August 19, 1871

A start from home, and the adieu to friends of years and years standing is trying to the feeling when the journey is so great as the one about to be made, and the time, with its consequent changes so prolonged.

By way of a final solace, we sat at your table with some old friends the evening before Dunny and I bade adieu to you all. We had little time to think until we found ourselves, after being hoisted on the "Java," quietly placed in our berth. Introductions to the captain and chief officers soon followed, who assigned to us what is here to be the seat of honor viz. the seat next the captain. The ship looked splendid. We sailed at one o'clock with a nice breeze down the river Mersey, partaking, meanwhile, of the calm of a good dinner, lost inquietude of days might follow, and incapacity to eat. We had however five weeks to Queenstown where we arrived next day, at half past eight in the morning. Here we fell in with the ships of the ironclad fleet, which made our steamer appear but a small vessel. We had arrived from Gibraltar. It soon began to rain hard and to blow a gale, and we were evidently in for a duster. No one landed. The passengers by rail came on the steam tender. We were condemned to spend as miserable a Sunday as can well be wished for. Oh the prospects! Oh the prospects in facing this gale! Good bye appetites! At four o'clock we left at once, plunging into heavy weather. The meals are badly attended, now horrible to hear the plates and dishes "clanking,"
and to smell the viands when you cannot enjoy the
eating, — and to often do — breakfast at 8.30; lunch on
liffin at 12; dinner 4; tea at 6; supper 10; and all light
out at 11.

Poor Fielding, my servant, has not been visible for
some time. The passengers are yet unknown to us, ex-
cpt Lord Darce, Judges by breezy the Scotch predominating
on board. We see the porpoises sporting alongside for
miles; — but after all, we conclude that there is no place
like home. The weather grows worse at nightfall, and
the "things" in our best ditch and tops, as if they had
propagated themselves of spirit life. Then the creaking of the
ships, the unearthly noises, the close atmosphere of the cabin
the vain endeavor when lying down in the entire berth to
avoid being churned and rolled about; in addition to the
squeamishness, which is inevitable, give us quite a difference
idea to what we learn from the song.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep.
That's very fine, but a landman can't do it, at least
at first start. It is hard to read, work, or do anything,
every one is squeamish, and quietude is best. The
cries for "George" and "Steward" are numerous at times,
but each one must take his turn no matter what happens.
Captain Cratlow is an intelligent man.
Aug 24.

A day of hard work, trying to be reconciled to shipboard and discomfort. At midnight, however, after all had retired to rest, I read the engine stop; and throwing in what came just before, I rushed on deck to hear the moaning despair of the men, bewailing "A man overboard." The boats were being lowered and manned with all speed, and the alarmed passengers came out drenched in all manner of ways. The boat, taking a light, then rowed back, looking like a speck in the vast expanse of stormy billows. No trace of our poor "forecastle" could be seen, so the boat returned having encountered great risk. After about an hour's delay it steamed on, leaving the poor man behind. The suspense and agony to all were great indeed.

25.

Hard read, wind and little progress. How I wish I could have ended here for the day—but alas! when the Sidney was taking their final whiff, and all the others about to retire, on a sudden we heard the cry "Helm hard a port." The engines stopped, "stand clear" was given, and on each side the ship we saw a dark object float; some said an iceberg, which the ship had run. But the cries of men, oh! those agonizing cries! the call for the life buoys, the order to ship the boats, left no doubt we had run down some vessel. It was too true. We had run into a barrier amid ships, and literally cut her in halves, the fore part of the ship going down on the port side, and the other on the starboard side—both parts settling down in the deep before they cleared our ship leaving a
creamy foam, and a few spars and planks as the indication of what had been. We tore down all the buoys we could see or get, but at once had to consider our ship and position. Meantime the ladies and all other passengers rushed on deck—such a scene! I felt there was no hope if our ship was damaged, and in a few words with my friend, we came to the conclusion that in case the boats were taken, those in them must be inevitably lost. I rushed down to ascertain about my boy in bed. He was still asleep, and I felt that it was better to let the ship go down. Soon after I had gone into the cabin, the carpenter came from examining the fore part of the ship, and I was cheered by his words: "Our ship is not injured so far as hull is concerned, that we can find." I rushed on deck repeating this, and the words passed like a talisman impossible to describe. The boat had been put off for assistance, and presently one returned with only one man saved. A long search brought no result from the other boat. One man only out of a crew of twelve, and that man was in bed asleep, and cast out into the sea when the vessel opened. We learned that she was the bark "Annette." Captain Beckwith from Portsmouth, bound to Quebec in ballast.

After a delay of about an hour, we again steamed on, but sleep or rest for any this night is impossible; a deep solemn settles on every heart, and thoughts like a solid history press down the mind. The night was not so dark but the "forewatch" could have seen the approaching vessel; and indeed he did so, but did not order the ship to stop as soon
as he saw the light, and thus we went into it full speed.

It appears certain however that the collision was inevitable.

We are now on the "Banks of Newfoundland." The fog signals have been going all night, and everyone is on the qui vive. In the night again, we had another shave of a similar vessel, just clearing her stern by two feet. The officers and crew say they are sure there is a Jonah on board, for they have never had such a voyage before—a winter's passage so far as weather, disaster and anxiety were concerned. The afternoon brought a brisk breeze and clear weather. "Thank God" says all in real heartfelt language.

27.

This Sunday morning breaks with brightness. Our thoughts turn homeward. We are to leave service today. So may our communion mingle with that of home friends in offering our prayers and praises to the same "Father in Heaven." I must tell you that my "Hymns Ancient and Modern" were by some oversight omitted in packing, but a gentleman on board made up the deficiency, and it is pleasant to feel that I have this link to bind me in feeling to home and to sing praises as I go, as I do on this day.

31.

We reached New York last night. It took a long time after lighting the land to get in, for everything was obscured for some time by a deluge of rain, and we were obliged to remain with the ship at a stand still. It cleared however, and we entered the beautiful waters of the Hudson. The American River Steamers are so strange in appearance that we can hardly describe them as they should be, for the
appear large and numerous enough to convey one-half of New York across the Waters at once, and it seems just as if the inhabitants of New York were changing sides into those of New Jersey City or Brooklyn, each of which are on the opposite shore of the river or estuary.

*Sept. 1871*

We arrived at Jersey City, New York late in the evening of Wednesday Aug 30th and stayed at the celebrated Fifth Avenue Hotel, being anxious to see Americans in their own establishment. The Hotel is very large and very busy, and several shops are attached to it, such as Hair Dressers Chemists Cigar &c. We went to the Bar and had some American drinks at different times, for few people drink wine at meals, and therefore visit the bar afterwards. The breakfast commences at an early hour is put on and served by black colored men, and begins with melon and iced water, and includes various ordinary dishes. Lunch and Dinner are much after the style of France. The charges are so much per zag, which includes everything but Wine; but the charges are high. Every piece put to Wash costs 1$. In fact, living and everything is very dear in New York. Dollars which are 4½ but amount in currency to about 3½ are only like shillings. The luxury of a carriage is something
indeed, the charge being $2.50 dollars an hour. The City of New York is not striking in itself. The Stores, as they are called, seem great trade, but do not compare with our Warehouse in size. All the Goods are seen in New York, whereas in England are much larger establishments, not to boast ationally set out. There is only one that can compare with such an establishment as that of Sir John Walter in Manchester. There is not much to be seen in New York. By riding about in the street car, or as they are called, the tramway carriages, one can get on very well—otherwise it is something marvellous to see what disagreeable pavement there is. We were half our day arranging for future travel, and next we went to see the Central Park, which is good but new. We chased the large and magnificent butterflies for a while in the tremendous heat, and then came back to prepare for our journey up the Hudson, after which we dined with Lord Adare and some friends whom we met on the Steamer. Next morning early we went on board one of those grand three-decked river steamers for Albany. Lord Adare would have been with us, but a telegram having brought him bad news of Lord Dunraven’s health, he must return by next boat to England.

The magnificent Bay at New York, and the sight of the large Steamers constantly flying on it, is a scene far more pleasant than the view of New York itself, and a sojourn amidst it, which of Business. The change is indeed charming, from the close heat to the pleasant breeze created by the Steamers going at 20 miles an hour—just
the crowded street and busy hum to gage upon the
beauties of this magnificent river. It was the scene of
much strife between the Americans and the English, and
many places are rich in histories relating to the time of
the fight for Independence. The mountains form themselves
into precipitous rocks, called the "Palisades," and look very
imposing. The river takes a sudden bend at West Point,
and there the scene becomes fine indeed, equal to any river
view I have ever seen. An eagle came close to the boat;
so wild is the part. We got to Albany at night, and
after wandering about until near midnight, started in the
train for Niagara. Who can describe these Falls! They
must be seen to be appreciated, and moreover seen again
and again. Their greatness cannot be realised at once.
We went underneath the Falls; it is possible to visit, which
was amusing as well as instructive. Ourfgets was of
flannel, and we were soon wet to the skin; as we walked we
were simply blinded with spray coming at us, as if it spitted from all quarters. Poor Delia,
not enjoying it, got his mouth full in a second, whilst laughing,
but so far as one can realise anything in such a situation,
the constant descent of the green water over head amidst
a deafening roar - is most appalling. And this is only one
part of this waste of waters. Next morning, on
rising, the Falls looked larger than ever, and so, I am told,
they grow on you. We stayed on the Canadian side, hoping
for more moderate charges, but in this were disappointed.

We started on Monday for Chicago, taking places in
the Sleeping Cars. We crossed Canada by the Lakes—
their immense forests which none can realise by merely
reading about; there to see the veritable settler clearing his
farm by burning the timber and cutting it down. There we
saw his log hut, and his cattle. Certainly it was a home
of freedom, but dreadfully cold. Thus we go these parties
only touched along the sides of the Railway for about 18
hours, knowing that for only about a quarter of a mile
on each side of the Rail, and sometimes only on one side,
and that in party had the clearance been made, and that
beyond, for miles and miles, the hand of man has plenty to
Approaching Chicago, and on the borders of the lakes
there are lands of fine quality which extend for days' journey
(round Chicago). The corn producing ground is of wonderful
extent and quality. Here is a City of 17 years growth, now
with a population of 300,000 and growing still. Our views
of the Lakes were rather disappointing:—they are seas and
not realisable as Lakes from the Railway; and the shores are
flat and not interesting. In paying the river at Detroit
the Railway Train was run on to a large steam barge, so
that we had not to change carriages.

We stayed a day at Chicago to rest and
clean up and see the place. The Sherman House is a
very good establishment and on a very large scale. The
trade in wood, grain and cattle for the Western States
is as you are aware enormous, and Dredges can load
at the Wharves, and paying these the lakes and canals to
the St Lawrence, can sail direct to any part of the world.
Strange to say, many large buildings are built principally of iron, but wood is turned out on a large scale, so that they may be shipped to any part ready made, and certainly on our route, these wood erections from the principal stones and houses of all people in New Settlements. Here I met Mr. Maxwell, Secretary to the Messengers from the Company, who had been to Denver City, called Central City, and report on some excellent mines rich in lead and silver.

We started for Omaha at 10 a.m. Wednesday, passing over rich corn fields and immense farms all the way until evening, when we came to the Mississippi river, over which is constructed a large bridge of timber. The train was checked in speed as we crossed, for indeed it is a frail structure, and the timbers creak in a most serious way groaning under the weight of the train. We found it very hot, the thermometer standing at 87° in the shade. We arrived at Omaha at 9 next morning, having dined and slept in the train. The Pullman Sleeping Carriages are certainly magnificent, but withal the whole space is so limited and the dust so great that there is not much comfort or cleanliness. We crossed the Missouri River in a ferry boat, the bridge being only in process. All were huddled together 1st and 2nd class passengers - a motley crew indeed, consisting of Ladies, gentlemen, Blacks, God knows Chinese, Trappers from the Back Woods, and a bearded class of "Strangers" fit for bowie knife, &c. In an hour or so after starting we reached the veritable Prairie, with its boundless
extent of waving grass, and antelopes, prairie hens, and other game. We encountered a most terrible stench and were troubled with it for a mile or more; and were informed that a skunk had crossed the track! Here was land indeed capable of raising crops, only waiting for man to till. The railway is simply laid on the surface, and it is said was made at the rate of 3 miles per day with Chinese labour. Breakfast was at Des Moines, dinner at Fremont, and tea at Grand Island, for all those who a Pullman’s Palace Car. Next day, Friday, still find us traversing the same boundless plains! We passed Prairie Dog City, a place in which those little animals live in great numbers. In size they are about as large as a rabbit, but in appearance rather like a large shrew. They burrow in the ground like rabbits, and their sentinels, always on the lookout, give the alarm, whereas on the inhabitants all bolt into their holes. We found them sitting up on their little banks in the most confident manner watching the train as it passed. The wolves feed on them but it is a hard morsel to catch, evidently. We saw five of these at work on a carcass, with every motion in the fastest train, and antelopes in abundance. We breakfasted at Sidney Barracks, one of the American Outposts for protection against Indians. Dined at Cheyenne, named from a tribe of Indians, and had tea at Laramie, a place mentioned in all books of travel over the Rocky Mountains and a favorite hunting ground of the Indians. Here the cattle and in the Wagons, at their best feed, and almost their last good
one before entering the Desert of the Rocky Mountains.

We saw the Prairie on fire further on, which was a mar-
vellous sight indeed!

On Saturday the 12th we awoke in the Desert, a
desolate and dreary Sahara, — arriving at Utah in the evening
we proceeded to the Salt Lake City where we stayed over Sunday.

We went to the Tabernacle of the Mormons to their service,
and had their faith proclaimed, as the Apostle Woodruff stated,
especially for the benefit of the Gentiles. His explanation was
that above and beyond the Bible and its teachings, a Reve-
lution was given to Joseph Smith, and a further light given
to the World; that, as in the days of old revelations were
given directly to man so now to the Latter Day Saints He
reveals to Brigham Young by his Will.

To prove that the Saints
previous
were under special care, He referred to the settlement at
Nauvoo, in Illinois, to the development of their industry
there, and the building of their town, — proving by their subse-
quent persecution and expulsion, God's love and care; — and
likewise the wonderful exodus from Nauvoo, the preservation
and march of the Saints from the Deserts to the Plains of
Utah, the conversion of arid plains into wonders of fertility
to the march of the Children of Israel to the Promised Land.

He said the Gentiles might go on in unbelief, but there was
a people happy and prosperous. A part of the necessary
reasoning that faith is that no circuitry is permitted; — all
must work. He said the Saints invited people to come
and see and learn for themselves. Had it not been revealed
to Brigham Young that a way way to be opened across the
desert, and had not the Saints made 100 miles of the most
difficult part of the Pacific Railway which in fact could not
have been made without them? Had they not earned the faith
by kindness, and carried food for the constructors during the
progress of the works? And when a second revelation came
to Brigham Young they made the Railway from Utah to the
Salt Lake City. It appears, however, that Brigham Young
undertook to construct 400 miles on the part of the Saints
(for it must be remembered, their Church property is enormous
in value. The Land and City belong to the Community, and
as every one still pays the tenth of his earnings to the
Church, the revenue is very large. The affairs are governed
by Brigham Young aided by the 12 Apostles.) However, the
construction of the Railway was found not to pay, and after
they had made 100 miles, they left the Gentiles to finish it
themselves.

I was struck with the simplicity of the people as far
as I saw them. They don't wear education! The older men
appear to be respectable laboring men. The Tabernacle
will hold 14,000 persons seated - about 6000 were present
on the morning we were there. I believe but few duplicate
marriages take place now; and it would appear most
unjust and unwise for the United States Govt to interfere
and stop the industries of this strange sect. We had also
an Exposition from a Young Missionary just arrived from
England who said that the Saints compared excellently
well morally with the Gentiles; and added that the
mission in England was progressing favorably.
On the Equator, Oct 1, 1871

My last letter finished with some account of our short sojourn at Salt Lake City, and in the Mormon. The fact is that notwithstanding the sermon or lecture in the Tabernacle, and the confirmation of the doctrine by the young missionaries who said many in England were joining the Mormon Church, we were struck with the apparent simplicity of their adherents. One cannot conceive that even the leaders believe what is taught. All the land about the Salt Lake belongs to the Church, and some day this organisation will be powerful, as it is already rich. The leaders of the people from Nauvoo was the most extraordinary event in their history, leaving behind them their possessions, and venturing to cross such a trackless Desert as that by which Salt Lake is approached. Brigham Young's house is not grand. I have bought away with me some of their books, but they relate principally to their catechising and exhaust one's patience to read them.

We left Salt Lake City at 2.30 pm on the 10th, and made a day journey going the immense plains by the side of the Lake, ascending 10 miles a tremendous elevation of 8500 feet, then there a pass at the top of the mountains, and then in pitch dark night with thunder and lightning rolling down the grade for hours, pell-mell away till the iron brakes were red hot. Thus we arrived in the vast Valley of the Humboldt, a district becoming celebrated for its silver mines, down which we ran all day till night. The Valley is most magnificent—about 15 miles wide and enclosed by lofty snow-covered mountains, the soil is
fertile, but unfortunately it scarcely ever rains. The Humboldt River, however, is a powerful stream, but after running some 500 miles, it disappears in marsh. The scenery all day was strange and grand, beginning with sandstone cliffs worn away by ages, and afterwards the parts where these large Wellingtonias and trees of the Ice tribe abound. When we awaked in the morning it was pitch dark and intensely cold, the darkness being caused by our passage thru the Snow Ships. In about half an hour afterwards we reached the Summit of the Sierras Nevada Mountains, and then taking another engine, commenced the most remarkable descent we ever went over. After running this 40 miles of Snow Ships we got out of them and out of the region of the snow. An Observation Car was very considerably sent on the train in which most of the passengers entered in order to see the view as we rolled along. I cannot undertake to describe the stupendous scenery in this descent of the Sierra Nevada; the frightful chasms, thousands of feet deep, over which the train flew along a narrow ledge; the awful Cliffs with the road cut along the face, with 1200 feet below and many hundreds above. This part of the road must be seen to form an adequate idea of the work. It took us 4 hours at 30 miles an hour to get down to the great plain at the foot of the Sierras - the grade in many places being 116 feet to the mile - the curves constant and some exceeding sharp and small. One can hardly conceive how beautifully the "foglie" cars roll over the curves - no squeaking, no grinding; they run like a billiard ball through the cars as
nearly 70 feet long and weighs 25 Tons. The train is controlled by atmospheric brakes which act on every car, and are managed entirely by the driver. The air pumps which brake the wheels are driven by the steam from the boiler. Thus we slide along thru the gold digging regions of California until we arrive at the Town of Sacramento. Here the land is somewhat flat but fertile, the fruits are exceedingly fine in flavor and abundant. We then steamed across the great plain, passed thru a lofty range of Clay Plate Hills, over another extensive and rich plain, highly cultivated, and at length reached the shores of the Bay, crossing over to San Francisco (called “Friola”) in a Ferry Boat.

