be the better appreciated when I say that, in all our years of digging, Jack Ness and I had to content ourselves with the finding of only one *tiki* apiece. In both cases our finds resulted from chance, rather than from systematic excavation. The story of Jack's find may be told first. He and Alfred Reynolds had been down on the beach for several hours one morning, digging hard on their regular claim but without success. Tired and disappointed, they knocked off and went prospecting along the line of sandhills. At a spot near the lagoon they

* This *tiki* passed into John White's collection and is the finest of the group figured by Dr. Skinner in his paper in "The Journal of the Anthropological Institute," Vol. 46 (1916), Plate 15.

came upon Maori "mark." It lay beneath an overburden of about six feet of sand, which owing to the upward slope of the ground rapidly increased to a depth of about twelve feet. To have worked the claim in a proper manner would have entailed a far greater expenditure of labour than appearances warranted. By way of whiling away time before returning to their regular claim, they commenced undermining the sandhill with their spades. Clean sand kept falling in and blocking their face, which made tedious work. They had decided that the chance of finding an article was not worth the heavy labour when Jack brought out on his spade a fair-sized piece of half-burnt and half-rotted thatching in which, when separated, he found a *tiki*. Unknowingly, they had had the good fortune to strike the site of a Maori *whare*.

My *hei-tiki* was acquired as the result of a bit of good natured barrack. I had been spending a holiday along with my family at Murdering Beach and had been putting in most of the time digging for Maori relics in company with Alfred Reynolds and Jack Ness. This particular day we had just returned from Long Beach where we had not been very successful, and had come back to Murdering Beach to the place where we had been digging the day before. Alfred and Jack immediately took off their coats and began work. It was a warm day and I did not feel much like joining them. I stood watching them for a while and was just on the point of leaving them to go to the cottage to boil the billy, when Jack, pointing at the spot where I was standing, jokingly said, "Don't go away, Murray, there is a *tiki* there." Keeping up the banter, I replied that I would try to get it. I had moved only a few spadefuls when I saw a green object in the sand. Stooping to pick it up, I beheld to my delight a most perfect *tiki*, four inches in length. We were all very excited, my tiredness vanished, and we dug furiously, but no more *tiki* were found that day. My lucky find got into the newspapers. Mr. Whetham, then on the staff of the "Evening Star," wrote it up and another *tiki* as well, and Alfred Reynolds in one of

his articles on Maori curio hunting, which appeared in the "Otago Daily Times" in 1883 and 1884, gave his version of the incident. I kept that *tiki* for about a year and then sold it for £10 to Murray Aston, a Government Insurance agent, through whose hands passed a great deal of Maori material found in those days.

Jim Murdoch used to tell a story of a *hei-tiki* that was "cremated." A man had been clearing scrub and bush just across the creek at the west end of Murdering Beach. He had cleared a fair area and had piled up a large heap of scrub to burn, when he came across the *tiki*. It was seemingly of little interest to him for after examining it, he threw it into the rubbish heap. An hour or two later Jim met the woodman on the beach and learned from him that he had picked up "a wee man made of blue stone and with a moo' like a pig's lug." Jim said that the old fellow looked very foolish when told that the article he had thrown away was worth a five pound note. Though he afterwards regretted his decision, Jim at the time did not consider a search was warranted. The pile to be burned was so large and the chance of alighting on the little object was so small. The pile was fired shortly after but no trace of the *tiki* was found among the ashes.

In his interesting paper "On the Working of Greenstone or Nephrite by the Maoris" read before the Otago Institute in October, 1891, and published in the following year's "Transactions," F. R. Chapman mentions three *tiki* in the collection of his partner, John White. These were found at Murdering Beach, and he says that they were made from "a very peculiar streaky asbestos-like stone," and adds that the finding of these three, apparently made from the same block of stone, suggests that all three were made there. He does not say by whom they were found, but probably the finder was Edward Reynolds. Many of his finds were purchased by John White.

F. R. Smith—familiarily known to his friends as "Chub"—once found on Murdering Beach the broken off head of

what must have been a very large *tiki*, the body of which so far as I know has never been found. This head, I presume, is now with the rest of his collection in the Auckland Museum. "Chub," in the early 'eighties, was Deputy Commissioner of Stamps at Dunedin, and on one of his visits to the beach he brought with him a young cadet from his office, named Arthur F. Vivian. Vivian borrowed a spade and in the course of his labours turned up a good *tiki*. I do not know the later history of this find. Vivian subsequently shifted across to Sydney and probably took the *tiki* with him.

"Chub" and Jim Murdoch were companion diggers. They were regular visitors to Long Beach, and made it their headquarters. They used to camp near a solitary *kaio* among the sandhills, and it was in the near vicinity of this tree that Jim found a *tiki*. It was a very beautiful specimen made of a pale milky greenstone and was without a flaw of any kind. Jim said that he found it standing upright with its head above the sand, and for that reason he expressed the opinion that it had been placed in that position and not "just lost." That *hei-tiki* is also in the Auckland Museum.

Jim told me of the only other Long Beach *tiki* that he knew of, one found by Tom Driver, a well-known Long Beach farmer. Driver traded this *tiki* for a large gate, some timber and some cash to a man named Kreft. Through Kreft it found its way eventually to the Government Tourist Office in Rattray Street, Dunedin, where Jim saw it. He described it as a rather small and ordinary *tiki*.*

A rather rough *tiki*, of a light coloured greenstone, was found at the eastern end of the Murdering Beach lagoon by a man called Leslie Cooper while he was setting traps. Later, it got into the hands of George Craig Thomson, who presented it to the Otago Museum.

*Dr. Skinner has informed me that this *tiki* is now in Mr. W. Oldman's collection in London, and that it is figured in the illustrated catalogue of the Maori section of his collection, published by the Polynesian Society.

Another light coloured *tiki* was found by Mrs. John Gibbs, whose husband had for a few years the lease of a property at Murdering Beach. Unfortunately, the lower part of this *tiki* was missing. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs afterwards moved to Owaka, and this *tiki* together with other curios was lost when their house was burned down. Some time after, I picked up what was supposed to be the missing part. I had it photographed with others of my curios. The photo I still have, but I have lost track of the piece.

In a case in the Otago Museum is an interesting exhibit of dark greenstone. It is both chisel and *tiki*, and seemingly was first a chisel which the Maori craftsman afterwards fashioned in the form of a *tiki*. This *tiki*-chisel or chisel-*tiki* was found by Moses Warren, to whom I have referred when speaking of my efforts to stem the sand drift on the beaches. Moses gave me this curio, and others, on the day that I went over to Purakanui with a supply of marram grass and lupin seed for him. A careful examination of the exhibit shows a very neat mend. For the break and the mend, the late Augustus Hamilton, then Registrar of the University of Otago, is responsible. He was much interested in the specimen and asked for the loan of it. Afterwards, when he was showing it to some teachers of the Boys' High School, it was dropped on the concrete floor with the inevitable result.

One day in the year 1905 my son, Murray, when crossing the Murdering Beach flat, picked up on a clear patch of white sand what had once been a well finished, light coloured greenstone *tiki*. Its two sides had been broken away and ground down to the same width as the head or face. The top of the head had then been ground square across, leaving only a small part of the hole for the cord. The square across the top of the head had been ground both front and back, making a handy tool for cutting purposes. The eyes and mouth and other peculiarities of a *tiki* had not been interfered with. It was a very interesting item, being, so far as I know, the only

example of a *hei-tiki* found at Murdering Beach that had been converted into a working tool.

On another occasion my son, in company with two grandsons, was wandering over Kaikai's Beach when he picked up an object of Maori workmanship made of dark greenstone. It was, approximately, two and a half inches long and one and a half inches wide at the bottom between the two legs, which were parted in the shape of a half hoop. The face of the little creature, which was in profile, would almost mark him as a little Egyptian. The head reminded one of an Egyptian representation of a bird-headed man. This interesting item unaccountably disappeared from my collection of curios. To remind me of it, I have had a cast made from a cast that Dr. Skinner had procured for the Otago Museum before the original was lost.

Large and small, I have unearthed from these beaches upwards of seventy articles of native manufacture. I found digging to be not only interesting, but beneficial, and I am convinced that to that form of exercise is due in a great measure the excellent health I have enjoyed throughout life. Fossicking round after curios was a pastime in which my children and grandchildren could, and often did, join me, and many have been the happy hours so spent together. With a reference to one more curio found on the Murdering Beach flat, I must pass on to another subject.

On a Sunday afternoon in 1863 I was out walking with Mrs. Hunter. While crossing the flat, she spotted what she took to be a large coin lying on the ground. Stooping, she picked it up and handed it over to me. It proved to be a commemorative medal, one of those distributed by Captain Cook in the year 1772 to certain natives in New Zealand and other Pacific Islands. The head of King George III appeared on the one side, whilst a representation of Cook's two ships, *Resolution* and *Adventure*, was shown on the other. It was a notable find. I am indebted to a recently published work—"The Numismatic History of New Zealand"—for the in-

formation that only six specimens have so far been discovered in New Zealand, and only four in other places in the Pacific. My specimen was exhibited by my father at the New Zealand Exhibition held at Dunedin in 1865, and I myself showed it at the Dunedin and South Seas Exhibition of 1889-90 and at the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition of 1925-26. It is now on loan exhibit at the Otago Museum.

CHAPTER TEN

MAORI TRACKS

WHEN speaking of my first acquaintance with Murdering Beach I said that all the land between Port Chalmers and the sea coast was then clothed in forest. The only breaks in this wide area were the sandy flats in the vicinity of the beaches, a Maori garden chopped here and there out of the edge of the bush, and on the harbour side an occasional isolated clearing made by some white settler.

During my stay with the Hunters it was often my duty to search for and bring home cattle from the bush, and, boylike, I delighted in making deep inroads into the forest. It was on such expeditions that I became curious concerning the large number of tracks that I encountered. I afterwards learned that these had been made by successive generations of Maoris. They were little wider than a sheep track, were worn to a depth of some inches, and in dry weather were full of leaves. They generally led to a waterhole or creek, or, perhaps, to a clump of *kowhai* or black pines, the last named trees being a specially favoured resort of pigeons and other birds that the Maoris relished as food. Even in the most difficult places the tracks showed no signs of having been cut out; they were just the result of the continual padding of bare feet. No trees had been felled in their path, and the thickest parts of the bush were avoided. Owing to damage by cattle the tracks were, at times, difficult to follow, but I soon learned that they almost invariably led out into the clear.

Though the forest has long disappeared, I still find myself able in places to trace these tracks through the present grassy paddocks, or over slopes now quite bare or covered with that curse to the farmer, Canadian thistle. The tracks I have described were not travel routes, they were merely the paths made by the natives when on their daily hunting excursions.

The principal Maori travel routes either hugged the coast or followed an approximately parallel course, not far inland. These latter tracks generally wound along some prominent ridge. From this main route, tracks branched off through the forest to the various *hapu*, or tribal sub-sections.

From time immemorial the Maoris used the coast track when journeying north or south, and it was, so to speak, their main highway. My acquaintance with it extends from as far south as Green Island Beach. From the west end of that beach it ran up the hill and followed the cliffs in the direction of Forbury Head, on which now stands "Cargill's Castle"; then, descending to the St. Kilda flat on the land side of the sandhills, it continued its course in a more or less straight line until reaching the foot of the rising ground just below the present site of the Anderson's Bay Cemetery. The late Henry Duckworth, in his "History of Anderson's Bay," traced it on from this point to the *kaika* at Otakou. From the cemetery site, he said, the track went along by the lagoon, over the Tomahawk hills, down into Sandfly Bay, up over Sandymount, down to Hooper's Inlet, and Wickliffe Bay, and on to Otakou. From here onwards I was familiar with its course northward, until it reached Waitati or, as we invariably called it in those days, "Blueskin."

