

# Journalist of Fiction, Author of Fact: A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu and the Enigmatic Robert Carrick, by Danny Bultitude.

To appreciate the complexity of *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu*, one must first understand its author, Robert Carrick. Although a renowned journalist and historian, at the time of writing *A Romance*, Carrick had garnered a somewhat negative reputation for inaccurate, biased, and romanticised reportage of fact. Much of this can be related back to Carrick's refusal to engage with an important requirement of the profession: to clearly distinguish between fact, fiction, and the subjective. A rather baffling anecdote illustrates this complication with Carrick particularly well.

In a late paragraph of *A Romance*, Carrick refers to a "recent arrival in Invercargill" who readjusted "sketch-plans of the Holy Land" to sell "as itinerant guides to the new El Dorado at Lake Wakatipu."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 88 in original text.

It is an interesting aside, but has little bearing upon the plot. However, eighteen years later, the 'Itinerant Guide' once again appears attached to an autobiographical piece entitled "First Footing the Wakatipu"

Carrick, Ro. "First Footing the Wakatipu." *Lake Wakatipu Mail*, 11 Oct. 1910. [Papers Past](#).

which recounted Carrick's travel between Invercargill and Queensland in 1862. He describes conquering The Devil's Staircase, his companion's "wild delusions" of being possessed by Satan, and working as a guard for delivery-vans alongside "Potato Jackson;" all while consistently referring to his "vivid remembrances" of said events. But he also describes an encounter with an "Israelite" who altered a map of "the Holy Land" and "transformed the [Dead] sea into Lake Wakatipu, the [River] Jordan into Jacob's river, and the Holy City . . . he named Invercargill." The Israelite released this map as the "Itinerant Guide to the Wakatipu" and sold "hundreds at a pound and 30s apiece."

Much of *A Romance* is set "during the memorable days of the sixties" and his reference to this ambitious Israelite in the later autobiographical piece adds a certain temporal validity to the novel in the process.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 1 in original text.

However, less than a year after this autobiographical piece was published, Carrick provides notes for "Pioneer Recollections: History of the District," a serialised segment in *Mataura Ensign* compiled by H. Beattie. Within these notes, Carrick refers to "First Footing the Wakatipu" and states: "The yarn about the 'Itinerant Guide' is a whimsicality, but in the main it is quite correct."

Beattie, H. "Pioneer Recollections: History of the District." *Mataura Ensign*, 20 Apr. 1911. [Papers Past](#).

This nonchalant acknowledgement of a fabricated element of his supposedly factual, autobiographical piece is jarring, especially from a celebrated journalist. Carrick had even unconsciously foreshadowed his dismissal of the account in *A Romance*, introducing the scene as "One whimsical affair."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 88 in original text.

To further complicate this, Carrick himself advertised "a map showing the belts of gold" for the Wilson River in 1895, three years after *A Romance*, which an anonymous miner warned the public away from, stating that Carrick "cannot of his own knowledge say where it is to be found, far less show it in the map."

"Southland News Notes." *Otago Witness*, 21 Mar. 1895. [Papers Past](#).

Carrick's semi-factual novel featured a scheme that he later attempted to enact himself, referenced as an autobiographical anecdote, and indifferently dismissed as fiction after upholding the lie for over eighteen years.

Robert Carrick was born in Scotland in 1832, and served articles with a legal firm in Glasgow during his youth.

"Hastings Standard." *Hastings Standard*, 4 January 1915. [Papers Past](#).

Although this interest in the law would remain throughout his later life and writings, he abandoned law as an occupation and turned to press work instead. After a short stint in Scotland and Northern England, Carrick arrived in New Zealand in 1860 and famously walked from Dunedin to Invercargill before a road or coach service connected the two. In the relatively new colonisation of Southland, Carrick found ample opportunity for journalistic work, working for the *Southland News* for two years before establishing the *Riverton Times* in 1864. This was the first of many newspapers which Carrick assisted in founding, including the *Cromwell Argus* and the *Waikato Times*.

At the high-point of the gold rush, Carrick returned to Otago to work closely alongside many of the significant figures of the period, specifically focusing on news surrounding the mining community. As the sixties came to a close, Carrick shifted around the country and worked for many local newspapers and as a

parliamentary reporter, before acting as private secretary to Mr John Sheehan, Native Minister in Sir George Grey's Cabinet. In his later years, Carrick focused on freelance work, writing various journal articles, assisting with historical notes for other writers and editors, and compiling the book *Historical Records of New Zealand South (1903)*. Robert Carrick died in Nelson on Christmas Eve 1914 after struggling with health issues for several years, and was promptly forgotten by general history.

In 1903, "The name of Ro. Carrick [was] familiar to [*Western Star*] readers" for he had "long been identified with the development of the Far West"

"REVIEW: "Historical Records of New Zealand South," by Ro. Carrick, Dunedin." *Western Star*, 1 December 1903. [Papers Past](#).

and at the time of his death, he was regarded as "one of the oldest of New Zealand journalists"

"Hastings Standard." *Hastings Standard*, 4 January 1915. [Papers Past](#).

but his legacy largely ends here. Aside from a frequently quoted excerpt from *Historical Records* regarding an influenza outbreak in 1839, only two other archived newspaper articles mention Carrick following his obituaries. One of these articles discusses a piece Carrick wrote about an enigmatic grave on Campbell Island, and is ironically entitled "Romance of History."

"Romance of History" *Bay of Plenty Beacon*, 16 Feb. 1943. [Papers Past](#).

This modern dismissal of Carrick's significance could be a direct response to this very question, a consequence following the considerable amount of negative press in regards to his often 'romanticised' form of journalism.

A particularly significant account stems from a *Mataura Ensign* article entitled "Justice to Rural Districts."

"Justice to Rural Districts" *Mataura Ensign*, 29 Aug. 1893. [Papers Past](#).

This article discusses how the Provincial Fathers – wealthy Scottish colonialists, mostly comprised of Free Kirk elders – bought 400,000 acres of land whilst ignoring the conditional land rights of the native Māori. A bill at the instigation of the 'Fathers' was "smuggled through parliament" in order for the purchase to be accepted, and they subsequently sold small rural sections "without even the bare necessities of life" to turn a profit. This article marks a complete antithesis to the New Zealand newspapers twenty years prior, which "were reflecting settler antipathy toward the indigenous peoples who fought as their patrimonies were being taken by others."

Byrne, Jeb. "The Comparative Development of Newspapers in New Zealand and the United States in the Nineteenth Century." *American Studies International*, vol. 37, no. 1, 1999, pp. 55–70.

Carrick responded to this article with an impassioned letter that recounted the "grand tableaux in deceit" which worked towards this land-purchase, as demarcated locations for "Native Reserves" were erased from the map, and grants were "signed improperly" or "done under mistake."

Carrick, Ro. "The Provincial Fathers." *Mataura Ensign*, 8 Sep. 1893. [Papers Past](#).

Carrick argues that at least one generation of Māori have lived "without a spot on earth they could call their own" due to this land bill, leaving only "the agonising cry of men entitled by every obligation in justice, mercy and truth, to inherit one tenth part of the wealth-producing province of Otago." Engaging with his Romantic tendencies, Carrick delves into poetics, adding "...and what an awful cry it is, rising up to heaven for vengeance!"

Although "Colonial newspapers were vigorously iconoclastic and partisan" during this period, Carrick's incendiary letter seems to have breached the boundary, sparking detestation rather than discussion.

Stafford, Jane and Mark Williams. *Maoriland: New Zealand Literature 1872-1914*. Victoria University Press, 2006.

The following week, a response is published referring to the letter as "wicked and profane" and Carrick himself as "a rank Jesuit, seeking for an opportunity of introducing "the ante-Christ"."

"More About the Provincial Fathers." *Mataura Ensign*, 15 Sep. 1893. [Papers Past](#).

The respondent concludes his letter by recommending that *Mataura Ensign* "leave that wicked creature alone to be scourged by Satan" or they shall cancel their subscription altogether. That very same week, another response entitled "The Fictions of History"

"The Provincial Fathers: The Fictions of History." *Mataura Ensign*, 12 Sep. 1893. [Papers Past](#).

states that "Mr Carrick is wanting in most of the chief qualities of a historian: the taking pains to ascertain the true state of the facts; the capacity to record them in correct order; and an unbiased judgement for comment." Carrick follows with another letter citing several documents and accounts that prove "the heartless dishonesty of these "Provincial Fathers""

Carrick, Ro. "The Provincial Fathers." *Mataura Ensign*, 19 Sep. 1893. [Papers Past](#).

as if to demonstrate his worthiness as a historian. Yet, as the case of the map-making Israelite indicates, it remains difficult to disavow all comments regarding Carrick's validity.

One review may delineate his "painstaking and conscientious labors [sic]" towards accuracy in *Historical*

*Records of New Zealand South*, acknowledging Carrick's travels to areas throughout Australia "known to have had traffic intercourse with New Zealand."

"REVIEW: "Historical Records of New Zealand South," by Ro. Carrick, Dunedin." *Western Star*, 1 December 1903. [Papers Past](#).

But another article entitled "Where the Money Goes"

"Political Notes" *Evening Post*, 20 July 1905. [Papers Past](#).

disrupts this. The article regards a letter sent to the Government by one Mr. Herdman regarding the £250 sum paid to Carrick for *Historical Records* when it was published two years earlier. Although the financial focus lies at the centre of the piece, Herdman still questions "whether it is the case that such publication is full of inaccuracies, and, as a historical record, is absolutely worthless." Upon receiving an official response stating that "No such representations have been made" towards the validity of *Historical Records*, Herdman provides "chapter and verse for some of the inaccuracies in the publication referred to." The very same book that was acclaimed by a reviewer as a "very interesting and exceedingly valuable volume . . . [that] will preserve for all time important facts"

"REVIEW: "Historical Records of New Zealand South," by Ro. Carrick, Dunedin." *Western Star*, 1 December 1903. [Papers Past](#).

is dismissed only two years later.

The majority of discourse falls into a similar category to that of "The Fictions of History" and "Where the Money Goes;" approaching Carrick's work with a non-specific distrust and dismissal that refuses to provide direct examples for the inaccuracies submitted. Other publications vaguely refer to Carrick's "ingenious attempt[s] to distort facts"

"Mr Ormond's Economic Administration." *Hawke's Bay Herald*, 10 July 1884. [Papers Past](#).

and in 1873, a court case was brought to trial after the defendant publicly remarked that Carrick was "a b— y skunk, a d— — d liar, and an infernal thief."

"Resident Magistrate's Court." *Southland Times*, 9 Nov. 1874. [Papers Past](#).

This issue of journalistic reliability may have pushed Carrick into obscurity after his death, but for the modern reader of *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu*, it is these very same tensions of fact and fiction which become the most tantalising hook.

There is undeniable romantic energy to the Otago gold rush: juxtaposing sublime landscapes, Byronic figures, and wealth attainable from nature rather than industry. Yet the 'Romance' of *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu* may have suggested something beyond romanticism or the "romantic scenery" and "historical romance" Carrick mentions in the preface.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* Preface.

The structure of the title allows for one to consider this 'Romance' as not only a generic device, but as an example of Carrick "talk[ing] fancifully or hyperbolically" of Lake Wakatipu.

"romance, v. *OED Online*. Oxford University Press, June 2017. [Oxford English Dictionary Online](#).

This format also works for the subtitle: *A Legend of the Lakes*, as he works to turn the landscape of Otago "into the subject of a legend."

"legend, v." *OED Online*. Oxford University Press, June 2017. [Oxford English Dictionary Online](#).

Otago's social landscape is also deftly mythologised, as Carrick populates his romance with an array of factual characters and events to offset the fictional elements.

The novel begins with Bill Fox, the prospector who first discovered gold in the Arrow River, witnessing an old bearded man walking onto his boat after hitting a whirlpool beside the Devil's Staircase. The old man asks for a match and lights it, producing an incredible light that shines upon the man's own corpse at the bottom of the lake and a satchel of gold hidden in a distant hut. Fox journeys to the hut, but rather than gold, he discovers a legal document: Josiah Begg's will. Frustrated, he brings it to his friend, the lawyer Duncan Campbell, who sees the potential riches that could come from such a will. The two drink together at the Arrow Arms Hotel, and Campbell begins travelling towards Dunedin with the will in tow the following morning. On the journey and upon first arriving, Campbell encounters several factual figures whose testimonies and tales are represented in monologues or indirect discourse. While in Dunedin, Campbell searches through international files to discover that Begg's will is worth "one and a half millions sterling"

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 35 in original text.

and is presently under litigation.

The narrative shifts, jumping to Scotland for a biographical sequence focusing on Josiah Begg's life from the 1810s to his death in 1859. We follow his youthful enterprises towards wealth at the Glasgow fair, his time in San Francisco during the gold rush of 1848 and his journey towards becoming "a merchant prince of the golden city."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 42 in original text.

It is revealed that a lover of his has died after giving birth to his daughter – a death Carrick directly attributes to a shattering of health by the Kirk punishment for adultery: time upon the “stool of repentance.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 42 in original text.

The grandparents look after their daughter, but with distaste, due to the shame her birth brought to the family’s reputation. Begg returns to his hometown in Scotland, and hears a suggestive voice from his lover’s grave. Subsequently, Begg meets with David Barclay, a lawyer paralleling Campbell, and asks him to find his daughter. As he leaves, Begg comes to realise that his hometown has little passion for him, as he has always placed his quest for wealth above his humanity. Returning to San Francisco, we meet Jean Stewart, Begg’s housekeeper, who is considering schemes to make Begg marry her so she shall receive his posthumous wealth. Begg scribes his will, leaving the money to his daughter, only to hear the “voice of reason and nature” approving his actions.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 59 in original text.

Begg dies. Seizing her chance, Jean Stewart claims to have secretly married Begg while in Scotland. Stewart’s true suitor speaks to Iak, a Jewish gangster, about hiding Begg’s will. Iak tells Sam Perkins, an old bearded man with an extensive criminal history, to travel to Otago with the will in tow.

Perkins is told to keep the will safe and well-hidden, but upon realising that the will belongs to Begg, whom he once worked for, he too begins contemplating ways to make his fortune from the will. Upon moving towards Gabriel’s Gully, Perkins encounters Garret the Otago bushranger, who detains him but does not rob him, seeing that Perkins is a new arrival. Carrick then describes Garret’s later capture. Continuing his journey, Perkins assists Jock Graham in selling innumerable cats using the ‘Dutch auction’ system taught to him by Begg. Sam next instigates the ‘Blue Mountain rush’, telling the Gabriel’s Gully miners about a non-existent gold discovery which he leads many men to over the course of two days; all to bring potential customers to a storekeeper who chose the wrong spot to establish his business. Perkins is nearly lynched by the miners upon uncovering his ruse, but the storekeeper saves him while disguised as a police officer.