We went to the Occidental Hotel paying 3 dollars per day for rooms and living, which is much cheaper than we have been charged before. We took advantage of the few hours at our disposal next day to look round the town. It is a busy improving place, somewhat after the style of New York. The outskirts stretch away some distance, and many of the houses are of wood. The view in the harbour is fair, but I confess to a little disappointment as my expectations as to the Golden Gate of the Pacific were raised rather high. In the evening we had to ship on board the “Moses Taylor” called the “rolling Moses”; she had the engines like the New York Ferry Boats, the beams working up some height above the deck. We did not like her at first, she being an old boat. However we got fair berth and sailed. Whoever has to travel this route let him beware of the cutters and impostion!
The whole of our passage was moderately calm, and
we arrived at the Sandwich Islands at Honolulu, on the
23rd Sept. We saw the flying fish in shoals. The island is
volcanic, and looks extremely rugged. The extinct craters
are very easily made out. The views, approaching the island,
and from barren hills, it seems gradually to develop into
verdant loveliness, and the interior is clothed with the most
perfect vegetation we have yet seen. The shores are covered
with cocoa-nut palms, and we feel and see we are in the
tropics. Our arrival at the Quay after passing the Coral
Reefs was an event not to be overlooked. The scene is an
entirely different from all yet experienced; the natives
assembled to welcome (yes, to welcome!) the visitors; and
the ladies, dressed in long loose gowns like night gowns,
they are in all the most gorgeous colors of the rainbow, on
or toad; they wear coronets of flowers, and large necklaces
of flowers. The town lies on a flat but the mountains
rise behind rapidly. It is beyond the power of pen to describe,
and its freshness to us makes us long to get on shore. I got
a lot of letters and some despatches, and had to save up all
idea of landing. Moreover we expected to be free and leave
at night; but Sunday being the next day, we were unable
to get the coal in.

We started off in the morning in a buggy, like
those used in America to get a glimpse of the scenery, and
found ourselves at Queen Emma's Residence. The driver
pointed out the entrance, and it ended in our calling and
leaving cards. We were simply enchanted with the vegetation,
and the picturesque villages with their compounds. The
weeds common here are cultivated in our greenhouses. We
gathered breadfruit, bananas and oranges from the trees
one day. After that we went to the English Church and felt
at home. I feel it better to refer you to a little work, such
"Five Years Church Work in Hawaii" by the Bishop of Nova
Lemus, published by Rivington's in 1866, in which you will get
much information and some views of the Island. We rode
on horseback on Monday to the wonderful peak and precipice
about 7 miles distant, and there saw an unequalled scene
viewing the other side of the island, and the grand facade of
a wonderful chain of volcanic rocks which are perpendicular
for some miles. Below were sugar plantations on the
plains. In the evening we dined with Prince David who is
supposed to be the most likely to succeed the present King
Kamehameha V. He speaks English quite well. The
little town is a curiosity, and is a mixture between En-
lish and Chinese, which made it interesting, but it is soon
seen. The climate is very warm and does not vary more
than 20° between summer and winter. The residents say
it is charming. The society is a reading and intellectual
one. Queen Kamehameha is fond of reading. Gratitude is advent-
here, and I believe they religious matters have more attention
than at home, for you will find all sects here. The King
enforces the observance of the Sabbath. We sailed away
on Sunday night, being one day later than expected, on
board the "Nevada," having the best accommodation we
have yet met with. It becomes so hot we cannot bear
to sit below our only resource is to read. I have read up some important matters. We passed the Equator on Sunday the 1st of October, and were threatened with a visit of Neptune, at which Dunny was much concerned, lest he should be tarred and feathered; however, the day, or something else, got us off free. The atmosphere is so humid, that it is positively an exception to eat and sleep, is interrupted by violent perspirations. The sea is calm, and the wind, as consequence. On the night of the 4th we pass the Navigator Islands — a garden on earth — and on which it is said cotton can be grown of the best sea-island description, and coffee, too, showing that some day the land will become valuable. The inhabitants are not at present under any government, but as soon as one of the Great Powers places the flag there, the European may begin his work of cultivation. The natives are a placable people, and would offer no obstruction, thus differing from the Fijians.

We entered Auckland on the 13th October, and were pleased with the harbour and the beauty of the surrounding hills, but as the day had nearly passed we could not see them to the greatest advantage. We found the town a busy active place, and one in which most things can be obtained. There are excellent shops and stores. At 11 at night, we crossed over the land to the other side in order to take another steamer at Manakau. We could of course see nothing, but in the morning we found the harbour beautiful, and saw in the distance the hills covered with the
magnificent Kauri wood. The trees are large, and the timber some of the best in the world. Sailing at 8 a.m. we passed thro' the tortuous channel, and came to the bight which is indeed a wide and dangerous one. It looks very wild as the breakers roll over, and the cooking is always a matter of excitement. Our Steamer was small but a good one and we coasted down the East side of the North Island with little cabin room to spare, however we got good eating, a great improvement on what we have lately had; but we had been spoiled by the good roomy accommodation on the "Nevada." At night it blew half a gale, and we had mails to land at Scurrahaki (New Plymouth), where the Iron Sand exists on the shore we had to lie off until day light. All persons had to land in surf boats, and as there is no chance of landing anything in a gale, we doubted if we should get ashore. We got up at five in the morning before sunrise, and standing before us towering above the clouds we saw the snow-clad peak of the conical and extinct crater now called Mount Egmont, rising fron an almost flat plain, to a height of 9350 feet above the sea level. Down along the South, other ranges of mountains appear, but as the clouds rose when the Sun burst out we lost sight of the 3ps. After awhile the surf boats came out, bursting thro' the surf, and pulled out by means of a rope into deep water and thus came alongside the ship. These boats carry about 14 to 16 tons, and it is curious to see how the cargo is removed from the steamer to these boats which in the swell are knocking about in all directions as far as the ropes will permit; very often all the cargo looks like
going into the sea, yet no mistakes are made. We went in one of these boats to the shore, as we had 100 tons of cargo to discharge which took from 6 o'clock until 8 to get out and put to shore. On landing we stepped on to Iron Sand, black as possible, such as you may have seen from the coal wash, and called the Titanic Iron Sand. The coast for miles is covered with this material, the part high up on the beach being washed by the sea at high water, and the lighter portions consisting of sand (silica) is carried down by the waves while the heavier being iron stone or sand is left. I confess to disappointment as to the purity of the bulk. The quantity of the best is small as compared to the whole. I visited the works at which the trials for smelting had been made, but the whole thing was so badly done that it wonder it was a failure. The furnace was about the size within of a small cupola, or about 18 inches; and the air generator or blast engine, a simple fan driven by a small water wheel. I could not see exactly in to what a visit how to account for this singular deposit, but I believe it is caused by the constant washing away of the igneous rocks in which the iron is evidently scattered. and from the proximity of the grand Mount Egmont, no doubt there must have been very large volcanic action. The country at the back is the Maori New Country, and not explored.

The little town of New Plymouth is simple indeed, but there is a library with the latest Works and Newspapers, also a population of 2000 Whites. We came across the real native animal in the shape of the Maori. Some were dressed in European clothes, but most wore the native mat,
and the days of old time. We hear that it was possible that two of the tribes would fight very soon, but as yet it does not seem likely to break out as against the Government.

Wellington, N.Z. Oct 16th 1871

I came out with the gallant Colonel Whitmore, who crushed out the last Native War, and have thus read a good deal about it, and continue to do so, as we have taken up our abode in the same house there for the time being. We got away from Taranaki at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon (Oct. 15th) and sailed for Nelson, which we reached at 5 that in the morning, discovering the high snow ranges about the sounds. I can compare the scene here only to the view from Berne, looking over the Bernese Oberland. This range is not so extensive, but the view is rendered more beautiful by the addition of the bay and water. It is simply charming, and although there was a gale outside, we soon got to the little town which was as peaceful, calm, and beautiful as one could wish. It was Sunday when we arrived, and we only left the mails, departing again in about an hour or two. The Harbour of Nelson is a most singular one— as within the large bay which I believe is about 35 to 40 miles long, a large pebble bank has formed, which protects the Shipping lying at Nelson and vessels having to enter are carried through a very narrow channel. I not much more than 20 feet wide, with a tide running this at the rate of some 7 or 8 miles an hour; nevertheless no accidents occur. The town is neat and clean, and the gardens
beautiful.—perhaps after so long a voyage one might exaggerate this idea. When the rains occur, the water shed being so precipitous, the rivers are rapidly swollen, and the bridges have been repeatedly carried away. Diment's Brother (Postcard) came to see me at the boat. It seemed curious to be recognised so far away from home. We sailed about 9 o'clock in the morning, going through the French Pass, or as you may see between D'Urville Island and the Main Land. This little Strait is narrow but beautiful, and was discovered by accident by a French vessel drifting into it and being carried along by the sweeping tide at the rate of 12 miles an hour! The rapids occur at the further part from Nelson. After this we run into a sort of Lake scenery, passing up to Picton by the Island on which Captain Cook lived. His garden is visible as we pass, being a place cleared in the midst of the forest. The hills are covered with verdure to the water's edge, the large tree forms visible among the foliage. On arrival at Picton I found Mr. Henderson and Mr. Deece, who were engaged surveying the proposed line from this town to Blenheim, which is the supposed to be the first to commence with. I am told it will never pay and is only a sop to the province. We left at night Henderson coming with us, and again had to thread our way thru narrow channels, the whole course out with Cook's Strait's being tortuous, and lying between abrupt hills. It looked nervous work indeed—for with difficulty could we see anything, and it was blowing a terrific gale. I watched our exit with some anxiety until clear of the land, and then we got into one of the worst gales they have had in this neighborhood.
according to the Public Prints. We had a brave Captain and a good Ship, and a light load; so though it was fearful I never lost confidence. Our only danger was in making the light out at the entrance to Wellington; this could not be done, and we were about to run out to sea again, when it became clear for a few minutes, and most fortunately the light was seen for we were close to the land and a few minutes would have put us on to it. We got into Wellington at night in darkness, but arose next day to admire the beautiful bay, in all respects like a lake being laid level and the entrance not visible from the town. Thanks to our friend, Col. Whitmore, and one of his acquaintances, we speedily obtained lodgings, and now are located for the while, safely at last, except that Fielding during the heavy seas was knocked down and had his rib broken; and for one day I almost dreaded he would not recover. He has been well cared for, however, and now is nearly well. We have been very well received among those of the Members of Parliament who have heard of us. I have placed Dunny at school close at hand, and my associations with the Government have occupied me most anxiously ever since arrival; I am not pleased with the way Mr. Vosper and his Government have treated us, for they did not bring forward our No. 1 Contract on account of some popular clamour, and because they feared they might lose their places we were to be sacrificed, exactly as we had apprehended. However I have been enabled to convince them as to my views, and hence
the Government have been authorised to grant as £1,000,000 on open Contract and direct payment, instead of facing upon as the No 2 Contract. Meanwhile there is a very great deal to do and to examine so as to make judicious tenders for the Railway to be constructed, and it is quite evident that I must give these matters personal attention as the Govt will only be dealt with by principals.

I shall write again the next Mail. Meanwhile I feel very anxious for news from home. As soon as the Session is over which will be in about ten days I shall have to go up Country, and out of the reach of news.

Wellington, Nov 4th 1871.

It seems perfectly impossible to fancy that I am out of England. Today eating ducks and green peas, bouquets of flowers of spring growth on the table and the bright trees bursting into the newest green leaf—all the surroundings just such as one would witness in a Country town at home, and yet to dream that I am at the farthest part of the earth from you and all my previous connections. So yet all is new, most interesting. I told you in my last that we arrived here on the 16th after encountering a terrible gale. It appears that we got out of the "Nevada" just in time, for after leaving her we ran into a Ship and encountered great risk and damage. But fortunately all got safely to Sydney. We did not leave our Ship until about 9 o'clock.
on the morning of arrival, taking lodgings & entering with Col. Whitmore as our Companion, after which I reported ourselves to Mr. Tinsley, the Colonial Treasurer, who at once put the questions to me as to what modifications we ought in the Contract. I told him I could not state them without consulting a Solicitor, whereupon he told me that in consequence of the outcry that had been made in all directions and the publications in the Colonial Newspapers, the Government had decided to recommend the House not to adopt No.1 Contract but simply to take No.2 to which they were bound. I stated that if I had known how they intended to deal with us, I should not have left home. In a subsequent interview on another day, he repeated that he had held out a glittering hope in the No.1 Contract covering the negotiations of No.2, and that he had not the idea of the No.1 Contract being adopted. He said we were sure to lose money by the No.2, and asked me if we were desirous of giving it up. I replied "No—we hold the Government to No.2 Contract, but ask for modifications." The advice I had was that the Colony would not let us be fooled, and that I should see the Member of the Parliament personally. By this means I was enabled to turn the tide in our favour, and the very Opposition forced an amendment on the Ministry to the effect that No.2 Contract should be increased to £1,000,000, or that the Government have power to negotiate terms, enabling them to pay us in debentures or cash. The matter must stand over until the Railways Bill is passed, which is to authorise the Lines of Railway to be constructed.
shortly the above. I may simply say that a great deal of anxiety and effort have gone together while all has been going on. I felt very angry at the result of my first interview with Mr. Vosel; but I cannot fail to recognise the proper feeling in the Legislative Assembly, although we are not indebted to the Ministry for it. But as this is not intended for a Brevity letter, but one which may give you an idea of what I am doing. I now go back to the day I landed at Wellington.

We returned ourselves at the Government House. We dined with Mrs. Vosel, who took us to a ball. The ladies and gentlemen were such as you would meet with at home and the whole such as you might describe as a County Ball. It seemed strange to land at the Antipodes and fall in with such a reception.

The next day, the Governor Sir George Bowen, to whom I had a private introduction asked me to lunch and to bring Dunny. He showed us over the new House which has been recently completed and to which he has removed from another only within the last 2 months. Lady Bowen is much liked; she is a very good entertainer and therefore popular. She is a Grecian by birth and a very good linguist. The children are exceedingly nice and Dunny very soon fraternised with them. The houses are all built of wood on account of the earthquakes. One earthquake shook the houses so much that the large chandelier in the Port House swung about 3 feet at once. Several large rents in the earth.
like the bed of a small river are still remaining. The Great Earthquake occurred in 1854, and it is said there is one due now!

I cannot give you an idea of the winds. They are something terrible. Whilst I write, a perfect hurricane blows and the wind sweeps over the hills on to the water in the bay, carrying clouds of spray along in a way I dare say you have scarcely seen. When it is fine, showers of dust and pebbles are driven along the beach, which makes it quite distressing to be out. But when a still clear day appears, I assure you the view is fine, and equal to the views in Morecambe Bay looking towards Windermere and the Lakes. To visit the Bush too gives a novelty perfectly charming. Here are the large ferns and fern trees in abundance with palms and coniferous shrubs, in fact the vegetation is semi-tropical, but so far as I can judge is much the same all over New Zealand. The undergrowth is enormously thick, consisting of what is called supple-branch and other creepers,—one of which is peculiar, as it strangles the original tree, or strangler it, and then unites its several stems into one huge tree a sort of forest king. It is not until you enter the bush that you can realise the difficulty of proceeding at any speed; this can only be done by a native who is as supple as the creepers themselves. Then moreover there are several parasites which grow out from the branches of the trees, much in shape of leaf like the "Gladiola" leaf,—these make the branches of the trees almost invisible in places, so that when the native Maories were at war with our troops, the skirmishers of
the Maories climbed up to these branches and were out of sight, but were everywhere popping at our men and killing them. The varieties of form are numerous. I shall collect as many examples as possible, and hope to have the pleasure of showing these on my return.

The Houses of Parliament—some of their Chambers for a Grand Ball, while certainly everything was in first-rate style, but there were some features of a most interesting character. Among the guests were a number of the Maorie Chiefs with their Wives and daughters. I should like to say that the bearing of these recent savages was stately and proud, and I might add, dignified— the chiefs, or rather the old men, being tattooed in magnificent style all over the face. Their dress was, however, European. One old man, a great Chief, was pointed out (indeed introduced) who was until a few years back a terrible man-eater. It is said that in his early life he was fed entirely on the way of meat, on human flesh. Nothing now upsets him so much as a hint or the smallest allusion to this past life, and he considers of course, it was owing to the ignorance of his fathers. Other chiefs were also introduced, who before now had expressed their opinion that the leg of a woman and the arm of a man were the most delicate eating in the world. Further, the Maorie ladies whose “blue lips” had been the admiration of their spouses, and the younger ones whose lips had not undergone the operation of tattooing, were decked in the gorgeous colors that seem only to be adapted to the savage;—a corresponding head-dress was worn by each one,
decorated with a coronet adorned with a sort of Eagle's feathers. Some were carrying a wreath of roses with large Peacock's feathers, their ears bearing Shako's teeth colored on board teeth cut and carved, and wearing round their necks a necklace of greenstone ornament. They did not dance, but regarded the operation with great interest and by degrees drew away to the champagne and eatables, where they indulged in ambrosial cups and smacked their lips as if it were indeed the drink of the gods. I was pointed out as a stranger, and often did they raise the cup in pleasant salutation, hoping, as they said, I would bring them good. So said I in return. And now the supper is announced! The Maorie Chiefs and their ladies know what this means, and take good care to follow Sir George and Lady Bowen in at once. How they appreciate the feast! I positively could do nothing but laugh, for as to order, such as we conceive in the arrangement of viands, it was ridiculous; one lady began with salad & jelly, and a Maorie gentleman, it is said, thinking that the mustard pot was of a more taking color than the custards refused the latter, and stretched boldly into the middle of the court stand and made a speedy attack on the contents of the mustard pot. "Why do you shed tears?" asked a chief opposite. "I was thinking of my dead father," said he, handing the delicious morsel away the table. A spoonful was taken by the Chief, who, equally stolidal, changed not a muscle of his countenance, but his eyes were suffused with moisture. "Why do you also shed tears?" — "I was thinking what a good thing it
would have been had you been buried with your Father."

was the reply.
Wellington, New Zealand, Dec 23, 1871

Since writing last I have been over to Picton and from thence to Blenheim in the Middle Island, between which places a survey is being made for a line of Railway. I spent some 8 or 9 days in going and returning, walking over the course of the line. Since my return I have been engaged in negotiations and on the estimates and plans for the above, so that I have not much of interest to tell you.