Commencing at the Spit opposite Otakou, the track followed the beach line to the cliffs at Heyward Point. Here, a precipitous 200 feet face of rock was ascended by a winding path, known to the old hands as "Jacob's Ladder." The track then led through bush to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the eastern end of Kaikai's Beach, whence descent was made to the beach below by a path not less difficult to negotiate than "Jacob's Ladder." The track then followed along the beach to the mouth of the lagoon, crossed part of the flat, and, traversing a rocky approach, climbed up to the clear on Purehurehu, where it led past the lonely grave of William Coleman and the sites of some old Maori gardens. These gardens, it may be said, were afterwards worked by whalers,

and one of them, I remember, was known to old residents as "Jack Slasher's." From the Maori gardens the track followed the edge of the cliffs, and, descending a small spur, reached Murdering Beach at the sheltered spot now known as "Shelly Cove." From this point it led straight across the beach to its western end, where another stiff ascent brought it out on to the top of Pilot Point. More than once I have seen a line of Maoris, men and women, ascend the face of the cliff by this track, their backs loaded with what were probably mutton birds from down south. From the top of Pilot Point, if the tide was low, the Maoris descended direct to the rocks beneath, but at high tide they kept up the hill and made for the edge of the cliffs, descending to Long Beach by the steep track now used by visitors to the locality. They then followed the shore line to the mouth of the lagoon, crossed the flat to a break in the cliffs, and a short climb brought them to the top of the hill near the place where the late Richard Driver had his first house. The track now crossed the Purakanui Road and, passing the cemetery, it reached Purakanui Bay at a point just opposite the residence of the late Mrs. Forgie. Leaving the bay by the western side of the flat it went through a very pretty belt of bush, emerging into the clear at the foot of the ridge that ran up towards the top of Moponui. Keeping on this ridge it wound its way to the lowest saddle of three—the one farthest to the right—passing on its way an old Maori settlement, evidenced by the fact that in after years a European owner of the ground ploughed up native cooking places, as well as a number of stone implements. The track then turned round this lowest height of Moponui, and wound its way down the other side to the head of Blueskin Bay, close to the present railway bridge at Waitati. In the 'sixties, as a lad, I helped on two occasions to drive cattle from Murdering Beach to Dunedin by this route—the sides of Moponui, at that time were quite clear but are now densely covered with manuka scrub. From Blueskin we used the Main North Road, which in 1863 was formed as far as Waikouaiti.

From the railway bridge at Waitati the track wound round the head of the bay to Evansdale, then turned northwards, passed the old Maori settlement at what is now Warrington, and entered the big bush just where the late Major Pitt took up land in the early days. From here it followed the present railway track to Brinn's Point at Puketeraki.

I have never been on this latter part of the track, but during my stay at Murdering Beach I have listened to stories told by passing travellers of the hardships endured by the way, the nine miles through the bush from Evansdale to Puketeraki being described as equal to twice that distance in the open. Indeed, travellers have told me that, on the return journey, rather than again face the difficulties of this part of the route they had waited at Puketeraki for some days on the off-chance of securing a passage across the bay in a whale-boat.

The late Robert Bain, of Oamaru, once told me that in 1859 he ran away from the ship *Alpine* at Deborah Bay, and followed this track all the way to Puketeraki. He extolled the beauties of the bush with its rippling streams, its ferns and mosses, and the choir of tui, bellbirds, and canaries; but he confessed the delight he felt when Brinn's Point came into view and the arduous bush journey lay behind him.

A second track from the Spit to Purakanui was apparently used by the neighbouring *hapu* in their visits to one another. It did not hug the coast as did the other, but diverged to all the Maori *hapu* on the way. For almost its whole distance it ran through beautiful virgin forest, affording travellers shelter from both storm and heat. This track, after leaving the Spit, passed the small *hapu* presided over by the chief, "Big Fellow," and then crossed over the flat to the foot of the hills, mounting them in the vicinity of the cave since destroyed by the Harbour Board in the course of construction of the mole. Then traversing the fortification reserve—now scenic reserve—it reached the high land above Heyward Point. Now, turning to the left, it wound down the long hillside to the

native village behind the lagoon on Kaikai's Beach flat. The track then climbed the hill, almost reaching the stone house built by Jennings on the slope above Purehurehu Point. It then took its course downward to Murdering Beach, and here followed the line of *whare* behind the sandhills. Leaving Murdering Beach the track again took the hill, and, keeping well to the left above the cliffs, descended to the back of Long Beach flat. It passed through the settlement here, and then, rising the hill, joined the first track on its way down the slope by the cemetery.

Pilot Driver's daughter, the late Mrs. Mouat, who was born at Murdering Beach in the early 'forties, told of a long line of Maoris that she met on this track. They were in full war dress, armed with their native weapons, and were probably on a war expedition. They were led by the redoubtable Tuhawaiki, commonly known as "Bloody Jack." The chief accosted her, and marched his warriors to her father's house. Tuhawaiki entered the house, leaving his followers with lines unbroken standing outside. When they resumed their march, she noted that the line extended from the top of Purehurehu and across Murdering Beach flat to Pilot Point at the other end.

A third main track was used by the Maoris living at the Upper, and Middle Otakou *Kaika*. Leaving the Black Rock, they crossed the harbour in their canoes, and landed below Otafelo (or should it be Otawhero?) Point, the farthest out point in the Lower Harbour. From here the track led along the beach to the old Maori camp and cemetery, and then made its way to the top of the ridge, along which the Heyward Point road now runs. It went over the crown just where the Murdering Beach road meets the Heyward Point road. In its descent of the hill the Murdering Beach road as now formed makes a deviation first to the left and then to the right of the old Maori track. The track eventually emerged at the back of the Murdering Beach flat, where two derelict cottages now stand. From here it ran along the eastern side of the

flat, and joined track No. 2 at Purehurehu Point. This track, Mr. Arthur, the Government surveyor, and his party found very useful when surveying the district in 1863. He camped at the end of the track, on the harbour side, and his men on their trips up and down the track opened it out by lopping off branches of trees, etc. On the map of the district Mr. Arthur marked this track in dotted line. Many years after, the Waikouaiti County Council, by refusing the repeated applications of a local settler to have it closed, recognised it as an open road. It was along this track that the settlers at Murdering Beach, during my stay there in the 'sixties, carried on their backs all their supplies from the harbour side.

Although I many times walked over to the coast from Port Chalmers in the early 'sixties, I never struck anything resembling a Maori track until reaching Otaheiti Bay, a small sandy beach on the upper side of Grassy Point. Yet I am convinced that such a track must have at one time existed between the two spots. The settlers in the locality had in places made clearings in the forest, and in other places, helped by fishermen and crews of vessels lying in the harbour, had cut out the best timber for firewood. In such circumstances it can well be imagined how a track could altogether disappear. It is quite possible, however, that the Maoris in order to avoid a rough journey crossed by canoe from Koputai (Port Chalmers) to Otaheiti, and then continued on foot.

From Otaheiti, a well-marked track wound through dense virgin forest to the top of the ridge. Any attempt to diverge from it was soon abandoned, for the supplejack entanglement made progress impossible. From the top of the ridge, the main track led down the hill along the line of the present Purakanui road to where the church now stands. It then turned off to the left to the head of the bay, following its western side to the well-known sandy flat where, in my time, was a small Maori settlement, all that was left of a once powerful *hapu*. The early settlers at Purakanui opened up

this track and brought from the harbour side all their supplies either by pack-horse or on their own shoulders.

From different points on the ridge, branch tracks struck off through the forest to Long Beach, Pilot Point, Purehurehu, and one that ran the whole length of the ridge to the cliffs at Heyward Point is now the Heyward Point road, and was opened out as a surveyor's line by Mr. Arthur and party in 1863 or 1864.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A MEDLEY

At this stage I may mention a few matters which I consider worthy of record.

EARLY TOBACCO GROWING

An attempt to grow tobacco and prepare it for personal consumption was made by Hunter on the Murdering Beach flat. Whether or not his was the first experiment of this nature made near Dunedin I cannot say. The steward of an American vessel lying in Otago Harbour in either 1863 or 1864 gave Hunter the seed which he sowed. It came up well and Hunter planted out a number of the young seedlings in dark, sandy soil which at one time had been the site of some Maori dwellings. The plants thrived and some of them attained a height of five feet and over. They were seemingly of two varieties, the one bearing yellow and the other rose-coloured flowers. When he considered the leaves were sufficiently grown, Hunter gathered a quantity and carefully tied them together in small bunches. These he hung in a shed, exposed to the air but not to the sunshine. There they remained for a time going through what Hunter described as a sweating process. Hunter next picked out the best leaves and trimmed them, cutting away the stems. He then soaked the leaves in a liquid made of a dark brown moist sugar mixed with rum and saltpetre. The final step was to bring the leaves to a form suitable for use. To do this, Hunter spread them evenly in layers in a strong wooden box measuring 12 inches square by 6 inches deep. A loose wooden top rested on the leaves when the box was full but sank with the contents as they decreased in volume. The box was then placed under an improvised cheese-press which stood in the open at the rear of Hunter's house and a strong, steady pressure was applied.

A PAKEHA'S RECOLLECTIONS

After a time the tobacco was taken out. The cakes were of a brownish colour and their scent very fragrant. I cannot speak as to the degree of success of the experiment, but Hunter was quite satisfied. He was not a heavy smoker, but chewed incessantly. He was very liberal with his tobacco, especially to passing Maoris by whom it was keenly appreciated. I tried the stuff a few times, but after the last recovery have ever since kept clear of tobacco. Hunter also attempted to make cigars, but these were a failure.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

From time to time we in New Zealand have been urged to vote "prohibition" at the poll. I think few people are aware that this was once the law in Otago and that it failed in its purpose and was repealed. The particulars of the story were told me many years ago by an old lady who hailed from Waikouaiti and whose husband had worked at Jones's whaling station.

About the year 1840 the trade at Waikouaiti was still brisk. A plentiful supply of whales kept every able-bodied man at the station fully employed and large sums of money were earned by the whalers. Many of these men were thriftless, spending their wages as they got them. Big "sprees" were frequently the order of the day, and night too for that matter. There was no duty on rum and other spirits, and it seemed as if these men endeavoured to encourage the trade by drinking as much as they possibly could. It was no uncommon thing for a few of them to club together and purchase a bucketful of spirits and finish it off at a sitting. On one of Jones's visits to the station he noticed that often when ordered out to capture whales some men were not in a fit state, through excessive drinking, to go in the boats. This annoyed him greatly, for to lose a whale meant a considerable monetary loss. He was a determined man and regarded his whaling interests as of first importance to Waikouaiti, which to all intents and purposes was Otago in those days. He gave

thought to the matter and came to the conclusion that the best way to check the prevalent insobriety was to close up the drink trade. To do this he did not require to engage in propaganda. There was no Parliament to be consulted, no "local option" vote to be taken. He was himself supreme and he issued his proclamation that thenceforward no strong drink was to be obtainable. All liquor in his stores, and there were no others at Waikouaiti, was to be put away in either case or cask and securely locked up. There was a lot of grumbling of course, but things went on well for a time, only an odd case of drunkenness now and then occurring. Yet "prohibition" did not prove a success; it did not achieve its object. No, Jones's storekeepers neither surreptitiously sold nor gave out the grog from its place of keeping; nor did his skippers smuggle it in on their visits to the station. What happened was this. Certain of the men set to work and made spirits from grain, potato peelings and other ingredients. It was vile stuff, but it was eagerly sought after where none better was obtainable. Jones saw that these men were determined to have strong drink, good or bad. Preferring the lesser of two evils, he revoked his proclamation and Waikouaiti reverted to the open bar. Thus "prohibition" in Waikouaiti, no doubt the first attempt in New Zealand, ended in rank failure.