December 1863, Bill Fox appears at an out-station, starved but possessing much gold from a new site discovered. The man at the out-station, Rees, takes responsibility for the find and receives £2000 from the Government. The excitement which follows this find brings about an Israelite map-maker, a disastrous excursion train incident, and “the abolition of Southland.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 87 in original text.

Perkins has been living in exile, and eventually becomes an acquaintance of Fox, who provides him with provisions intermittently. Iak and his accomplice Con arrive in Otago and cannot find the will. Con kills Perkins atop the Devil’s Staircase and his body falls into Lake Wakatipu. We return to Campbell in the narrative present, who manages to provide the information of the will to solicitors in San Francisco. Jean Stewart and her accomplices escape while Begg’s daughter receives the estate promised to her.

Considering that *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu* was serialised anonymously in the local newspaper, *Otago Witness*, in 1892, and largely set a mere 29 years earlier, Carrick seems to invite discussions on legitimacy from the moment of publication. It is no surprise that the only published response to the novel explicitly warns that “the author is taking some rather fanciful liberty with our history, geography, and some other facts,”

"Lake County." *Otago Witness*, 30 June 1892. [Papers Past](#).

as, to an uninformed reader, it is very convincing. Several other pieces from this period have a habit of “Entwining legend and fact, romance and realism” but what is known of Carrick’s past adds complication.

Blythe, Helen Lucy. *The Victorian Colonial Romance with the Antipodes* Palgrave Macmillan, 2014.

. The majority of characters who appear in the New Zealand sequences are significant real-life figures who presumably would be known to the intended audience of *A Romance*. William ‘Bill’ Fox, Sam Perkins, Vincent Pyke, Garret the Otago Bushranger, Yankee Bob, Rev. Thomas Burns, and Jock Graham all make appearances. This suggests historical reliability and simultaneously plants seeds of disbelief, for Carrick includes enough minor divergences and discrepancies – as the previously cited reviewer acknowledged – to supply the local reader with cause for doubt. For example, there is no evidence of a lawyer named “Duncan Campbell,” or even the “Arrow Arms Hotel” he performed his business in, no Joe Langley who worked as a road manager for Cobb and Co, and as it appears, no Josiah Begg which by conjunction means no will and thus, no narrative.

As if the convergence of imagined characters and genuine figures did not place enough tension between the spheres of fiction and reality, Carrick also replicates the stylistic and rhetorical techniques associated with journalism and historiography throughout the entire novel. The journalistic rhetoric is immediately recognisable: a distinct formality of language, a focus on testimony, and an unseen narrator who is visibly concerned with distinguishing between evidence and conjecture. To encounter such a form in a novel is alarming, posing an entirely different set of concerns than those raised by a story-world populated with fictional characters, an omniscient narrator, and a cohesive structure of certainty. Concepts of authenticity and the construction of legend are brought to the foreground, leaving thematic concerns aside. Carrick operates solely

within the middle-distance, incorporating equal amounts of reality and fiction before playing the role of a detached journalist within his own story-world. The narrator explains that “According to local computation the gorge is fifty miles in length,” that “by authentic record” the gaol held only three people, or that the “material available for a biographical sketch of [Sam Perkins’s] life and adventures is largely culled from police reports.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 25, 2, 69 in original text.

Because, be they true or not, these uncited and potentially non-existent pieces of evidence are integral to promoting a sense of authenticity within the text. Carrick is not writing a novel, but writing a legend, a ‘romancing’ of reality.

Regardless of the fictional core of the central narrative, *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu* rarely seems like a fictional novel, instead operating in a form comparable to folklore, or the modern conception of ‘urban myths.’ Even at points which clearly act as an intentional break from journalistic regulations – namely explorations of the subjective and the supernatural – the dominating response remains one of credibility. As previously mentioned, this is achieved by having a narrator who simultaneously acts as sceptical journalist when encountering the narrative. In utilising many discrete perspectives and testimonies, limited examples of direct narration, and an avoidance of absolute statements without providing evidence; Carrick generates an internalised tension between certainty and uncertainty which embeds equal amounts of doubt and confidence in the reader themselves.

Take for example, the treatment of Bill Fox’s surreal vision in the opening chapter, stating: “as Bill himself describes it...”; “That explanation he deems absolutely requisite...”; “...if Bill can be believed on his word of honour...”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 4 in original text.

Rather than occupying a position of narratorial authority, Carrick attributes this to an implied and unquoted testimony from Fox himself, amplifying the subjectivity in the same manner as a reporter would when depicting such an uncanny observation. At points, the narrator explicitly expresses disbelief in Fox’s narrative, describing that “as an embodiment of all the facts of the case, his observations were somewhat faulty” before taking account of what little ‘evidence’ he retains: “a tin box of wax vestas from which one match at least has disappeared.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 5, 6 in original text.

. The representation of the event in direct relation to the testimony regarding the event – alongside the dismissals of it being “an optical delusion” and his rebuttal describing said evidence – emulate journalism in a manner rarely seen

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 6 in original text.

. In other scenes, the ‘implied testimony’ rhetoric again appears, and does not falter when encountering fictional characters either; explaining what Joe Langley said “[w]hen approached on the subject,” what the landlord of the fictional hotel “appealed to on the point,” or Campbell’s testimonial shortcoming regarding the nature of a bad investment he “never particularised” to the implied author.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 25, 23, 12 in original text.

This shortcoming from Campbell, is only one of the innumerable ellipses which Carrick places into the narrative, presumably derived from other testimonial or evidential failures in the storyworld. Carrick allows the narrator to admit when they “have no means of ascertaining” the conclusion to a tale, that “no one knew” how a character survived, or that they are simply “unable to say” how long a character felt undecided about the future.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 22, 89, 56 in original text.

One elliptical break in information is even shown as a journalistic failure because of the novel’s serialisation, as a significant fact “not generally known” is introduced too late in the novel, and the narrator must admit that “hitherto no mention of it has been made of it in these pages.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 55-56 in original text.

These details could break the narratorial coherency, but they create such a convincing imitation of the ways in which we represent truth and avoid conjecture, that they utterly enhance the experience. Carrick has a clear understanding of what shall be considered convincing to his readers, and acknowledging which pieces of information are unattainable or unverifiable is integral to journalism. By utilising the rhetoric which we associate with truth and reality – inevitable shortcomings included – Carrick turns this romance into something considerably more multifaceted.

The complexity of *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu* mostly stems from its jarringly close proximity to reality, but come Chapter X the narrative moves away from the sixties, New Zealand, and the factual altogether. As a decidedly local novel: serially published in the *Otago Witness*, before being compiled into a book by Wellington based government printer, George Didsbury; the concerns with retaining credence are lessened for the seven chapters which leave the country. It seems as if Sam Perkins – who only gains significance once the narrative moves back to New Zealand in Chapter XVII – is the sole character who is not fictitious during this

narrative detour. But Carrick does not lose sight of his prior intentions towards creating a faux reliability and internal logic, and rather than emulating testimony-based reportage, he moves towards an imitation of the historical biography form. Take this sequence from the first page of Chapter X:

*He was, accordingly, born somewhere in the first decade of the present century, and at the time of his death had advanced some years beyond the half-hundred. He was of Scottish descent, having first seen the light of day at a small weaving village named Crossford, on the banks of the Clyde, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire."*

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 36 in original text.

Losing some of the narratorial doubt shown previously, the rhetoric becomes more confident and focuses on the important events and milestones within this fictional character's life. Carrick attributes Begg as being both "president of the Board of Trade" and "president of the Young Men's Christian Association" and even states that Begg "introduced for the first time in Scotland the "Dutch auction" system."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 53, 39 in original text.

Having extended beyond the general knowledge of Carrick's intended audience, he can definitively state that a trip to the fair by the young Begg "was remembered for many years in Crossford" without needing to relate to factual figures and their faux testimonies to attach a sense of truth to the narrative.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 37 in original text.

Carrick instead uses the aforementioned biographical element to shift the focus and structure as a means to further enhance the sequence's believability.

In describing a character who was born in the 1810s and died by 1859, four years before the events of Chapter I, Carrick justifies this shift to the biographical through the time disparity itself. As the anonymous writer of "The Fictions of History" states: a worthwhile historian must hold "the capacity to record [events] in correct order"

"The Provincial Fathers: The Fictions of History." *Mataura Ensign*, 12 Sep. 1893. [Papers Past](#).

– but Carrick brilliantly inverts this, using spatiotemporal discontinuity in a way that essentially forms a cyclical narrative. Peter Brooks famously considered "the *anticipation of retrospection* as our chief tool in making sense of narrative"

Brooks, Peter. *Reading for the Plot: Design and Intention in Narrative*. Harvard University Press, 1992.

which Carrick quite literally enacts by assigning the temporal midpoint as both the beginning and end of the narrative, foreshadowing narrative past and future. Aside from a conclusory sequence on the final page, the novel creates a complete cycle, beginning with the spirit of Sam Perkins indicating the location of Begg's will, and ending with Perkins's death and the loss of the will. Josiah Begg's lost will is positioned as the central influence on causality through this unconventional styling: its discovery in the 1860s prompting the shift back to Josiah's life between the 1840s and 50s in order to explain its creation and eventual appearance in Otago.

Another unconventional method which keeps this entirely fictional sequence plausible is through an emphasis on the realist and the banal. This technique acts as an impressive example of how the novel can offer "forms of life that seem realistic, sometimes more realistic than the lives that actual historical people and peoples have lived"

Freedgood, Elaine. "The Novel and Empire." *The Oxford History of the Novel in English: Volume 3: The Nineteenth-Century Novel 1820-1880*, edited by John Kucich and Jenny Bourne Taylor, [Oxford Scholarship Online](#).

through the use of near-suffocating realism once entering the utterly fictional. If Otago embodies the sublime, San Francisco and Scotland embody the picturesque. In these 'picturesque' chapters, certain themes, character archetypes, and entire scenes are repeated from the earlier portion set in New Zealand. Each feature a gold-mining boom, protagonists focused on their own financial gain, unkempt lawyers, and possible supernatural interference from the dead; yet during Begg's narrative, the spectacle is absent.

Take Bill Fox's incredible vision in the opening chapter, depicted in all its vivid glory: featuring a whirlpool, a dead man singing a choral song, and the light of a match which "far exceeded the sun, moon, and stars in their combined efforts at illumination."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 4 in original text.

This sequence is depicted in brilliant detail: directly quoting each word spoken and sung by the deceased Sam Perkins as the narration becomes lost in the natural and supernatural sublimity. This acts as one of many settler descriptions of the New Zealand landscape which "emphasize the ephemeral and transcendent operation of the literary imagination" while retaining the realism of the "new lands, rivers, and mountains of colonial settlements."

Blythe, Helen Lucy. *The Victorian Colonial Romance with the Antipodes* Palgrave Macmillan, 2014.

In comparison, the equivalent vision experienced by Begg, is solely the act of hearing "a still, small voice" emanating from his lover's tomb which "spoke so low, its accents were alone audible to Josiah's ear."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 44 in original text.

Unlike the visual spectacle of Fox's vision, Begg's is entirely auditory and the supernatural voice is only alluded to, rather than being directly represented as that of the posthumous Perkins. It is also worth noting that this sequence takes place in a 'picturesque' landscape, featuring: "a rolling river, rich luxuriance of foliage, soft but romantic surroundings", and a "grassy knoll" littered with "heather-bell and honeysuckle."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 44 in original text.

A far cry from the sublime, transcendental landscape of the New Zealand South.

Later on, in the banal location of Begg's home, the voice returns as "a strange hallucination" and is directly quoted as saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 58 in original text.

This biblical speech from Mark 1:30 is directly attributed to "the still small voice of reason and nature,"

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 59 in original text.

negating the spiritual aspect implied through the earlier picturesque scene beside the tomb and further driving home the suffocating realism of these scenes away from Otago. The tonal incongruence between these parallel narratives of space are emphasised upon witnessing similar characters and events in the heavily regulated, picturesque spaces of San Francisco and Crossford. Considering Carrick's own upbringing in Scotland, this sequence acts as an imagined return to his homeland, dramatizing "how often returnees found the 'old country' dull and disappointing"

Wagner, Tamara S. *Victorian Settler Narratives*, Pickering and Chatto Publishers, 2011.

by reducing the antipodean romance offered by New Zealand. Following Begg's death the narrative returns to Otago with Sam Perkins, and the disparity is again illustrated bluntly as Sam immediately encounters Garret the bushranger and his gang of thieves. The narrative cul-de-sac biographing Josiah Begg's life and death is one of the few entirely fictional parts of the novel, but through the novelistic use of anti-romance and biographical language, the plausibility is retained.

Amidst the meticulous treatment of the fictional aspects of *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu*, the factual elements become enigmatic and oftentimes baffling. The two most important factual characters are Bill Fox and Sam Perkins, who both make appearances in the opening chapter. In 1863, Bill Fox wrote: "I still contend that I was the first man that got gold in the Wakatipu district"

Fox, William. "Discovery of the Wakatipu Goldfield." *Otago Witness*, 24 Nov. 1898. [Papers Past](#).

which, while opposed, certainly makes him a thematically appropriate character to include as the protagonist for 'a legend of the lakes'. Bill died in 1890, two years before *A Romance* was published, which may explain his significance in the text, acting as a form of remembrance from Carrick who seemed to be a relatively close acquaintance of Fox's.

As for Sam Perkins, however; a great deal of creative liberty was taken when casting him in *A Romance*. Sam Perkins is introduced as a supernatural hallucination while his murdered body lies in the bottom of Lake Wakatipu. Fox states that "if sceptics would take the trouble of dredging the lake, he has no doubt the body of the little old man with the grizzly beard would be fished up;"

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 6 in original text.

which contextualises Sam's body as confirmation of the vision's validity. However, Sam Perkins "drowned while fording the Titiroa Stream"

Esler, Lloyd. "That's Settled: As West as it Gets." *Stuff.co.nz*, 1 Oct. 2015. [Stuff](#).

more than 200 kilometres away from Lake Wakatipu, with no indication of foul play. This fictional end attributed to a historical figure would likely have been deliberately included as a means of indicating the false nature of the narrative to the local community. After committing the Blue Mountain Rush hoax that also appears in *A Romance*, Sam Perkins became infamous, the gully which he led the miners being named as "Sam's Grief" and his name becoming one which "scarce needs an introduction"

Beattie, H. "Pioneer Recollections." *Mataura Ensign*, 12 Nov. 1909. [Papers Past](#).

even in 1909. Yet the discrepancies regarding Perkins do not stop with his death, for Carrick represents him as a well-established small-time criminal before arriving in New Zealand even though "down to the date of his goldfields escapade nothing prejudicial was known of [Perkins]."

Beattie, H. "Gabriel's Gully Jubilee." *Otago Daily Times*, 5 Jan. 1911. [Papers Past](#).