Picton is a pretty village, placed in a deep valley with a long lake-like Sound or arm of the Sea just before it. The mountains rise to a height of some 2500 feet, and are covered with dense forest, or New Zealand Bush.

We stayed at a nice clean little Inn, driving out next day with a singular character for our Coachman whose stories of Maori manners and customs, and the scenes he had witnessed, shortened the slow travel until we had to get into the actual "Bush," and among the gigantic trees, evergreen—bare the stillness of the whole is so odd to our eyes—it seems as if nothing lived within it. Next we came to a perfect swamp, and jungle with flax growing in abundance, and in once plenty of wild duck and wild fowl in the hills. We shot some birds on our march, but could only get one ot two; one of them was the Bocaco, a large bird about the size of a good black cock, and of dark purple plumage. We had also plenty of small green parrots. The whole of the scenery down the swamp is of a tropical character, and you could easily imagine wanting only in the big game, such as tigers and elephants, to resemble India. We met some wild gold
Vignes, who lived an idle scampish life, but these were about all. There is a place called Mapacare Hill, just beyond this swamp; it gains its name because in the young days of the Colony the natives from the North Island crossed Cook's Straits in their canoes and intended to plunder and sack the village. The white men armed themselves and resisted; they however put muskets in the hands of men who did not know how to use them. The natives drove them down to this place, and crossing the stream rushed on them and killed them eating some parts of the bodies. A monument is raised to their memory. Several muskets were found with the shot put in first and the power afterwards; and stone was loaded to the muzzle. At this point we overtook a large and extensive plain with wandering rivers of large dimensions which often flood the whole. It would be incredible that the river can rise so fast and be so dangerous to cross unless the evidences were there to prove the fact—one river in the middle Island carrying out more water than the Nile. Nothing seems to withstand the current, and the water brings down shingle to such an extent that the river changes its course and rushes over the cultivated lands carrying all before it and going away from bridges leaving them alone as a wonder, and suggesting the enquiry "Why a bridge should have been built on dry land and the river left without one." You may realize that when the first Bishop came here, he saw a stone floating on the water and when on trying to reach it with the paddle, the paddle slipped away and sank. He remarked "Here is a strange country where the stones swarm and the wood swells." But so far is this true that we are not able to raft much.
the timber down the streams a few places to places for it would sink!

We crossed the Swamp in about 5 miles & Blenheim being ferried over the river in a large boat which carried coach and all. Blenheim is a very small place, and the marvel is why a Railway should be constructed at all for the present traffic. We spent a day examining the river & Bridge Work. Had lunch amongst Manuka Bush, a plant or tree like lavender in leaf, and has a pretty white flower with a nice scent. Before we could set at our meal, it became a question if it would not fly away altogether. Blue-bottle flies almost blackened the air as we sat, and buzzed about all the while until we retired to smoke our pipes. After this we found ourselves at Pekan on our way to Wellington, but an inducement of some fox shooting made Blenheim stay at Pekan. I went after a day's stay at Pekan. Meanwhile we took advantage of the day to fish and go out to an island, where we found wild goats. Wrote at some, but failed to get them. [See 34A]

I have since been daily engaged with the Government over our negotiations, you will see our arrangement explain in the paper I sent. I leave for Auckland on Tuesday to look over another Railway, and from thence to Napier, Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill.

Dunne's holidays begin. It does not seem like Christmas, all the Butches set about the meat just as at home. But it is hot.
The large plains around this part are covered with the "Phormium tenax," a plant having a long pointed leaf from which the New Zealand flax is manufactured. It grows in a bush-like form and abounds in all the swamps of New Zealand and in many situations on the hills. I visited one of the flax mills, and watched the simple process of preparation. The leaf, when about 6 to 8 feet long, is cut usually by the Maoris, and brought to the flax green state. A boy cuts the bundles and conveys them to the two men who are feeding the dresser. This machine consists of 2 Rollers 2½ in. diameter; the upper one fluted and the lower one with a plain surface, fixed in a frame of wood, which also contains a larger cylinder of wood, about 14 inches diameter, with iron bands or beaters, about 3½ in. wide, placed along the total width of drum, only some 6 inches in width. This drum revolves at the rate of 3000 per minute, while the other 2 rollers travel about 200 to 250, and the operation is for preparing the gum out of the green leaf, the beaters washing away the gum and the green surface leaving the fibrous matter only. A boy is stationed under each machine to collect the fibre of each leaf as it comes out and to place together the produce of 6 or 7 leaves, which are handed by another boy to 2 men who wash it in a stream of water. No time should be lost in getting the produce washed, as the color mainly depends upon this operation. After washing, the fibre is conveyed on a hand cart and spread on a field to dry & bleach. In 2 days if the weather is favorable, it is collected and for scratching, which is accomplished by means of a large drum 6 feet in diameter with wooden arms on which are fastened
This is caused to make the fibers of iron, made to revolve about 200 per minute, and the whole is enclosed in a box. The men then take a bundle of fiber and holding it at the inner side insert it in the machine, where the beaters dash from it the dried gum and dust, and reversing the fiber subject the whole length to the same process. The flax thus prepared is packed in a press and sent to market.

It struck me that a very material saving could be effected in their operation, and also in the machinery employed.

The leaf of the "Phorium Ternax" appears to consist of a woody cell 2 in. long, which can be separated by operations conducted in water. The fibrous material is simply a bundle of fibers held together by the peculiar gum which grows on a leaf in water. This gum has the peculiar property of not dissolved after once drying the leaf. The Maoris take only the inside leaf-fiber from about halfway up the leaf to the top. The fiber can always be detected by dipping it in a solution of hydrochloric acid, and exposing it to fumes of ammonia, which give it a bright red color. When the flax is properly prepared, it is bright in color like silk, indeed it is now used for making the foundation of silk velvets. All the "Phorium Ternax" plant is remarkable for its strength, the fiber will not bear the same strain as our flax plant. It is said to be much improved by the addition of a certain portion of oil among the fiber before it is twisted into rope.
Auckland, Jan 25, 1872

I find it perfectly hopeless to find the time to sit down and write a full account of my travels and doings. As now the actual work begins and having to organise for its procedure, I have had to go out a good deal. Up to the present time we have only commenced on a short length of Railway, for the Government are very slow in their operations. I have however looked over as much as possible so as to be quite prepared.

My last letter was dated at Christmas from Wellington. On the 27th Dec we sailed with Mr. Vogel, Col. Feilding, and the ladies belonging to Mr. Vogel's family, in the Govt. Steam 'Leda.' We had on board also Mr. Webb, who contracts for the Mail service from San Francisco here. So that it was remarked the hopes of New Zealand were on board. I think I have previously mentioned Col. Feilding as the brother of Lord Denbigh who came out to establish a scheme of Immigration. It was a very good boat for comfort was the 'Leda.' The captain however, a real good sailor, he gave us long yarns of his doings during the Chinese War, and confirmed the general opinion that after all there is something good and noble in the race. The way in which they formed their parks was by casting out trenches in the form of a square, but with 4 projecting angles so as to command each side, thus leaving the various places I have seen are such as to be formidable indeed when defended by brave fellows such as these turned out to be. General Cameron was a brave soldier, but with 10,000 troops at his command made but little impression on the native warriors. I cannot relate
all the incidents we have heard, but were the British public to realize what arduous fights were encountered here, they would think the Maoris not to be despised. I often wonder how the colony has been able to stand after England withdrew the troops. The white population are now compelled to serve to a large extent. Volunteer troops are encouraged, and by a fortunate hit, Mr. Vogel got a large stand of rifles at £1 each and established cadet corps at the schools and colleges. Boys are drilled, and every boy a rifle put in his hands this half-year. I am told that during the war the boys pitted the Maoris more than any others, as they got them the Bush so readily, never knowing danger, and fought to as to command the admiration of the warriors among the Maoris. [See 36A]

I think I have before described the Coast as wild, but we saw Mount Egmont seen from some 60 miles away, its top above the clouds and snow-clothed. It rises from the plain plain in canonical form, and though seen before it strike a grand sight, and at any time impressive. At the base and all round, the land is good. It was about this part that Col. Whitmore effected such marches through the bush with a mere handful of disorganized civilians. The troops were withdrawn by England, and the Colony left to itself abandoned in the hour of need. I think it was a cruel thing to do; however the Maoris were beaten and peace preserved, and the white man has since been more reasonable.

Along this Coast lies the so-called Ironakti Sand, containing a large quantity of Iron, and in some places sufficient
Captain Fairchild informed us that he caused 200 natives the other day, and the difficulty in landing them was considerable. Many of them had never seen the sea before, and they hesitated about going first, but as the Reaper could not be detained, he pushed one man over into the boat, and indeed the others to be pitched in after him, whereupon they quickly took to the boats, creating great fun. They are generally good-tempered, and on every hand, and from every one, we hear of the bravery of this race. "Kereopa" has been condemned to die for the murder of the Rev. Mr. Tolchir, whom he hanged, and when the body was taken down, he took out the eyes of his victim, and standing out before his countrymen said "These eyes have seen the destruction of my race. I now eat them that our race may again flourish." It is said that the head was cooked and eaten! A reward of £1000 was offered for the arrest of Kereopa, the originator of the Hawaiki religion, who was given up by Ropara, a Chief, and his clan, and afterwards executed, "dying," as he said "as before a — Moriori in the Hawaiki faith." The Reward was divided by Ropara equally among all his people.
gold to pay for washing. Coal is also said to exist.

The coast is simply alive with fish, and the same is true of whales sporting close to the ships. A profitable industry might be made by fishermen. The curing of the fish, for there are shoals and shoals, and easily caught. There is, however, one peculiarity which may however arise from inexperience in curing the fish, viz. that those cured here contain or absorb so much salt as to make them far beyond my palate.

We enter Manukan Harbour for Auckland. The rolling surf which I described when leaving Auckland at first, pays by the place where H.M.S. "Orpheus" was lost in the breakers with all hands; and we sail up the beautiful lake-like harbour. A special "Coops" Coach on the American principle awaits our arrival. We drive with a dashing four-in-hand over the Peninsula to Auckland City to stay at the Club.

The climate of Auckland is so very different to that of Wellington that I wonder how they came to remove the seat of Government from here. It is hotter, but not so windy as at Wellington, and exceedingly pretty. The country is burnt up; 3 months of dry weather has spoiled the crops and the cattle and sheep are suffering. There is no fresh butter to be had to day, and no eggs in Auckland this morning! Why eggs should fail is a mystery, but so it is. Ale is, however, cheap, say about 2d. for Mutton and 3d. for Beef. The water is filthy and the drainage of the City is bad that I wonder the place is ever free from epidemic. The view from my room down towards the Thames Gold Field District is very charming.
Poor Bishop Patterson's Yacht lies in sight; now dismantled. The next 9 or 10 days are taken up with walking over the Railway, seeing plans, etc, until the Vessel leaves with Mr. Webb for Sydney, and Col. Feilding for England.

We start work on the order of the Government upon 3 miles of Railway—plans for other parts not being ready; and on the 10th we leave in a Steamer called the "Coomorang" for the Bay of Islands, with the Supt. of the Province, Mr. Gillick; the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Ormond; the Member for Bay Islands, Mr. McLeod, Carruthers and Henderson. It is about 120 miles from Auckland; the coast is quite bad, but as we had a rough passage, no one could enjoy the sail. The Harbour formed by the Islands is about as good as could be made, and most extensive. I should think it would easily hold the navies of the World. We passed thru an opening of about 800 yards in width, with rocks perpendicular to 1000 feet in height on either side, and rounding Cape Brett enter smooth water, and arrive at Rupel, the first settlement in New Zealand, and where the British Flag was first planted.

The Maoris consider it an insult cut it down, and war ensued. Heket was the native leader who drove the white man away. The town was burned, and the people were thus compelled to remove to some other place. Auckland was then chosen, looking at the places where the fights occurred; the conclusion is irresistible that these into men must have been brave and daring. They very much admired Lieut. Philipps for his bravery; he was nephew to the late Bishop of Exeter. His intrepid daring so excited...
the Maoris state that they would have spared him if they could, but he was afterwards killed at Pakeraka, not far from Rupel, much lamented by them. It is by this one it struck into the nobility of the race. The missionaries, however, returned, and own the best lands and farms; but that the churhces are also there, I see little effect on the Black people.

We were to have been at a large native meeting they had races for 2 days before we arrived, but we saw very little of the people except some women and men who sat on the ground gambling all day and all night without intermision.

Good humour prevails however, and they appear as happy as possible. The white man has introduced religion and rum, but they like the latter the best. Danny who has his holidays now, and is with me, sleeps at the Ihunu Manager's house, and a miserable night with heat and mosquitoes we have.

Next morning we go down the Coal Mine. The seam is 14 feet thick and seems pretty fair coal. It took a whole day to look over this, and to examine the field and the Railway. Already from 3 to 4 miles of a Railway is at work on the 4.82 gauge - this must be made over again as it is sometimes 1 foot under water. The Colliery Work is like those at Park but very badly laid out - and great saving could be effected in the working.

In evening Mr. Ordway, Mr. Lead and self set off on horseback into the interior, drove 80 miles and pretty hot, with Mr. Clark, a settler from Hampshire in England. He made us very comfortable and we learned that he had done well. The land is very miserable.

We were at once "one of the family" and we sat chatting and smoking as of old friends. Until it was late. We learned that he had bought 300 to 400 acres of good land, knew his business before coming out, and had done well. The land is very miserable.
near the mines, but becomes good at Puke Nevi, the
volcanic mountain 2,800 feet high shown on the maps.
We ascended this, and had a most extensive view from coast
to coast, and thus obtained a good idea of the land and country.
Next day we rode some 32 miles further up country by the
Lake and to the so-called Canadian settlement on Bush
first
land. Here I saw the great Mauri Tree — it is a splendid
timber, and reminded me of the great Wellingtonias I had
seen on the Serra Nevada in California.

We dined with one of the earliest settlers, R. D.
George Clarke, Waimate, Bay of Islands, who had seen
the growth of the whole colony. It was a hard thing to leave
the mines of the Steamer that
beasts, had nothing but a bite of
and out in the paddock the night
How they carried us at a hand
gagoon so far. I cannot think. At first we made the
Waitangi Falls which are pretty. They are about 18 feet
high, and were very wide in the dry weather. At the Store
we found Judge Manning, the hero of the War in the North
and the writer of it. I hope you have got the Book, I had
only a short conversation with him, but I was ambitious to
tell him. He is indeed a Parker of a man, and a fine specimen
of a man. We then took a boat and rowed some six miles
down the bay to the Steamer and left that night for Auckland.
We had calm weather and on our way down called on Sir
George Grey at his island Kauaie. He showed us all round
his domicile and grounds which are very pretty.

The House is of wood, and in the library are many curiosities
obtained during the Maori War. Those who have lived there
describe it as enchanting, but the day.
wealth had spoiled the appearance of the vegetation. He has planted numerous kinds of trees, and I expect under ordinary circumstances his place would have a greater charm than just now. He said to Dunny that he remembered his cousins very well, and asked us to stay with him, but I doubt much the possibility of our doing so. He had turned loose some red deer, and they have done well, and he is going to shoot some this season. There is also a sort of Kangaroo, which is wild on this island, and also some wild cattle.

For two days on our return we were occupied with plans and work, but on the Tuesday following we left to go over the route of the Waikato Railway from Auckland. We drove 38 miles to Mercer, and from thence the owners of some mines conveyed us by special steamers to the manager's house where we stayed all night. The heat of the day had been something terrible, the wind with us, and the dust extraordinary. There was nothing particularly interesting on the journey, except perhaps the river banks covered as they were with rank vegetation, and the natives who were in numbers cutting flax for the mills.

The River Waikato springs from the Hot Lakes of Taupo, and is a fine wide river, the water of which is soft and beautiful. We bathed in its luxurious streams, and went into our host's quarters. He was an Irishman, from Belfast, a good-natured fellow indeed, but with somewhat the Irish idea of comfort. The mosquitoes were in thousands, and the heat terrible. We had to sleep in the best room, however, but unfortunately on a feather bed. There were no
proper mosquito curtains, and to keep out these pests, we were obliged to close doors and windows and suffocate. We had a wretched night—no sleep—and were covered with bites. Oh! for the comforts of home, and brava for Old England where no such things bother you—but such were our thoughts—but the brightest of mornings, the charming bath in the river and our host's good humour dispel all our complaints and we start to see the mine—and a wonderful place it is.

The Coal was taken out by the Government during the Maori War. It is a seam 18 feet high. Our good host had ordered candles to be placed all round the galleries, which are most extensive, making it like a fairy scene. The openings are about 25 feet wide, and 18 ft high, level and of considerable length. In the midst of the Coal, which is bright like Cannel coal, is a sort of gum-like resin. It is called Resinite—not usual in our coals—all the same it is so here. Dunny got some of this himself as a curiosity.

There is a substance found in the Bay of Island called Kauri Gum, which occurs in the country where the Kauri Timber has grown, and is found by poking the ground with an iron rod—it is supposed to have escaped from the tree as resin does. So I believe this Resinite has been formed originally in the forest now converted into Coal.

After looking over the mine's, a steamer was specially put on to take us all down the river to the Waikato Heads. We dined and slept on board. The river is exceedingly pretty at the lower end. As we could not get to the end of our journey without waiting for the tide to admit of our
passing over a sand bar, we drew up alongside a Maori 
boat, and went in search of curiosities, bought some 
paddles, and a few fish hooks. They wanted too much for their 
wares, which however were rather good. We had great joying 
in their houses, for they are very good humoured. Next morning 
3 of us took horses to ride overland to Raglan, as I 
wanted to see some land offered to me, and also to return 
by the course of the proposed line of Railway.

I must now break off, and by the next mail will 
give you an account of my doings. Before returning South 
I hope to be able to visit Taupo Lake and the Hot Springs.