"THE WHALERS' SONG"

Along the coast the *Magnet* came
With Captain Bruce, a man of fame,
But in his face there is no shame;
On the beautiful coast of New Zealand.

Mr. Willsher sold to "Bloody Jack"
Two hundred of flour tied up in a sack,
And a Maori carried it off on his back,
On the beautiful coast of New Zealand.

Waikouaiti and Molyneux,
Tautuku and Otago too,
If you do not want to be duped by a Jew,
Come to the beautiful coast of New Zealand.

Peter Shavatt has a shocking bad hat,
And old John Hughes with his shocking bad shoes,
But for all that they are having some chat
On the beautiful coast of New Zealand.

The above crude verses are in their way an historical curiosity. They formed part of a song which the Waikouaiti whalers used to sing in the 'forties to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands." I took them down at the dictation of the Hunters and included them in a pamphlet which I published in 1884. Since then they have reappeared in print at odd times and perhaps a few words in explanation of them may not be amiss.

Of Jones's many sailing masters, Captain Bruce is the best known by name to-day. He was a bluff old sea-dog, as hard as nails when driving a bargain or sailing his ship, but as kind as a mother to anyone in distress. While in Jones's employ he successively commanded the *Sydney Packet*, the *Micmac*, the *Jessie*, and the *Magnet*; and it was he who in 1840 brought over in the last-named ship to Waikouaiti, Jones's party of agriculturalists from Sydney. It has been said that he owned Waikouaiti before Jones, to whom he sold it for a consideration. I think it would have been more correct to say that he acted as agent for Jones in the purchase of that place.

George Willsher arrived at the Molyneux in 1840 as agent for another Sydney merchant, Thomas Jones, who by the way, was no relation of John Jones of Waikouaiti. He married a Maori chieftainess of the district, Makariri by name, and, when his principal's land claims were disallowed, took up land himself. He remained at the Molyneux until 1854, when

he apparently made tracks for England and did not return to the colony.

"Bloody Jack," mentioned in the same verse, was Tuhawaiki, the paramount chief of the South Island Maoris. I had the story of how he obtained his nickname first-hand from those who knew him. On a visit to Sydney Tuhawaiki had been immensely impressed with the sights of convicts being hanged and soldiers being drilled. On his return to his home at Ruapuke Island he at once set to work to endeavour to drill his Maoris in the same way as he had seen the soldiers drilled, using pieces of wood in lieu of muskets. The sight tickled the humour of the whalers, who dubbed him "Bloody Jack," the name sticking to the chief for the remainder of his life.

The third verse was said to have been a hit at an unscrupulous storekeeper whose place of business was Tautuku, or "Tautook" as it was pronounced and spelt by the early settlers.

Shavatt and Hughes, of the last verse, were both employed at the Moeraki whaling station. Shavatt, his name may be found spelt in a variety of ways, was a cooper; Hughes had charge of the establishment.

MARIA'S CAVE

Two caves may be observed on the eastern side of the Murdering Beach flat. The smaller of the two lies fully three hundred yards back from the shore line and presumably came into being as the result of sea action at a time when the land was some feet lower than it now is. Its present appearance would lead no one to suspect that it was once for some years the ordered dwelling place of a family.

Shortly after his arrival in Otago in 1838, Richard Driver settled at Murdering Beach and there married Matoitoi, a Maori woman of rank. It was to the friendly shelter of this cave that he repaired with his bride, and it was here that his daughter Maria, afterwards Mrs. Mouat, was born. Mrs.

Mouat used to tell her friends that her father converted the cave into quite a comfortable place in which to live. He closed it from the outside with saplings reaching from the ground to the overhanging top of the cave, and these he covered with a thick thatching of rushes. Access was gained through a doorway placed in one corner.

In later years, when Driver had removed to a hut he had built near the mouth of the lagoon, two men—Phillipin and another—used the cave in which to do any blacksmithing that might be wanted, and it was here that the anvil to which I have previously referred was placed.

The larger cave nearer the beach was used by Driver on the two or three occasions on which his boat's crew captured a whale. The trying out of the oil was undertaken there.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY

In the early days of the settlement it was not an uncommon occurrence in out-of-the-way places to lose the run of the days of the week. Such happenings would sometimes cause much inconvenience, at other times merely amusement. I remember one such occasion; the place, Murdering Beach, the year, 1864.

On the Friday and Saturday of one week Hunter had killed and cleaned some pigs, and as I was due to spend the following day with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Horn, Purakanui neighbours, he placed aside a substantial parcel of pork for me to take over as a friendly gift.

With pack on back, Maori fashion, I set off on the Sunday morning for my destination. On the Horns' house coming into view I noticed with surprise that the clothes lines were hung with the day's washing. I wondered, for Mrs. Horn was a daughter of the manse and, with her husband, strictly observed the Sabbath as a day of rest.

I was well received and on entering the house unstrapped my load and presented it with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. In the course of conversation Mrs. Horn asked

me when we had killed. "Yesterday and the day before," I answered. Mrs. Horn looked at me very hard. "You don't mean to say that you kill pigs on Sunday?" she said. "No," I replied, "to-day is Sunday."

Calling in her husband, Mrs. Horn said: "What *do* you think? The Hunters have been killing pigs on Sunday." Seeing that I stuck to my guns, Mr. Horn produced a Saturday's newspaper which he had purchased two days previously at Port Chalmers. The verdict was against me.

Their son George, whom I had expected to find at home on Sunday, being away, I left early. On my return I found Mr. and Mrs. Hunter enjoying their customary Sunday afternoon walk on Murdering Beach. Joining them, I enlightened them as to the day of the week. They were astonished, and Hunter, remarking that such a mistake would not occur again, said he would "fix things to-morrow."

Next morning Hunter set to work to "fix things." On a piece of flat wood he described a circle, marked seven points each with the name of a day of the week, and fitted on a movable hand. My instructions were to move this hand forward a day each morning before breakfast.

This day clock was hung prominently in the room in which we had our meals. For a period all went well, but after a time when the clock was no longer a novelty I found myself wondering every now and then whether I had performed my morning duty. As a rule I decided I had not and seizing my chance when no one was about on would go the hand.

Entering the house one day I found visitors there enjoying a rest on their way to Purakanui. They were Thomas Knewstubb of Tayler's Bay and one of the Geary boys from Portobello.

Young Geary remarked on the clock, and Hunter told of the mistake once made and went on to say that the clock was an idea of his own to keep them right. "But," said Knewstubb, "your clock is pointing to Wednesday, and this is Friday." Hunter replied that he had always considered that

I could be depended upon, and called me to question. I had to confess that I at times forgot to shift the hand.

After that, Hunter lost faith in his invention, or rather in me, and the clock was relegated to a back shed.

A LONELY GRAVE

Earlier in these reminiscences I mentioned that Mrs. Hunter's first husband, William Coleman, was drowned. The accident that resulted in his death came about in the following manner.

In February, 1860, the ship *Cheviot* was at anchor near Harrington Point. Her captain was at Port Chalmers, and her mate was visiting Mr. Knewstubb at Tayler's Bay, where also came Mr. Coleman on one of his usual visits.

Mr. Coleman was persuaded against his inclination to visit the ship, and on the return journey to Mr. Knewstubb's something went wrong with the sails, and the mate, a heavily built man, stood up to right things and upset the boat. His body was later recovered in the harbour, but that of Mr. Coleman was carried out to sea.

For some days after the tragedy Mr. Coleman's dogs behaved in a peculiar manner. Each day they disappeared from home and returned at night barking and howling. One day Mr. George Carey from Pulling Point, while descending Purehurehu to Kaikai's Beach, noticed their strange behaviour, and on investigation found the body of Mr. Coleman. The faithful animals had kept watch over their master's body and had done what they could to attract human attention.

I have always considered it somewhat curious that the sea should have chosen its victim's own loved property as the spot at which to cast up his remains.

With the assistance of a Mr. Stevens from Purakanui, the body was carried up on to the spur leading down to Purehurehu Point and there buried close to the old Maori track.

The ravages of time and cattle have long since obliterated all signs of the picket fence that originally surrounded the

grave and gave protection to the plants and flowers placed there by loving hands. Gone also is the wooden board that stood at the head of the grave. All that now marks the sacred spot are stones placed there by myself and members of my family.

Some day, perhaps, the work of renovating the grave may be taken in hand, and for the information of such as undertake it I may record the words that the headboard once displayed. I took a note of them in January, 1912, at which time they were barely decipherable.

" William Coleman,
who died February 10, 1860,
aged 59 years.

Why should we mourn departed friends.
Or shake at death's alarm?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to His arms."

CHAPTER TWELVE

A CHANGE OF SCENE—DUNEDIN

My stay with the Hunters was brought to a close in December, 1865, when I left Murdering Beach to rejoin my father in Dunedin. The journey up harbour was made in the P.S. *Golden Age*.

During the time that I had been away from the family my father had remarried. He now lived in Queen street, thus I was fortunate in having a good home to which to go.

Since leaving Scotland I had had little opportunity to further my education. Such small progress in scholarship as I had made was in the main due to Hunter. Under his guidance I would from time to time practise elementary arithmetic, and his tales of past experiences considerably increased my knowledge of geography. I was now 15½ years old, an age at which normally I should have been thinking of going to work. Before doing that, however, my father felt that I should have at least one complete year's schooling. With this in view I was enrolled as a pupil at the North Dunedin School—the "Old Stone School" in Union street.

It was a great treat to me to be able to associate once more with boys and girls of my own age, and 1866—the year I was at the school—I count as one of the most pleasant years of my life.

Mr. Alexander Stewart, the headmaster, was a sympathetic, kindly man and a good teacher, one for whom I have always retained a feeling of the greatest respect. Other members of the staff of the school of whom I have recollection were Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Stout, Miss Hay, Miss Cassell, and Miss Ross.

The last named lady, a daughter of the Dunedin architect, Mr. D. Ross, unfortunately was drowned on December 15, 1869, along with Mr. Thomas Paterson, Otago provincial

railway engineer, when the Oamaru bound coach in which they were passengers met with mishap when crossing the Kakanui River. Miss Ross was en route to spend the Christmas holidays with her sister.

The driver of the coach was James Duncan, a thoroughly capable and experienced whip. When he reached the river he found it in flood, after a particularly dry spell. He was assured by those on the spot that at the peak of the flood the water had been running three feet higher than he then found it, and that the river was fordable. When half way to the opposite bank Duncan found himself in difficulties, his horses encountered a hole in the riverbed caused by the flood and were swept off their feet. The passengers in the coach, seven in number, became alarmed, and several of them in attempting to clamber out on to the roof upset the balance of the coach and it overturned in mid river.

While I never neglected to take part in anything of a lighter nature that was going on, I made the most of my opportunities when at the North Dunedin School and worked hard. This is shown by the fact that when the year ended I finished as runner-up to the dux, Sam Strain, father of Dr. S. B. Strain of this city.

Whenever I think back on those days I cannot escape the feeling that at times I must have given the mothers of the boys with whom I associated cause for a good deal of anxiety. I would organise long tramps up the McGlashan and Leith Valleys or over the surrounding hills, and from these my companions and I would often return, long after dark, our clothes and boots soiled and wet through and ourselves fatigued.

My education did not cease with my leaving the North Dunedin School. For some time afterwards I attended night classes in the North-East Valley conducted by a Mr. Montgomery. The fee for these was one shilling per week, and pupils had to bring with them their own candles. Contrast

this with the conditions enjoyed by present day scholars at night classes at the King Edward Technical College.