This appears to be an acknowledgement of the text's fictionality which only his local audience shall immediately recognise; the Blue Mountain Rush being a notorious event to the local community, but not the country.

As the well-researched factual details and the 30,269 word appendix affixed to the compiled novel proves, Carrick remains a non-fiction writer at heart despite this delve into the romantic. The appendixes hold every detail that the imagined reader may want to know of the social and natural geography of Southland: maps, statistics, portraits, and historical anecdotes. Potentially one may have wanted to learn that Otago dairy produce included "3,566,150lb. of cheese" in 1889, read a quote from a 1863 report regarding "the benefits to be

anticipated from the adoption of the wooden rail instead of iron lines,” or a 700 word elaboration on the “Bloody Clavers” which are mentioned once in passing during *A Romance*.

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* pages 98, 135, 125 in original text.

Unless it is another elaborate piece of meta-fiction from Carrick, the most likely justification for this would be regarding a prospective overseas retailing, to an audience who may wish to know the statistics and history of each New Zealand city represented.

The appendixes remain a truly odd addition, ultimately containing more words than the novel itself while providing very little towards elaborating questions or validating claims. The two appendix notes which are remotely useful towards discovering more about the narrative itself both relate to Bill Fox: a testimony on him from the station shepherd at the time, and a short narrative regarding the transport of the “Nancy” to Kingston by two men. This second note is important as Carrick reveals midway through the narrative: “the fact is I was of the luckless pair.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 108 in original text.

This event also appears in “First Footing the Wakatipu” alongside the ‘Itinerant Guide’ whimsicality, albeit without any mention of the “Nancy” or Bill Fox. Carrick may have argued that the Itinerant Guide was the sole fiction within this autobiographical piece, but this discrepancy is again difficult to justify when looking upon it 100 years removed.

In refusing to remain in the sphere of fiction or journalism, Carrick becomes an enigmatic and unruly subject, but his motivation remains clear. While providing additional information for another reporter’s piece, Carrick writes: “I have been prompted by no motive other than a desire to see the rare historical romance of New Zealand South—its raw material—rescued from oblivion and put on correct lines, leaving time and circumstances to work out the historical narrative.”

Carrick, Ro. "The Tamihana Utu Episode." *Otago Daily Times*, 30 Aug 1902. [Papers Past](#).

While this is most certainly true of Carrick’s controversial journalistic endeavours, it is difficult to attribute to a historical romance which Carrick has formulated himself. Why would Carrick have retained such a heavy focus on journalism and factuality when finally free from the shackles which so often caused issues for him? We may never know, but to consider Carrick’s reasoning we must return back to that pesky “Itinerant Guide.”

When the guide appears in *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu*, there is no indicator for the reader to consider it as being false. It is represented in a single nonchalant paragraph, another example of a futile scheme set directly beside the factual failure of Southland’s wooden rail system. As the seven chapters away from New Zealand indicate, the rhetoric of journalism paired with relative narrative restraint makes one considerably more receptive to absolute falsehoods. Only two chapters earlier, the arguably more whimsical account of Jock Graham and Sam Perkins selling unwanted cats by attributing them with an honourable origin is represented; and appears to be factual. Yet there is one important falsehood Carrick adds to the cat sales: Sam Perkins is stated as using “the Dutch auction” system he learnt “in the employment of Josiah Begg.”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 79 in original text.

How is a reader expected to respond when fact and fiction are so tightly bound together that each consumes the other?

*A Romance of Lake Wakatipu* is a work which wants to be recognised as fiction just as readily as it wants to be mistaken as fact, and Carrick’s incorporation of elements from both sides of the equation work towards crafting this impressive, unusual book. Looking at *A Romance* from the twenty-first century, his modern anonymity is sobering but unsurprising. History favours the artist or the journalist, but the writer who chooses to blur the line between the two often becomes inadequate in either sphere. Many of the scenes in *A Romance* simply cannot be proven or refuted due to Carrick’s wavering between both spheres, and while this negates much of the value as a historical text, it heightens the meticulous artistry on display. With many colonial writers, “fiction became an important means of reasserting a mastery of the landscape”

Wagner, Tamara S. *Victorian Settler Narratives*, Pickering and Chatto Publishers, 2011.

and *A Romance* showcases this in a fascinatingly multi-faceted manner. Carrick recognises his own reputation as a skilled journalist with a proclivity for ill-chosen conjecture, and with this novel he self-reflexively embraces it. He is no longer a journalist when he writes *A Romance*, Carrick becomes a documentarian of legend, albeit a legend he has created himself.

As the novel closes with the direct, conclusive statement “so ended the last act in what is still remembered as the Lake Wakatipu Tragedy,” Carrick envisions a landscape where his mythology is “still remembered”

Carrick, *A Romance of the Lake Wakatipu* page 94 in original text.

and shall continue to be. Perhaps this is why the Itinerant Guide returns eighteen years later in his own autobiographic piece, for the legend became indiscernible from Carrick’s own personal history. Yet at this very moment, Carrick’s legend has become history, literary history but history nonetheless. The landscape Carrick envisioned in that final sentence, the landscape in which his romance of lost wills and gold-rushes is still

remembered, is now a reality. For here you are, with *A Romance of Lake Wakatipu* directly before you. All you need to do is keep on reading.

Front Cover

Back Cover

Title Page

*A Romance of Lake Wakatipu (A Legend of the Lakes): being Episodes of Early Goldfields Life in New Zealand; with Itinerant, Statistical, Historical, and other Notes.*

By Ro. Carrick.

Wellington: George Didsbury, Government Printer. 1892.

## Preface.

The Romance of Lake Wakatipu was written with the view of placing on record reminiscences of a period which ranks as one of the most eventful in colonial history—namely, the early days of the Otago goldfields.

It was designed as a contribution to the periodical literature of the day, but, upon further consideration, it was thought advisable to make it available for bringing certain traits in the romantic scenery of the colony, combined with their historical romance, more pointedly under notice of the travelling public.

Other circumstances and events connected with the progress and prosperity of the place have been imported into the narrative, so as to render the whole useful for purposes of general information.

That information is largely supplemented by the explanatory notes, added in the form of an appendix, and to which reference is made at corresponding points in the development of the plot.

## Sketch Map of Lake Wakatipu and Surrounding Country

Topographical map of the Lake Wakatipu area, c.1880s

## Contents.

## Chapter I.

THE OTAGO GOLDFIELDS—BILL FOX, THE ARROW RIVER DISCOVERER—FULL AND CORRECT ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES AS TOLD BY HIMSELF—THE DUNEDIN GAOLER—THE LAKES TRADE—THE DEVIL'S STAIRCASE—THE LITTLE OLD MAN WITH A GRIZZLY BEARD.

ON the scroll of Otago's

See Appendix, [Note 1](#).

goldfields fame, during the memorable days of the sixties, the name of Bill Fox

Bill Fox was an Irish gold prospector who discovered gold in the Arrow River, and made the often disputed claim to be the first to discover gold in the Wakatipu district. He operated a boat service on Lake Wakatipu, worked on construction for certain hotels, and had a strong local reputation. Nowadays, Fox is memorialised by the Fox River, a tributary in which he discovered gold. [Te Ara](#).

stands third. First on the list is that of Gabriel Read

An Australian prospector who is credited as first revealing the potential of gold-mining in Otago, initiating the gold rush and thus transforming the New Zealand South. He received a £1000 reward for his discovery from the Otago provincial government. He is memorialised by Gabriel's Gully. [Te Ara](#).

, of Tuapeka

The river in which gold was first discovered in Otago>

, Hartley and Riley

Two prominent prospectors who missed the first year of the gold rush, but extended their searches farther upriver than those prior. [Te Ara](#).

of the Dunstan

Another name for the Kawarau River, connecting Queenstown and the space now known as Cromwell.

being second. Then came our friend Bill, by whose pluck and perseverance the hunt for auriferous riches extended to the Arrow

Running past Arrowtown, this is a short tributary of the Kawarau river.  
, the Shotover

A 75 km long river with a strong current and innumerable rapids, it flows from deep within the Southern Alps before reaching the Kawarau River near Queenstown.

, and the Wakatipu.

Lake Wakatipu, New Zealand's longest lake and third largest, situated beside Queenstown and connecting Kawarau River to Dart River.

By pursuit Bill was a sailor-man, of the dare-devil kind. In his wanderings he drifted into Port Otago, See Appendix, [Note 2](#).

Otago being then in the zenith of its goldfields fame.

Ships' captains in these days had good times. They had large prices for their freights; but, still, they had big responsibilities, amongst which the responsibility of preventing their crews from bolting—leaving them single-handed to man the ship—was not by any means the least. The word single-handed is no mere figure of speech, as in many instances the diggings proved quite as attractive to the officers as they did to the men. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing for the skipper of a vessel to wake up of a morning and find himself securely battened down, and on regaining his liberty, which was not unfrequently preceded by periods of lengthened detention, to find the ship deserted by all hands.

In some cases stringent measures were resorted to, and after-consequences ensued. In the then primitive state of society in Otago, however, these were not of a serious cast. It is a matter of unwritten history that so very limited was the gaol-accommodation that when more than three were committed at the one time the extra prisoners had to be hoarded out. The discipline must have been equally mild, as we find by authentic record the gaoler on one occasion threatening to lock out the prisoners for the night unless they returned to their quarters at a timely hour. A *régime* of that kind suited Jack to a nicety; and it can be understood that, as a rule, he bore the punishment with exemplary patience.

It was one of Bill Fox's proudest boasts that he did his month like a man, and then made tracks for the Dunstan. His Arrow River discoveries having replenished his purse, Bill appears to have renewed his hankerings after seafaring life. His own admissions prove that his mind, for a time, was sorely perplexed on the point. "When I compared the fo'c's'le,"

The front-facing point of a ship below deck, used as the living quarters for the crew.

he would say, "with my own snug little cabin on the Arrow River

See Appendix, [Note 3](#).

I could not but feel how far-and-away better the one was to the other; but when I looked abroad on the waters of the lake, and saw them tumbling about in a good, stiff, sou'-wester, I could not help thinking I was becoming a perfect landlubber, and that thought getting uppermost in my mind made life insupportable. It was no use telling me that in a young country like New Zealand, with democratic tendencies, all things were possible to the man of enterprise, and that I might one day rise to the helm of affairs—get command of the Molyneux

A continuation of the Clutha River said to be one of the most treacherous in the country.

punt

A large, narrow boat with a flat-bottom, propelled by a long pole.

, or boss the spoon-dredge

A boat with an apparatus that collected gravel from the seabed, in order to search for gold.

in Dunedin Harbour."

It was at this stage of his cogitations that Bill Fox finally resolved upon abandoning the Arrow, and launched out on the lake. He rigged out a fore-and-aft schooner

A sailing ship with two or more masts that aligns the sails following the ship's central line.

, which he named the "Nancy," in loving memory of an old sweetheart, who, according to his own showing, led him a pretty dance, and then jilted him.

The lakes trade through Southland

See Appendix, [Note 4](#).

at this time was eagerly prosecuted, and, seeing his opportunity, Bill engaged to ply his craft regularly between Kingston

A small-town situated at the southern end of Lake Wakatipu.

and Queenstown.

# Gabriel Read

Portrait of Gabriel Read, discoverer of Gabriel's Gully

The passage to and from these places lay between lofty mountains, one of the sublime, though stern, features of the now famed Lakes District.

See Appendix, [Note 5](#).

At places the banks run up from the water's edge into the sides of the subordinate hills and stretches of table-land. In many respects these fells, being well-proportioned and undulating, lend charm and variety to such rugged heights as the Remarkables, the Earnslaws, Ben Lomond,

See Appendix, [Note 6](#).

and other monuments of stately grandeur with which this part of the colony is so richly endowed.

At one place the passage becomes narrow-gutted and precipitous beyond anything to be met with in New Zealand, the Fiords country and its environments always excepted. This is what is known as the Devil's Staircase

A steep cliff, housing a winding creek which leads into Lake Wakatipu.

; and we venture to add that, of all the hundreds of diggers who rushed the Wakatipu by way of Southland and the Longford

An area far Northwest from Otago, presumably within what is now known as the Kokatahi locality.

, not one could hear the name mentioned, even at this distant day, without experiencing the proverbial cold shudder. It seems at one time, in prehistoric ages, to have been a coupling-link between main ranges on the east and west sides of the lake, and in that way to have formed one of nature's barriers against the further encroachment of the waters.

Behind that, a vast accumulation of water-power must have been stored, there being evidence to show that at one time the lake was much higher than it is at present. This vast hydraulic power, aided no doubt by some other force in nature, would seem to have forced the passage, leaving perpendicular walls of granite on each side, with a deep gulf in the centre. Thus forced, the lake now extends ten or twelve miles beyond its original limits.

It was up against the fearful current rushing through this chasm Bill Fox was driving his loaded craft one dark night when our story begins. He had got well through the pass, and was, in fact, beginning to congratulate himself on the speedy prospect of sailing along in smooth water, when, through missing stays

A term used when the ropes which connect the various parts of the ship are not aligned with the wind and lose tautness.

, all headway was lost, and the boat went shearing down again through the gulch. All efforts to stay the backward progress were unavailing until reaching the middle, and, perchance, the most dangerous part of the stream. There the boat was brought up with a round turn in the shape of a tremendous whirlpool, and, as Bill himself describes it, "went spinning round at the rate of sixty knots an hour."

In pure sympathy with external circumstances, Bill's brain got into a muddle, and, being in danger of losing his head, he closed his eyes and lay down at full length on the deck. In that condition a most astonishing vision broke in upon his disturbed faculties. A little old man, with a grizzly beard, walked coolly in over the stern, and, with the utmost *sang froid*

Composure shown under irritating or difficult circumstances.

, sat down alongside Bill's prostrate form.

"Got a match?" said the little old man, producing a short cutty pipe.

A tobacco pipe with an exaggerated forward slant, often made from clay.

With a purely mechanical effort, although a trifle tremulous, Bill handed him the required match, which he declares was one of an ordinary tin box full of wax vestas

Waterproof matches.

purchased that morning at two boxes a tanner. A sixpence. That explanation he deems absolutely requisite, for, as the sequel shows, it turned out one of the most eventful matches on record.

The old man struck the match against the bowl, in the ordinary way observed amongst patrons of cutty pipes, when, lo and behold! a light was produced which, if Bill can be believed on his word of honour, far exceeded the sun, moon, and stars in their combined efforts at illumination. The waters of the lake, hitherto dark and turbid, became smooth and transparent as a looking-glass, so much so that objects at the bottom became distinctly visible.