The Government are very slow in seeing us the proposed 
work;—as yet we have only 3 miles in hand, and the men are 
labouring on strike, because we are tied not to give more than 6 or 7 
hours. We have not yet received any letters.—the 
trains lost in the Rangoon at Galle were not recovered.
The last consecutive account of my journeys embraced the time up to our journey from Wellington to Auckland, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Vogel, Col. Feilding, and some others in the "Luna," a Port Steamer, formerly a Blockade runner. She is not an admirable boat though a good sailor, built of steel. Her captain is a character and good at finding places of safety in gales of wind, which are so frequent and so terrible, that in sailing this far it has been my lot to keep out of them. It is then on Thursday the 28th of December we again sight the beautiful Mount Taranaki some 60 to 80 miles away, its snow-capped peak showing high above the morning clouds. A second view as on this occasion seemed more impressive than before. It is a monument of glory. We seemed never to get nearer, and afterwards when passing it seemed as slowly to die away. I have seen this once again from Cook's Straits when sailing South. It stands in Maori Country, and can be ascended in 3 days.

The "Luna" gave us an awful towing. Next day we saw some fine sperm Whales close to us throwing up their spouts of water, we had also myriads of fish and the accompanying birds. No great fisheries exist here, and what fish is preserved is so dreadfully salt that it is
scarcely edible. I fancy if it were preserved in oil like sardines, it would be better, as most of the fish is so dry. The best is the flounder. We pass Raglan, which place I visited afterwards - how glad we were to get into a little shelter. Soon Manakau is seen with its terrible surf-bank. No pilots can work here. Signal apparatus is fixed on the cliff to direct vessels as to their course, right or left. Here H.M.S. "Orphee" was lost with all hands. The Captain had an old chart which he insisted on following; a prisoner on board seeing where the ship was going demonstrated, saying all would be lost. The ship was held on the same course, every one praying in the end, and the ship broken up.

Manakau Harbour is a wild place to enter and to leave. It has usually 12 ft at low water in the channel, and 22 ft to 24 ft at high water, inside. The harbour is pretty and is clothed with timber and the waters are extensive, and the Haumi pine shows itself in its majestic size and height. We get to the Wharf, but the ropes break once and again. We all get angry. Capt. Fairchild seems calm, but his New Zealand ropes, about which he has been boasting, are not good - they don't stand a knot or a sharp turn - and this took a good time of patience. Vegel had arranged a Coach - but a Coach holding 60 people - this all 4 horses took us in style to Auckland. The road is lined with good villas and there is a large traffic on it. It becomes is thought of if the accommodation of the numerous passengers.

The Harbour of Auckland looks very pretty from Mount Eden, an extinct Volcano, looking on to the other...
craters across the Harbour called Rangatira. We go to the Club this time and dine and afterwards when sun set a walk listen to the sounds of music of a fine type, which proceed from a Church close by. The Music Hall had been recently burnt down and the Christmas Music had to be rehearsed in Church. Such good Music at the Antipodes we certainly had not expected. We read it again on Sunday and I join a part copied by the Organist.

The Domain at Auckland is worth a visit as rare trees are here planted and preserved. An attempt has been made to acclimatise the Flock. Blackbird, Thrush, Sparrow, and several other birds. Master Cock-sparrow does well and is as impudent a chap as ever. The Roosts too pop out of the Manuka Shrub to feed out of your land. The English and Duck is tame. The insect life is something terrible, and the fruit is often wholly destroyed in this way. Hence the desire to get birds which are insectivorous. The City of Auckland is not much, yet busy from the proximity of the Thames and Coromandel Gold Fields. The Merchants are principally supplied from Melbourne and it seems as if a want of enterprise existed, else they would surely obtain supplies from England direct. We visit the Water Works where from thence is supplied simple filthy ditch water! The city is badly drained and the minds of Heaven occasionally fierce indeed, save it from epidemic. The Harbour is beautiful and the views in driving about on a clear day, are charming. Here lies the "Southern Cross", 250 Tons, the Yacht of the late Bishop Patterson — daily reminding us of his sad end —

My New Year's Day was spent in walking over the
Auckland & Waikato Railway. Several days of this sort of thing keep me busy.—A short portion of this line has been made at an extravagant cost. On the 2nd of January, we started these works on a principle that we should be paid 10% on all outlay, but we have only 2½ miles granted on this plan. Mr. Vogel left us to go to Sydney about mail arrangements, together with Mr. Weller of New York, the owner of the San Francisco Mail Line.

I pass over the working part of the period to that which may be unrecorded in business letters, and more interesting to several readers of our family. So on to the 10th of January, when we took a special steamer, Tsimshian, P.S., with the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Ormond, the Superintendent of the Province, Mr. Gillies, and the Engineer, Mr. Llewellyn, sailing from Auckland to the Bay of Islands. The distance is about 120 miles north of Auckland. The ship drew 5 feet of water, and the sea was rough as usual. We passed St. George Grey's island, and as we coasted along, the view of the hills and the inlets with the dotted islands outside, gave it the appearance of lake scenery. Here are the great and little Barrier Islands, which are the first land sighted on our right, and the high mainland on our left. We pass through openings between the rocks of some 300 feet and 1000 feet high. Passing Cape Brett and Roundy White Island, so called from the guano bleached on its peak, we set into smooth water, and enter the Bay of Islands, arriving at Rupel at 4 o'clock. Rupel was the first British Flag in New Zealand, and where the first British flag was hoisted, and is now a Whaling Station, with a splendid natural harbour.
Ruapehu was the scene of some terrible fightings with the Maoris and of great losses by our people, some 26 years ago. When the natives saw the flag, they considered it as an insult and burned the town and killed a lot of our white people. The troops made a path like the Maoris, throwing up earth-banks and rifle pits and cutting trenches for escape. Many of the old settlers attribute the early outbreak and dissatisfaction to the action of the missionaries. Heke Heke, a turbulent Maketu warrior, was then in the zenith of his power, and among the few Europeans were some who led Heke to believe that the flag-staff of the pakeha was a symbol of the slavery of the Maoris. Heke, attended by a band of young Maoris, cut whose actions the older chiefs did not concur after plundering some of the white people, ascended the signal hill and then after devoutly praying cut down the flag-staff, which was really a declaration of war.

On the 11th of March 1845, our forces were defeated and the town was sacked and burned, only a few buildings and the churches being allowed to stand, while the remains of the garrison and the women and children of the settlement were conveyed away to Whakatohea.

I need not again refer to our visit to the Coal Mines nor our trip to the Waikato Heads and our progress to the town in which we stayed on horseback overland to Raglan. We had only some part of the way, when we had to engage a Maori guide, who took us up steep spurs, across apparently trackless valleys, then to the bush and fern under a burning hot sun until evening when we arrived at a Pakeha but found it deserted. Disappointed we remounted our tired jades, and started off more into the
interior. At last about 10 o'clock we saw some smoke issuing from a Whare, and after riding a considerable distance we were greeted with "Tinacque". A Maori Woman came forward, and soon we had the fire burning, the pot cleaned, some potatoes cooking and our bacon broiling; but on sitting down to eat it was a contest between pigs and dogs, and a question if anything would be left for us to eat. The pigs made a raid on the potatoes, and we could not drive them off. Finally we ate from the same dish. The good nature of the woman was beyond all praise, and we received a real hearty welcome, with an offer of their best accommodation for the night in a form bed in the whare which was about 10 ft by 6, and 4 feet to the eaves. A large wood fire was burning, and the members of their family who were to occupy the room with four of us, were a sick old Chief, 2 women, 2 boys, and another Chief with a distressing cough, who was beset with fleas, sand-flies, and mosquitoes! We preferred to take the generous offer of a tent to ourselves, and as we did not wish the company of the pigs, we asked they should be tied up, which was accordingly done with flax leaves attached to their hind teats and legs. Sleep was however out of the question - the squeaking of the pigs on setting their legs entangled in the attempts of the Chief with the Cough to quiet their disturbance; the sharp attacks of the fleas, the barking of the dogs as a wild pig came in sight, the cursing of the whole family and for the chase banished all hope of repose, and about 2 o'clock thoroughly wearied, with a violent headache, just falling to sleep with open mouth, a spider dropped down, broke the spell, and set me thinking about the rest of the time.
Next morning we had a hard breakfast—bacon, potatoes, and biscuit with a fight for it. The Maoris liked
our sugar. We then rode to see the coast on the beach, a
Maori guide conducting us, who was naked with the exception
of two small round his lovely conducting us. When we reached
the sea shore he rushed round a circuit, and pointing to a large
tree stump which was embedded in the sand, said it was "Taipio"
the Devil a bad spirit who had already killed 4 Maoris, and
if we do not come to get near him we should be killed also. We
walked right up to it amidst the gravest admonitions and most
animated dancing protests—and when we struck it with our
hatchets, the poor fellow became almost frantic, and rushing
among us, endeavored to pull us away. We reached Rangihoua
the same evening, having now very fair land at last. Rangihoua
Harbour is very pretty. We took a canoe across with a
Maori to help our horses swimming across.

On the following day we had a long journey to Napier
across in the Upper Wai-kato. We started from Rangihoua at 9.30
and arrived at 7.30. The Country was all fern until we
got to the ranges at Pinokia from whence we had a beautiful
view over the valley of the Wai-kato. The bush was very fine
there which our paths lay, but the road was simply a horse-trail.
We streamed our horses across the Waikato Water, in which some
Maori women were bathing. They dived and plunged, and laughed
at us, but at least got out of the water and into their clothes
in the most modest and clever manner. We gave them some
"tabac" and some "mahi" (matches) and so won their hearts.
On riding down the valley the scenes of war were described
As I was pointed out, where the Maoris escaped into a swamp, without any help under General Cameron, finding it out. Before leaving that day, I had a battle and went on the Co-operative Plan with inland by the Maoris, left instead, through to Auckland arriving at 2 P.M.
Since my last I have visited the Thames Gold Fields, visited the Crushing Mills, Graham Town, walked and inspected the workings of the Caledonian and Fookay Mine. The Caledonian appears to be worked out, and the Thames have declined from £20 to 7s. I walked up the incline to see the White Nile Steamway at work and over the Hill, from which the Valley of the Thames is pretty. The growth of this District within 3 years is marvellous. The inhabitants now number upwards of 20,000, and as an instance of their enterprise, the Theakle mining 1500 persons, was built in a week. On my return to Auckland, I met Dr. Hirsch, who is much interested in working the tailings. The operations at these Gold Fields would be much facilitated by a cheap and abundant supply of water from a system of Water Works, thus enabling the cleansing of the alluvial deposits to be carried on more regularly. According to their present system of working 9 to 10 cwt. of gold per ton must be obtained to cover cost but if water were to be conducted thereto, it is said that 3 to 4 cwt. would pay half being the value for 1 cwt. of gold. In extracting the reef, the cost would be about 60s. per ton. At the 2½s. obtainable for the gold pays well for carriage, crushing and washing, if the Sapping Machine are near the pit the surplus would be paid. With large holdings much greater results are realised with more certainty. It is said that the Gold has cost £5 per g., including all money squandered and lost and expended, and has only yielded £3 15s. per g. when realised. During took great interest in all the operations, and sold samples...
While staying in Auckland, I met the City Council, on the subject of Water Works, and offered to make surveys for them on payment of expenses. From the prevalence of fires and the sanitizing requirements of this badly drained city, the setting out on Water Works would be money well spent. I took Dunny to see some swimming matches, which he much pleased, and says he will learn to swim. I purchased Coal from a coal yard, with some Steamers and trading on the Waikato River. A Corn Mill and a Flax Mill were offered to me for sale. I also spent a pleasant evening at Judge Fenton's where we had good singing — and pleasant society.

On the 8th Feb. Dunny and I sailed in the "Golden Crown" for the Thames. We left next day by the "Effort" P.S. to Wairere. The Captain was a free and easy pleasant man as usual.

I was recognised on board as usual. We had a little race with the "Fairy". Dunny would like to have gone in her, but she had Maoris on board and was an open boat. We landed about 6 a.m. but 6½ miles away from any accommodation. The Captain borrowed 2 horses for us, but when we got to a creek, we could not get the horses through. Darkness came on and we got a Maori to help. We managed to cross the creek thru a willow bush and on a stick which was rather like getting a ducking. Dunny was carried across. On sitting down to recover a little from our fatigue, we cared and felt the mosquitoes and beg the guide as thru this wilderness of swamps to our accommodation house.

It was a curious sight as we wended our way by the pale moonlight led by a savage through this...
Six miles of semi-tropical vegetation. Well is it that wild beasts are unknown in New Zealand, or we surely stood at a good chance to be victims. There was only one house for the place to which we were taken, and we were saluted by some Maori girls and women who came out laughing, as they always do. "Gonekaua! Ah! Pakiha!" Haipei Picking Ah. "How do you do? Ah! English Gentleman! Good and the Boy! Ah!" We were taken to a little room and shown our beds. The best room was given up by Mr. who had ridden over the pass from Kaita Kaita to which we were going. Our guide was then dismissed with 2f. and he "Pint o' tea," upon which the women clawed a "pint o' tea" and came up and examined everything about us; and after we had eaten they in the most free and easy way sat close up (too close for ensuring us freedom from insects) and laughed in our faces. We then held a conversation with them on various matters, even and anon filling their pipes afresh. For girls and boys smoke among the Maoris. These were tattooed and were not handsome, but there is a fire in the eye when they get excited which is telling. We begged guides for the morning, but were told that Louis D'Helle, a Frenchman was to be our guide. He was a good conductor but was in league with the Maoris and we were stopping the completion of the Telegraph.

Next day was to see the mail stopped! Four men who were supposed to be going in search of gold came up, the Maoris tried to frighten and stop them, but they started off next morning, one sturdy fine fellow taking the lead, carried
a large swag on his back enough for 2 ordinary men, sayig he would not be stopped by any one. An Agent of the Government came to settle about the Mail, and gave away a quantity of beer. The Chief and his men, as well as all the women, availed themselves of his liberality to such an extent that they were all intoxicated. One old lady was especially hilarious, and remembering that some relation of hers had recently died, and that it was incumbent on her to celebrate the event, she poured herself out with liquor and began to howl most pitifully. The Chief watching her the while created great fun among the rest. She was taken down to the caudle, and we quite expected to see her upset; but when she was in the water her new position acted like a charm in keeping her perfectly still and quiet. The men, however, commenced the hideous howling on the other side of the river. The hideous noise gradually subsiding as night advanced and she became sober, the incident reminding us of the English Woman who when her husband died, said "I shall begin again as soon as I have eaten this bit of pudding."

Next morning we rose at 5, and commenced a day of real adventure. Proceeding on our way to Kati Kati, we rode up by the river some distance, and then stopped by cause of our horses drowning behind. Our guide shaved us his Whare and introduced us to his Wife and children. The land over which we passed was good at first starting, but after a long ride up a steep spur, it became rugged and covered with bush. The recent rains, moreover, had made the track very
had for travelling. Sometimes we had to lead our horses and sometimes to drive them; one would kick. Another would rush into the bush, where it appeared as if among the trees and roots and undergrowth it would break its legs; and the third would not move at all! In some part of our journey were placed 8 feet high, which had to be climbed with our horses, or from which we had to slip down or jump down. Poor Benny boy several times stuck fast in the mud, but appeared to enjoy his misfortunes rather than otherwise. At last we got back the track and from the top of the range looked across a long valley or plain, and then ascending a higher range we sighted Kati-Kati on the Coast. In our descent we came to a clump of natives who were fine examples of tattoo work done with a needle and ink and rode along the beach towards our destination. We then found that the first view of Teeranganga Harbour from the height had conveyed a wrong impression of the extent of it and of the position of the town of Teeranganga. It was 5 o'clock when we arrived at Kati-Kati, where we got some tea in a meeting house. They had nothing for us to eat, but sent out for some sweet cakes, and although they were not good, hunger helped during to make a good meal, but I could not touch them. The woman was indeed a character, most unaccommodating. She refused us the boat belonging to her husband, and we after procured a long whale boat for continuing our journey to the boating man. We voyaged the boat, and a passenger, Denny and myself. It was calm when we started, but might soon came on. We were soon fast on the Mangama Flats. The boatman got out and pulled, while we pushed with our oars, and thus got...
clear of the banks, and set sail. Then to our great discomfort it began to rain, and soon afterwards to blow a gale. We put Dummy half under the back seat and covered him up as well as we could. We did not know where we were being driven to. I had the helm, and held the sheet while the others were keeping a look out. At last we saw the shore again, and determined to stay until day dawned - but as it rained so hard, we took down sail and started to row, and continued rowing from 11.30 to 4.30 in the morning before we arrived at what wind and tide would lead against us, it seemed almost a miracle that we were not carried out to sea. We routed up our boats, took 3 helps of gos each thoroughly done up - then to warm beds - and in the morning nothing worse than stiff legs! We fell in at Cape Nelson and Chamberlain who had some up the Wairau, and this by Cambridge. In their journey overland they were nearly stopped by the natives and robbed; the women ran after the horses, and the men prepared to follow, but they effected their escape and got away in great haste.

The next day, Feb 12, Chamberlain and I visited the Gate Pa, at which great slaughter took place among our troops, the sad story of which is told by the grave yard at Wairau. The site of the Pass as usual is well chosen on a ridge with swamps into which the Maoris could retire and leave our men behind. We afterwards bought our horses, I got and agreed to take the guide, "Moon," who had come there from Cambridge. The rest of the day was occupied in buying saddles, provisions &c and preparation for our next
Feb 13

Day's start. We saw a lot of natives in attendance at the Land Court, administered by Mr Clarke, son of the Rev Geo Clarke, Waimate Bay of Islands. By means of "beer" we got them to sing us a "hucca" song, which they did in style. A curious and most impressive performance they made of this—waving their eyes, arms, heads and bodies altogether, pulling terrible faces, and making a sort of deep breathing sound, then finishing their song in a high key, and finally bursting into roars of laughter. How these Maoris seem to enjoy life! They appear perfectly happy if they get enough to eat and drink. During the Wars in the vicinity of Poverty Bay they declined to stop the provisions of our troops, preferring as they said, to fight well-fed warriors and not famished Pakehas. [Why can't tell if they had a lurking suspicion that the Pakeha would eat better if well fed?]