In 1867 I entered the employ of Messrs. Cobb and Co. with a view to learning coach building, the first apprentice taken on in Dunedin by that well-known firm. This led to my resuming attendance at night classes. In 1870, when Mr. D. C. Hutton opened a School of Art in what is known to-day as the Stock Exchange building, I seized the opportunity afforded to gain instruction in mechanical drawing.*

During the years following my leaving school I engaged in various outdoor activities.

In 1867 I donned Volunteer uniform, joining up with the then but recently formed company of North Dunedin Rifles. To-day (August, 1942) I take pride in the fact that I am the oldest surviving Volunteer in the Otago district and that I have grandsons doing their duty in the present gigantic struggle for world freedom.†

In those far off days of which I speak, what we Volunteers lacked in equipment we strove to make up for in enthusiasm. We were an exceedingly happy band. I could relate many tales of our experiences, but one story concerning a notable occasion in our early history must suffice.

When the Duke of Edinburgh paid his visit to Dunedin in April, 1869, in company with the Governor, Sir G. F. Bowen, the North Dunedin Rifles formed part of the battalion sent down to Port Chalmers to accord him honour on landing. When the actual moment arrived and the Duke prepared to set foot ashore, the guns in the ship in which he had arrived, H.M.S. *Blanche*, commenced to salute. The battalion at the

* Mr. David C. Hutton arrived in Otago in January, 1870, in the *Christian M'Ausland*, under engagement as Drawing Master to the Otago Provincial Government. During the next month he opened a School of Art in two large rooms in what now is the Stock Exchange building. This school, over which Mr. Hutton presided for thirty-nine years, was the first institution of its kind in New Zealand.

† Murray Thomson served for thirteen years in the North Dunedin Rifles, rising in rank to colour-sergeant. Throughout his entire life he maintained an interest in military events. He was a frequent visitor to the rifle butts when prize firing was in progress.

moment was drawn up in "quarter column." Startled by the noise of the firing, the horses of the mounted constabulary on parade took fright and threatened to break our ranks. We received orders to "form square" and "fix bayonets," and it was thus that we remained until the guns were again silent. We then resumed our original formation and in due course were inspected.

The Duke made his journey from the Port to Dunedin by coach, the team of eight greys being driven by Ned Devine. The orders of the battalion were that it was to be back in town in time to receive the Duke. We made the trip up harbour in the steamer *Geelong*. When nearing the Pelichet Bay jetty we narrowly escaped being fouled by another craft. We had to edge in to the jetty very sharply to avoid an accident, and there we were disembarked. In order to reach our objective in time it was found necessary to proceed at "the double." I still retain vivid recollection of an Albany street but recently dressed with stone. However, we reached our appointed post before the Duke put in an appearance and that was what mattered.

Cricket was another of my interests and I took part in the promotion of the Albion Club which now boasts a continuous record unequalled by any other cricket club in either Australia or New Zealand. When Albion celebrated its 75th anniversary I took part in one of the matches arranged for veterans, and at the evening function I responded to the toast of "The Founders of the Club," being, I regret to say, the only one remaining alive at the time.

I think I have mentioned that my father was mainly responsible for suggesting the formation of the Dunedin Naturalists' Field Club. That was in 1871. I derived a great deal of pleasure out of the excursions of that body, first under the direction of my father and after under that of the late Mr. G. M. Thomson. Apart from the scientific interest of the excursions I also enjoyed the walking they entailed. Walking is grand exercise and I have done a lot of it in my time. I am

sure it has contributed largely towards keeping me fit and well throughout a long life; together with my recreation in the Murdering Beach district it has probably saved me many doctors' bills.

My walking was not wholly confined to the ordinary every day variety, on occasions I competed at sports meetings. My first track walk was one of two miles at the Duke of Edinburgh's sports conducted by the Caledonian Society on their ground in King street. There were ten competitors. The race took place both during and after rain and the track was very slippery. The event aroused much interest among those present, more so, I think, than any of the other items on the programme. There was much betting on the result, and Eadie and McGregor who finished first and second respectively were regular competitors at sports meetings and were, to quote the "*Otago Daily Times*," "backed to win at short odds." I came in third and was well satisfied with the position, for I had competed in my ordinary clothes whereas the others had been suitably clad in singlets and shorts. Eadie had even sported spiked shoes, while McGregor had walked with bare feet.

I succeeded in beating both Eadie and McGregor and in winning the next race in which I competed. This took place at the Oddfellows' Fête held in the Vauxhall Gardens across the harbour on Boxing Day of the same year. The distance was approximately two miles, eighteen times round the course. A week later, however, I only managed to secure third place to the same two men at the Caledonian Society's meeting.

I was by no means so constant a competitor at sports meetings as these two doughty opponents. In all, I suppose I took part in less than a dozen races and of these I won four or five.

By far the most gruelling contest in which I participated was a race put on at one of the Cricketers' Annual Sports. I forget the year. There were four competitors, McKenzie, Fulton, and Muir, entered by the Dunedin Club, and myself, entered by the Albion Club. The Dunedin men combined to

out-manoeuve my every attempt to gain the lead, but eventually by an effort that took a lot out of me I managed to draw level with "Big" McKenzie in front. Try as I would, I could not pass him. I was getting more and more exhausted and thinking of throwing up the sponge and retiring from the race when a spectator, Alec. Cowie, sprinkled some water on my face and cheered me on with "Go it, youngster, he's beaten." Refreshed and encouraged, I quickened my pace, found that McKenzie was really done, and just managed to win.

Cycles were first seen in Dunedin in 1869 when a bicycle built by Easton and McGregor of Port Chalmers and a tricycle built at Robin's Stuart street coach factory were exhibited in the Octagon. So far as my memory serves, it was from illustrations appearing in American papers that the designs of the earliest Otago-built velocipedes were taken. Other firms were not long in following the lead and before many weeks had elapsed a fair number of machines could be seen practising on the streets of a night. The efforts of their riders were a source of amusement to citizens.

The first velocipede race witnessed in Dunedin figured on the programme of the Foresters' Fête held on the Caledonian Society's Ground on November 9, 1869.* It was open to machines of any description and the distance was two miles. Four bicycles, two tricycles and a quadricycle lined up at the start. Sam Thomson rode the Port Chalmers-built bicycle "Duke of Edinburgh." The quadricycle "Prince of Wales" was ridden by George Millar and a youth named Millichamp. My steed was a tricycle, "King Cobb," so named because it had been built at Cobb and Co.'s coach factory. It is now in the Early Settlers' Association Museum. The other entrants were John Horden, James Thomas, and Thomas Stewart, mounted on bicycles, and Robert Love, who rode a tricycle. One of these last-mentioned machines was dubbed the "Fly-

*The first velocipede race held in Otago had taken place in Oamaru exactly one month earlier (*vide* "Evening Star," October 13, 1869).

ing Jib." We got away to a good start but early in the race something went amiss with the steering gear of the four-wheeler and it turned across the course, capsizing the lot of us. Luckily no damage was done and, having extricated ourselves and our steeds from the tangle, off we went again. The track was by no means level and by pedalling my hardest each time I came to a down grade I gradually worked my way into the lead. From then on I had no serious opposition and came home a very easy winner.

Once the novelty of the new machines had worn off the public lost much of their interest in them. This at any rate appeared to be the case when next velocipede races figured on the card of a sports meeting. This was at the Caledonian Society's gathering in the following January, where on the second day I competed in and won a one mile race for tricycles. The loss of public interest was understandable. Unlike modern machines, the velocipedes of that day were heavily built, and on the first day of this meeting the time taken by the winning bicyclist to cover a mile was only five seconds less than that taken by the winner of the mile walk.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SOME COBB & CO. RECOLLECTIONS

THE direction of the firm of Cobb & Co. in Otago when I entered its employ, in November, 1867, was in the hands of Hoyt, Chaplin & Co.

The discovery of the Gabriel's Gully goldfield in May, 1861, attracted Charles C. Cole and he came over to New Zealand from Victoria with the intention of instituting a coach service. He had been a driver on the Ballarat route, and he landed at Port Chalmers in October, bringing with him vehicles and horses. He drove the first coach to the diggings on the 11th of the same month. His venture, however, did not remain long unchallenged. He was followed shortly by the brothers Hoyt, Henry and Charles, also with Victorian coaching experience. The Hoyts first gave Southland a trial, but finding that a failure they came north to Dunedin. Early in 1862, agreement was reached between Cole and the Hoyts and a partnership followed. The firm became known as Cole, Hoyt & Co. and their service as "Cobb & Co.'s Telegraph Line of Coaches." In 1863 Charles Cole sold out his interest in the firm which then continued as Henry Hoyt & Co. In December, 1866, Henry Hoyt severed his connection with the firm prior to leaving this country for the East. In the reconstruction that followed, his brothers, Charles and George, were joined by two new partners, John T. Chaplin and A. Jerusalem Smyth. The firm then became known by the title under which I found it. Some four or five months after I commenced work, John T. Chaplin became the sole proprietor.

Cobb & Co.'s headquarters were in Stafford street, in a big yard right opposite the present site of Kempthorne, Prosser's warehouse. The stables were extensive and well built, including harness rooms, feed lofts, and large sheds for housing the coaches. Adjacent was a forge where smiths

SOME COBB & CO. RECOLLECTIONS

were kept busy making shoes and shoeing horses, spare animals and vehicles being required to be ready at any moment to take the road. A well-equipped factory, where the coaches were built and repaired, completed the block of buildings. It was a two-storied structure. On the upper floor facing Stafford street was a large paint shop, at the back of which was the trimming shop where were made all the curtains, cushions, leather springs, and harness; here also was the repair shop. Though the staff was not large, some twenty all told, a considerable amount of work was put through, and at one time orders from fire brigades in different parts of New Zealand kept us exceptionally busy.

In all branches the highest grade material was used; the timber—oak, ash, and hickory—being imported direct from America. The work having to be as light as possible in weight, all employees in the factory had to be competent and reliable. The bodymakers, wheelwrights, coachsmiths, etc., were picked men, the best tradesmen obtainable. They were as nice a body as one could wish to work with, and I got along with them famously. They were always ready to impart their knowledge to me, and, as an apprentice, shelter me from blame.

There were occasions of course, as in any other business, when an apprentice had to shoulder the blame for something for which he was in no way responsible. I have never forgotten one such instance affecting myself. I was engaged one day in the factory putting the wheels on a newly-finished coach when I was joined by Mr. Chaplin. Now, nothing pleased "the Boss" more than to lend a hand in anything that was going on about him, and, to be candid, he often meddled in matters about which he knew little. On this particular occasion seeing me busy adjusting the rear wheels, Mr. Chaplin took upon himself to put on the front ones. Next day the coach took the road. On arriving at work a morning or two later I found Mr. Chaplin with the foreman and others viewing the coach. It appeared that the wheels had fired on the return journey to Dunedin and Mr. Chaplin attributed

the cause to my faulty workmanship. Taxed by him with having been the cause of the trouble, I was fairly taken aback and meekly accepted the blame. Later in the morning I took the opportunity afforded by a spell during work to go and examine the coach myself. I found that the front wheels only had fired, and, remembering Mr. Chaplin's unasked assistance, I let it be known throughout the factory that he was responsible for the damage, not me. "The Boss" had not known that each wheel to a coach had its proper place, and he had fitted the off wheel on the near axle and vice versa.

To ensure that all was right with both horses and harness, all teams and vehicles before leaving the Stafford street yard were inspected by a staff of grooms under a competent manager. This completed, the driver would take his coach round to the point of departure and there pick up his passengers and mail.