Looking down, Fox could see an exact counterpart of the little old man with the grizzly beard lying dead at the bottom, with a deep gash on the forehead. To Bill's sensitive mind the sight was so appalling that he

instinctively turned his head to look in another direction. There fresh astonishments met his bewildered gaze. The wall of rock had melted away into a kind of noonday transparency, so that objects became distinctly visible for miles around. Beneath a heap of rubbish in the vicinity of the old man's hut, which Fox now recognised as belonging to a man who had been at work on the upper branch of the Nevis, and who had suddenly disappeared, no one knew how or where, he saw what he took to be a pile of gold wrapped up in a chamois-leather bag.

Having feasted his eyes on these wonderful sights, Bill naturally turned to his mysterious companion for further explanations.

"Fool that you are," said the little old man, "can you not see down into the mystery, or is the light not strong enough for you to read the riddle?"

Bill faltered out that he thought he had seen as far through the whin-stone

A quarrying term to describe any fine-grained, dark-coloured rock.

as any man, but, as an embodiment of all the facts of the case, his observations were somewhat faulty. He therefore begged the old man would assist him to pick up the broken threads in the narrative."

"Broken threads, indeed," said the little old man ironically; "say, rather, broken heads; done to death by a ruffian. He thought to rob me of my trust, but he was mistaken. To wipe out all traces of his bloody deed he hurled me over yonder beetling

Overhanging.

cliff; and now, 'Down among the dead men, there I lie.'" These last words were uttered in a sing-song, drawling tone, which was immediately taken up with tremendous energy, as if the combined efforts of a thousand foghorns had been let loose, and, in shrill cadence, the whole gulch, from end to end, resounded to the chorus—

*Down, down among the dead men,*

*There I lie.*

"Ah," said the little old man, leering over his grizzly beard, "let's try it in another key." So saying he repeated the chant in a singularly clear, melodious voice, which, as previously, was taken up and repeated by the unseen choir.

Fox describes the sounds emitted on that occasion as being perfectly enchanting. Every known, and many unknown, parts in music were represented with a sweet blending of voices which rendered the performance rapturous. Its like, Bill says, he never heard, albeit he had been present at musical festivals in which stars of the first magnitude had taken part.

As the last strains of the melody died away the light went out, and all around became density and darkness, as it was before the striking of the eventful match.

The little old man rose to take his departure.

"You know all about it now," said he. "You know where the chamois-leather bag is, and you know where they put me. So good night, and here goes it."

So saying the old man stepped overboard, and, just as the waters closed in upon him, sang out at the top of his voice—

*Down, down, down among the dead men,*

*There I lie.*

Up to this point Bill's narrative, although not what would be called circumstantial, is nevertheless complete. What transpired afterwards is not by any means so conclusive.

When memory next asserted its sway Bill tells us he awoke out of a troubled sleep, and found his boat some distance above the gulch, moored alongside the bank, and the morning's sun well up in the heavens.

Bill's friends ventured to think the whole thing was an optical delusion—a creature of the fevered imagination. That view, however, he repudiates as being a slur on his sobriety, and, in defence thereof, puts forward the following: First, he asserts that, while a large proportion of his cargo was bottled beer, bulk could not have been broken, as no demand was ever made for ullage

Loss of liquid.

; secondly, he is still able to show a tin box of wax vestas from which one match at least has disappeared; and third, and last, Bill gives it as his candid opinion, if sceptics would take the trouble of dredging the lake, he has no doubt the body of the little old man with the grizzly beard would be fished up. As for the pile of gold in the chamois-leather bag, he is sure of finding it; and, as will be shown at the proper time, so firm was his belief that he made good his promise.

## Chapter II.

THE DEVIL'S STAIRCASE—WAKATIPU TRADE—FOOTING IT TO THE NEVIS—GETTING OVER THE DEVIL'S

TAIRCASE—THE OLD MAN'S SHANTY — DADDY CAMPBELL, OF THE ARROW — THE "NANCY" CREEPS UP ALONGSIDE QUEENSTOWN WHARF.

THE Wakatipu trade through Southland experienced a sudden check.

Stung to madness at the sight of this lucrative business diverted to Bluff Harbour

See Appendix, [Note 7](#).

and Invercargill, Dunedin merchants spurred on the local authorities, on whose part great efforts were made to find a viable route to the lake. Hosts of engineers and surveyors were sent out in all directions, with an army of navvies

Labourers employed in construction and excavation.

in their trail. Swing-punts

Cable-ferries between the riverbanks.

were erected at the various river-crossings, the result being that in an incredible short space of time the loaded teamster

The driver to a team of animals.

made his way to the Wakatipu by the Dunstan. Southland had its advantages in point of distance, but these were not sufficient to counterbalance the superior commercial enterprise of Dunedin.

The result was that, although Bill Fox's freights were reduced in price, there still remained a serious falling-off in quantities. This gave Bill the opportunity he sought for—of paying a visit of inspection to the Upper Nevis. Accordingly, one fine morning, while the dew was on the blade, Bill boarded the "Nancy" at Kingston, and sent her shooting up the lake. Shaping his course for a convenient landing-place, and having made the "Nancy" secure, Bill footed it all the way to the Nevis.

Looked at in the light of the match, which in the hands of the little old man produced such marvellous results, a journey to the Upper Nevis appeared a simple undertaking. Divested of that supernatural refulgence A radiant shine.

, the journey in its realities was widely different. First there was the Devil's Staircase

See Appendix, [Note 8](#).

to get over: that meant creeping on hands and feet up the perpendicular, or perhaps it would be more correct to say overhanging, walls of huge boulder-banks, whose rough edges, exposed to all kinds of weather, were rendered brittle and insecure. The traveller was forced at times to hold on by his hands, at other times by his feet, while it not unfrequently happened that, losing both hand-grip and foot-hold, he made the backward tendency

The reversal of a trend.

, which does not at all accord with safety to either life or limb.

Surmounting these difficulties and dangers, Bill found his further progress impeded by deep fissures, and that the only way to get over was by making use of branches of the alpine pines and shrubs, thereby accomplishing the feat by a kind of swinging leap.

The ascent being altogether about 1,000ft., and these being its chief characteristics, aggravated by a rushing stream washing its base, rendered the height, otherwise giddy enough in itself, downright intoxicating. Woe betide the traveller who attempts to cross the Devil's Staircase, and who lacks a firm nerve and steady foot. That serious mishaps have arisen is well known, but that these have not been more frequent is the marvel. A special providence would seem to preside over this man-trap, else how is it that the hundreds who, swag on back, rushed the Wakatipu in the early days survived to tell the tale?

This, then, is a faint delineation of the first part of Bill's journey in search of the old man's treasure. Following the top of the ridge until he reached the main range he descended to the bed of the Nevis, which, was likewise a work of difficulty, demanding dexterity. Bill, however, knew the lay of the land, and that rendered him no small assistance in ferreting out the way. His own account is that he steered a course by the most direct route, and in due time found himself underneath all that remained of the old man's shanty. The rubbish-heap in its vicinity was soon explored, and it was not without a feeling of misgiving Bill clutched the coveted chamois-leather bag. In outward appearance it was altogether disappointing.

From its size it could not be the yellow pile he imagined. That view was further confirmed in the handling; so that by the time the bag was opened he had his mind made up for a sore disappointment.

The disappointment came as had been precluded. Instead of a pile of gold, the bag contained a ponderous-looking document. For a moment Bill's curiosity got the better of his disappointment, and in turning it over he remarked that it was a "legal document." The disappointment again getting uppermost in his mind, he added bitterly, "D—the document, and double d—the lawyer who wrote it. If it had been a bit of gold how handy it would have come in; but it is just like my confounded luck."

It is right to explain that, although a lucky digger, Bill had of late been a trifle down on his luck. The falling-off in his trade, coupled with certain extravagant habits to which diggers on a bit of gold are addicted,

had seriously impaired his finances; hence the secret of his remark about his confounded luck.

On the whole, however, he took things philosophically. He took away what he found, and, folding it up, trudged back to the "Nancy" a sadder and wiser, if not a more cheerful, man.

The "Nancy" was soon skipping over the mimic waves of the lake *en route* for Queenstown.

See Appendix, [Note 9](#).

During the trip Bill gave his discoveries full consideration. He looked at the newly-found document in all the lights that presented themselves to his mind, and the conclusion arrived at was, "There might be something in the darned paper after all." It had all the outward visible appearance of being a carefully-prepared document. The first few words on the top line were written with a flourish in the old English style of calligraphy; and, as it proceeded, red lines, blue lines, and black lines were interwoven, so that, as a whole, it was a document calculated to inspire reverence and respect. "Them red and blue lines look as if some lawyer coon

Presumably a racist remark.

had taken much trouble in painting the hull," reasoned Bill to himself, "and, as them chaps don't go to all that botheration unless they're well paid, there may be money in it after all."

Then, again, there was the little old man and the match. "He would not," so Bill reasoned in his own way, "have gone to the trouble of getting up and making all that fuss with the lighted match unless the thing had been worth the trouble."

Out of these reasonings Bill evolved the resolution, in his own language: "I know now what I'll do; I'll over to old Daddy Campbell, at the Arrow, and let him have a sniff at it. He's up to all them kinds of dodges

Swindles or fraudulent dealings.

. He knows what's what, and no mistake. Only let him smell a piece of parchment on the sheep's back, and he'll spin a cuffer

To tell an unlikely story.

about fee-simples

Freehold ownership of land.

in the wool and rights of reversion

Secondary ownership of real estate, allowing one to recover full ownership.

in the trotters that would make the Lord Justice General himself look sheepish."

These soliloquies, added to Bill's duties in the careful handling of the craft, kept his attention pretty well occupied until the "Nancy" crept up alongside Queenstown Wharf.

## Chapter III.

GOLDFIELDS COMMUNITY—LAW AND JUSTICE ON THE GOLDFIELDS—THE MINING AGENT—DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

In a new goldfields community much that is anomalous, not to say grotesque, must of necessity exist. The eternal fitness of things, in administrations of domestic economy, cannot very well be attended to. The various walks and duties of life require to be provided for; and to keep pace with the urgencies of the case such materials as may be at hand must be taken advantage of.

From small and imperfect beginnings, however, great results have been achieved. Slab walls with canvas coverings were the nuclei of some of the finest hotels which now do service to the travelling public.

Other branches of pursuit in these new-born communities started under even less promising auspices. These, after passing through the canvas stage of their existence, were housed under scantling

Thin timber beams.

, and have now passed on to the stone and mortar era, their surroundings being of an architectural design that would do no discredit to an empire city.

Offices in these days were filled up equally off-hand. It was pre-eminently a day and generation when men turned their hands to anything and everything, and not unfrequently the turnout was ludicrous enough.

The conduct and administration of law and justice was most promiscuous. Plentiful as the crop of barristers now is in New Zealand, at the time of which we write they were but a scarce commodity. The few there were found ample employment in the larger towns, and no one put in an appearance on the goldfields unless specially retained.

In the absence of the legally-qualified article a non-qualified crop of the fraternity sprang up, who, to evade legal consequences, dubbed themselves mining agents.

Surveyors of mining grounds.

They did not, however, confine themselves to mining matters, but, as opportunity offered, dabbled in other business—the framing of transfers, conveyances, agreements, &c., becoming part and parcel

The integral element of something.  
of their pursuit.

Although not openly countenanced, the authorities found it convenient to wink at their proceedings, on the plea that the exigencies of the goldfields demanded such indulgence.

These mining agents, as they called themselves, were a miscellaneous assortment. Some of them had smatterings of law, acquired probably as attorney's clerks, or in some other way hanging on to the skirts of the profession. Others, however, had higher legal qualifications, being perhaps discarded barristers—men hunted out of the ranks of the profession by the Law Societies, or, it might be, men who sought a quiet retreat from the vigilance of the police.

Some of them did lucrative business, and, being acknowledged the jawing-power

The extent of one's ability to speak.

of the community, took rank as leading citizens, eventually finding their way into the councils of the people, the colonial Legislature included. The majority, however, lived a hand-to-mouth existence — hunted around bar-parlours, and entered freely into all the debaucheries of a digging life.

It was to one of this fraternity Bill Fox alluded when he spoke of Daddy Campbell.

Duncan Campbell had been a regular practitioner in his day in one of the midland counties of Scotland. Some trust funds left in his custody had, as Duncan himself put it, been placed in a bad investment. What the nature of the investment was Duncan never particularised. Suffice it to say the funds disappeared, and Duncan, finding it advisable to follow suit, disappeared likewise. Turning up in Otago he applied to be admitted to practice before the New Zealand bar. The Law Society, however, getting wind of the "bad investment," opposed the application, and succeeded in keeping Duncan *minus* the wig and gown.

The Arrow turning up trumps

To move towards success.

, Duncan turned up on the Arrow, and pitched his camp on a vacant piece of ground midway between the Courthouse and the Arrow Arms Hotel. The wisdom of that selection soon became apparent. His ability to grapple with the weighty matters of the law could not be doubted. His strength lay in the agility with which he quoted precedents, and, there being no law library in the place, it was the artful, insinuating way in which he put these precedents which constituted their main strength.

Addressing the Bench, he would say, "I have not the book of reference at hand, but your Worship no doubt remembers that the Lord High Commissioner, sitting in the Court of Common Pleas, ruled the point on all fours with the case for my client." Prefaced by such a flattering appeal to the legal acumen of a goldfields Warden

The individual who makes the final decision on all disputes and decisions of a particular goldfield.

, and there being no means of gainsaying the dictum

Denying a formal, authoritative proclamation.

, what could possibly remain but to give judgment as sought.

In that way Duncan Campbell, like many men of higher status, built for himself a reputation on precedents, the correct application of which no one had an opportunity of ascertaining.

On the other hand, Duncan showed himself equally at home at the bar of the Arrow Arms. True to what are reputed to be the national instincts of the Scot, he could drink whiskey *ad libitum*, and, being, withal, of a genial sort, he was readily voted the prince of good-fellows.

A word more about Duncan Campbell and his idiosyncrasy. Having pitched his camp, he took the earliest opportunity of making known his calling. This he did by means of a zinc plate, with the following superscription:—

*MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL,*

*late SOLICITOR AND NOTARY*

*Under The Great Seal Of Scotland.*

In its design the zinc plate was a perfect model of duplicity. Unless closely scrutinised, it read, "Mr. Duncan Campbell, Solicitor and Notary." On the other hand, all scruples on the part of the Law Society to Mr. Campbell's assumption of these prerogatives were silenced by closer inspection disclosing the infinitesimal "late" on the second line, and "under the Great Seal of Scotland" on the fourth. The whole thing was a clever device, so artfully contrived that, while in popular estimation Mr. Campbell enjoyed the reputation of a practising solicitor and notary public, the Law Society from whose ranks he had been excluded, feeling helpless to counteract the fraud, could only do the next best—grin and bear it.

Having now got as much of Mr. Duncan Campbell, late Solicitor and Notary Public under the Great Seal, &c., in his social and professional capacity as will suit the purpose, we will proceed to a further development of the plot with which his name has become associated.