In the morning we start for wide estuary—the expedition consisting of Llewellyn Chamberlain, Dunny Self, "Moon" our guide, and a Pack horse. Three horses cross first with Llewellyn and "Moon". The rest follow, but my "War Eagle" the winner of 3 races, swims faster than the rest. He towed the boat for a while, then turning round plunged and kicked at the boat nearly drowning himself and causing us great alarm lest the boat should be "rolled" and made leathry by his shoes. At last we let him go when he got hold of his tether rope among the other horses, but soon afterwards got loose, and swam back to shore. We landed the others and returned for him. He had broken one of our oars and knocked himself up—Rah
a bad start for a long day's ride. Night came on much sooner than we wished, and Lt. and Chamberlain riding on before us, we lost them in the dark. After hopping and endeavoring a long time, we sent on the guide in search who returned without them and said we should have to push on, or the tide would stop us, and that most likely the two would have some on the sands before us. We tried to trace them but no trace could be found. A half-caste from the casting was following us with the pack horses, and we hoped he might fall in with them. It was 11 o'clock at night before we got to the river at McArthur's Dunny. Of course very tired. We found the natives fishing, and while we waited Dunny wrapped in a shawl fell asleep on the sand. The natives noticing the bundle—one of them soon approached but was greatly terrified by seeing it move; they are a superstitious race, especially at night. The guide was at this time casting the horses into a native in a canoe. The frightened man therefore came up to me and called my attention to the mysterious movement of the bundle. When I explained to them by signs, they laughed heartily and danced like children, exclaiming "Pecanini" "Pecanini" "OK". I could not help laughing, all this I was anything but happy about our friends. The half-caste arrived during the time we were waiting, and we sent him back to look for them but he did not return as all this we paid him to do. The Inn. a accommodation house at which we stayed, was as usual replete with insect life not conducive to rest. The food was poor and the leg of mutton on which we had
reached, proved worthless.

Llewellyn and Chamberlain turned up about midday. They said they had waited for us the day before, and had not ridden far. After coercion for us awhile, they rode on in the direction they were going, and getting into a swamp, were obliged to stop and camp. They made a fire of an old whare, and lay down in their saddles, and with their swag did the best they could, tying their horses into better ropes. Rain came on during the night with thunder and lightning. In the morning at four, they started, all wet, had nothing to eat, and wandered round and round the swamp, every step seeming to get worse and worse. At last they made a fortunate dash (as it turned out) at a place to which they only just managed to extricate the horses, and it turned out to be the only place they could have escaped. They sorely needed rest and nourishment, and none of us cared about braving the weather that day, for it rained hard. We fed up our horses with some of the oats we had brought as there was no soup.

We here visited a Maori Pa, which is very perfect, and saw William Fox, a Maori Chief of great celebrity. He showed us his Whare, and gave us some fruit. The Sleeping Room of the "Hapu" was about 35 feet long by about 20 feet wide, lined with reeds and decorated with carvings of the ancestors. We slept in the same room with all the apertures closed, breathing the vitiated and over-heated atmosphere within. From this they frequently go out fishing in the night air. The consequence of their health is understood, the respiratory organs become inflamed,
nearly all are afflicted with a hoarse cough, and congestion of the lungs; or Consumption are rapidly decreasing the numbers of the race.

On our way the next day to Ta Ngae, 27 miles we saw some natives with their war canoes which are about 50 ft. long and 5 ft. wide canoeships. They hold as many as 10 men, who are trained to paddle in unison. While the chief stands up making the most fantastic noises and gesticulations when he wants a squat. Decorations of war paint and feathers are common to boat and crew. Here we saw the hot springs on Lake Rotomaua which are indeed curious and belong almost exclusively to the province of Auckland. The accommodation house was a kahurangi house by Allan McAllister. It looked like an Irishman's house — there was whisking at very lively music, but no oats, or scarcely any food for our horses. Peaches were plentiful and we had any quantity in the garden. Llewellyn Chambalani Durry took to Maori costume while he consisting of shirt, and a hand round the waist and boots of neoprene. Llewellyn caused much amusement by bringing out his sham snake, which frightened a Maori into the cup board from which nothing could induce him to come, except a promise of "fire-water", and when he came out he bolted.

Before proceeding to Ohinemuri next day we bathed and found the water of the stream very cold indeed. Afterwards took a "Hiwi Moa" boat to "Tike Moakoa" for a bath in one of the hot springs. On arrival at Ohinemuri we stayed at Bennett's accommodation house. The story of O'Hiwi Moa is variously told. The version we heard was that
the young lady fell in love with a Chief at Okinawari but her parents would not consent to their union. She was, of course, magnificently beautiful. One day she swam across the lake—a long swim indeed—and arrived at the hot springs near to the place where the drinking water of the Naupu is obtained. One of the Chief's women had come to the well to draw water in a calabash, whereupon Hini Alloa broke the calabash to pieces and sent the woman away to tell the chief that "a fair maiden died from love to him". He could not believe it and sent for an explanation; once more did "Hini Alloa" repeat this, and again it was not believed. It was yet done a third time. The Chief hurried down in anger, but only to be softened and appeased by the charms of the beautiful lover. It is needless to say that Papas' consent was not asked, but in due course so much little negroes helped the union "to the benefit of so good a tribe as the Hawaians."

We bathed as all others do, lying from our hotel, thus the thoroughly soiled, in blankets, and thus marched to the hot springs, and bathed among the whole assemblage of men and women. You can select almost any temperature you like. Many of the women were lying in the stream, but all the bathe thus, and the sight is beyond description; there is nothing to shock the sense of propriety. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is a good English motto. An amusing story is told of a friend who visited the place before we did. He was in H.M.S. and wore spectacles. On going down to bathe, he put his blanket down under a bush, together with his hat, but when in the full enjoyment of
This bath he espied a young maiden taking his blanket and as this was rather more of his clothing than he could spare, his only remaining chance was to run for it at once at all risks. So taking up his only remaining article, his hat or cap for a covering, he followed. The Maoris, bearing took great interest in the race, calling out first to the one and then to the other. "Kapai the Waiwai," "Kapai the Pakeha," laughing excitedly as they bolted round the horses and up and down the thoroughfares. The "Kapai" came out to see the jar men, women, and children. The Pakeha gained ground and is nearly recovering his blanket; when unfortunately for him, he puts his foot in a hot spring and down he came, his cap rolling away. Nothing daunted, up he jumped and without waiting on ceremony dashed again after the chief amid the still greater vociferations and applause of the Maoris. Soon he donned his blanket, chaffed the wicked maiden, and returned to his bath considered to be a "Rangitane Pakeha" (a better sort.)

At night we went all round the whares, had some songs, gave away tobacco, &c. From morn till night, and late too, how merry and jovial, and fond of pastime these people are! For food, we were obliged to have recourse to our biscuit and candies. The race after all is not bad—this dark in rain they are fierce in stature, and very brave and possess good brain power. Llewellyn and Chamberlain stayed late distributing charms, and playing with the base nukake they brought out, of which the illpaly were much afraid.
Next morning we rose early. Breakfasted on frigs food, which we scarcely touched. Hunted up our stupid guide, got our horses together, and attempted to saddle and bridle them. When we found that our hocke -wipes had vanished, our bridles had been spirited away, and our girths had walked off, and the straps for our valises gone! "What have we left?" It seemed as if we had to keep a look out on our horses' tails. "Thieves! Thieves!" we exclaimed. "Quick to horse." At last we got away by the help of flax (Ok bleps flax). Smiling charmingly on our devastations, passing thru a narrow sandy valley of tough grasst at the bottom and fern above. So we came to the foot of Lake Rotokiti, skirting it by a narrow path, and looking down at periodic into its deep blue waters, clean as crystal. At about 1 o'clock, we came to the only place where food could be obtained for the horses at the foot of the

We made our arrangement, and then rode on past the house and fruit garden of one of the missionaries to the top of a shelving rock overlooking Lake Tarawera. Here we dismounted, gave our horses to the guide to take back the 3 miles for their food, which was poor indeed, being only scrub (Coro micra) and Chesteria, or as with a little gravy, and then we took a canoe which the missionaries had, to cross the lake as far as Harunri (Galilee). We forgot how time and days were going. This day had been believed to be Saturday, and only later in the evening we discovered the fact of it being Sunday. We peaceably reached Harunri.
met by the whole, Nanza and by the Chief "Spuro" in particular, who is in the Police force. Native. We had some of the nicest young women to welcome us as they had yet seen—quite a different tribe to the last—very superior and honest. They brought us some cooked fish, something like a white trout, which we feasted on in the cause. Night came on and we anxiously awaited the arrival of our guide into the tent, intending to have rested at the Roto Makana Springs for the night. Being disappointed in this, our good Host "Spuro" gave us his Whare and cooked for us, and an interpreter was sent after us by order, so we made ourselves very happy. After meals the natives came in and we sat down as we could, draped with shawl and blanket. We then formed the young women in a circle, and sat them to sing and give us a "Kucha," their eyes flashing fire and all extremely excited. No one can ever forget the impression produced by this performance; while one sings, their arms, eyes, and bodies all move simultaneously, and in the midst all join in a chorus in which a sort of gurgeling is introduced as an accompaniment. Their songs are generally very correct in expression but are not, of course, according to our English ideas, very correct in expression, and such conventionalities as we impose are despised with. We say our share and these contributed to the several sweets of the evening—after which we gave the men some tobacco and a portion of our scraps, and with the oil of our sardines and a little biscuit, made them a feast. Afterwards we retired to rest, four of us in a small room. Dunny and I to lie
on the raised bed of boards, and Hewelgem and Chamberlain on the floor. We each felt our rip bones on the hard board, but got up cheery in hope of proceeding on our journey. But it was not to be. We were disappointed. It was blowing hard. We had seen a rainbow spanning the lake the evening before and rain came on, it was a beautiful but disappointing sight. We seemed not to care for rain today, but to make the most of our way and to save the horses from being stolen to our possible joy. We consulted "Yarrie" who got out the large canoe and manned it with 12 men. All dressed in white, we started amidst great excitement, some happy it was not right and was very dangerous, but the chief dodged to the opposite shore going on the trough of the wave. If we had gone on, as at first I thought best, we should have slipped past if each wave. Two men bailed out the water, and after several attempts we got under the lee of a point and rested for every one felt that the tug of war was now commencing in earnest. We soon started. The paddles dip rapidly, the Chief, as steersman with his paddle, cries aloud to his men, all bowmen keep up the excitement. But wave after wave comes in and it seems hopelessly to proceed against such odds. So we drive on shore in a little bay to wait for better weather, but in this we were disappointed. We find peaches in rich luxuriance, and Macaco Nuts in great abundance. The men landed from the boat and prepared for a meal. They scraped out a hole on the sand, and gathering some sticks and lighting them put them in the hole which they covered with stones. When the timber was burned out, they removed the remainder, leaving
the stones to fall to the bottom, the potatoes were then placed on the stones, and covered first with stern and then salt earth. Water being poured on the whole, in about 20 minutes the potatoes came out clean and well boiled. As soon as they were uncovered we had such a feast on potatoes and salt! After this a Keren was held. One man began to dance on the sand, and apparently to sing. We laughed as though it a very jolly proceeding on his part; but soon found that he was earnestly protesting against the attempts to proceed as being so dangerous:—so after a while we were glad to dodge back across the lake. We rigged up our tent as a sail and flew before the wind. At the Kapei awaited us on our return, when we repaired to our Chief's Whare once more to spend our time as best we could. We had more songs and Mucasas, and tobacco concluded the evening. Meanwhile our stores were vanishing, and our poor senses were on starvation fare.

Lake Tarawera is next morning white with foam and we must stay longer. We again examine our provisions and eat them out as much as possible with the horrible food the Maoris like, and with potatoes. It is hard to kill time by day in the rain, and no chance of leaving the Whare. A Captain Turner, Road Engineer arrived who helped somewhat to relieve the tedium of the day.

"Aronde you then my 'ewi men"! A cup of chocolate and a biscuit before day-light; and now for a start. We soon hurried down to the canoe, carrying pork meat and potatoes for our provisions, and push off with our flag.
complement of men. Our passage was a rough one across the Lake. We passed our former landing place—all away the shoals, nests, and under the overhanging trees; then a turn to the right, and it seemed as if another lake opened up. It was but a branch however, and we made for a little stream, the entrance of which appeared to be fenced, and so it was. A conversation in Maori then took place between Hamyer and 'Apare,' the substance of which was that the Chief of the Naper, or Roto Mahana, would no longer allow the White Man to go to the sacred springs and would forcibly oppose such intentions. The Chief 'Apare' said if it were fenced, he would break it down, and fight it out himself, and we were to go on. So we passed into the hot and steaming creek, and had pushed past the fence when we heard voices of the Maories from the Naper. We were told to land, and walk alongside the creek so with our guide we marched through the long grass and toi-toi, and waded up to Lake Roto Mahana, leaving the boatmen to work the canoe up the narrow, tortuous, and rapid stream, and to tangle with the other natives. We had some time the fence, and they could not help themselves.

Arrived at the beginning of the stream, and whence it issues from Roto Mahana, we were carried over the creek in about 1 ft. 6 in. of water to the opposite shore. Winding our way this Mahana to Ice Tree to the first terrace, where the water was as blue as possible, tumbling over the curious material of which the terraces are formed. We scramble to the top avoiding the hottest waters and
look into a boiling geysir spring, some feet above the lake. The diameter of boiling water is about 40 feet. The steam constantly breaking thru' the body of water throws it up and heats the whole to boiling temperature. This water is charged with a solution of lime& including silica in suspension, and as it flows slowly away, lays a deposit which takes the form of terraces.

In these terraces basins have formed themselves one above another, about 4 feet deep, large enough for a dozen people to bathe in at once without inconvenience; the upper basins waters becoming cooler the lower we go. Thus you may bathe in lukewarm water at first—in the ascent; and then gradually go to hotter water, but the bath must be kept in motion otherwise the surface water as it runs over fresh from the boiling lake will become scalding hot. We all bathed, and leaping from bath to bath thoroughly enjoyed the novel and wonderful sensation.

The total fall is between 200 and 300 feet; the breadth about one half. The luxury of the baths is due greatly to the beautiful quality of the stone which is smooth and soft. The stone work of the floors is fretted in the most delicate fashion by the action of the water, and the broad lips of the basins look as though they had been carved all round by some artist of wondrous skill. The water also incrusts the things placed in it with the same material as the terraces are composed of, thus a duck, a bird, a twig.
or flower may set by chance in the stream, and is made into an object of beauty similar to petrified objects. The inside is not changed, the surface being merely coated. By the time we have dropped and descended, we are hungry, and as the canoe has arrived we seize our provisions. Scrape our pracies with mussel shells, put them in a flax bag, and hang them in a small bubbling hot spring, where they literally cooked, and taste delightfully good.

After lunch we take Canoes to the other side of the Lake. I have not before explained that Roto Mahana, the centre and scene of the hot springs district is a small lake, beautifully situated among mountains, and is made tepid by the immense number of hot springs on its banks. On one side of the lake rise the series of natural baths, called the White Terraces, which we had just visited; and on the other side a similar set called the Pink Terraces to which we were coming. The opposite side of the lake appears all on fire, the hill side steaming in the most wonderful manner. No description can convey it to the mind without the view. I have promised a Photograph which will give a much better idea than anything I can write. On our way across to the Pink Terraces, we raise wild ducks in swarms from among the sedge banks. This lake was formerly "taboo" or sacred and no one was allowed to visit it; it being supposed that "Taipo" (the Devil) had the same to earth, and created all this boil. The ducks therefore had it all their own way, but now at certain seasons they are killed and sold as eaten. There are several varieties, but beyond
the ducks and fish here appears to be no life. The first view of the Terrace is charming, the color being a pale pink. The boiling pool or crater above differs from the other and is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, the other is deep. The boiling waters of both are blue and are perfectly clear. The Lake also is blue. The water in the boiling crater on the Pink Terraces is thrown up intermittently, and has formed stalact — — in the opening. It is a most extraordinary sight to look out of the bath, the dead water on the outer edge, watching all the party, blacks included, bathing, playing and laughing; and looking round on the wonders of this glorious and unique scene, never to be forgotten. Robb Illahana is certainly a place of exquisite charm, and its stories amply repay the time, trouble and expense of visiting it. Before many years have passed, roads will be made, coaches and boats will run, and hotels will have been built, and these wonderful lakes and baths, hot springs, and warm rivers will be the chief resort of tourists. We lingered till late and reluctantly took canoe for our homeward journey — this time passing down the rapids of the narrow streams, brushing past against bushes, spinning round corners — what a place we go. The Maori boatmen I have all they can do to paddle the canoe, — and at last we burst out into the Lake Taumarua. We could not pass by the islands this time. Our canoe was stopped, and the chief came up and spoke strongly. He gave me a letter to Tui Mackenzie (Hon. D. McLean, Native Minister, Wellington) which I politely promised to
Hard to him on my arrival. Soon after we left, but on our way some of our crew divined into a cave, from which a lot of flags flew out, and brought out their eggs. It was nightfall before we arrived once more to enjoy the hospitality of the Chief Alofa and his Wife and Daughter. We ordered our guide to be ready early with the horses next morning for starting, as our provisions had been much lessened by delay and the addition of Mr. Hamilton to our company. We gave Alofa's daughter a sovereign on leaving, but she did not care for it, and it was doubtless shared by the girls in school at the Hague.

Next morning Feb 20, we waited a long time for our horses, but none came, so we got a Maori boy who had just arrived, to bring them, which he did after a long time and temper. But no guide came with him. We then packed up and started off to the station where our horses had been staying, and looked about for the Native attendant. We coaxed, but received no answer. At last a sign of life was visible in the apparently empty house. A neighbour being thrust aside showed a Maori woman in a state of violent perspiration, who spoke to me in good English. I held a conversation with her, but she had not seen our guide, and could give me no account of him. She was from the Bay of Islands, had been educated by the Missionaries, but had left Christianity and taken up the Hawaiian faith. I asked why she had shut herself up in the dark alone, and in such a deplorable state. She merely said, 'The Maori likes it.' — Thus it is always.
Ignorant of the laws of health they expose themselves to innumerable perils, sitting in close confined dwellings and over heated rooms, they come out in the cold and finally end their days in a galloping consumption!