The booking office from which the coaches started was at first situated at the south corner of Stafford and Princes streets. It was then removed for a time to the old Empire Hotel (now the Grand), and finally to the Commercial Bank building, next to Wain's Hotel, in Manse street. From here, coaches left every morning for north and south, connecting with other coaches plying to further outlying districts. By arrangement with companies trading as Cobb & Co. in the adjoining provinces, through tickets could be obtained to both Christchurch and Invercargill.

The coaches used by Cobb & Co. in their Otago services were built to the American pattern. Many of them were what were known as "Jack" coaches. They derived this name from the fact that their rounded bodies rested upon braces held fore and aft in position by 14 inch high curved iron supports called "jacks." The braces were built up of layers of leather strapping and acted in the capacity of springs. The coaches were of various sizes.

The largest coach in the firm's possession was an "Abbot Jack" capable of carrying twenty-nine passengers. It had

been brought over to Otago from Australia in Cole, Hoyt & Co.'s time, but being considered too heavy and costly a vehicle for ordinary use it had remained idle most of its time in the Stafford street establishment. It was a product of the noted firm of coachbuilders, Abbot and Downing, of Concord, New Hampshire, and was a fine specimen of the old coach-building craft. The timber used for the body gear and wheels was of the best. The inside accommodation was both comfortable and convenient. The seating was upholstered in red plush, and pockets and racks were placed in suitable places. The exterior painting, red and gold, was well executed, and the door panels were decorated with pictures that were evidently the work of no mean artist. The original cost of the vehicle was round about £500 in English money, or 2,000 American dollars.

As far as I can remember, this coach, which had been used by Cobb & Co. in Victoria to convey miners to the diggings, was first used in Otago to run a certain Mr. John Barnes off the road. Barnes had, in 1864, started a coach to Tokomairiro in opposition to Cobb & Co. The "Abbot Jack," with Ned Devine and a team of six, was put on the road between Dunedin and Milton at greatly reduced fares, and Cobb & Co. soon had the road to themselves again.

During the period of its Stafford street retirement, the old coach was at times hauled out and used on special occasions. On July 4, American Independence Day, under the guidance of Devine or one of the Hoyts, with a six-horse team and a great display of the Stars and Stripes, it would be driven round Dunedin and down to Port Chalmers. When the Hoyts sold out to Mr. J. T. Chaplin in 1868, and, with Captain McKinnon, bought the S.S. *Albion* to go into the Japan trade, the sailing day was a great one for the coach, for, with Ned Devine and his usual team of six, it was run to Port Chalmers carrying the Hoyts and their friends. On February 20, 1871, on the occasion of the Macandrew-Reid election for the Superintendency of the province, Mr. Chaplin,

pleased with the way the election was going, again got out the old coach. In the evening, with a six-horse team and with himself at the ribbons, he filled it with excited electors and with great delight drove all round the town. In attempting to turn in the width of the street—a common and spectacular feat of Devine's—he turned too sharply and the coach locked and fell over on its side. Fortunately no one was hurt. The coach was soon righted and was driven in triumph along Princes street and up Stafford street to Cobb's yard.

I am indebted to Mr. E. M. Lovell-Smith, of Christchurch, for a letter giving me information concerning the after history of this fine old vehicle. It was bought by Mr. Hugh Craig, the well-known Lawrence coach-owner and driver, and ultimately finished its days, the body as a fowlhouse and the under gear for carrying a large open affair fitted with seats for picnic parties.

My service with Cobb & Co. was enlivened at times by my being sent to execute repair jobs away from home.

The first mission of this nature that came my way was to take lamps and lamp irons and affix them to the incoming Balclutha coach, which had been delayed on the road by floods and was not fitted with these necessities for after-dark driving. I have a vivid recollection of this, my first, business responsibility. I left Dunedin at 3 p.m. in the returning Tokomairiro coach, driven by James Carmichael. The afternoon was very rough and the strong west wind drove the rain and sleet into our faces. How Carmichael managed to get his four-horse team safely round the exposed places on Lookout Point and Saddle Hill, I cannot tell. I turned my head or shut my eyes while he, standing up, with whip and voice urged them past danger. We changed horses at the East Taieri Hotel and after that we went along more comfortably on the low ground, but the wind and rain were unabated. At last, at Scrogg's Creek, we met the coach I had been sent to seek. It was driven by James McIntosh, and was

one of the small new "Jack" coaches of American build. It was similar to the old stage coach we see in pictures that carried the mails from England to Scotland before railways were built. This coach was called the "Garibaldi," because on the door panel was a painting of that noted patriot seated on a white horse. The two coaches were pulled close together, and a man seated on the box seat with McIntosh called out in a cheery voice, "Here young fellow, pass over your things and get up here, the coach is full inside." This man proved to be Harry Nettlefold, one of Cobb & Co.'s most experienced drivers, then acting as road manager for the firm. He was very concerned about my wet condition, and said that I ought to have travelled inside all the way from town. He very soon fixed me up under the large waterproof apron, and placed a coat round my shoulders. Sitting between him and McIntosh I really felt first-class. Harry told me not to worry about the lamps and said he would give me a hand to fix them when we were changing horses at East Taieri. It was dark by the time we reached the hotel. I now had my duties to attend to, and Harry, seeing that I would need something with which to reach the top rail of the coach, made off and soon was back with a pair of steps and a stable lantern. The work was not difficult, but in the rain and wind it was very uncomfortable. Harry stood by all the time. We did not waste a minute, and very soon after the fresh horses were in we were ready to start. Harry made me take off my wet coat, and making a place for me inside the crowded coach said, "It will be warmer there than outside with me and McIntosh." He was right, for very soon my damp clothes began to steam and by the time we reached Dunedin I was all out in a perspiration. Shortly after 8 o'clock we pulled up at the Empire Hotel, three hours after the usual time. Harry again came to the fore. "I will look after your coat and tools," he said, "get home as fast as you can, get out of your wet clothes, have a hot supper and get into bed." This I did, and, after a good

sleep, I was at my work again in the morning none the worse for the wetting and quite pleased with my adventure.

Not long after the trip just recorded, an accident occurred to one of Cobb's coaches on the South Road at a point on the Tokomairiro Plain slightly south of the Waihola Gorge. The hind axle of the coach had been strained and one of the wheels had had some spokes broken. These parts had been taken off and sent to the coach factory in Dunedin for repair. The work accomplished, I was deputed to take the parts back and put them in place again. I left town in the same three o'clock coach as previously. On this occasion the weather gave me no cause for complaint. It was a lovely afternoon, and I enjoyed myself to the full perched up on the box seat alongside the driver, John Southall. We changed horses at East Taieri and then again at Amos McKegg's White House Hotel at Henley. Here I should have had a snack and a cup of tea with the other passengers, but it being my first visit I was more interested in looking round the stables and inspecting the boats belonging to Mr. McKegg on the Taieri River. When I returned to the hotel the coach was just ready to resume its journey and with four fine, fresh horses we were soon bowling along the road towards Milton. The sun, now low down on the horizon, shed a golden glow over Waihola Lake and the surrounding hills. It was a pretty scene that met our gaze.

As day drew nearer to a close I began to feel anxious about the work that lay ahead of me. I was presently roused from my reverie, however, by Southall's call of "Here we are" as he pulled in his team in front of a large white gate on his side of the road. With the help of one of the passengers I got the axle and wheels and my tools down from the top of the coach, which then continued its way to Milton. The damaged coach had been run back off the road to the yard of a nearby farm. Here I found it, its hind part supported by an empty cask. There was no time to waste, so after collecting my tools and gear I set to work in earnest. Whoever had removed the axle knew what he was about, for I

found all the bolts, couplings and clips placed on a board lying across the undercarriage with everything in front of the place it had come from. This greatly helped me, but despite my haste darkness came on before I had finished. A boy hearing me, came over and, seeing that I was working under difficulties, brought a candle and stood by until I had finished. I was putting on the last wheel when I heard the clatter of hoofs on the road and I was joined shortly by Southall. He was very pleased to see that I was ready for him.

It did not take long to put in the horses, and with cheery good-byes to the boy who had been of such assistance to me, we were soon heading along the road for Milton. Several times on the journey there Southall remarked that the coach was "riding stiff" and that it lacked "swing." I paid little attention at the time to what he said. It was now nine o'clock; I was ravenously hungry, and my whole thought was centred on the good meal that Southall had said lay ahead of me. Arriving at Milton, we turned into the yard of the White Horse Hotel where we were to put up for the night. George Langley, the proprietor, was an old Cobb & Co. man and got the credit of having driven the first coach over the North Road. He was for a time road manager for the firm. After washing my hands I was shown into a small room where was set my meal, and there I did justice to the excellent fare put before me by Mrs. Langley. I did not go out after supper, but, being tired, sought my bedroom and was soon asleep. I waked early next morning and, hearing the house staff on the move, washed and dressed. I then went down into the yard to view my previous evening's job by daylight. There I found one of the grooms looking intently at the coach. He seemed puzzled, and calling me over he pointed to a block of wood under the centre of the boot and asked what it was there for. I then saw the reason for Southall's overnight remarks that we were "riding stiff." The man who had removed the damaged axle had used three wood blocks with which to take the weight of the body of the coach from off the braces, which,

being connected with the hind axle bed, had to be uncoupled. In the poor light by which I had worked the previous evening I had overlooked the removal of the centre block. In a few seconds I had knocked it away, and when Southall came later to inspect the coach he found everything all right. I saw that he was suspicious of my having been at work, and, after vigorously shaking the body, he said, "What have you done? I am sure there was something wrong last night." I told him and pointed to the piece of timber lying on the ground. We both had a good laugh, in which we were joined by Mr. Langley who had seen me knock the block away.

After breakfast I was soon up beside Southall on the box seat of the morning coach for Dunedin which we reached a few minutes after midday.

The building and repairing of stables for the accommodation of the large number of horses required for the running of coaches all over the province was a very important work. As horses were changed every twelve or sixteen miles on a journey, quite a number of stables with their attendant grooms were required. The work was done chiefly by outside labour, but at times, especially if things were slack in the coach factory, some of the staff would be sent from town to do it.

The first time I went on stable work was when I was sent with Mr. John Stewart, who afterwards succeeded Mr. J. W. Fish as foreman in the coach factory, to effect repairs at the Henley stables. These lay quite close to the White House Hotel, owned and occupied by Mr. Amos McKegg. At this time the railway contractors, J. Brogden and Sons, with their navvies, were building the railway across the Taieri Plain and were working across the Taieri River in front of the hotel, a short distance from the navvies' camp. I think that I am right in saying that Brogden and Sons brought out most of their navvies from the English Midlands, and a pretty rough lot they were. We were there at the Easter holidays. There must have been a recent pay, for the navvies were frequenting the hotel in numbers and making the quiet little wayside inn

a very busy and noisy one. Towards the close of our stay things were getting a bit lively, and on our last evening I suggested to Stewart that we should go for a row on the river in Mr. McKegg's boat and thus keep clear of the house until the crowd had cleared out. It was a lovely moonlight night and away we went down stream. We had rowed the best part of a couple of miles below the bridge, I should say, before we thought of turning. We had left out of our calculations the stiff pull back against the current and consequently we were much later in getting back than we had intended. It was after midnight when we fastened up to the little landing place. All was in darkness and very quiet. On crossing the road to the hotel we were stopped by a policeman who wanted to know where we were going as the hotel was locked up for the night. We explained matters, and Mr. McKegg was knocked up and we were allowed in. Mr. McKegg was astonished to see his two carpenters ("Chips" as he called us) at such an unearthly hour; he had thought we were in bed.

It appears that after we left for our river excursion some of the navvies becoming unmanageable were refused more drink and were ordered out and the door closed. They then bombarded the hotel with stones, breaking the windows, so that Mr. McKegg sent into Milton for the police. I cannot say whether any arrests were made, because we left for Dunedin whilst enquiries were still in progress.