# Chapter IV.

## RESIDENT MAGISTRATE'S AND WARDEN'S COURTS.

THE day at which our narrative has arrived proved what lawyer Campbell called one of his field days. It was the periodical sitting of the Resident Magistrate's and Warden's Courts.

Campbell had got through an extra amount of work, and, whether it was due to the precedents quoted, or the absence of reference-books, the work had been most successful. He was in high glee, and, having ended the labours of the day, adjourned to the Arrow Arms to celebrate the occasion. There Daddy, as he was familiarly named, became the centre of an admiring group, on whose invite he had put more than one fill of whiskey out of sight.

Feeling he had had enough for the occasion, he was making his way out when he went butt up against a man whose identity he did not at first recognise. The collision was so sharp that the opposing bodies rebounded a few feet apart, at which distance a mutual recognition took place.

"Heigh, Daddy! is it thee?" exclaimed Bill Fox; "where away in such a thunderbolt of a hurry? "Why, man, you have knocked seven bells out of me."

Nautical slang referring to the eight half-hour bells used for each watch.

"Bill Fox" rejoined the man of law, "it's you, is it? Man, I thought I had run bolt up against the Arrow Bluff. You're a tough bit of stuff, Bill; but, tell me, what brings you here in such hot haste?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Fox, "only I want to have a word with you."

"A word with me" repeated Duncan, "why, what's up? Has the 'Nancy' been running amuck with the lake scows

Wide-beamed sailing dinghies used for transporting cargo.

, or has she been trying conclusions

Engage in a trial of skill with.

with the Queenstown Jetty?"

Bill assured him that neither of these mishaps had occurred, but that, on the contrary, the "Nancy" had been conducting herself as a well-behaved fore-and-aft schooner ought to do.

With these assurances, the two, without further parley, edged over to the bar, and, in accordance with ancient custom, smuggled, as Bill himself put it, a drop of the creature under their belts.

To drink alcohol.

In as few words as possible Bill enlightened the lawyer as to the purport of his mission, and, as it was mutually understood there was a secret to be kept, the pair adjourned further consultations to the domiciliary retreat of the lawyer.

We have said enough to show the mode of life pursued by the latter was not one of strict discipline. Accordingly, no one will be surprised to learn his home was the reverse of orderly. There was an accumulation of small-debt writs and rubbish which would have left the unassisted mind at a loss to determine whether the occupier was a debt-collector or a dustman. Inside the caboose, as the legal gentleman facetiously designated his dwelling, the pair disposed of themselves after the following order:

The lawyer sat on an empty gin-case close up to the rough-boarded table, which, in addition to other purposes, social and domestic, did duty as a writing-desk. Adapting himself to circumstances, Bill occupied the only other seat—viz., the edge of a stretcher—which served as a seat by day and a couch by night.

Like many other institutions sacred to the memory of the goldfields, the stretcher has become well nigh obsolete. It was an elongated camp-stool, made out of plain spars, with a length of canvas hung in the centre, on which the occupant lay down at nights. It was a rough, simple structure, provocative of colds and chills, arising from the fact that it was all but impossible to prevent the bed-clothes slipping over the sides. Still, it was accounted a luxury in its day compared with the doss-down

To sleep somewhere uncomfortable or unconventional.

the digger in pursuit of his calling was accustomed to.

Bill handed the mysterious document to the lawyer, who, after adjusting his spectacles, set about its careful perusal. This he did with slowness and deliberation, muttering commentaries to himself as he proceeded. Having finished, he refolded the paper with care approximating to fondness, a fact which was not lost upon Bill Fox's close, though silent, observations.

For a few moments the lawyer appeared lost in reflection. Bill's patience at length gave way, and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, he addressed his companion as follows:—

"Well, now, old Calf-skin Dad, has that capacious brainpan of yours swallowed up the contents, or will it require the t'other gentleman with his long robe to gather it all up?"

"Quite unnecessary," replied the lawyer; "the whole thing is there as plain as a sunbeam."

"Well," retorted Bill, "seeing the whole thing's such plain sailing, just you find time to enlighten me a little on the subject."

With the short preliminary cough peculiar to the professional man about to communicate important facts, Campbell began in slow, measured terms, as if still lost in reflection.

"Yes," said he, "its all there, signed, sealed, and delivered, right and tight, no doubt about it."

"But," said Bill, a little nettled, "what is it that's all there right and tight? Come, drop the metaphor and give us the fact."

Thus admonished, the lawyer became less mysterious, and, lifting the document, read from the docket-sheet as follows: "The last will and testament of me, Josiah Begg, of San Francisco, merchant shipper and general importer, made this first day of June, in the year of our Lord 1859."

"Merchant shipper," quoth Bill, catching at that part of the phrase with professional zeal; "I wonder now if this old salt died worth a good shot in the locker."

Having something useful or valuable left behind.

"Bill," said the lawyer in a voice of deep solemnity, "that's just what we'll have to ascertain before we can do any good either for ourselves or for others."

The deliberation was carried on much further, during which Bill was made to recite all the particulars connected with the finding of the will.

At mention of the little old man with the deep gash on his forehead the lawyer became doubly solemn and impressive. "Why, Bill Fox," said he, "depend upon it there is a deep mystery connected with this affair—a mystery which may or may not be cleared up until that great day when the sea shall give up its dead."

Not being well versed in Scripture narrative, Bill innocently inquired if the day referred to was close at hand, "For," said he, "there's sure to be a rising of the tide on that occasion, and, as the Nancy's mooring-gear is none of the best, it will have to be looked to."

"Whisht, whisht,"

Scottish equivalent of "Hush, hush."

said the lawyer impressively, "I am afraid, Bill Fox, you have not studied your Bible as you ought to do, for therein it is written that day shall come as a thief in the night."

From this it will be gathered that lawyer Campbell was a correct type of his countrymen, of whom it is said, "Do not touch his religion or his whiskey."

The deliberation resulted in an arrangement that Campbell should proceed to Dunedin, with a view of ascertaining who and what Josiah Begg, of San Francisco, is or was, so as to determine the net value to be put upon this mysterious find at the Wakatipu.

## Chapter V.

SOCIAL USAGES ON THE GOLDFIELDS.

THE more important duty disposed of, Bill Fox rose to take his departure.

"You'll be gaun to tak' a shak'-down," said the lawyer, "at the Arrow Arms; I'll just step out with you, and we'll hae a nightcap."

At a later stage of the proceedings we will see what the lawyer's nightcap consisted of.

Bill, nothing loth to the proposal, took his friend in tow, and, arm in arm, they reached the Arrow Arms. That establishment, like so many of its contemporaries of the day, was erected on the most economical plan as regards space and accommodation. Every square inch had its use and behoof, and in some instances the allotted space had to do duty for more than one purpose. The dining-room, for instance, opening direct from the bar, was lined on each side with small cribs, yclept

'Going by the name of'

bed-rooms. For day-work a kind of portable table was improvised—plain boards laid on temporary supports, extending from one end of the apartment to the other, and flanked on all sides with forms. Besides the door opening into the bar, there were two or three loop-holes for the bar-attendants to shoot liquor-supplies through at the beck and call of thirsty customers. In that way long-sleevers, gin-slings, brandy-smashes,

Pints of beer, sweetened gin, and mint and brandy cocktails respectively.

and other decoctions by which the rosy god

Bacchus, or the Greek Dionysus.

allures his victims, found their way, by a short cut, to the dining-room.

It was at night, however, the dining-room put on its great attractions. The table being removed, and the forms planted round the walls, the whole affair was metamorphosed into the goldfields dance-room. To provide

partners, and otherwise assist in driving trade, a whole bevy of girls were engaged, nominally as barmaids. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing for an establishment of this kind to have a dozen such girls so employed. Their real duty was to dance with the diggers, and, in goldfields parlance, string them on to the drink. Besides nominal salaries, these girls were paid by results. Each girl supplied the liquor she had strung her partner on to, or the consumption whereof she might otherwise have superinduced. Supplied with a card, the amount handed in at the bar was duly registered on the particular girl's card. At the end of the week her takings were reckoned up, and a percentage paid thereon. Stimulated in that way, it is easy to understand every possible allurement and strategy were employed to promote drinking, and thereby increase the gains.

The announcement of a new barmaid, or the arrival of a fresh batch of barmaids at a particular hotel, was looked upon as a novelty or attraction similar to that of the star whose arrival is announced at a metropolitan theatre.

The girls themselves showed no small aptitude in their devices. Their birthday dodge, as it was called, came to be reckoned one of the big draws. A girl who had become popular would discover her birthday occurred at a particular time, and, in anticipation thereof, issue unlimited invitations to her male acquaintances, soliciting their presence at its celebration. The thing, however, came to be overdone. So long as a girl had not a birthday oftener than once a month it took pretty well, but when they exceeded that number the thing became stale.

It was upon one of these select gatherings Bill and the lawyer obtruded  
Intruded.

in search of the conventional nightcap. The central figure of the affair was a girl named Maggie, and, as our two friends learned she had not had a birthday for the last two months, the patronage was good. The lady herself was togged out

Dressed up.

, as Bill remarked, to kill. She flaunted about, dispensing smiles and welcomes on all sides with strict impartiality.

Bill and the lawyer being amongst the latest arrivals, she literally flew at them, encircling them in her arms, and, almost by main force, bore them away to a seat at the upper end of the room. "I was quite sure you two sly codgers would turn up," she said. "Why, what keeps you so late? I have been looking out for you the whole night. What a charming pair of mashers

Those who are able to attract others through their sexuality.

you are, to be sure" So saying, she flopped down on the seat between them; and, with an arm around each of their necks, began twirling at their whiskers. A supply of liquor followed, not forgetting Maggie's own particular tittle, after which she hurried away to welcome other arrivals, and repeat the same protestations and performance with them.

Then another and another of the female troupe fastened on to Bill and the lawyer in a similar way, and, by similar endearing phrases, fresh "shouts"

Drinks bought for another.

were exacted by each relay. Indeed, it was considered a point of honour—questionable as the honour may seem—to give each of the girls a turn.

It was now getting late, and the bulk of the outsiders had gone. Our two friends, now tolerably well primed with liquor, being constant customers, and looked upon to some extent as privileged guests, were allowed to remain behind.

With more leisure on hand, Maggie, laying aside her professional aims, sat demurely down alongside of them.

"Well, Maggie," said the lawyer, "how will the tally-card tell up to-night?"

"No good," replied Maggie, with a drooping air, "birthdays are worked out. The boys have not got the sugar, or, if they have, it will take some other draw to get it out of them."

"Why, then," said the lawyer, "not get up a new draw? If a birthday won't do, why not get up a wake?"

"Not a bad idea," said Maggie, looking at the matter seriously; "but then, Dad, there is the corpse;" and, after ruminating on that point for a moment, she seemed on the eve of giving it up, not apparently being able to recall any of her friends who would be at all likely to oblige her in the way of providing the corpse.

Maggie, however, was a lady of expedients, and all of a sudden a bright idea struck her. "How do you think, Daddy," she asked, "would it do to wake the cat? Dip her in the river, and then lay out the body in state. Then, out with your invites all round: 'Poor puss; a lady's favourite cat; suddenly departed this life; deeply regretted; will be consigned to its last resting-place, &c.' How would that take for a draw, Dad?" asked the unsophisticated Maggie.

The lawyer, thus appealed to, fully indorsed the idea; but whether it was ever acted upon or not we have no means of ascertaining.

Poor Maggie, like many other fragments of goldfields life a quarter of a century ago, has become a thing of the past, and all that can be said is that, if she was no better than some of her confreres  
Fellow members of your professional group.  
of the present day, most assuredly she was no worse.

## Chapter VI.

A JOURNEY TO DUNEDIN—THE KAWARAU RIVER—COBB AND CO.

IN the course of a few days an important addendum appeared to the zinc plate on the lawyer's door. It was an announcement written on plain cardboard. At first its author set out with the idea that he was some good as a letter-press printer, but, discovering his mistake before going very far, he relapsed into the good old German text of the copy-book.

Taken in conjunction with the plate itself, the announcement read thus: "Mr. Duncan Campbell, late solicitor, &c., has gone to Dunedin, and will be absent for a few weeks. Letters, &c., left at the Arrow Arms Hotel."

This announcement occasioned some speculation amongst the good folks of the Arrow. The landlord of the hotel, supposed to be in the confidence of the lawyer, being appealed to on the point, declared he knew "nocht" Scottish dialectical of 'Nought.'

about it. "Dad," he said, "was a sly old dog. He had a devil of a head on his shoulders; and to mankind thus endowed, the devil himself generally found work to do." He had no doubt there was some deep laid scheme afoot; and he was equally sure some poor soul would have to suffer.

The landlady, also supposed to be an authority, was more explicit. "There was," she said, "that girl Maggie. She was no good. Immediately after tallying up her birthday takings she packed up her all and went off to Dunedin. No sooner had she gone than old Dad followed. Now she thought of it, she could recall a great many sly winks and by-nods

To nod at someone in an incidental or minor manner.

passing between the pair, more than was implied in the contract of service between a barmaid and a customer." Putting this and that together, and making of these twain one, the conclusion arrived at by the landlady was that the lawyer and the barmaid had eloped, and, as both were bound for Dunedin, they had selected that city as a fit and proper place for their guilty amours.

Growing grave at the thought of her own suspicions, the landlady went on to say, "Who would have thought it?" If ever there was a decent, respectable-looking man, in her estimation, Dad was the one. She had looked on him in the light of a father, and, in virtue thereof, had taken care always to hand him the three-star brand when he asked for his nip. "But," added the landlady mournfully, and looking hard at her own lawful spouse, "you never can tell what these men are once they get in amongst the barmaids. At home with their wives they are pictures of propriety; but in the back-parlour with a barmaid, oh, losh

A deformation of the exclamatory "Lord!"

keep me! what men they are; Satan himself could be no match for them."

Such, then, are samples of the charitable constructions placed on the lawyer's visit to Dunedin. If there was one man or one woman who had just cause to defend the reputation of the absent lawyer from unjust aspersion that man and woman was the landlord and landlady of the Arrow Arms.

The lawyer had been their constant customer ever since their roof-tree  
The primary beam to a roof.

had been planted. Not only his own but his indirect patronage had been a source of emolument  
Salary.

. We have already seen that, to some extent, he was esteemed their privileged guest. Not alone that, but by all hands in the house he was a much made of man; and yet, no sooner does he turn his back, than the most unmerited odium is thrust upon him.

It does not, however, require much reflection to prove that in this respect human nature on the goldfields a quarter of a century ago was pretty much the same as it is to-day. It is holy writ that sayeth, "He that has eaten bread with me has lifted up his heel against me," from which it may be inferred the sin of ingratitude is of more ancient date than the discovery of gold on the Arrow.

Meantime the lawyer himself, in blissful ignorance of all these troubles, was making good progress on his journey to Dunedin.

## *Gabriel's Gully*

Black and white photograph of Gabriel's Gully, c.1860s.