We were greatly annoyed about our guide absconding himself; it rained, and our tempers grew worse. About one o'clock our "Beauty and his beast" came in view. The wretched was the first to break out, and the guide's reply was, "Well, pay me off and I will go," but as some of our party were on foot horses, and seeing also that we could scarcely get on without a guide, to his remark, "You want me to be Valet, Groom, Donkey Driver, Interpreter, and Guide all in one," I was obliged to remind him that "we could dismiss him or he could leave," that we had to pay him some time, but not then; and that we should proceed with the horses, and if he chose, he might go, but any extra expense would be deducted from his account, as he had agreed to take us to Tampu Lake." So we started, and by and by he cheered up. We rode along a track cut by the Tapa Lake Constabulary alongside Rotowiti, and came to Captain Mavis's place Ohinemuri; the barracks of the force in search of Te Koiti, the celebrated murderer of Mr. Tobyker. We had lunch in his whare, administered in his absence by his "French Cook" who was indeed a character. Captain Mavis is most highly spoken of and keeps his native soldiers in good order. The Wahus of these men are within a stockade, and all is kept clean. I have a Photograph of the place in my collection.
Opposite is an island, to which the Maoris retreated in case of fighting, and we were informed the remains of a Path were there to be seen. When we started again, our route was through a narrow valley with a little grass in it and we then gradually ascended to a considerable height, showing an extensive range of mountains stretching away as far as we could see. They were precipitous, and the valley at their foot had some farmland, if cultivated; but as there is no approach except that such a wilderness as we had traversed, it must wait.

On the other side of this mountain range, live and roam those dense bush the discontented Maoris with Te Hooti as their Leader. He is certainly a wonderful fellow, and reminds one of the heroes of the old song of the Glen whose life was charmed against everything but a silver bullet. For years, large forces have been employed to hunt him and his followers down;—he has been surprised and beaten over and over again, has been repeatedly shot at and wounded; but with indomitable courage and perseverance has kept the field, and eluded the whole of his enemies. It would be certain death to any white man who fell into his hands, and most likely he would be made a feast of. The way down the valley has been crossed over and over by Te Hooti. We rode on until nightfall under this range called the "Pirua" range. Then we selected the neighbourhood of a hot spring for camping, and put up our tent, collected fern for bedding inside the tent, lighted our fire, and having boiled the kettle sat down to our chocolate.
and at the last round the fire the question was put, What should we do if Te Kooti came attracted by our fire? Some brilliant ideas were propounded, after discussing which we got ourselves up to sleep and mosquitos.

Next morning we set up before daylight—boil our kettle (or jacky) and drink our chocolate, from our pan which tie up our “swags,” pack the baggage, and look out for the horses. The old “moke” did not like the idea of another day’s work and broke away, packing with some ball which were placed across a natural bridge formed over the Hot Creek. A chivy was instituted after 3 horses, which was rather exciting, and also amusing as it took so much out of man and beast in time and effort. We at last got on our way tied up with flax, and passed along into a most desolate part, a perfect series of mud springs. We had to leave our horses and pick our way over the incrusted mud carefully, even to discern a large spring. There are mud springs in the valley, and up on the Poverty above, and white debris mark the sites of what have been. Such a spot would be a fit dwelling for the Three Witches. Some, after leaving this place, we arrived on the banks of the Waikato River, at a spot called Korangi Korangi. We conveyed for some time to the natives on the other side for the cause. The ferry service is paid for by the Govt., but the man in charge adopts a dodge, which is known as “sologging.” When he is wanted, he is always out of the way;—some one else then offers for payment (and considerable payment, sometimes, is demanded) to bring the canoe across, and when he has got about half way the proper attendant...
comes forward, and you have to pay both, which our books of a guide permitted us to do.

Before crossing the River we were taken to see the celebrated Allan Cave, passing over mud terraces formed by hot springs. After a hot walk we came to a large cave about 30 ft. in diameter, dipping away at an angle of about 15° to 1. At the bottom there was clear water. The interior was a simple cave with tumbling rocks lying covered more a leg with muff. At the mouth hanging the Tree Ferns of enormous size, and other ferns and vegetation made a picture worth an artist's study. Beyond this, it was not worth the trouble of the walk. The River Waikato was very rapid and the banks steep, requiring great care with the horses. We got over all right, and had some refreshments and soon found to our cost that we were among the "Māoris," for they stole our kettle (a "billy") and all they could find us. There is little law and order in that part which Government scarcely reaches, and the natives are pampered lest they should break out against. The man in charge of the Ferry is a sort of inferior Chief, and the money he obtains is, as is usual with all tribes, divided among the Kāpu. On one occasion he was not paid for a couple of weeks, and he coolly cut down one of the Telegraph Poles for ladders. The Post-fees have been prompt ever since! On one occasion a White European rode a very nice horse which one of the Horse-Jagers had coveted, and said to the Pakaha "That horse belongs to the Chief" - the Chief standing by, smiling, but saying nothing. After more words the altercation became strong, and forcible persuasion was sought. The White man resisted, and fought for his horse, but
is overwhelmed; he states from whom he bought the horses, the marks or brands in his book, but to no purpose. The Chief, interposing for the first time, said the horse was big and he bought it away. An appeal was made to the Court, but the Government found it convenient to drop the case and let the matter drop. Thus as I learned were native matters conducted in these parts. It certainly seems curious that out of the £250,000 voted annually by Parliament for the Native Department, a sum if upward of £100,000, or as some say £180,000, should be spent as joy to such fellows as these.

The Maoris do not appear to tattoo so much as the other tribes. We got by warmer language before departing, as our friends at the Ferry required 5/- each from us for seeing the cave, which we politely declined to give.

We then proceeded to Taupo Lake by a new and good road (i.e. in New Zealand) which has been cut along the fumaric terraces. All the way it is fumaric, fumaric, and the shoes of the horses are worn out in about 4 days' riding. There is nothing to be seen on the land but scrub for miles and miles; no food for horses or cattle; indeed it is a marvel how people live here. We patted one short piece of bush, and a small vingle of grass where Danny and I rested and fed our horses, while Chamberlin and some other rode on to Taupo... We caught sight of the snow white peak of Tongariro, a volcano lying about 60 miles distant beyond Lake Taupo. It was a charming sight (see Photo) but you cannot
Help feeling that this district is a God-forsaken place, destitute of food and verdure. We got to the Lake at 11 o'clock at night thoroughly wearied, and found our friends at Captain Bower's House having tea. We chatted and smoked, and then took our poor blankets to finish their hard day's work with a hard swim and nothing to eat after it but the bare earth—ourselves cropping in a corner to a small stone house which Captain Bower had just built in which we stayed the night. Some on the floor, and some on the table wrapped in our rugs. "Moon" our guide had taken Chamberlain's rug, and I believe his f皮 - he had got drunk, and held profession - no one was more tired of this fellows than I was. Dunmy was very fatigued after the long and hard day's ride.

Next morning we paid off Moon on which he asked me to recommend him to the Governor General! Hewley and Chamberlain determined to walk. The "Mother" was done up but converted into a pack horse for them carrying the tent and baggage. I bought "Jemmy" the original Packhorse for £3. 0 0 for Dunmy's ride. We also bought some oats at the rate of £2 per bushel and after lunch at the day branded with Capt. Morrison at the Barracks who kindly let our horses run in his Paddock and were introduced to Captain Gascoyne of the Native Force. Dunmy & I rode on to "Opea" where we stayed with Major Scannel receiving a kindly welcome and getting a good bite of grass for the horses; but it is a dreary spot. The Jupps Lake is very large and looks well in the distance. Almost its shores are
the district are so desolate, it is said that within a short

time, the Maoris can call together a large force. It has

been a great step for the Govt. to have the roads made by the

Maoris themselves.

The day following we rode to a place called Tarawera,

which is a stockade and Paki on a considerable elevation.

in command of Capt. Stannard, who told us the stockade was

necessary as in case of outbreak the whites could seek protec-

tion. Major Stannard had sent an orderly with us, who

conducted us over long barren plains of waterless soil and

rock most uninteresting.

Next morning we make for Pohuei with our

 orderly in attendance, passing thru thick bush for a considerable

 distance, but coming at last to a change of country after riding on terraces of Piemine and lake debris.

It would appear that the valleys have been previously

the bottoms of lakes, which have burst their barriers and

escaped cutting in their flow a river bed among the soft

deposit some 100 feet below, and crossing one high range.

We had a most charming and extensive view. The Maoris

were at work making roads and very well they complete them

called by themselves, other being tried to time

for completion. They manage to make good progress. The

heights are mounted by a zig-zag route; and we learned

that a coach was running from Napier to within 19 miles

g Pohuei, and one from Pohuei to Waipa with the mails.

Much of the way is a self-made track and the road is

shaky. When we reached Pohuei where we lunched at a
wretched accommodation house, we found that Colonel Whitmore had arranged horses and a guide to conduct us to his residence, "Ripponston." On our way we mounted another hill range, crossed the Mokau river, and soon came in sight of the extreme boundary of Col. Whitmore's Station, which is all Bush. After riding thro a good bit of fern breast high for about 20 miles, we arrived at Ripponston, Napoleon in the dark, and were welcomed by Mr. Whitmore, in his charming manner and hospitably provided with good eatable food and good beds after our long ride of 60 miles over hill and dale. Having travelled since daylight, I had to ride behind "Jimmy" and keep him up with my hunting whip, or we should never have accomplished the journey. Both Jimmy and I were well shaken and glad we were to find fresh horses ready. The views from the 2 ranges I have mentioned are the finest I have yet seen and the sheep paddocks of Col. Whitmore, the only fair grass since leaving Tauranga.

Next day, Col. Whitmore and I rode over part of his run, and sowed "Brodwen Hill" with grass seed. The plan is first to burn down the fern, then turn in sheep to eat down the young shoots, which kills the roots, and then to sow the seed. It would have been better if ploughed, but on so large a run as Col. Whitmore's it would require a long time. 100,000 acres is a large tract of land to manipulate. In the afternoon we went over another wide part, finding Smith accompanying us. We soon caught sight of one animal, and away we went with the bull dogs full cry.
Dunny riding Mr. Whitmore's favorite Black, which gets the 2nd place in the chase. During the run Smith's horse all at once got into very soft ground, and horse and rider had a regular good "pickle." Dunny nearly following suit. This lost us our game for a while, but we ran on to the lee. Tree Sound and soon heard squeaking, - quickly tying our horses and lunging them down a steep place, sure enough we saw that the dogs had pinned "piggie" by his ears, and he was soon dispatched. Not long after, in galloping thru the fern and dashing as well as we could over the rough ground we saw some pigs, but only got a little squealer. The dogs had gone in pursuit but as they made no noise, and did not answer our calls, it was thought they had got hold of an old boar. We had been led on some distance when we caught sight of another which after a sharp run we killed. Taking the lame boar. Day was just declining, and as we were coming over a ridge, the Col. caught sight of a large pig. He had been out and was moving but slowly; we sent on the dogs and rode as hard as we could gallop. The brute soon discovered that he had better go quickly, and had made a good distance towards the rough precipices where the others were, when we put on a furious sprint and the dogs turned short seized him after a hot and hard chase. - He finished him soon was done. He was a boar of fair size; we had quite a job to get his jaws for his tusks, but managed to obtain them. Another hearty meal, a chat, and smoke - which ended a happy day.
Mr Whitmore’s fowls and garden were his hobby, and seemed likely to increase on his lands. We left in the morning to meet the Coach for Napier. Col. Whitmore riding with us for some miles. In descending a long steep hill, one of the Coach horses began to kick and tried to run away. Fortunately for the passengers, he kicked his leg over the pole and got it fast in the lock. The end of the pole ran into the side of the road, stopping the momentum, and after a deal of bother he got the horse loose. He was young and touchy, and he had therefore rather a nervous ride, part of our way being on a steep hill side. When we reached Napier Plains I saw as many as 8 Sheep on one small piece of land, and such cattle and sheep as showed that it was something like land. Artesian Wells made by driving gas pipes into the earth on the Hopkinsman plan, supply water on these Plains. There are some tremendous floods occasionally; a curious pebble beach has been formed for keeping the sea from washing over the Plains. While staying at the Club, we meet the Napier Members of both Houses, and feel again amongst old friends.

While here I drove over the course of the Railway, of which two or three routes had been proposed, and I often surveyed. Public Meetings were held on the matter—so that it is clear the notice which I received when at Taupo informing me the plans were ready was all nonsense: they were not ready. I was again struck with the fertility of the land, and the immense amount of stock it carries per acre. The fact is that the land is too rich, and “gutifies” the bone of the sheep and cattle, causing decay.
Napier is a quiet little town and has most beautiful fruit. Several gentlemen live on the Rock which forms the Head or Bluff. The "Iron Pot" is the port below, in which vessels of 10 feet only can enter as a rule, all others are obliged to lie off and be "tendered." On Friday, the 1st of March, I left Napier in the S.S. "Rangatira" for Wellington. During our passage a gale came on suddenly, and we were obliged to shelter under Castle Point. Our chain parted and we lost our anchor, and as the stream was not ready we drifted out to sea. We started again when the gale had moderated, but only arrived at Wellington on Monday, March 3. Having occupied 3 days for a few hours' voyage and in a small steamer crowded full of people!

During my stay in Wellington, I negociating with the Government. I started with the Engineers to investigate the route over some high mountains called the Rimutaka Range, some 5500 feet high, and which form a most beautiful object of view from Wellington Harbour, more especially when covered with snow. The Road winds along the foot of the steep hills bordering the Lake-like Harbour until it comes to a place called "The Hutt." A few years ago, this road was very little above the level of the water, but an earthquake raised the land about 10 feet; and the old caves worn by the waves are now seen above the level at which the waves of the present time could have affected them. The Hutt Valley is really the bed of a river, fed with the heavy rainfall and the melting snow from the ranges, immense bodies of water at times rush...
down almost swampy for the time, the whole district. The timber in the Valley having been cleared burned, and the land cleared, the course of the River has become changed for the flow brings down immense quantities of debris which raises the river bed above the former level of the land and thus the first flood breaks away to the lower level, leaving the bridges on the old river bed as at first erected. It is not therefore infrequently the case that you must drive through a river to get at the Bridge. The Hutt Bridge over the Hutt River had been washed away and the Piles carried down by the enormous Raia, Rakata, Black and White Beach and other Raia which are floated down from the Wainanaipa. We looked over the Mongaraa valley, climbing a hill near the Sawmills, and reached Pakenite at night which is quite in the thick bush, and a favorite place for Pigeon-shooting. There wild and native birds are not easily scared; indeed most of the New Zealand birds are comparatively tame, and if you remain quiet the Woodhen or Waka will come up and examine your with considerable curiosity.

Next day we climb by the Zigzag road to an elevation of 4,000 feet called Rockersfort pass, and descend to Featherton. The scenery and bush are very beautiful where left in natural luxuriance, but a good deal had been burned and cleared in the formation of the settlement and township. We drove over the Wainanaipa Valley to Mr. Revans Bush, where we saw some of the finest Totara Trees. Dr. Hector pointed out many of the curious bushes.
We found that much of the land in this valley is stony, but nevertheless keeps in this part one sheep per acre. At the top of the river it is much exposed, and the coach drawn by 4 horses was overwhelming.

On Tuesday, March 12th, I received a Copy of the "General Conditions" for the construction of the Railways, and during the remainder of the week had frequent interviews with Ministers, who then left one by one without completing any arrangements. Finding that nothing could be done without them, and moreover being liable to be called upon for tenders for Works within a month, I determined to see and go over the Lines of Rail proposed, and accordingly took Steamer "Albatross" for the West Coast, with Mr. Henderson, on the 27th.

We arrived at Nelson at 10am (1hr. 40m). The Bay and Mountains with their grand Snow range are very beautiful. Here we saw enormous quantities of what is called Whalefood; a red little Lobster sort of shellfish, about 2 in to 3 in long, so numerous as to color the water as they pass along in shoals. We left again at 11, rounding Cape Farewell. It was a bright moon-light night, and as there was a band on board, composed of the Ship's Crew, we had a delightful evening. A Mr. Geisner (a German) also played a Guitar and sang well.

On the 30th March, we arrived at Greymouth, where the bar is very bad and dangerous. A small Steamer tends the large ships. The breakers go quite over the deck, and altogether it is a wild and dangerous place.
On landing, I was addressed by a fellow-passenger on the "Frisco" line, who kept the best Hotel, to which we accompanied him. The Town had been nearly washed away by a flood in the Grey River, which rises in good time 120 feet in height.

Next day we rode up the Valley to see as far as possible the route of the proposed Railway, which was a rugged way indeed—sometimes we passed along ledges of rock cut out then up the bed of a river. The smaller ferns grow here in great profusion, and are certainly the richest in color, and the best I have ever seen. Having arrived at the little settlement round the Coal Mines, we found the manager who showed us that the working is a level or drift way on the side of the hill entirely at once on the coal, which is some 18ft thick in one place. I cannot speak well of the management or the mode of working—but the Nelson Provincial Coal are to blame in this matter. About 12,000 ton of Coals are worked per annum which is sent down the rapid river in shallow boats to Greymouth, New Zealand pass from £20,000 to £100,000 per annum to Australia for Coal, and here are richer lying idle. We heard some extraordinary accounts of the Mangapapa Gold Reefs, and if they are large and regular yield—but as time pressed, we returned by boat down the rapids. There is no good horse track to Mangapapa, and £35 per ton is demanded for 55 miles Carriage & Pack Horse. Everything is dear; our Inns were £1 1. 0 each; and the Hotel Bill for two
of us and our horses for 2 nights was over £10. The way the diggers spend money is something extraordinary. A liberal expenditure of capital on these workings could effect wonders. The reefs are waiting for money to open them; the coal mines the same, and the crushing of gold is held back for want of machinery and want of water which latter could be obtained by means of very profitable investments in the way of water races. A small wood tramway is laid in some bush along which we must pay. Geologically, the coal here appears more like our own at home, but is doubtless of much more recent formation and has all the coals in New Zealand undergone the greatest change. It is very anhydrous, caked well, and is wrought at small cost all the labor is dear, 10/- per day being the wages of an ordinary laborer. Above at the Inangatuan coal is found on one side, and gold on the other of the valley.

From Greymouth to Hokitika by horse. I valize bringing all our belongings. We rode along the sea shore, crossing several nasty rivers, which this but little to look at, are dangerous.