I came in contact with Brogden navvies on another occasion when with my mate, Harry Carey, I was sent to build a small lean-to at stables on the Lawrence Road.

For years the coaches on the Milton-Lawrence Road changed horses at Manuka Creek where there was a small roadside inn; but shortly after the railway was opened to Milton Mr. Chaplin made an alteration and from then on the changing was effected at a place a few miles further along the road, at the foot of the hill close to the Round Hill tunnel. The stables belonging to a Mr. Rae, who kept a small public-house there, were used. They were on the opposite side of the

road to the hotel, on a piece of ground overlooking a creek.

Our orders were to put up at the hotel, hurry on with the stable job, and return to town at the week-end. The timber and other materials had been sent on ahead of us.

On our arrival we found things in a state of commotion. There had been a disagreement between the engineers and the contractors who were putting through the Round Hill tunnel. All work had been stopped, and the men were temporarily suspended. Most of them were loafing about, thronging the hotel and drinking. Altogether, they were a pretty good sample of the Brogden navy.

We were shown to a small room, the only spare room in the hotel. The bed was a built-in bunk running the whole width of it. It proved to be a very tight fit for two, and on alternate nights we slept front and back. We worked long hours, and in consequence were always ready for bed. We slept well, although at times there was much noise when some of Brogden's men became musical or quarrelsome.

We hurried on with our job, but were hampered by the navvies who hung around and passed uncomplimentary remarks about our work and ourselves. It appeared that because we worked in white aprons as we did in the coach factory, they thought we were new chums and treated us as such. One day, a couple of them came over bothering us and wanting to give us a hand. One of them, a young fellow, paid special attention to my mate who could be pretty smart in his answers. Convinced that we were new chums, he asked Harry what ship he had come out in and got the prompt reply, "the *E. P. Bouverie*." The young fellow, a little the worse of drink, said, "You're a liar, that's the ship I came in and you weren't aboard." "Oh!" said Harry in jest, "I came in her in the voyage before you." "The *Bouverie* has only come here once, don't give me any of your —— cheek or I will throw you into the creek," replied the young fellow. Fearing trouble, I told the men not to take any notice of Harry, that he was not a new chum and that he had been born at Carey's Bay,

Port Chalmers, about eighteen years before, and that I had been in the country a good many years myself. They only laughed and persisted in calling us a couple of blooming new chums. As things were beginning to look nasty, to avoid trouble I invited them to have a drink. Going over to the hotel with them, I shouted, and soon had them in good humour. There I left them.

They did not bother us again, nevertheless we were pleased when on the Saturday, our work being finished, James McIntosh turned up with his coach and five-horse team and we took our departure for Dunedin.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A COACH TRIP TO CLYDE IN 1875

IN December, 1875, I married Grace Thomas, who was born in the little mining village of Pendeen, seven miles from Penzance, in Cornwall, England, and who at the age of nine arrived in Otago, in 1863, with her parents in the ship *City of Melbourne*. The last week of the month saw my wife and me board Cobb & Co.'s north coach in Manse street, bound for our honeymoon at Clyde.

There were about twenty others waiting to take their seats when the coach made its appearance round the corner of Stafford street punctually at 6.30 a.m. By 7 o'clock all was ready for the start. Mails, parcels and luggage had all been stowed away by the staff, working under the direction of William ("Billy") Pitman; the passengers were seated, and the grooms held the horses' heads. "Let them go," shouted Ned Devine the driver. The grooms stepped aside, and away went the six greys in grand style, round the corner into High street and down into Princes street.

It was a bright morning, and the coach, with its well-groomed animals, polished harness, and crowd of passengers must have afforded passers-by a pretty sight. Pulling up at George McGavin's White Horse Hotel at the corner of George and Frederick streets, we picked up more passengers, among whom were Sir Dillon and Lady Bell and their son, who were returning to their home at Coal Creek, Waihemo. Leaving here we turned into Great King street at a fair speed, then drove by way of the North-East Valley to the Junction Hotel, where buckets of water awaited the panting horses. We then trotted along a length of road that for superb scenic outlook would be hard to beat in any part of New Zealand. The great pine trees in the virgin bush towering high over our heads, made a sight not easily forgotten. This passed, we commenced



DUNEDIN IN 1870.
The central building with clock tower (now the Stock Exchange) then housed the University of Otago. It was in two large rooms in this building that Mr. D. C. Hutton conducted the School of Art which Murray Thomson attended. (See page 83.) The buildings to left and right in the picture were the Custom House and the Provincial Government Buildings. Note the Jetty Street wharves, and Crawford Street, not yet reclaimed from harbour.



—By courtesy Otago Early Settlers' Association.

THE DUNEDIN-PALMERSTON COACH READY TO LEAVE MANSE STREET.

Ned Devine may be seen on the box seat holding the ribbons. The figure on the pavement is John Stewart, foreman of Cobb and Co.'s coach factory. "Billy" Pitman, the booking clerk, is standing top-hatted in the roadway.

A COACH TRIP TO CLYDE IN 1875

our descent of the hill leading down to Blueskin. As only a master whip could, Devine, without easing his speed, guided his team round the sharp bend near the water troughs. At the old Blueskin Hotel we pulled up. Here Ned Russell, groom in charge, waited with a team of fresh horses. In a few minutes Devine's voice rang out, "All aboard! Let them go," and we were off on our second stage to Waikouaiti.

Our fresh horses, a fine chestnut team, soon settled down to work, and we bowled along at great rate round the head of Blueskin Bay. With Evansdale passed, we climbed the steep Kilmog Hill, and then at good speed rattled down the other side to Merton. Stopping at Brunton's accommodation house we picked up another passenger. At ten o'clock we reached Waikouaiti and were soon breakfasting at the Golden Fleece Hotel. After a brief but enjoyable repast provided by host James, "All aboard!" hurried us from the table, and with another fresh team of six horses we were soon off on our third stage of nine miles to Palmerston.

The day continued bright, and the stage was a most enjoyable one. At each farm we passed all hands turned out to see the coach and to give us a friendly wave as we hurried by. Some waited by the roadside to pick up the "Otago Daily Times," thrown from the coach as we travelled along. Flag Swamp and Pleasant Valley were left behind, and we soon found ourselves running into busy little Palmerston. We fetched up at Gilligan's North-western Hotel. Being holiday time quite a crowd of people were awaiting our arrival, some to meet friends and all to pick up the morning paper. Palmerston before the advent of the railway was a bustling place, being the chief town of the Waihemo County. The farmers of the surrounding district did all their marketing there, and on this particular day there was a fair gathering of horses and riders, single and double buggies, dog carts and spring carts. These were scattered through the township, giving the place a very busy appearance. Several wagoners were also making a halt by the way, and refreshing their ten-horse teams.

Here we parted with our coach. Two smaller ones were in waiting, one bound for Oamaru and the other for Clyde. After the horses were taken out, the different drivers' assistants, helped by some of the passengers, transferred the mails, papers, and luggage to the smaller coaches. In less than half an hour all was ready. Most of the passengers got into the Oamaru coach, which was driven by James Duncan. Ned Devine, with the smaller coach and a four-horse team, took the remainder of us and started off on the next stage to Waihemo, a rather long stage of eighteen miles.

The country soon took on a changed appearance. The hills became brown and bare, the landscape relieved just here and there by a few green patches of ground under cultivation. The drive up the Shag Valley was most interesting. After the first fording of the river at "The Grange," an estate purchased by Lord Kitchener's father in the mid 'sixties and at this time managed by one of his sons, we made a gradual ascent, passing first the "Black Pinch" and then the "Sailors' Cutting," this latter so called from the number of runaway sailors who found employment there during the rush to the diggings. We were soon on the flat on the other side. Here the Shag River takes a bend, and we had to ford it twice in a distance of about four hundred yards. In this bend, between the two fords, was the Two Rivers Hotel, built by a man named Dean. A short distance further on Devine pulled up at the gate of the Coal Creek Station, where we bade good-bye to our fellow-passengers, Sir Dillon and Lady Bell and their son. The horses were whipped up, and in a few minutes we reached the Waihemo Hotel. This was a stone structure, the material for its erection obtained from the neighbouring Green Valley. The proprietor was a German, Mr. J. B. L. Luks. After doing justice to the fine meal provided, we were invited by our host into his adjoining orchard and there we helped ourselves to as much of the luscious fruit as we could eat. Devine's now familiar call at length called us back to the coach, and with another fresh team we were

soon off on the last stage for the day, a distance of twelve miles, with Pigroot at the end of it.

Although this was the roughest stage of the journey, there being little level road, all was very interesting. After passing Morrison's old accommodation house we gradually ascended the Brothers Hill, a height of 1,700 feet. From then on the road to Pigroot was downhill, and after travelling a few miles we came in sight of our destination. Arriving there, we all jumped out and enjoyed the luxury of stretching our legs, a great relief after having sat for so long in cramped positions.

On the way over from Waihemo we had passed several road wagons drawn by their eight or ten-horse teams, toiling along on their weary way. As it was no uncommon thing for a wagon to be bogged in the mud on the roads, or stuck up on a hillside that proved too much for the tired team, wagons usually travelled in pairs for mutual safety, "double banking," as the wagoners expressed it, when necessary.

The coach was the recognised "boss" of the road, and it was good to see the wagoners hurriedly draw in to the side to let it pass. Cheery words were exchanged between drivers and passengers, and soon the heavy, lumbering wagons were lost in the distance.

The old road wagoners were on the whole fine, hospitable men. Many a tired and footsore traveller had cause to thank a sympathetic wagoner for a lift on his long journey and a night's hospitality by a cheery camp fire. Only men with big hearts and plenty of pluck would have undertaken to pilot in all sorts of weather these heavily laden, cumbrous, old vehicles over the boggy, unmetalled roads they had to traverse. These heroes of the road never failed to make their journey. Measured by the service they rendered, their remuneration was not great. They carried about four tons, for which they got anything from £8 a ton for the journey from Dunedin to Clyde. Very different from the £100 a ton paid at the time of the Dunstan rush.

At Pigroot, the hotel, a low one-storied building, stood in solitary grandeur beside a prattling stream in a picturesque valley among the mountains. Hundreds of travellers from Dunedin to up-country townships must have remembered with gratitude the good fare and comfortable accommodation provided by their good hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland. Often their accommodation was taxed to the full, but they always managed to sup and bed all that came along. In those days the Pigroot was a busy halting place. Sometimes the number of wagoners camped round about converted it into a veritable canvas town, and the arrival of the gold escort always created excitement. The gold was in cast-iron boxes fastened under the centre seat of the coach. The escort troopers kept guard all night, using the front verandah of the hotel as a sentry box.

While we were loitering round, waiting for dinner, the down coach rattled in. The driver was Harry Nettlefold. On this particular day Harry had a full coach of merry travellers, most of whom were light-hearted diggers making their way to Dunedin to enjoy the Caledonian Games and other New Year festivities, and, incidentally, to empty their well-filled purses.

Ned Devine took the head of the table at dinner and in masterly style carved the fat roast turkey which Mrs. Freeland, in view of the season, had provided. We were entertained by jokes and stories from the two drivers, and by the talk of the diggers, who, no doubt, had had a very satisfactory Christmas wash-up. We were loath to leave such jovial company, but as our coach started at an early hour in the morning most of the passengers went off to bed, but none to sleep. The hotel walls were thin, and the continual chatter kept us awake until the small hours.

We were up at five o'clock, and after a hasty cup of coffee hurried out to find Harry Nettlefold already in his seat, and the horses eager to get away. Harry's "All aboard" quickened us up, and, with a hearty good-bye to Ned Devine,

we were away on our first stage for the day, a distance of twelve miles to the Kyeburn.