Cobb and Co.,

A company which provided stagecoach services in Australia, whose name was used by many private stagecoach operators in New Zealand.

the pioneer posting establishment of Otago, had risked the ran as far as the Dunstan, but, despite their reputation for getting over rough roads, they had not yet mustered courage to risk the road from thence to the Arrow. The only way for getting at it was through the gorge, and getting through the gorge was a something to be remembered. It was an abrupt, narrow pass amongst the mountains, through which the Kawarau River

The 60 kilometre river which drains Lake Wakatipu.

had ploughed its way to the Molyneux. In that operation, however, the river would appear to have been actuated by purely selfish motives, and, having found an outlet for itself, it does not seem to have troubled its head about a road or passage for general traffic.

According to local computation the gorge is fifty miles in length, but if we estimate the rocky promontories and precipices, deep ravines cut out by mountain - torrents, and soft marshy lands caused by rivulets, we should say the distance was quite equal to a hundred miles of any well-regulated line of road.

It will thus be seen that, venturesome as they were, Cobb and Co. had still some caution, and in no instance was it shown to better advantage than in their refusal to take up the passenger trade to the Wakatipu.

When approached on the subject, Joe Langley, their road manager, would shake his head and croon the following adaptation of the well-known ditty,—

*Up in a balloon, man,  
Up in a balloon,  
That's about the only thing  
Fit for yonder town.*

Joe's melodies, however, did not prevent the teamster putting in a spoke for the trade.

Providing an integral mechanism for the trade in the area.

On the up-journey they were indifferent enough to the passenger - traffic. It was only at exorbitant rates they would accept of a fare, and when the said fare happened to be fat, fair, and forty the charge was made at the rate of so much per pound. They were put upon the scales and weighed out like so many horse jockeys. On the score of return fares, however, they were less fastidious. Going home empty, they were rather glad of a passenger, being, as it were, a kind of windfall to the ordinary exchequer.

The government office responsible for making payments from the national account.

It was with one of these return teams the lawyer negotiated a passage to the Dunstan.

Over such roads the jolting was no doubt bad; but the dray

A two-wheeled cart, often without sides.

being light, and the team good, many of the difficulties and delays attendant upon the up-journey were absent. The driver of the team was a host in himself, who answered to the name of Yankee Bob.

The alias of one William Black, who is only remembered for his month-long incarceration after stealing a duck. [Papers Past](#).

The lawyer soon discovered that Bob was a perfect Prince Imperial in lying — an absolute monarch in falsehood. Still, he was an amusing cuss. Every event and turn in the road afforded him food for fresh anecdote, whether real or imaginary does not matter. Crossing the river-punt reminded Bob of an occasion in the States, on the Nevada side, when he and his eight-horse team got into a river of marvellous rapidity. His presence of mind being quite equal to the emergency, he clung manfully to his seat, and held on like tarnation to the reins. With consummate skill he piloted the team a distance of ten miles down stream, landing them, without a scratch, on a sandbank! Passing the Devil's Cauldron, a strong eddy in the river, which at this spot has a fall of about 1 in 15, recalled Bob's memory to an accident which, we may say, is founded upon fact. "A poor devil," with his swag on his back, so Bob described him, was carried down the eddy. There he was, caught in suspense; and for weeks the ghastly spectacle was seen bobbing up and down in the angry current. The body disappeared piecemeal. First the swag went, then the limbs; but it was not until the whole had been torn asunder that the trunk disappeared.

Towards evening they got to the mouth of a deep ravine, named the Roaring Meg, not by any means misnamed, considering the rush and tumble with which its waters come down.

Getting out their sticks, for they had to carry their fuel with them, Dunstan being completely barren of timber, the evening meal was soon in preparation. The fuel question reminded Bob of the time when he first visited the Dunstan. Not having provided himself with a supply of sticks from the timber country, nothing was

left but to set the dry fern ablaze, and, running along the line of fire with his billy

A cooking pot typically used when travelling.  
in his hand, boiled the tea water in that way. "It took me," said Bob, "a dance of many miles. Still, I managed to get the water to bubble up at last."

## Chapter VII.

A TYPICAL GOLDFIELDS TEAMSTER—CAMPING OUT—STALACTITE CAVES—THE NATURAL BRIDGE—KAWARAU AND CLUTHA JUNCTION—EIGHTY-SEVEN POUNDS WEIGHT OF GOLD.

AS THE night's encampment at the mouth of the Roaring Meg wore on, Bob's fund of anecdote increased. In further illustration of the timber question,  
See Appendix, [Note 10](#).

he went on to relate how that, on another occasion, an old squatter in the neighbourhood named Captain Fraser

Could be a mean-spirited allusion to Thomas Fraser, a retired sea captain who entered the House of Representatives in 1860 and later joined the Legislative Council. [Papers Past](#).

had caused Bob and his mates some offence. In revenge, the Captain's fencing furnished their fires for the night.

Fraser, being a bit of a character, wakened Bob's recollections to other of his peculiarities. Fraser was particularly well pleased with himself and his name. His boast was that he was Duniewassal,

A Highland gentleman, especially as cadet to a ranking family.

or first gentleman of the clan, and that there had never been a Fraser who was other than a perfect gentleman.

Getting to the ears of a band of shearers, *en route* to his shed, they determined upon taking a rise out of this weakness. One of the number was a crossbred between a Malay and an Australian aboriginal—a most villainous specimen. The band made their arrangements accordingly.

Arriving at the home station, Fraser, who was on the lookout, called them to get their names registered in the station-book. Addressing the first, he inquired his name. "Fraser," was the man's curt reply. The inquiry was repeated to numbers two, three, four, &c., the answer being invariably the same. At last the captain, in a boiling mood, got to the half-breed, and, after surveying him from head to foot, inquired what his name might be. With unabashed effrontery, the darkie replied, like the others, "Fraser" This was too much for the old gentleman's equanimity, and, losing control of his temper and his dignity, he exclaimed, "D—n that for a yarn. Surely it's enough to have the Frasers polluted with that rascality there, without taking a nigger into the clan. Clear out, the whole d—d lot of you. You are nothing but a hand of impostors." At this they shouldered their swags,

A bundle containing one's personal belongings or riches.

and, setting up a loud laugh, took their departure as ordered.

In that way the evening was spent; and at a late hour the lawyer and Bob retired to their blankets under the tilt of the dray.

Towards morning the lawyer felt cold, and he was not at all sorry when daybreak afforded him the opportunity for getting up.

Following Bob's example, he made his morning's ablutions in the creek, and, knowing that Bob would not be ready to start for some time, he hastened to pay a visit of inspection to the stalactite caves in the neighbourhood. Although narrow at the entrance, they were found capacious enough inside. From the roof hung an inverted forest of these congelated substances, twisted and turned into the most fantastic shapes and figures. Some of them had grown down almost to the floor, but for the most part they had only attained the size of well-developed icicles, with a few drops of pure water trickling down their sides. Acted upon by such straggling rays as managed to penetrate the cave, the effect was grand. These rays were reflected back in ten thousand gleams of rainbow colour.

Having still more leisure before the dray came up, the lawyer visited another curiosity—the Natural Bridge. See Appendix, [Note 11](#). † See Appendix, [Note 13](#).

The water at this place, being particularly turbulent, has scooped out for itself an underground passage, leaving the superincumbent ledge of rock overhanging the channel to within a few feet of the opposite bank. Although not extending right across from bank to brae

A steep bank.

, it enabled venturesome people with good vaulting-powers to get over. The lawyer, however, not being amongst the venturesome class, did not attempt the experiment. The dray coming up, the lawyer took his old quarters inside, with Bob on the front seat.

At midday they crossed the junction

See Appendix, [Note 12](#).

of the Kawarau

See Appendix, [Note 13](#).

and the Clutha

Clutha River, the second longest river in New Zealand, running from Lake Wanaka to the Pacific Ocean.

, two good large rivers, the one an outlet from Lakes Hawea and Wanaka,

See Appendix, [Note 14](#).

and the other from the Wakatipu. United they form the well-known Clutha,

See Appendix, [Note 15](#).

as the Scottish settlers named it. Along the banks, miners on the hydraulic principle, with here and there a solitary cradle, were at work.

The river not having fallen to the low level at which Hartley and Riley were fortunate enough to find it, the work was mostly of a preliminary kind, and but little gold was being got. Still, the expectations were high; but, like many more great expectations, they were doomed to disappointment. Not only did the river continue high until the diggers, sad and weary, were driven away, but the *débris* from the Shotover and other higher workings sluiced down into the bed effectually disposed of all chance of the river ever becoming so low as it was on the memorable occasion alluded to. Now, however, the river dredge

See Appendix, [Note 16](#).

is doing what the miner of that day wanted to do in vain.

Well on in the afternoon Bob pointed out the position of a rock, from the ledges of which Hartley and Riley scraped the 87lb. weight of gold out of which the fame of the place arose. A slight gurgle was all that marked the rock, the water being now many feet above its surface. It was a wild spot, enough to damp the ardour of the most sanguine. Still, these two men persevered in their research, and they got their reward, which is a great deal more than can be told of many equally deserving who followed in their wake.

Darkness had fairly set in when the dray reached Clyde

A township built on a bottleneck in the Clutha River.

, the township of the Dunstan, and here, over a parting glass of grog, the lawyer and Bob separated.

"Good-bye," said the lawyer, extending his hand to the Yankee; "but mind, Bob, don't again attempt to run the rapids on the Nevada side, for, if you do that sort of thing too often, folks will begin to doubt your veracity."

"You're right," said Bob. "Why, man, I never thought of my veracity before."

"That, Bob, I can well believe," replied the lawyer; "but you take my advice, and just let it have a chance."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bob, cracking his whip cheerily as he drove away his team to their camping-place at the other end of the town.

## Chapter VIII.

A TYPICAL GOLDFIELDS TOWNSHIP—THE URBAN CENTRE OF THE DUNSTAN—THE BAR AND BAR-PARLOUR—COACH NIGHT—THE WARDEN'S LECTURE IN AID OF THE HOSPITAL FUND—ROCK-AND-PILLAR—RATTRAY STREET CORNER, DUNEDIN.

CLYDE, the urban centre of the Dunstan, is a typical goldfields township of the early days. It is perhaps the only spot in Otago that knows no change, no improvement, other than the change and decay incidental to the advance of years. Other places improve in proportion as their industrial pursuits develop, but, as a township, Clyde has never succeeded in advancing beyond the initial stages laid out by its first occupants. It is an accumulation of shanties, and, if it had only a little more life and animation, would pass muster for a new rush.

In sauntering along the main thoroughfare, the lawyer noted that the pursuits and occupations of the place were pretty much on a par with those of the township from which he hailed. Business for the most part had been suspended for the day, although the lights shining from behind half-closed doors announced that stray customers would be attended to. The bars, bar-parlours, and billiard-rooms were the chief resorts, the more studious taking refuge in the public reading-room.

The only change from this routine was coach night, the performances of an occasional theatrical troupe, or a lecture delivered in aid of some public beneficial object, that laudable institution the district hospital coming in for the lion's share

The majority of something.

of support accorded in that way.

Two such events occurred on the night in question. The first was the arrival of the up-country coach from Dunedin. Being wholly cut off from the outside world, unless by road traffic, it will be understood coach night

was looked forward to with a good deal of interest. The coach made only one trip per week, and, as it carried the mails, it was the sole intelligencer for the district.

As it came dashing up to the stand it looked by far the brightest thing on wheels the lawyer had ever seen. From the front axle-tree to the roof it was lit with lamps, whose bright reflections shot columns of light ahead.

Having discharged its living freight, mail-bags, newspaper parcels, &c., the succeeding half-hour was absorbed in perusal of the public prints and private correspondence.

That sensation was succeeded by another, the object of which was announced by the local bellman as follows: "Roll up! roll up! Mr. Warden Pyke

Vincent Pyke was the Commissioner of the Otago goldfields during the gold rush. He later became a significant member of New Zealand Parliament, and also worked as a journalist and novelist. [Te Ara](#) will deliver his celebrated lecture on the West Coast Pass,

See Appendix, [Note 17](#).

by Lake Wanaka, to-night, in the Public Hall, in aid of the Dunstan Hospital Fund. God save the Queen" Getting powerfully refreshed as he went along, the bellman got sadly mixed in his deliverances, his latest utterance being, "The celebrated Pyke will roll up the Pass tonight, to Lake Hawea, in aid of the fun of the Hospital. God save the Queen"

"Great Caesar" cried a respectable elderly gentleman, rushing out from the bar of an hotel, "will no one choke that drunken blackguard!

A man who behaves detestably.

If he goes on he'll damn both me and the lecture. For heaven's sake lock him up, and I'll give him six months for being a lunatic at large."

"Who is that handsome-looking old gentleman?" asked the lawyer of a bystander.

"Him with the flowers in his button-hole?" queried the other.

"Aye, that's him," said the lawyer.

"That's Vincent Pyke, the Warden. I thought everybody knew Vincent Pyke, the Warden."

Vincent Pyke, then Warden, and more recently member of the House of Representatives for the Dunstan, is, if not one of New Zealand's foremost men, at all events one of its best seconds. In general knowledge few men can compete with him, and in local information not many know more. Possessed of good broad sense, with a ready natural wit, expressed in his eyes by a twinkle of fun and good-humour, Vincent Pyke is the kind of man to make friends amongst the diggers. For many years he dispensed law and justice on the goldfields, and, somehow or other, managed to stand well with all sections of the community. When Vincent Pyke finishes his course Otago will lose one of its ablest citizens.

Such was the character of the lecturer, and the lecture itself was in keeping with the character. He kept the audience in high good-humour for at least an hour and a half, and no one enjoyed the fun more than Daddy Campbell. In fact, Dad gave substantial token thereto by getting up and moving a hearty vote of thanks, which was responded to with tremendous applause.

Next morning Campbell continued his journey by coach to Dunedin, making a start from Clyde at the early hour of 3 a.m. It was a weary day's drive over a rough road, and through creeks difficult to negotiate; and when they had got to their halting-place for the night neither Dad nor his fellow-travellers were at all sorry.

Another early start was made next morning under a heavy, dull, leaden sky and drizzling rain; in fact, the whole country was enveloped in a damp fog.

As the coach approached the Rock-and-Pillar Mountain

A mountain range close to Middlemarch.

breaks were noticed in the surrounding gloom, through which extensive plains, basking in genial sunshine, were seen far down below. Gradually these rents

Large holes or tears.

became wider and wider, until at length the mist disappeared, revealing that magnificent tract of rolling country stretching out from the foot of the Rock-and-Pillar towards the celebrated Taieri and Tokomairiro Plains.

Agricultural land to the southwest of Dunedin.