Hokitika is much like Greymouth, but the earlier diggings along the coast line have given it some little start. Nearly all the houses made in the digger towns are of weather board so that a town is soon built and equally soon removed. A good alluvial deposit is found at Hanover, and water suffices to wash the gold out; is the only thing which prevents more
gold being obtained. As we rode along the coast, we
found men working wherever there was any little hill.
After a storm, the sea throws up auriferous sand on the
coast, and the diggers can then wash out a fair quantity.
On our way to Port, by horse-riders along the coast,
we meet with several lagoons, which are formed by the
streams being dammed up by the beach. The coach was
lost, and the horses washed away only the day before.
I was nearly getting into one of these places, but a man
who saw me, shouted, so I stopped—and he said if I had
some one I should have had a hard time with great chance
of being lost. We were perfectly astonished to find such a
large population on this western coast, a part of the
Country of which scarcely anything is known by the Gold.
On our arrival at Port, we found it to be Easter Monday
and all the people holiday making at a fête champêtre.

The next day was frightfully hot. I went down
a gold mine called Coppins' Claim, where the gold is
found in layers, as if the bottoms of levels of streams at
different periods were indicated by the gold course. A
large body of water requires to be pumped, and as the claims
are small in area it does not pay to work well. Coppins
bought his claim for £1000, but it pays him now about
£250 per week. More water supply would produce more
gold. The mountain sides are generally covered with
alluvial deposit in which gold can be worked profitably
but there is no money in the district as yet. Melbourne
supplies the markets of this West Coast, which the Southern
Alps divide from the adjoining Province of Canterbury, and more is known about Westland in Melbourne than in any part of New Zealand and vice versa. Melbourne newspapers, Melbourne fashions, Melbourne coal are prevalent; and from all we hear, never was anything more late than the neglect of the West Coast by the Government.

On Wednesday we examined some of the diggings. One was held by a Belgian woman whose husband was dead. With her little girl she made all 30 to 40 miles in a week, with which and her spade she kept her 5 children. Walking on the greenstone range we came to Bowen, and returned to Royston in the evening.

Next morning we started from Royston to walk 9 miles thru a dense low-lying bush. A new road was being constructed. Here we saw mozes and ferns, the kahikatea and Prince of Wales feathers. As far as the eye could see everything was perfectly reflected; the dark green foliage of the large trees, and undergrowth, was in splendid contrast to the high snow-peak mountains behind Nokitika. Mount Cook, nearly 14,000 feet high, was a truly grand sight - in fact the scene was by far the prettiest and yet the spookiest I had yet met with, and one it was not for the quantity of rainfall. I should have felt that the spot could have been a pleasure to own. A little stream from the Lake runs into Nokitika river, and thus this we find our way back to Nokitika.
The following day we started from Hokitika by coach to Christchurch, June 25 each. For some time our route was over a flat road through the Bash, presenting a perfect avenue of glorious trees and tree ferns. Outside of Wales' Beauty it is, except where the river had washed away the road. The remainder of the day's ride was between the hills, and at night we stopped at an accommodation house. Our reefs were working in the neighborhood.

Next morning we had a very steep ascent—the road was not good, and the turns were sharp. The scenery became Alpine. It is said to equal the Alps, but to my mind it is far inferior. The two ascents are called Arthur's Pass and Porter's Pass. We then came to a lake called "Summer." The mountains are steep on one side. Some of the water falls lower down in this gorge, Railway among the ferns which now begin to show themselves again, are very picturesque— the glaciers or remaining snows in the heights, adding vastly to the effect. Soon we arrive at the commencement of the Canterbury Plains with the tussocks and other grass, forming food for the sheep which are here seen in large flocks; very few miles. We arrived at Christchurch at 9 o'clock having accomplished the distance 180 miles in 2 days. I met my friend Walter Ralphiel and dined with them.

Some of the land on the Canterbury Plains is very good, but other parts are stunted plains. We had to cross these some dangerous rivers, one called the Taipsa being a torrent. We dismounted the coach and walked...
over a ford bridge, the river had left a most picturesque bridge, and found another channel. We had to cross the Waimakariri river several times. These numerous rivers are frequently impassable, and many people are drowned yearly in them. The crossing place can never be depended on, one river may be low and the next one may be high from local rains. On the way a digger got in to the carriage, and when I began to question him, he seemed to think I wanted to "jump his claim," for it took all the powers of Henderson and myself to pacify him, and nothing less than accepting his "shout" all round once or twice would appease him. This is the usual thing with diggers, and had we not learned the dodge of taking a mouthful with a "good luck to you," ejecting it in a scientific digger style, and emptying the balance on the ground, we should have found it hard to distinguish our friends on arrival. Our luggage, which had been sent from Wellington by Boat for Christchurch, had not arrived.

We had a short allowance of clean clothes, but did our best with repeated washings, sometimes by ourselves, or by others as we could best manage. And thus we got landed for Sunday Service in a worn-out condition indeed.

We stayed at the "Clarendon," which was full of volunteers who were shooting at the Rifle Matches. There is a nice Club at Christchurch, but we felt more at liberty at the Hotel.

On Sunday we went to St. Paul's, where the Service was exactly like that at Coudie Church. After
Lunch we went to Port Lyttelton with the Superintendent of the Province. Mr. Rolleston saw the town and harbour, and also the tunnel, a mile and a half long, which was a great work for a Province in those early days. The Railway from Lyttelton to Christchurch was very expensive, costing all £16,000 per mile. A free Rap by the Railway was granted to us.

On the following morning we went up to Selwyn by Rail, and saw the Gardens, and I afterwards met the Hon. Wm. Fox, Premier, and the Hon. W. Rankin, Minister of Public Works, and with them settled the points in our associations which Mr. Gisborne had run away from.

On Wednesday we inspected the Meat-preserving Works, the Directors accompanying us, and afterwards invited us to Lunch at the Preserved Meats. Before these Works started, Sheep were selling at 3/6 per head, whereas they are now worth 5/- to 10/-. The meat preserved at 7/- is now worth 10/-.

Next day, Mr. Rolleston took us to the Museum at Christchurch. The most striking things in it are the skeletons of the extinct bird, the Moa—one of which is about 14 feet high. The Altlisation Gardens are also very good indeed. The trees grow exceedingly well. A shoot of one of the Arbes or Pines would be taken from 4 to 6 feet per annum. The remainder of the day was spent in anxious deliberation with Ministers on the proposed Works. We could not conclude without communicating with other Ministers by Telegram, and so had to wait.

On Thursday, I had my name entered by Colonel Harrowton on the Rifle List, and went. In the evening a large Ball was given.
On the following morning Mr. Bell, C.E. arrived about Auckland Water Works, on which we were engaged all day. The English mail also arrived about 3 a.m. I heard of a good scheme to drain Lake Ellesmere, and thus obtain from 35 to 50,000 acres of good land, and sent Bell to look at it. Then had a special train to Lyttelton and left for Dunedin.

We had a very rough voyage, and were all ill. The Hon. Dillon Bell went with us to the "Criterium." The Hon. Mr. Reeves telegraphs from Christchurch accepting our propositions.

The Church be attended at Dunedin had a good organ. The scene was a fair one from the seat. "Whatsoever you land find it to do, do it with your might," etc. Afterwards wrote some letters.

On Monday I met Col. Campbell and Mr. E. B. Campbell with whom we dined; also saw the Superintendent of Otago, Mr. Allan, and the Provincial Engineer, Mr. Brunton, C.E.

Next day Mr. Bruntun took us through the Town, the site of which is very good. Some of the buildings are fine, as for instance, the Post Office, now the University and Museum, the Hospital, several of the Banks, etc. The streets are laid out in a peculiar way, having no reference to the hills, they go in a most absurd way against a bluff, and stop there. Most of the original settlers were Scotch Presbyterians, and Scotland still continues to contribute her share of the Emigrant population of Otago. In Christchurch, on the other hand, the first settlers belonged to the Church of England, who founded the.
General appearance is observable between the people of the two places. Otago is about half as large as Scotland, and is not unlike it in its natural features. Dunedin is the capital, with a population of about 15,000. The Province contains fine lands for sheep grazing, and it has the advantage of being readily cleared. There is a great quantity of gold found in the Province, which is brought to Dunedin for sale by the Diggers. There appears to be more life and business activity here than anywhere else in New Zealand, and on Sundays Scotch habits prevail to such an extent as to reduce the town to a miniature Glasgow. I was pleased with the museum, although it is not yet organized. The University Professors, however, will now remedy that, and as the whole is new and well appointed, it would appear to give hope of great success.

On Wednesday, we visited the Caversham Tunnel, which is made apparently in the sandstone of the New Zealand Coal measures, although no coal is found at that place. Dunedin and its neighbourhood stand on Basaltic Rock. Some granite veins are said to run through it, the tunnel, so that probably Gold may be found close to it. I ordered the Presentation Date for Sir. G. Bowen to commemorate the commencement of the Railway Works.

Next morning we started in company with Mr. Blackie, for Balclutha, driving over a considerable rise (Caversham Rise) until we came in view of the Jervois Plains, which are splendidly laid out in smiling farming; a sight to make us feel we could not be away from England. We got to a sort...
After our honeymoon cottage "Adonis," where the boat for \textit{sea} for us and made us comfortable. We visited the Waikoloa Lake (White Water Lake), which is not picturesque and saw some sandstone similar to that at Canowindra, and at night found our way to a seam of Lignite at least 30 feet thick.

In walking over the Railway route that morning we found a Limestone Quarry full of fossils. During the whole day we went over very good land. In the afternoon we arrived at a place called Shillong, where the Court had been sitting, and as we were refreshing ourselves we received much to our astonishment an invitation to dine with the Judge. We had only on one suit of clothes and thick boots - but so we must. Even there in that obscure place, cards if the names were printed in gold and a grand Menu there was on the Card - but I was yet more astonished to find that the Judge (Judge Ward, my seat at table, was brother to a near neighbour at home).

On Saturday, we went on to Jokomina (Bloody Plains), and from there to Balclutha, walking into a good deal of ploughed land of excellent quality. The road to some of the districts turned off to the right. Near the Clutta River we visited a Coal Seam, presenting an outcrop of 10 ft of fair coal, apparently bituminous - the same sandstone showing in various places along our course - but how to distinguish a change from true Lignite (Brown) to true coal can occur is curious. I believe that the
Coal has been charged by the operation of Water, and that position has favored the change in this instance by this means. The problem is equivalent to that which we have in Wales where a Coal on one side, a fault is Anthracite, and on the other Bituminous. New Zealand has a plethora of Coal. I have omitted to mention the Canterbury Coal at Malvern Hills. So that from North to South, and on the East & West Coasts of both Islands there is available Coal, but scarcely any used at all. The Two Lakes, Haurangata and Takitokoto, can be easily drained - and this kind of land is exceedingly rich.

Next day we went from Balclutha to Motuere River near Dunedin. Here we received an English telegram from Dunedin with charges $6 to my surprise. The Railway was not surveyed in this part - the land was very good. There are some Water falls rather pretty close by Cameron's Mataura Bridge where we stayed. Speaking of the New Zealand Rivers, it may be here stated that the Clutha discharges more water than the River Nile although the former is not 200 miles in length. An idea of the rainfall may be gained from the facts that 7 inches occasionally fall in one day, and that it sometimes rains in three days together. The bush on the mountains in the interior and that which is reserved as snow from the reservoir.

The day following we went from Mataura to Longford, and back to Eden Dale. The New Zealand and Australian Land Co. had very extensive runs in this part, and suppose 120,000 sheep, and from 12,000 to 14,000 head of cattle.
Very large Dairy Produce could be raised here if a good market were available.

On Thursday we left Eden Vale for Invercargill. Most of the way to the Woodlands Meat-Refrigerating Works is over the N.Z. & Australian Land Company. The Meat-Refrigerating Company here, (as others in Canterbury Province) have considerably raised the price of Sheep and Cattle, and made land in the district more valuable. The roads are something horrible—mud ankle-deep all the way. After lunch at the Meat Works we drive to Invercargill over a flat country. The snow in winter is pretty heavy, and the frost hard; the bush partial, and borders rivers and sea coast. Invercargill is laid out with very broad streets. The town is not large in itself—some one with grand ideas must have been the local surveyor. A Railway is to be made from the Bluff to Invercargill and for 30 miles to Winton; it belongs to the Province, and is a very poor speculation having cost £11,000 per mile. Dunedin interest, moreover, prevents its extension or profitable working. Mr. Cooper, Manager, had instructions to give us a special train to the Bluff; and some of the self-constituted Railway Committee, the Mayor, Ex-Superintendent, came down with us—not anxious apparently to see an outsider engaged in the construction of works in their part. In the evening we dined and at dinner a special request was made to attend a meeting down stairs on Railway matters, whereupon Mr. Henderson and I went. Several members of the Press were present—and so many questions were asked and
such stuff misconception prevailed respecting the several Railways that I found it best to quietly speak to them as in an ordinary conversation and explain my own views. These were ultimately adopted with great enthusiasm, and the proceeding ended by the company drinking my health in Champagne.

Next day, on going by special train to Winton, when the train was proceeding at a good speed, the points at a sheet Reserving Works near Winton were found to be open and we were off the line. The depression was greatly alarmed and the misadventure telegraphed all over the country. We soon obtained a carriage and proceeded a route for Kingston on Lake Wakitipu, as far as Dighton Plain, staying at Hotel's Accommodation House. Some of the people and traffic for the gold diggings, stops up this way via the Lake to Queenstown. The land in the valleys is fair, and the soils are covered with natural rough grass. Most of the land is held in large farms, and a good deal may be purchased.

On our way from Dighton Plain to Kingston, when crossing the Makarau River, one of the horses got loose in the buggy, and turned round to look at the carriage. The driver jumped off and resaddled him, but the reins having caught, we were turned round in the river 3 times. Fortunately we had a buggy that locked, or should have stood a fair chance of being drowned. On arrival at Kingston, we were much amused on finding that the City (as described) consisted of Two Public Houses and Two Wharries — although when Gold was first discovered in
Saturday
Apr. 27

Otago, and the rush took place there were 30 acres of houses.

Next day, to our amazement, a number of gentlemen came down for a deputation from Dunedin town accompanying the steamer which had been sent specially down the lake by the kindness of Mr. — the owner, and free of charge. I gave the gentlemen some lunch in a hurried and very plain way, and then proceeded up the lake (L. Wakatipu) to Queenstown. The scenery is fine and bold. The lake is somewhat of the shape of an inverted L (with a point), Queenstown being situated in the angle. There is no timber of consequence on the mountains at the lower or south end, but we hear there is some at the north, and that the mountains there are covered with snow. We found Queenstown to be a neat and prosperous place; quite in the proximity of the diggings, with Arrowtown and Shotover being in a measure supplied from the stores at Queenstown.

The proprietor of a well-built hotel (Mr. Orchard) did everything we could wish to make us comfortable. The deputation invited me to supper, and we had a grand spread — after which I was requested to explain railway matters, never expecting my statements to be reported, but the reporter forgot not to do so, and put down the exact opposite of what I stated in some particulars.

Sunday
Apr. 28

After Church, we hired a buggy to drive to Cromwell in order to meet the Coach next day. The roads were simply awful, and were cut up by the wagons and drays into mud the whole way. There are certain alluvial
deposits all the way: water supply, however, is slowly the difficulty. Rain came on—we had changed horses at night and had started asleep, but on finding our road was alongside a precipice on one side, for most of the way, and as we lost the road and were all but over, we determined to retrace our steps and remain at "Harding's." Next morning we rose at 2 o'clock in "Pigroot," taking Coach, and arriving there in the evening, where we met Dr. Knight. Certainly this place is rightly named. The house kept by an Irishman and his wife, is only fit for pigs. Everything is bad and filthy. Sleep there could be none, for every sound coming from the passengers of 3 or 4 large Coaches, could be heard all over.

Left at 5 o'clock the following morning with Ned Divine, one of the most celebrated characters as a Driver of Cobb's Coach in Australia to Ballarat, and in New Zealand to the Otago Diggings. Six horses to begin with and a box seat with Ned, were things to enliven one after a hard night's wakefulness. Ned starts with rum and milk; takes his seat and the reins before the horses are fastened, as he has some queer customers, but he takes it out of them from stage to stage. The road is shocking: axle deep in mud, and sometimes it seems as tho' we should be taken out hold as hard as we can. "Now" says Ned, "he don't want a railroad rail, you see, it wouldn't do—" they tried to start a coach in opposition but it wouldn't do; and besides, says I, to everybody 'Now just suffice.
'as that lone Coach upset, do you see!' ‘Oh, no
‘fear, you answer. No fear? Sighah! Why if it
'did where are you?’ ‘Well, Ned, and what else?’
‘Why, do you see if we was to upset in this Coach. Why
‘do you see. There you are!’ — No doubt, a great
difference which was self-evident. Ned drives his 6
horses, puts the break on, lights his brazier, and was matched
in a gale of wind — and on such a road! Sometimes the
Coach ships away faster than the horses down slippery
and steep clay hills, and then we have such a scramble
as to get up. She follows anxious enquiries as to the next
river — how they are? We got to one where three men
had just had a narrow escape — their buggy stuck a little
the stream rapidly rose, scoured up the wheels — their
wise acres threw out their baggage and some valuable
instruments & lighted the 'ship', but after all, they cut
out the horses, and one man got ashore, obtained a
rope and so rescued the others. We afterwards
camped as the stream was going down, — and breakfasted
at the Otago Valley, when we sent to the Hon. Dillon Bell
whose house was close by and who came out to us. We
drive then the Otago Valley is pretty, and from Palmerston
to Dunedin over the Blue Hill, a high ridge, is very fine.
Ned’s six Grevan are prime steppers and after climbing
to the top, we dash down the hill and into the City in a
style as never was surpassed in the old Coach days
of England.

After staying at Dunedin a few days with Col.
and Miss
Carried the letter Dr. Fairbairn's daughter we left for Wellington on Tuesday May 7th, via Oamaru. Next day we landed at Oamaru in surf boats, and drove into the Country, and to the celebrated Oamaru Stone Quarries. The Country is fine, Agricultural land and from the best Wheat in New Zealand of which large quantities are shipped to England. The stone which resembles the Cadon Stone in appearance is very valuable. The Govt are expending money on a fruitless attempt to make a shelter for vessels, or a breakwater with $10,000 expenditure. The land at Timaru is equally good as that at Oamaru. We safely arrived at Wellington on Thursday, the Hon. W. Reeves, Minister of Public Works accompanying me to my lodgings.