The morning air was bracing, our horses were fresh, and we made good time up the Pigroot Hill. We soon topped the large ridge of the watershed of the Shag and the Taieri Rivers. Here Nettlefold pointed out a long length of wooden fluming which he explained was part of a scheme that failed to bring down water from the head of the Shag to the deep sinking at Hyde. A miscalculation was made in taking the levels, and the scheme was abandoned, the fluming remaining as a monument to somebody's mistake. As we descended, a fine panorama of the Maniototo gradually unfolded before us, with Rough Ridge and Rugged Ridge away in the distance. The morning sun was dispersing the mist from the hills, the whole making a very fine picture. After crossing the Swineburn we ran along a pretty length of level road which brought us to the Kyeburn River. The water reached no higher than the horses' knees, and we had no difficulty in gaining the other side. A drive of a short distance brought us to Malloch's Kyeburn Hotel, where our horses were changed. Here we had barely time to view the wonderful terrace of water-worn sand or gravel on the right bank of the river before the coach was again ready to take the road, bound this time for Naseby, fifteen miles away.

Our route now turned north, following a long ridge covered with silver tussock. On this stage we met only one human being, a horseman up from Scobie Mackenzie's Kyeburn Station, who was awaiting the mail. We exchanged the season's greetings as we passed. Though the tussock country through which we were travelling was monotonous, it was backed in the distance by grand mountain scenery. The eye could easily follow the Kyeburn River right up to the gorge, some six or seven miles away, with Mt. Kyeburn towering high above. It is many years since I viewed this sight, and I can still recall it, so great was the impression it made upon me. Home Gully having been crossed, we were soon on the

crest of the hill above Naseby. Winding our way down, the town below looked very inviting in the warm sunshine.

Driving up the main street, we halted at Horswell's Royal Hotel, where our appetites, sharpened by the early ride, did full justice to the royal breakfast which awaited us. The meal over, we wandered up and down the thoroughfare, the most striking feature of which was the large number of hotels that seemed to carry on a profitable business. Naseby was at this time a thriving mining town. Many thousands of ounces of gold were won from the surrounding claims, the most noted, perhaps, being the Buster claim, 3,000 feet up on the Mount Ida range and the Dead Level Company's claim, on the same level as the township.

Returning to the hotel, we found Nettlefold with fresh horses ready to start. We were soon seated, and, with friendly wave of hands from the onlookers, we set off on our next stage to Hill's Creek. We had a fine run over the Maniototo Plains, and on this part of the journey Nettlefold was in talkative mood. He pointed out all the places of interest, and told tough yarns of his own past adventures in this part of the country.

A short stop was made on the way at Woodney's Eden Creek Hotel. From there, after horse and man had been refreshed, we trotted down to the Wetherburn Crossing and made our way over to the Rough Ridge. Having climbed to the neck of the ridge, we wound down into the head of the Ida Valley, where we pulled up at Drysdale's for a few minutes' spell.

At Inder's Hill's Creek Hotel, at the top of the next ridge, horses were again changed, and the road led down a gentle slope towards the Manuherikia River, passing Rolland's Blackstone Hill Station on the left. At our first fording of the Manuherikia the river was much swollen owing to the melting of the snow on the hills, but without a moment's hesitation, our Jehu put his horses to the ford, and although we shipped a little water where the shingle had been scooped

out by the force of the stream, we reached the far side without mishap.

A pleasant run down the valley, with the Dunstan Range on our right and Blackstone Hill on our left, brought us to Becks, where we pulled up at the White Horse Hotel. It was now round about two o'clock in the afternoon, and we were ready for the meal that we found prepared for us. At this point two of our fellow-passengers who were bound for the Drybread diggings, where one of them had an interest in the Blue Duck sluicing claim, bade us good-bye. Drybread was named by a Finn, who complained that the diggings were so poor that he made only "dry bread" out of them.

Starting with another fresh team, Becks was soon far behind, and after crossing the Manuherikia a second time we reached Blacks, known to-day as Ophir. Another passenger joined us here, Mr. James Tyrrell, master plumber, of Clyde, who had been fitting in in one of the residences a bath, a great luxury in those days.

After a third fording of the Manuherikia, we travelled over some rough country, where we saw for the first time our now ever present "bunny." I recall that the majority of these rabbits were not grey coloured as now, but were brownish and ginger coloured.

We were now working down the river valley, the river being away on our left. At Chatto Creek we pulled up for our last change of horses. The road from here to Clyde was in good condition. Nettlefold and Tyrrell pointed out and named the surrounding hills and mountains, and vied with each other in telling tales of hardships endured by drivers and passengers in the rush for gold in the early days. They showed us the crossing of the Manuherikia at Campbell's station, where the old Rock and Pillar road emerged from the hills.

In the early days, this was the regular road for wagons and coaches. From Dunedin, it passed through Outram and then over Maungatua and the shoulder of the Rock and Pillar. The road was a short cut up-country, but being very rough

it was abandoned when the Dunedin-Palmerston road was opened.

The end of our journey was now in sight—Clyde at last. We pulled up at Hawthorn's Hotel at seven o'clock, and the landlord met us in person. Nettlefold and our two remaining fellow-passengers were taking up quarters at another hotel, so we said good-bye, and were soon enjoying a very welcome tea, served in good style by the lady of the house.

Thus ended our never-to-be-forgotten trip. In spite of minor discomforts, we enjoyed every part of the way. The journey covered two long days. The roads, though dry, were full of ruts, over which the coach rattled and bumped along—yes, bumped so badly sometimes that one had to hold on to the seat to save one's head from being brought into contact with the roof of the coach. Horses were changed ten times, forty-six horses in all being used to do the trip.



—Pattillo (Dunedin)

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE SAME NAME—MURRAY GLADSTONE THOMSON.

The last photograph taken of the author of these reminiscences, aged nearly ninety-two years. Baby and father (serving in Italy) have so far not seen each other.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DRIVERS OF THE COACHING DAYS

THE drivers of the coaching days were a respected body of men, and were as much talked about as were the captains of the ships that brought to our shores the crowds of immigrants from overseas. During the ten years that I was in the employ of Cobb & Co. I came in contact with many of them, and in my first years with the firm, as "the boy," I enjoyed many a ride alongside the driver, comfortably buttoned up under the waterproof apron. Some of the drivers seldom put in an appearance in the Stafford street yard, but I heard them freely discussed; others drove over the same road for many years, and were well known to me in person.

Nowadays, Ned Devine is perhaps the coach driver whose name one sees most often mentioned in print. His prowess in handling a team has become legendary. But somehow I never think of Devine without recalling Harry Nettlefold. Both men began their careers as coachdrivers with Cobb & Co., in Victoria, and here in Otago, they were for many years the heroes of the Dunedin-Clyde run. In 1862, in Australia, Devine had the honour of driving the first visiting English Eleven from Melbourne to Geelong, and I have been told by Mr. E. M. Lovell-Smith that both he and Nettlefold distinguished themselves in a coach-driving competition in Melbourne, when each of the competitors in turn showed their skill in the handling of a twenty-horse team.

I have referred to Nettlefold's kindness to me on the occasion that I first met him. He had the reputation of being kind and courteous to all his passengers, and the finest lady in the land could find no fault with his manners and behaviour. He was most attentive and entertaining. If one were fortunate enough to be up alongside him on the box seat when everything was going smoothly, the team of horses going

steady and the road fairly good, one would enjoy his entertainment. He would chat away, pointing out places of interest, or spin yarns of his many experiences on the road. He had a pleasant, musical voice, and on occasions would delight his passengers with selections on the cornet. He would tell of the fabulous amount of gold he had brought down from the goldfields, every ounce of which, with its armed escort, he would hand over at the Pigroot to Ned Devine, who would next day take it on to Dunedin. He was also a man of resource and courage. On one occasion he brought in his coach on three wheels, the rail of a fence being used to support the end of a broken axle. On another occasion he had strained his front axle, and one of the wheels would not revolve. He unhitched the team, took out the fore-carriage, turned it upside down, took off the axle, heated it in a fire, and straightened it as best he could with an axe. Things being righted to the best of his ability, he hitched up and made good on his journey.

On escort days I have often seen Ned Devine, after delivering his gold cargo at the front of the Provincial Government buildings at Dunedin, start his team for the Stafford street stables, but instead of continuing on up High street to his destination, he would, with his team of six horses at the trot, and without drawing rein, swing in magnificent style in the width of the road, and so have his team with their noses to Stafford street—a feat which required all the skill of an experienced and confident whip. When Ned retired, Jack Cook filled his place, and he in turn was followed by James Sutherland, who held on until Cobb & Co. gave up running on the road.

On the Dunedin-Oamaru run drivers of my acquaintance were Tom Sayers, James Duncan, William Lloyd and Andrew Young. After a long term on this run Tom Sayers retired, and for years was barman at the old Empire Hotel, Dunedin. James Duncan was a smart little fellow who could handle a team of four as well as the best. He it was who had the

unfortunate accident at the Kakanui River in December, 1869, of which I made mention when speaking of my days at the North Dunedin School. William Lloyd interchanged between this route and the Dunedin-Balclutha run. Andrew Young, after leaving the road, acted as stable manager for a time. Leaving Cobb & Co., he went to the North Island, and became a partner in the firm running coaches between Ohinemutu, Tauranga, and the Thames.

Whether there was a regular coach route from Oamaru to Central Otago or whether only a single trip was run, I do not know, but a driver named Dansey drove through to Naseby,* the pass through which he drove being afterwards known as Dansey's Pass. In the workshop his coach was always known as the Dansey coach.

On the South Road, from Dunedin to Balclutha, there were frequent changes among the drivers. James Mackintosh was a well-known figure on the box and was longest on this run. At one time he owned a coach of his own, running to Balclutha in 1861. Later, Cobb & Co. bought him out, but he was kept on his old route, leaving it only when the railway was opened to Stirling in 1875. Other drivers on this run were J. Knox, Will Crawley, Harry Yeend, John Southall, and James Carmichael. John Knox drove the big blue Tokomairiro coach with six horses. This big coach was seated for twenty-seven passengers, but like our city cars had no limit to the number it would carry. Will Crawley was a well-known and experienced driver. Before coming south he drove in Canterbury, linking up with the southern coaches. While on the southern run he had a lucky escape. He had passed the East Taieri Hotel and was trotting smartly down an incline, when he applied the brake. The footiron broke off, and he fell heavily to the ground. A passenger on the near side had the presence of mind to apply the near brake-lever, and a driver who was accompanying Crawley slipped over the footboard

*This was Mr. W. H. Dansey, runholder at Otekaike (*vide* p. 52, Rev. A. Don's "Memories of the Golden Road").

and ran out on the pole, gathered in the reins, steadied the horses, and brought them to a standstill at the foot of the hill, thus averting what might have been a serious accident. Crawley suffered a severe shake, and was off duty for some time. He afterwards left the firm and, joining the railway service, became stationmaster at Milburn. He later held the same post at Ravensbourne, where he lived, a respected citizen, to a good old age.

Harry Yeend had the misfortune to meet with an accident when going down the Caversham Hill. He soon afterwards left the firm, and ran an opposition coach on his old run. In the Early Settlers' Hall at Dunedin there is a fine photograph of Yeend ready to start with his six-horse team from the Empire Hotel. John Southall and James Carmichael were two popular drivers. Southall was quite a young man and was reckoned a very smart driver. He carried on until he was driven off the road by the "iron horse." Indeed, he was still on the road when the first excursion train ran from Dunedin to Stirling. James Carmichael drove the afternoon coach from Dunedin to Milton, leaving Dunedin every day at three o'clock. He was a fearless, daring driver, and was in his element when whip to a half-broken team. The whole yard, expecting some excitement, would turn out to see his departure. I have seen the excited horses in a bad mix up and a pole broken before he would get away. He would turn the spirited animals up Stafford street, and give them their fill before proceeding to Manse street to pick up his passengers. He lived to the ripe old age of ninety.