The descent of the Rock-and-Pillar looked a perilous proceeding. With a steep cliff on the inside and a deep valley outside, and only a narrow roadway between, the wheels of the vehicle were at no place more than a few inches clear of the precipice. At other points they came on angles so acute that the coach and team, in getting round, depended altogether on the wheelers.

The horses harnessed beside the wheels and behind the leading horse.

Still, the coach succeeded in descending safely; and it is to Cobb and Co.'s credit that, despite the number of times they traversed this route, no accident of a serious nature took place.

Late in the afternoon the coach reached Dunedin, and our traveller alighted at the well-known Rattray

Street  
Dunedin's main street.  
corner.

## **Sir John Richardson**

Portrait of Sir John Richardson

## **Chapter IX.**

THE FREE KIRK OF SCOTLAND SETTLEMENT—DUNEDIN IN A TRANSITION STATE—EXTENSION OF THE CITY—GLASGOW ARMS INN—THE FIRST CHURCH—THE REV. DR. BURNS—INTESTATE ESTATE WORTH A MILLION AND A HALF STERLING.

DUNEDIN

See Appendix, [Note 18](#).

was first permanently peopled by the sons of Scotland. It was a Free Kirk of Scotland

A Presbyterian evangelical church whose founders withdrew from the Church of Scotland.

settlement, and its early days were intimately associated with that body. It had its fasts and sacramental Sabbaths. Its religious tenets were not alone a thing of territorial extent; they were also a thing of days and moments. Punctually at 12 o'clock of a Saturday night all secular employment was suspended, and no work resumed until the corresponding hour of 12 the following evening, unless, indeed, it could be construed as a work of necessity or mercy. The day was devoted to personal adornment, sermons on Bell Hill

A steep hill in Dunedin which was levelled by prisoners in 1877.

or in the Valley, a little study of Calvin, and a cold dinner.

In public estimation, sessions and synods

The council of a church.

were of greater importance than Town Boards and Provincial Councils, and church-fellowship was a privilege more highly prized than the rights of citizenship and the exercise of the franchise.

To some extent at least local legislation submitted itself deferentially to ecclesiastical authority. Umbrage Offence.

was taken by the latter to dray-traffic on Sundays

See Appendix, [Note 19](#).

inside the town, and immediately an edict

An official order.

was passed prohibiting such desecration.

At the time of which we write Dunedin was in a transition state. The goldfields discoveries, and the arrival of a number of Victorian merchants, who opened branch-establishments in the place, wakened up the Old Identity

A title given to the older colonial citizens of Otago, generally those who arrived before the gold rush.

to a sense of the future before them. Mud houses and wattle-and-dab shanties began to give place to buildings more in accordance with the prospects.

Hemmed in by hills, the infant city had already crossed one of these barriers, and was extending itself rapidly down the valley on the other side. In that state, one portion of the town was partially cut off from the other. The Old Identity determined that their town should not be divided in that way, and the Cutting through the Bell Hill joined the city again. The earth from this cutting reclaimed a considerable area of land from the flat shore of the harbour.

Enterprise of equal magnitude was directed towards the hills forming the background. Gullies penetrating these ranges were formed into streets, with underground channels for draining off the water, for conveyance of which Nature had originally designed the gullies. Side-roads, with zigzag paths, were made leading up to building-sites cut out of the hills at considerable heights.

Such was Dunedin, at the Rattray Street corner of which the Arrowtown lawyer alighted from the coach.

Strolling leisurely along Princes Street, valise in hand, he selected a modest-looking hostelry in the Cutting, over the doorway of which a hanging signboard announced the "Glasgow Arms Inn. John Crawford, licensee."

Proceeding inside, he was met by the landlord, who extended a hearty welcome.

"Come ye'r wa'as ben the hoose," said he; "I'm blythe

Happy.

tae see ye. Man, Duncan Campbell, ye're getting grey, like mysel'. Hoo hae ye been getting along sin' I last saw ye? Ye'll be nane the war o' a dram

A one-eighth fluid ounce.

of guid whiskey till they get a snack o' something for ye to eat."

The lawyer soon found himself comfortably settled in his new quarters, while his friend the landlord attended to business.

At last the hostelry was closed, and the landlord joined his guest in a bowl of toddy.

A mixed drink made with whiskey, honey, herbs and spices.

The mutchkin stoup

A quarter-pint flagon.

in which the liquor was decanted was several times replenished, and still the landlord and his guest had not discussed all they had to say about their native city of Glasgow.

These quiet revels were disturbed by a knock on the outside door.

"Ye needna rap there," cried the landlord. "Ye ken well eneuch it's noo the Sabbath morning, and, if ye want whiskey on the Sabbath, gang to the back door fur't."

Returning to his guest, the landlord remarked apologetically, "We're getting an unco'

Remarkable or unexpected.

lot o' folks about us. They ha'e na mair regard for the Sabbath than for ilka day.

Every day, each day.

For mysel', I aye like tae observe the Lord's day, and I mak' it a rule never to sell a drap drink unless it be at the back door."

There was a seriousness about the remark which showed that in this outward observance the landlord felt quite convinced he was honouring both the law and the testimony.

Next day was Sunday, a day of special note in the weekly calendar of the Old Identity.

Outside the Glasgow Arms the air was redolent of the day. The streets were thronged with church-goers, the largest proportion wending

Going in a specified direction, often indirectly or slowly.

its way to the Presbyterian place of worship.

See Appendix [Note 20](#).

Campbell readily distinguished his co-religionists, and, on emerging into the street, joined their ranks. Following their lead, Campbell soon found himself inside the First Church, engaged in the devotional exercises of the Presbyterian faith.

The officiating clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Burns,

See Appendix, [Note 21](#).

was a man in all respects well fitted to be a leader of the early Church of Otago. Many of his hearers accompanied him from the Mother-country—cast in their lot with him; and he had been one with them in all their struggles to make for themselves a home. In the strictest sense of the word he had been their counsellor, their guide, and their friend. Rejoicing with them in their joy, he had also mingled tears with them in their sorrows. In that way he had endeared himself by all the sacred ties of the faithful pastor and the attached people. He was now old, well stricken in years; but, still, his ministrations were earnest and vigorous, and so it may be said they continued to the latest hours of his honoured life.

The next day—Monday—Lawyer Campbell set about the work he had in hand, and, after diligent search into trade directories and newspaper-files, gleaned the information that Josiah Begg, of San Francisco, had died, leaving what was deemed an intestate estate

A succession of one's estate to heirs chosen by national law.

, valued at one and a half millions sterling,

Slang term for British currency used in New Zealand during this period.

and that the succession thereto was at present under litigation.

## Chapter X.

JOSIAH BEGG, OF SAN FRANCISCO—EARLY ENTERPRISE—GLASGOW FAIR—SAN FRANCISCO IN THE "FORTIES"—"A PACKMAN OR PEDLAR ON WHEELS."

JOSIAH BEGG, of San Francisco, merchant shipper and general importer, deceased, was what is generally known as a uniformly successful man.

The bare fact of his decease renders the corresponding fact of his birth a foregone conclusion. He was, accordingly, born somewhere in the first decade of the present century, and at the time of his death had

advanced some years beyond the half-hundred. He was of Scottish descent, having first seen the light of day at a small weaving village named Crossford, on the banks of the Clyde,

River Clyde which passes through Glasgow and the Lanarkshire, the second longest river in Scotland. in the upper ward of Lanarkshire.

We have said he was a uniformly successful man. Now, that is a class of man every one envies but no one admires. Their uniform success in life makes them bumptious

Conceited and self-asserted.

and intolerant.

With no earthly distinction, other than the distinction conferred on them by or through the caprice

Impulse.

of blind luck, they come to regard themselves as very smart fellows, and, in virtue thereof, conceive they have the right to lecture their fellow-man upon every conceivable topic and occasion. "Look here," they say, "what I have done; and, if you had only followed my example, how infinitely better it would have been for you today"

What aggravates the evil is that, while the bumptious man is for the most part devoid of feeling and inflated by success, the unfortunate man is, as a rule, of a sensitive nature—a man of delicate and refined feeling. How it is that the well refined in human nature should thus be made scapegoat for the coarse and callous, is one of those inscrutable decrees of providence hard to be understood.

That there are those in the world who look upon the government of the world as being subject to blind caprice may evince

Reveal.

a want of breadth of view, but it does not betoken insensibility to what is passing round. The almighty dollar, the great outcome of this uniform success, will assert itself; and, say what you will about the superiority of mind over matter, material wealth is, and to all appearance will continue to be, power.

Even in his youth, as if fate and the future had resolved upon taking the earliest opportunity for protesting against the unsavoury sound associated with his name, Josiah Begg indicated the achievement in gold that awaited his manhood.

The Goddess of Fortune seemed to say, "Look at that boy Begg: if you think he is going to be one of your pauper lot, you are mistaken. Just see how he birls

Spins an object in the air.

up the coin in pitch-and-toss,

A gambling game involving the throwing of coins.

and how judiciously he selects the hand in neevy-neevy-nick-nack.

Usually spelt "nievie-nievie-nick-nack" – in which one is asked to guess which hand holds a small, concealed object.

He wins the toss every time, and selects the even hand nine times out of ten. That's the kind of stuff to make a moneyed man of."

We had better explain that pitch-and-toss and neevy-neevy-nick-nack were the two favourite amusements of Josiah's youth. "A game of football, or leap-frog," he would say, "is each good in its way, but they include no stake. You might kick as long as you like, and leap as high as you choose, and yet have naught for your trouble." In that way he began accumulating property at an early period of his life, and, as age advanced, he extended his operations.

It was remembered for many years in Crossford that Josiah paid a visit to the western metropolis on the occasion of a certain Glasgow fair. One great pastime of the period was the portable shooting-gallery. It was quite a primitive affair. It consisted of a wheelbarrow, with a board set up on end, on which the bull's-eye was painted in brightest colours. If the marksman made a bull's-eye he got back his coin, together with a handful of nuts; if he made a miss he forfeited his coin, and got no nuts.

Josiah embarked upon one of these speculations, and won. He took the second chance, and won; and, in fact, kept on winning, until the owner of the wheelbarrow discovered that it was time for him to knock off, and transfer his patronage to some neighbour practitioner. Josiah did as he was bidden; but, after half an hour's experience, the neighbour practitioner advised a further transfer of his patronage. The result of this unique piece of youthful enterprise was that Master Begg returned to Crossford with his coin in his pocket and sufficient nuts in his satchel to set up in a small way of business. And that was exactly what Josiah did.

With his mind improved by the observations made and the experience gained during his sojourn in Glasgow, Josiah erected a portable shooting-gallery in his native village. In that way he succeeded in converting his stock of nuts into hard cash, besides making other additions thereto. In this pleasant and profitable way his early youth was spent.

Crossford, which consisted of not more than a score of one-story thatched houses, with bits of kailyards

Small plots of land where vegetables are grown.  
behind, was rather too confined a place for a promising genius of this kind. He was accordingly apprenticed to a  
linendraper

A dry-goods dealer, usally dealing in fabrics.  
in Glasgow.

Hitherto Josiah's commercial undertakings, profitable in a way, had been mere child's-play. Now he entered upon a career affording an opportunity for developing his genius on lines commensurate with his future greatness.

His first triumph in this his new line of life was in many respects akin to that of the surgical operation pronounced impossible by high medical authority—viz., extracting blood from a stone. One of the linendraper's customers became bankrupt, and, on being looked into, his affairs were pronounced in a state of hopeless insolvency. "There won't be a sixpence in the pound left when all expenses are paid," said the disconsolate linendraper.

Josiah was sent to supervise affairs, his instructions being to make the best of a bad job, and get the concern wound up without delay.

He acted on these instructions to the letter. Finding the bankrupt stock would not move off quick enough according to the ordinary rules of trade, he instituted the Saturday auction-sale.

That was an improvement. Still, it was not the perfection of Josiah Begg's improving genius. He therefore improved upon the improvement. Ignoring beaten tracks and preconceived opinions in the pursuit of auction-sales, he introduced for the first time in Scotland the "Dutch auction" system—that is, beginning at the other end, and working downwards until the price bidden reached the "sticking-point."

The obstacle one progresses towards.

The innovation was a great success, and in an incredible short space of time the entire stock disappeared.

On reckoning up, the Dutch auction system, together with Josiah Begg's uniform success, yielded 7s. 6d., instead of 6d., in the pound.

This happy despatch put Josiah on the best terms with creditors in bankrupt estates, and his services came to be in great request, more especially when the estates were considered to be hopelessly involved.

We are now advancing well into the "forties," when the golden city of San Francisco commenced to shed abroad its fame, and thousands were flocking in at its "Golden Gate."

"This is a chance for me," said Josiah, and, having selected a large consignment of miscellaneous goods and gear, set sail for the far West.

Arriving at San Francisco when the gold-fever was at its height, the excitement was something terrible to witness. Men's actions seemed to be governed by no principle in reason, and nothing appeared too utterly extravagant to gain credence, or secure a following. It was a conglomeration of the nationalities of the earth let loose in a body, without any of those staying properties supposed to be prerogative of the human mind and understanding. At its dispersion the Tower of Babel could not have set up a greater hubbub; and that was true both as regards men's words and actions in San Francisco.

Mr. Josiah Begg, however, did not allow himself to be borne away by the excitement of the moment. On the contrary, it only tended to make him more careful, more cautious.

After making a good many observations, coupled with a great many inquiries, he resolved upon "feeling the pulse" of the place as to the value put upon his consignments. The auction-sale on the Dutch principle had stood him in good stead in the Old World, why not try its merits in the new? The experiment was carried out, with the result that it gave him a pretty good insight into the class of goods that took well in the city, together with an idea of those likely to go well in the country.

Following up this information, he possessed himself of a horse and trap,

A nimble two-wheeled cart used for transporting people.

and set out on his travels—a packman, or pedlar on wheels. It was at the outset a one-horse trap, but in Josiah Begg's hands it soon blossomed into a four-horse team. In that way he visited not only the established gold-workings, but, by dint

Force.

of enterprise and courage, he was amongst the first at some of the new rushes. He came in time to be well known throughout the goldfields as "Scotia,"

The fixed Latin term for Scotland in the late Middle Ages.

and before long few men enjoyed a wider reputation.

Both on the diggings and elsewhere the Scot and his nationality are considered fair game for poking a bit of borax.

See Appendix, [Note 22](#).

Mr. Josiah Begg fully appreciated the importance of patience; hence in process of time he got the name of

being "a good-natured sort of a fellow" you could not "put out" so long as you did not put your hand too deep into his pocket. Putting one thing with another, Josiah succeeded in doing good business, so that, in the land of his adoption, that strong personal characteristic, uniform success, did not desert him.

## Vincent Pyke

Portrait of Vincent Pyke

### Chapter XI.

A LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR—"A FADED FLOWER WITH A BRUISED STEM"—MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE GOLDEN CITY—THE COLOSSAL FORTUNE AND THE HAZELNUT PERIOD—A STILL, SMALL VOICE.