From the above date up to the 1st of November, my time was almost entirely occupied in Wellington; and estimates, plans, and negotiations occupied my attention. During the Parliamentary Session there were several Balls, and the Governor and Lady Bowen gave the invitations to their "At Homes," which were always pleasant and agreeable. Lady Bowen exerting herself to make every one enjoy themselves.

In Parliament, the "Brogdtl" Contracts had been discussed, and everything criticized in connexion with them. Three Ministers had been in office, and a Maori Vote had decided the ruling power. My Private Secretary had been impeached before a Committee of Privileges for Breach of Privilege with a Member of the House; the member...
being blamed as the end, and of course myself cleared. It was however intended as a political move on the party then out of power. Parliament was prorogued on the 26th Oct., and on the 4th of Nov. Sunday and I went Mr. Mainwaring booked to Melbourne in the Albion S.S. (£18 each 1st class), via Nelson, Greymouth & Hokitika.

We arrived at Nelson at 9 p.m. after 10 hours sail, proceeding then the French Pass which is very narrow, the tide rushing there at a great pace. At one point, it is confined by the rocks so that the race is extraordinary, and the ship goes here at about 20 miles per hour. At Nelson I saw Sir David McLean, and Mr Gully the Artist.

Mr. Beekman saved his belongings in our charge. We had a very good passage to Greymouth, where we arrived at 11 on the 6th of Nov. Mr. Gilman, one of our “Frogs” Fellow-Passengers came out to the Ship, and reported on the Mangana reefs and again said that Machinery was much wanted. We lay alongside until 4.30 p.m. when the Steam left for Melbourne. The Sea was calm during the voyage, and we saw a large number of Albatross, Cape Birds, Cape Pigeons, etc. Mr. Brodie was a fellow-passerger—during two wet days. I was much interested in visiting my book on Pitcairn’s Island. On Monday the 11th we sighted land and arrived at Melbourne at 11 p.m. proceeding to Sydney.

Next day, I found out Theophilus Summer, who at once received me as if I were his brother—and asked after all home friends and news. In the afternoon we
went to the Houses of Parliament and I was introduced to Mr. Casey and some other Member. The Council Chambers is a very good building, but the Lower Parliament House is very bad to bear in.

Also, Swappes introduced me to Sir Geo. Vernon, who is enthusiastic on the Australian Railway from Adelaide to Port Darwin, and on the second Java Telegraphic Cable. We found the Yarra River very narrow and tortuous. It is quite necessary that Melbourne should do something to improve the navigation. We entered Port Jackson, which is about 110 miles by 30, through the narrow heads formed by a sand spit. Heavy breakers and surf are almost constantly to be met with on the bar. The lights are good, but the channel inside winds about and is very long. There is a proposal to cut a Ship Canal from Melbourne to Sandridge, about 2 miles.

Melbourne is very well laid out. As far as the streets are concerned, and the buildings good. The population is about 200,000. A large Railway is done here and it has a splendid future. The Post Office, Town Hall, Churches and some of the Banks are very good buildings indeed. The Railways were very costly in construction, being as much as £16,000 per mile and upwards. They are owned by the Government; and acting on the advice of their Engineer-in-Chief, the Govt. are attempting to carry out all their Public Works, which they may find to be a great mistake. At present the Govt. have about 400 miles of Railway on Land besides the Line which is forming...
to Echuca, on the boundary of New South Wales. This Railway is on the 5ft 3in gauge, and the New South Wales is on the 4ft 8½in. Thus between Melbourne and Sydney, there will be a break of gauge. Then again Queensland to the North is constructing its lines on the 3ft 6in gauge. This is sad, as eventually all the lines in the Country will have to be united. Melbourne must continue to prosper from its position; the fruits of the Murray Valley come to Melbourne, and when the Echuca Railway is opened, a large part of the N.S. Wales traffic will for a long time find its way through Victoria.

I visited Ballarat. People talk of Ballarat as if its prosperity was on the decline, and ten years ago, but I confess to a belief that the Gold-mining fever is only commencing, as the machinery and mining here is the best I have yet seen. Again, the coal mines of Gippsland and the other mineral productions are developed together with the wood supply from its mountains, and as Railway communication extends, all will contribute to the prosperity of Victoria, concentrated at Melbourne. The people have certainly more energy and spirit than any I have seen in the S. Hemisphere, and will keep the lead if they continue to carry on as they do now.

We found an Exhibition was opened for the reception of things for the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. It appeared like new life to find a Band playing, and ladies walking in holiday costume. We were struck with the quality of the Australian Wool, but much choice qualities are to be
produced by care in selection and mixture by Wine
Merchants, especially of the prereps I have seen in Ger-
many, but more particularly at Bordeaux and at
Roses, are adopted. I have no doubt the Wines can be
blended to a uniform quality, at present every grower makes
his own and nothing is sure. The manufacture of cheese
and butter in dairy produce is spoiled exactly in the same
way. The application of the process of butter making in Holland
would remedy this and be of enormous value to the
Agriculturist. The price of labor for 8 hours (the legal day)
is rather higher than in New Zealand.

The Yarra River above Melbourne runs alongside
the Public Gardens, which are very pretty and afford a lounge
for the people which would be most enjoyable but for the
mosquitoes.

The Govt. have recently erected a Mint for Coinage,
which is beautifully perfect and has saved some £60,000
per annum to the Colony. Mr. P. F. Comber kindly showed
us the whole process, but as this is well known, I need
not describe it. The process by which the silver is extracted
is known as the Chlorine process and is exceedingly simple
and efficacious. There is also a large Museum which
is not yet arranged. The collection is valuable and in-
cludes rich specimens of Copper and Iron obtained in the
Country, gold specimens which are very good; also a col-
lection of native birds, snakes, Kangaroos etc. but I
observed that they had no collection of New Zealand birds
Mr. O'Grady, M.H.R. introduced me to Mr. Gillies, the
Commisioner of Railways, who gave us free Railway
passenger during our stay.

Mr. Fitzgerald, Town Clerk, to whom I had letters,
introduced me to the Mayor, a Mr. O’Grady (but no relation
of yesterday’s acquaintance). We had a long chat about
steamways, for the streets, the Town Sewage, the Canal to
Sandhurst, and Sunday other Public Works, after which we
went to the Public Hall, where the Mayor let me play
the large organ. It is a very large instrument by Hill
& Co. and is almost if not quite equal to the one in the
Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We afterwards drove down
to the Cricket Ground and walked on the Yarra, where a
boat race was going on, and in the evening attended an
Organ Recital.

Sunday Nov 16

On Sunday after Church at St Peter's, I went to
dine with Mr. Turner, who resides about 3½ miles out
in a very nice place with good grounds.  

Monday Nov 17
Next day to Ballarat by train. The Railways
have been very expensively constructed, some portions costing
as much as £32,000 per mile. We went to the Black
Hill Mine, which was the first alluvial digging, and is
now being worked on a produce of 2 cwt 4 gold per ton
of washings (or “mullock”). We afterwards visited the
Band and Albion Consols, where we saw the operation of
Gold melting. I went down the shaft and saw the workings;
the machinery was very good. Next to Winter’s Freehold
which is well found in first class machinery, but as yet
has not earned any dividends. The North Chicago Mine
at first lost money, thus it began with
10,000 Shares at £10 = £100,000
400 Preference to £50 = £20,000
In 1863 it was sold, the new purchase being
2,500 Shares at £20 (amount called of £18) = £50,000
Since July 1868 the new shares have been purchased for £171
each and are worth £85 per share today.

In Cumbria, a fellow passenger in the "Albatross" showed
us round in the absence of the "Warbler" by whom I had letters
On Tuesday and Wednesday, in the intervals between
letter and interviews, we visited the Botanical Gardens
and the Painting Office of the Govt. and left for "Abreded" at night. On arrival our hosts of the "Royal" helped
Gosling & Nysent had prepared all for us, and we began
to discuss the next day's proceedings, how we should go,
how many horses we should require, what number of dogs
to take, etc. We were to be in our saddles at daylight, and
take a buggy, as far as we could travel.

Since this time we start early, our horses rather the
worse for wear, but not bad ones to go except the one
I had which had a propensity to stumble. A ride of
about 12 miles brought us into the native bush, where
we arranged the resting place of the "jags" leaving our guns
in charge of the driver. We picked up three other
men on the way—old hands at a Karp setting hunt—and
then rode silently along with 2 Greyhounds only. Suddenly
one of the men put spurs to his horse, and cried "Thro-o-o-o-o,
and away went a Boomer Karp, the dogs in full chase
Then came a change through the trees,—nearly riding as if it were clear space,—but the horses knew the bush, and decisively swerved to avoid the trees. While this was in pursuit we had to keep a sharp look-out for direction, rabbit holes, and branches as well as the safety of our head. My brute had no more legs worth the name,—three times she came down with me, and it was as much as I could do to hold on. It was a sharp run, but unfortunately just as the dogs were coming up to the Kangaroo, another (a small one) jumped up, and drew off the dogs to follow it. Soon it was caught and tied. The knees and tail being eaten were taken home as game.

We then rode away to a considerable distance, by four miles to get into undisturbed ground. By and by, we espied a 7 more with their heads high up among the fern. Our Huntsman had a splendid sight. We rode as far as possible under cover to approach them but they seeing wind and bolted. Alto: we separated one from the rest, we could not get near it. As we rode along we picked up two pretty little Bandycoats and some of the "plum-pootle" Birds flew away as we rode, but these we could not get.

When Lunch-time arrived we found that the circuit we had made had brought us near the place, and we then discussed the chances in the afternoon which were considered poor. During stay out he settled to shoot Parrots, etc., etc., and had a loaded rifle ready for larger game. We had not got more than half a mile away before he started 8 or 9 Kangaroos.
When we had separated one, and had set the dogs fairly on the run, away it bounded, and turned to go close to Dunny, who was by a Creek some 20 to 25 feet wide. We soon gained on it, as did also the dogs. "Bang" went Dunny rifle, as by the prodigious bound, the animal cleared the brook. The fire swept, and the dogs, left far behind, lost him in the fern. We looked for him a long time, and at last we no time for another start, we hastened to find our way out of the bush, an easy thing for a stranger to accomplish. So after tea we took train again for Melbourne.

On Saturday Nov 23 we left Melbourne by the S.S. "Blackbird" for Sydney, arriving on Tuesday the 26th, and staying at the Royal Hotel. The Harbour of Sydney is very fine indeed—near the entrance, or Sydney Heads, lies the famous Botany Bay. The Town is not very well laid out. The story goes that Sydney people are half asleep that there is plenty of money, but we cannot—but now since the discovery of the tin and copper mines on the borders of Queensland, a change has come over the scene. At this moment there are excellent chances for picking up mines at low rates, for few people know the value of mines and minerals. The Coal Mines of Newcastle afford cheap fuel, and there are also discoveries of Coal on the Blue Mountains.

Next day we presented our letters to the Hon. N. Parkes, Colonial Treasurer, and the Hon.—Butler, Attorney-General, and others in high office. In the afternoon at the Botanical Gardens, we saw many of our
Essex plants growing in the sun most luxuriously.

There is something peculiar in the climate which prevents
the arrangements of flowers such as we can command in
our gardens. The atmosphere is very far so long that even
the Colens is obliged to be sheltered under glass. We fell
in 6 days with our old friend of H.M.S. Blanche, who
had been 3 months cruising in the South Sea Islands.

I had long interviews the following day with the
Governing Minister, and Mr. Whitby, the Chief Engineer,
in company with Mr. Higgins, the Contractor who made part
of the Zigzag over the Blue Mountains; — and also visited
the P.S. "Patterson" recently bought for New Zealand service.

The revenue of the Colony has increased £500,000 in the
last year; — and the Government are contracting for large
extensions in Railway and other Works to develop the
mines and mineral fields. Two hundred miles of Railways
will be open for tenders within 3 months from this date.

The celebrated Zigzag passes over a height of 3700 feet
which is ascended at a grade of 1 in 40. The Works are
exceedingly solid and well worth a visit. The scenery is
very fine also, but unfortunately it was rather cloudy,
so that we did not get the full benefit of the views, which
rather reminded me of the Rocky Mountain Region in
America, all the trees are not so large nor so beautiful
as our own, of which there are several varieties, is the
principal tree in the bush; — that the Re-oak, and the
She-oak are also found — the oak with its leaf turned up
and the other down. Orange Groves and vineyards have
been planted in quantity, and do very well. It is said there is a good opening for an educated and experienced wine-blender, as each grower makes his own wine, and the quality is never certain. The Bush is quite open, and you can ride through it easily; in fact it has the appearance of a gentleman's park: it is full of beautiful birds, and the chirp of the cricket and the croak of the frog are continuous, quite different from the dead silence of the New Zealand Bush. After ascending the Zig-Zag or the Sydney side we passed along at high elevation for some distance, and then descend another Zig-Zag to the plains on which is some good land, and nearly cleared. A notch is cut round the trees which are to be destroyed. The gum trees spread their roots to far and wide, that the growth of grass is increased by their removal; also, for the sake of shade for animals and the dew which condense on the trees, it is not advisable to carry out the work of destruction to an indefinite extent.

On Sunday we attended a very nice service at the Cathedral, which is only partly finished. An elaborate in course of erection in front stands next to it; the façade of which is complete. We went up the Parramatta River in the Steam Boat, and walked thru the Bush to the Railway Station. The sides of this River are covered with Mangrove Trees, and Orange Groves are planted all the way of the River on each side.

Next day I had long interviews with the Minister of Public Works, and the Engineer-in-Chief Mr. Whitton, C.E. and afterwards secured on Papagees by the R.N.S. "Bezari"
We reached and left at 12 o'clock Dec 8th.

We had a fair passage, and the weather was fine. We
Cape Howe, which is the division between N. S. Wales and
Victoria. It is said the Aborigines on the sea coast at
this part are rather dangerous and numerous, and besides
stealing and killing the cattle, do not respect the life of the
white man. As a consequence they are not esteemed as neigh-
bours, and the first thing a new settler does is to clear the
land of these blacks alike; the penalties are very severe for
mal-treatment of them; they do not make a favorable impres-
sion upon one, and are far inferior to the Maori Race.

We arrived at Melbourne at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday
evening, where I found a Telegram from England waiting for
me, and on the next day received the New Zealand and
English mail to which I had barely time to reply as we
left by the "Beaur" at 2 o'clock. The New Zealand
Newspapers don't seem disposed to let us on our Contract
alone.

After six days sailing we arrived at King George Sound
1164 miles from Melbourne, at 5 o'clock. The town is
very small, and the Country seems poor indeed. Several
natives came around us. The women were dressed in
shirts, and seemed such wretched looking beings; their
appearance and walk remind one of the Eski—which is of
itself not an ill-formed bird, but let it be irritated by
flying a scarecrow with its feathers, giving it a monthly
head and face motion, and plenty of diet, and the resemblance
to these natives, to some extent will be apparent. After
buoying came on, and looking round for anything to be seen or learned, we had tea, and arranged for a "Koori" among the natives. A fire was lighted, and a dance and songs commenced. Clothing skins were thrown aside, and women and men began to dance and howl; when all at once in dashed a wretch streaked all over his naked body with stripes of white, looking ugly, and shortly this was followed by more howls, and striking of bodies, with a sort of dance, forming in the light of the fire and the outside darkness, a complete demoniacal exhibition.

We left on Friday morning, Dec 13, as last seen Sir James Ferguson, late Governor-General of South Australia, was a Pidgery. Governor Weld of Western Australia came on board, and we had a few minutes chat together. I bought before leaving, some specimens of plants. We had a voyage before us of 30,47 miles to Galle, during which we dined Sunday morning, and enabling us to pass the time pleasantly. In conversations with a Mr. D. P. M. Scog, he informed me of the good quality of the soil in Gippsland, and that the railway there was easily made. He also said that the purchase by a Company of the Melbourne Water Works would be a good speculation, and referred also to the Water Works at Sydney.

On Thursday, Dec 14, an event of considerable interest occurred. Our attention had been occupied for a few days previously in setting up a Breach of Promise Case which came off in the evening. My little Harmonium had been in requisition on Sundays for our services, and
in the week evenings to sing, and in accompaniment to a violin we managed a Band for dancing. The Captain and Officers kinder gave us lamps and cleaned the deck so that we enjoyed the evenings greatly, laughing very much... sometimes, to add to our amusement, by the ship's bell we were all drawn in a race at the side of the deck. Mr. Stockton proved to be a great acquisition in singing and music, and altogether we were a happy lot of passengers.

The Programme of the Trial was

Victoria Regina

A Trial for Breach of Promise of Marriage will take place on the Quarter Deck of the S.S. Bechar, at 8.15 p.m. on the evening of the 21st inst.

Court of Rolls and Luncheon

Before His Honor, Sir Justice Shallow.

Jones vs. Brownsmith

Plaintiff: Miss Araminta Arabella Jones
Defendant: Mr. Thomas Olephane Brownsmith

Counsel for Plaintiff: Sgt. Gammon & Mr. Wrangle
Counsel for Defendant: Sgt. Butter & Mr. Tangle

Witnesses for Plaintiff: Mr. Enotapin Squattles, A.S. M.P.F.
Mr. Golightly Jones, ye. Father
Mr. Linney, Loddy House Keeper
Mr. Whitebait, Greenwich Writer

Witnesses for Defendant: Mr. Mary Ann Myers, Possidron, Maid
Sammy Shaffle, Rejected Addyee.

Court Clerk — Brother Brawler

Some
Some fun was created, as only the outlines of the Programme were given to the performers, who were expected to fill up the parts at the time. Miss Jones (Arabella Arabella) permitted the Courtship of Sammy (Snaffles) and they were to be married, but during a visit to Margate being fond of tea and shrimps she made the acquaintance of Mary Anne Missy, who kept a refreshment stall, and to whom she confided her love affairs. While at Margate she stayed at Mrs. Winchester's Lodgings, and while walking out they meet T. Oldham Brownsmith and a case is ultimately trumped up by means of Chad Whitebait, the Waiter. Letters pass between them, and the poor Brownsmith finds the heartless Arabella Arabella his very own. His adored, he who threw over the faithful Sammy to gain his land and his money.

The outline is not very brilliant, but we had great fun in detail— a theatrical professional on board assisting at the setting up, which in itself was frustrating considering the apparatus and the short notice.