As early as 1864 coaches connected Balclutha with Invercargill. I do not remember who were the earliest drivers, but Bradley, R. B. Williams, and James Strachan were on the road when the railway to Stirling was opened. The weather conditions on this route were perhaps the most trying in the service. After leaving Clinton the route passed through the Popotunoa Gorge. Then, after leaving the Otarua, it emerged from the hills about a mile above the township of Mataura,

eventually reaching Invercargill. When the railway was opened to Stirling, Cobb & Co. sent Ned Devine to connect the morning train to Balclutha with Invercargill. At Balclutha, Devine picked up the passengers from the morning train, and reached Mataura in time to connect with the afternoon train to Invercargill, thus enabling the journey to be done in one day. After six weeks Ned gave up the ribbons to Kennedy, who continued until R. B. Williams bought out J. T. Chaplin. "Mind the peat bog and give my love to the tussocks," were Devine's parting words to his successor. My account of a little adventure with Devine on this road may be read in Mr. E. M. Lovell-Smith's "Old Coaching Days."

On the Milton-Lawrence Road, Thomas Pope was the only driver. He was considered very capable, and was a great favourite with all. I had occasion to travel with him more than once, and I always found him good company. His run was a very exposed one, and on more than one occasion the coach was blown over while negotiating the high land over the Round Hill. We made a special top for his coach in the factory. It was fastened with thumb screws, so that, when occasion required, he could remove it, leave it by the roadside, and pick it up again on his return journey.

When my wife and I made the trip to Clyde in 1875, Hugh Craig and James Mackintosh held sway on the Lawrence-Cromwell run. Mackintosh drove from Milton to McLeod's, Benger Burn, and from there Hugh Craig continued on to Cromwell. Mackintosh met with a serious accident on the Roxburgh section, from the result of which he died. When I first knew Craig, he was carrying the mail to different parts of that district on horseback. He afterwards became coach driver, and stuck to the Lawrence-Cromwell run for many years. He eventually bought out J. T. Chaplin. His firm, H. Craig & Co., of Peel street, Lawrence, did all the carrying in Central Otago for a lengthy period. It was finally driven off the road by the opening of the railway to Cromwell.

THE OLD STAGE COACH.

Good-bye, Old Coach, your last stage is run,
 Your glory and your pomp are gone,
 Your lively team with merry jingle
 No more will lead you o'er the hill.
 The children at the wayside gate,
 Where they waved you on in the bright sunlight,
 Will miss their moments of delight.
 You have done your duty to Church and State,
 Your limited but willing space
 The rich and poor alike have graced.
 But times have changed and you must go,
 The iron horse, the railway coach, the motor car and
 motor bus
 Are all combined to oust your stay,
 So you, Old Friend, must pass away.

—M. G. T.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH DUNEDIN "FLAT"

LEAVING my employment with Cobb & Co. in November, 1877, I worked for a few months at Naseby for a builder named Stevens. On returning to Dunedin, I was occupied on various jobs until October, 1879, when I joined the railway service. For the next twelve months or so I worked in the car and wagon department of the Hillside Workshops, but, following a disastrous fire in the tramway sheds in December, 1880, I left there to lend a hand in the construction of new cars. In 1881 I purchased the Hunters' property at Murdering Beach and spent the remainder of the year in that locality. In February, 1882, I rejoined the railway service, again entering the Hillside Workshops. Except for a period of eighteen months commencing in 1905, when I was on transfer to Invercargill, Hillside was my scene of labour until my retirement in 1910. My home was on the South Dunedin "Flat."

My memory of "the Flat" goes back to the year 1862. I remember it as a great swamp adorned with silver tussock, waving rushes, and giant flax, the only piece of bush being an area of an acre or two near the present site of the Cargill road Methodist Church. This wild waste had been a favourite hunting ground of the Maori, and furnished food in the shape of eels, *pukeko*, ducks, *weka*, etc. On the map which accompanied the Deed of Purchase of "the Otago Block," executed in 1844, the land fronting the head of Otago Harbour is marked "*Kaituna*," the Maori name for eel food. Eels were a favourite food of the Maori, and this, no doubt, was one of the places where they beached their canoes when they were on an eel-fishing expedition.

When speaking of Maori tracks I mentioned that one of these led along the inner side of the sandhills between St. Clair and Lawyer's Head. As late as 1870 this track was well defined,

and up to 1884 the camping places throughout its length were frequented by curio collectors. Two of these camping places were well known to me, one near the head of Moreau street and the other in a snug little corner near St. Clair. My father, in a paper read at a meeting of the Dunedin Field Naturalists' Club in the year 1876, described the contents of a cache he found in this second camp. There were a finely polished adze, a rough flint spear head, a chert saw, and two peculiarly shaped whalebone implements of large size with a square hole in the centre. These were in an advanced stage of decay and fell to pieces when handled. In after years a Mr. Kingston ran a surf-bathing establishment on this spot, and all these camping places are now deeply buried beneath lupin-covered sandhills.

There is ample evidence that "the Flat" in the distant past was covered with a forest of giant trees. These had long lain buried beneath the surface, so that early residents while digging their gardens reaped a rich harvest of solid firewood.

The site of the Macandrew road School had at one time been clothed with this forest, and when Chinamen leased the ground for market gardening they dug out hundreds of cords of wood in a comparatively small area. For many years these logs, built in rows, were a feature of the landscape. The whole district was a peaty bog, and when this caught fire, as it did in hot, dry weather, for weeks at a time the air was filled with the "reek of the peat." These frequent burnings account for the fact that one resident will have a garden of rich, deep loam, while his neighbour will have very poor land.

A large part of "the Flat" in front of the school was used by Cobb & Co. On this ground were turned out spare horses and others requiring a spell after constant work on long runs. The place was in the charge of George Goodyer, who, with his wife, lived on the spot where Goodman's stables stood in what is now Surrey street.

From November, 1861, until June, 1863, the time when all was excitement in Otago owing to the gold rushes, a

detachment of the 70th Regiment was quartered in Dunedin. The soldiers used part of "the Flat" for rifle practice. Their range ran in line with Mills street, St. Kilda, the iron targets being at the foot of the sandhills near where the old fort now stands. In the early Volunteer days the No. 2 Scottish Company had a rifle range running in line with Fox street, South Dunedin, with the targets at the foot of the high ground at Hillside, quite close to the spot where Governor Sir G. F. Bowen, in March, 1871, turned the first sod of the Clutha railway. These ranges were opened some years before the Musselburgh range, which was first used in 1881 or 1882.

In the early 'seventies, speculators with vision created a mild boom in sections on "the Flat." They bought large blocks of land and subdivided them into building lots, and soon buildings began to dot the landscape. Then the St. Kilda and South Dunedin Borough Councils came into being, and the main road from Kensington to Bay View road was formed, and very soon passenger traffic was provided for by the running of two-wheeled hooded vehicles called Albert cars, with seating accommodation for eight, the passengers sitting back to back on a double seat which ran along the width of the car. Wagonettes followed, and these ran until they were superseded by the horse tramcars in the year 1881 or 1882. The fare from the Post Office to Bay View road, St. Kilda, was sixpence. Other streets and roads soon followed: the features of "the Flat" now being rough roads, post and rail fences, and, alongside, deep and wide ditches filled with evil-smelling peat water. In those days floods were frequent, and the ditches were the only channels for carrying the water to the bay. Indeed a good flood, although disastrous to individuals, cleaned out the ditches and proved a blessing to the community. One incident of rescue is worth recording. An old lady, Mrs. Rae, and her two daughters were rescued from a house in Rankeilor street by a boat's crew from the Gasworks. Their dog was left behind, but tiring of its imprison-

ment, it next morning made a flying leap through the window, smashing the glass and swimming to safety.

William Watkins, one of Cobb & Co.'s coachbuilders, and one of the first purchasers of sections in Reid road, built himself a flat-bottomed boat, the stern being adorned with the name "Nil Desperandum." This he used in time of flood to paddle to the nearest dry land on his way to work in the morning, returning in the same way at night. During one of the floods the Hillside Workshops were put out of action for a few days, there being nine inches of water over the floor of the car and wagon shop.

Before the present lupin-covered sandhills presented such a formidable front to the wild waves of the ocean, it was no uncommon thing for the sea, on the occasion of a high tide backed with a favourable wind, to make inroads into parts of "the Flat" where the natural protection, the sandhills, were low lying. Here the seas would push their way through on to "the Flat" and up the main road as far as Jackson street, and further along towards St. Clair at the head of Moreau street. When Mr. J. Burnside lived in the old house, which is still in existence on the site of "The Mansions," Miss N. Burnside told me that on one occasion the sea came right up to their house, washing all movable articles in front of it away, and saturating their garden with salt water. When the modern drainage system came into being, the flooding from this source became a thing of the past.

"The Flat" soon became one of the popular and thickly inhabited parts of Dunedin. Surely a great change since the time, and that not so very long ago, when the only light to pierce the darkness would come from the camp-fire of some Maoris resting for the night.

APPENDIX.

In the Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, Vol. XLVI (1916), Plate XV, the John White collection of *hei-tiki* was shown as it then was, on exhibition in the Bristol Museum. Plates X and Y are from the same photograph except that in Plate Y two photographs, C1 and 2, have been substituted for two in the corresponding place in the original photograph.

Unfortunately no notes of localities of the *hei-tiki* in the John White collection have been preserved. It is known that Mr. White was the principal purchaser of material excavated at Murdering Beach, and popular tradition was that all his *hei-tiki* were from the beach. However, Mrs. White assured me that some—she could not say which—were purchased in the North Island. It is necessary to study such evidence as exists to decide which specimens are probably from Murdering Beach. From the description, I believe that Plate X, C3, is the one found by Reynolds and Ness. Plate Y, B1, is clearly the one described by Chapman (Trans. N.Z. Inst., Vol. 24 (1891), p. 502) as in the White collection and as found at Waikouaiti. In the same place, Chapman mentions three *hei-tiki* in the collection made of peculiar asbestos-like stone, probably cut from one block, and all found at Murdering Beach. I think that the stone from which they were made was secured from a deposit at the northern end of Lake Wakatipu. From the photo I guess that these are Plate X, C2, Plate Y, A1 and B4. Plate X, C1, is burnt and is therefore probably from Murdering Beach. It is likely that some of the Murdering Beach specimens would be broken by heat in the fire which destroyed the village, and it is unlikely that Mr. White would purchase broken specimens in the North Island. So Plate X, A1 and A2, and Plate Y, A2, may be tentatively localised as from Murdering Beach. Plate X, B3, is so like C3 that it is probably by the same hand, hence probably from Murdering Beach. Plate Y, C1 and C2 are from Murdering Beach and are in the Otago Museum. C1 was found by Leslie Cooper from whom it passed ultimately to Mr. George Thomson who presented it to the museum. C2 was found by the boy Will Norman who sold it to Frederick Chapman. It was bequeathed to the museum by Lady Chapman.

A PAKEHA'S RECOLLECTIONS

There is thus evidence, some of it definite, some very slight, that ten of the *hei-tiki* shown in the plates are from Murdering Beach. One is from Waikouaiti.

One stylistic point is worth recording here. About the year 1905 Augustus Hamilton told me that in his opinion the perforated topknot on *hei-tiki* was a southern feature. My own observations tend to confirm this view. The two *hei-tiki* (Plate Y, C1 and C2) known to be from the beach have the perforated topknot, as have Plate X, C3, thought to have been found by Reynolds and Ness, and the broken example Plate X, A2.

H. D. SKINNER.