ALTHOUGH not a man of deep feeling or strong emotions in matters outside his bank-book and business ledger, his early associates knew of a little love affair in which Josiah Begg had dealt. It did not eventuate in the uniform success which usually attended upon his other engagements. Still, it had its results, but they were of a mixed character, inasmuch as they raised important issues in the plea for determining the final settlement of his wealth.

That, however, was the ultimate result. The immediate result, or rather results, involved those two great mysteries inevitable in the experience of mankind—a life and a death—and, as no matrimonial alliance supervened, the parties immediately implicated deemed it prudent to bury the transaction, as far as possible, in oblivion.

The birth was that of a frail, fragile little creature, whose infant prattles and innocent smiles were just as blythe and lightsome as if it had entered life amidst the music of the marriage-bells. The death was that of this little one's mother, who never regained her former footing in society after this, the first false step of her life.

The boot, the thumb-screw, and the faggot,

Torture devices used during the Stuart regime on those who were suspected of being 'against' Presbyterian ideology.

so popular with the ancient Church for propagating the love which passes all understanding, had, it is true, at this time fallen into disuse, but a branch of the inquisitorial power still survived, named the Kirk Session.

The governing body of a Church of Scotland congregation.

The poor mother had been taught, and her friends and relatives believed, its ordinances were essential to the saving of erring souls, and, accordingly, there was nothing for it but to submit. A two hours' exposure on the stool of repentance,

A raised seat in a church upon which one publicly repents their sins.

before a gaping congregation, so shattered the poor creature's health that in saving the soul the body was destroyed.

How the thing, ecclesiastically speaking, fared with Josiah is not known. It was, however, known that immediately prior to and on the eve of his departure for the far West he made a pilgrimage to Crossford. At about dusk the evening before his final departure he stole away from his friends and took a lonely walk in the village churchyard. Passing sundry emblems of mortality, some of which might not unreasonably have claimed his attention on the score of kith-and-kin,

Friends and family.

he made straight for a lonely, unpretending grave, situated in a remote corner. It looked so completely isolated, so lone, even amidst the lonely shadows of the dead, that no one could have been at all surprised to learn the grave closed over sad misfortunes, exceptionally deep sorrows. Arriving there, Josiah Begg paused and bent his head in solemn silence. Stooping down, as if in search of a lost treasure, he plucked a flower. Turning slowly away, his pent-up feelings escaped in a deep-drawn sigh. It was the only audible token he gave of a severe mental struggle—a passion of tenderness and remorse.

Having been for many years a uniformly successful man—in fact, become a merchant prince of the golden city—and having been long away from his early home, he longed to revisit the scenes of his youth. This is a feeling of the human mind that survives many others. No matter what length of time the man has been abroad, or how well he may have succeeded, it still remains to him "foreign parts," while the place of his birth remains sacred to his memory as home.

It is thus that home-mails, home-letters, home-news, and home-associations hold a sway over the mind, far before those of other countries.

Let those who know testify to the fact that around the camp-fire, deep down in the primeval wilderness,

where no vestige of the outside world is seen, nothing enlivens the motley group more than the song dedicated to the memory of the fatherland. The immigrant or exile changes in many ways, but in this one there is no change, no decay. Assured he may be that in the interim many changes have been wrought, and that the place which once knew him knows him no more: it still remains home—clothed in its early associations, peopled with its old familiar faces. Pleasing delusion. Perhaps, after all, he is the happiest man who is unable to revisit home, and so avoid the rude shock occasioned by complete dissipation of this happy spell.

Having fully determined upon braving these and other disappointments incidental thereto, Josiah Begg took his departure for home. Navigation having amended its pace in the meantime by the addition of steam and the steam propeller, the journey back was a much more pleasant and rapid affair than the journey out.

In due course he reached that greatest of all Scotia's shipping centres—the Broomielaw, of Glasgow. The reception he met with was one of distinguished politeness. Cap in hand, city-porters, cab-drivers, and hotel-keepers anticipated his every want. He readjusted business relations with home-correspondents on the most amicable terms, and he met and shook hands with such old friends and associates as death and the other contingencies had left behind to bear living testimony to the fact that he (Josiah Begg) once more planted his foot on his "native heath."

Still, there was something wanting; a something was not there as it had been in days of yore. He could recall to mind the occasion when he returned from Glasgow fair with a copper coin in his pocket and a satchel of nuts on his back. Compared with his present advent, what was it? A handful of hazelnuts and a few penny-pieces against a colossal fortune, the strength and stability of which rested on the foundation of broad acres extending throughout auriferous lands, and the merchant navy of the far West.

In itself the comparison was simply trifling, yet, looked at in the light of domestic felicity, the comparison was decidedly in favour of the nut and penny period. At that time he was the hero of the hour, and loud and hearty were the acclamations with which his boy companions greeted him. Now, when he again met not a few of that merry band, the meeting was hearty in its way, but there was altogether lacking the enthusiasm which pervaded the other.

The good folks of Crossford seemed to feel that, in building up his fortune, Josiah Begg had erected a dividing-fence which they could not get over, and, no matter the effort Josiah made to remove this mental barrier, it still remained, and while such reserve exists no man can feel altogether at home.

And "these be thy gods, O Israel" We plot, scheme, devise, and bid high for the smiles of fortune, and, having secured them at an enormous sacrifice of the person and the principle, the first thing they reward us with is a complete divorce from the warmest, the most disinterested, friendships in life—the friendship of youth.

Watching his opportunity, Josiah Begg made one more excursion to the churchyard, and once again stood by the brink of the lonely grave. His head was once more bowed down in silent meditation, and, in the silence of the moment, he heard a voice—a still, small voice—from the tomb.

It spoke so low, its accents were alone audible to Josiah's ear.

Leaving the spot, he wandered forth, seemingly lost in reverie. He followed a path along the banks of the river well known to him in early life. It was one of those spots—a rolling river, rich luxuriance of foliage, soft but romantic surroundings—marked out as a fit retreat for the village swain

A male lover or suitor.  
and his sweetheart.

Selecting a place sheltered from observation by the umbrageous foliage, he sat down on the grassy knoll. The heather-bell

The *Erica cinerea* flower, purple and bell-shaped.  
and honeysuckle were in full bloom, and no spikenard  
An expensive ointment with an aromatic perfume.  
ever produced a sweeter fragrance than these two plants combined.

Josiah had been seated in that knoll before, but on that occasion he sat beside a companion, by whose side he would sit no more. That companion was now the tenant of the isolated tomb.

Josiah was still lost in deep reverie. At last he rose, and clasping his head as if he had suddenly caught hold of an idea he was in danger of letting go, he muttered to himself, "Show thy devotion to the dead by a faithful discharge of thy duty to the living! It shall be done even so as the grave has spoken it."

## Chapter XII.

THE PORTIONER, OR BONNET LAIRD—THE KIRK AND THE COVENANT—THE FAMILY DISGRACE—A PROVINCIAL PRACTITIONER—KIRK AND MARKET—A BIT BURKY CALLANT.

WE will explain more fully what was meant when Josiah Begg spoke about his "devotion to the dead" in

the more faithful discharge of his duty to the living.

A life and a death have been already referred to. Enough has been said to show the close relations which existed between the latter and the isolated grave in Crossford churchyard.

About the birth, just enough has been told to prove that such an event took place under circumstances not considered auspicious. Despite these unfavourable circumstances, the outcome of the birth throve well. It was pronounced a bonnie lassie

A pretty girl.

—and there is no reason for supposing the pronunciation was incorrect. Its only recognised parent being dead, its nursing and up-bringing devolved upon the grandparents by the mother's side.

These were an aged couple, who themselves had reared a large family, which, like many other large families similarly circumstanced, had come to be scattered far and wide, until even "the graves of a household," would fail to account for all its branches.

The grandfather's position in life was that known in Lowland Scotch as a portioner,

The proprietor of a small portion from a larger piece of land.

otherwise a bonnet laird.

A rural landowner, one of a society below lairds yet above farmers.

Besides the house and kailyard he lived in he owned sundry houses and kailyards, all situated, as the infeoffments

The process of transferring ownership of real estate.

thereunto set forth, in the Mailing of Crossford

Presumably Crossford's post-office.

and Barony of Bothwell.

The ownership of Bothwell Castle in Lanarkshire.

Between his weaving-loom and his landed estate he managed to eke out a comfortable livelihood, and his family were known in the neighbourhood as bien bodies.

Respecting his worldly affairs he was altogether reticent.

Not so respecting spiritual matters. It was his proud boast that his forebears had taken part in the battle of Drumclog,

A battle fought in Lanarkshire in 1679 between the Covenanters and Claverhouse's forces.

when the bloody Clavers

See Appendix, [Note 23](#).

and his fierce dragoons

A class of horse-mounted infantry.

were put to the rightabout, and also in the disastrous engagement for Kirk and Covenant

The Kirk Party and the Covenanters – two Scottish Presbyterian movements.

at the Brig o' Bothwell.

Referring to the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, in which Covenanters fought government troops in 1679.

Students of Scottish history know that the affairs in question took place consequent on the indiscreet zeal of the last crowned heads in the Stuart line

The Scottish royal family who reigned from 1603 to 1714.

to thrust the Articles of the Church of England down the throats of the Lowland Scots.

Many were the tales told by the old gentleman of the hairbreadth escapes made by his greatgrandsire in his flight from the disastrous field, and his subsequent wanderings amongst the mountains.

It is easy to understand how a man of that nature felt keenly the disgrace cast on his family name by the indiscretion of his daughter. Such a thing never happened in his family before, and the old man refused to be comforted. To him the poor child was a living and moving testimony of the family's disgrace, and for a time it had to be kept well out of his sight.

Living under the same roof, complete seclusion was not at all times possible. In time the child came to get immensely interested in the treadles

Lever activated by foot.

of the old man's loom, and, despite all efforts made to the contrary, succeeded in eluding the old lady's vigilance, and crept in unperceived amongst the old man's feet. In these excursions the child was more successful in disclosing its presence than in dissecting the mysteries of the treadles. After a few encounters of this kind the old gentleman's aversion became less pronounced, and gradually it disappeared altogether.

He saw in the lineaments and outlines of its face an exact image of his dead child, now come to be regarded as a sinner who had sinned more against the laws of man than of her Creator. These friendly relations remained undisturbed until the day of the old man's death, and no one deplored the loss more bitterly than the grandchild, who had now attained to years of discretion. The old lady, as she had been accustomed to do nearly all her life,

followed the old man's example, and as in life so in death—they were not divided.

Josiah Begg lost no time in acting up to his resolution of proving his devotion to the dead in a faithful discharge of his duty to the living. With that object in view he had recourse to his lawyer.

It is wonderful the number and variety of occasions upon which recourse is had to one's lawyer. When the man becomes so poor he is unable to pay his just dues he has recourse to his lawyer. When he grows so rich that he is unable to dispose of his wealth in his own lifetime he has recourse to his lawyer. If there be a birth, a death, or a marriage in the family its reputation of being a well-regulated family can only be maintained by and with the advice and counsel of the family lawyer. Be it love or be it war, good or evil, the situation can only be secure in a recourse to the lawyer.

The lawyer had recourse to on this occasion was a certain David Barclay, residing in the royal borough of Hamilton, and who, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie

A character from Walter Scott's novel *Rob Roy*, Jarvie is a Glasgow magistrate.

would have expressed it, lived there as his feyther, the lawyer, had done before him. Mr. Barclay inhabited a two-story tenement, which, like the business or profession, came down to him by inheritance from his father. In the days of the latter it was a kind of suburban residence. With easy access to the Borough Chambers or Town Hall on the one hand, it had the elements of rural felicity—green fields and hedgerows—on the other.

The royal borough, however, had in the meantime participated in the transformations brought about by the mineral developments of the neighbourhood, and in lieu of green fields and hedgerows, houses and buildings had sprung up on all sides. Still, the tenement inhabited by the lawyer retained certain of its original surroundings. Situated a few feet back from the main line of buildings, as if disdainful to be placed on equal footing with its more modern associates, a grass-plot, sheltered by a stately ash-tree, occupied the ground in front. This plot was enclosed by a railed fence, so that, while the house itself did not come up to the street-line, its accessories, with less seeming reserve, fronted the thoroughfare.

To this modest mansion Josiah Begg directed his steps.

The lawyer—or, as the Scottish practitioner is designated, the writer—was deeply engrossed in a perfect litter of parchment scrolls. To Josiah's salutation the lawyer returned a short nod, and, without looking up, invited him to be seated. The seats being otherwise engaged, Josiah remained standing, and an awkward pause ensued.

At length the lawyer caught a glimpse of his visitor still standing. "Dear me, can ye no find a seat?" said he; and, so saying, he took hold of a chair and unceremoniously deposited its contents on the floor.

Handing the disengaged chair to Josiah, he and the lawyer were now seated opposite each other, and it was then for the first time the latter caught sight of his visitor's features. Looking over his spectacles in astonishment, not unmixed with the emotional, he exclaimed, "Can it possibly be you, Josiah Begg? Man, hoo very like ye have grown to your auld feyther. A decent man was your feyther. Both me and my feyther before me did many canny

Pleasant.

bits o' business wi' him."

Each of these propositions having been assented to, the lawyer and Mr. Begg shook hands heartily, and were soon on the most amicable terms.

"I hear," continued the lawyer, "that in a warldly sense ye ha' thriven weel, and that ye're noo at the tap o' the tree oot bye in California. I hope its true."

Josiah admitted it was not wide of the truth; and the lawyer, on his part, expressed the pleasure it afforded him; "For," said he, "the Begg's o' Crossford were aye kent to be decent bodies, wha stood weel both at kirk and market."

Josiah would have relished the reference to his ancestral virtues all the better if the reference to the Kirk had been left out, seeing the connection already established between the Kirk and the business on hand was not amongst the happiest of his home reminiscences. It was perhaps a trifling coincidence; still, it served to show how easily a sore, once inflicted on the more tender parts, can be made to smart, even although it be an old sore.

The preliminaries being thus adjusted, Josiah Begg proceeded to unfold the purport of his mission—his desire that the lawyer should search out the whereabouts of the unfortunate child, and make such arrangements for its up-bringing as would I prepare it for inheriting at his death the wealth he had accumulated in life.

"I can see what ye want," said David Barclay, "but I'm no sure the job wid quite suit ma time o' life; but there's a bit burky callant,

An idiotic young man.

ma ain sister's son, wha' served his indentures wi me. He's since been tae Edinbro and Glasco, and has noo come back to practice here. He was a thruither

Disorganised, untidy, or confused.

kind o' a fellow when young, bit has noo cam to settle doun, and gets on wi his wark pretty well. I think I

can certa he'll suit ye. I'll send for him."

To that arrangement Josiah assented, and in a few minutes the callant was in attendance to answer for himself.

A few words of explanation sufficed for his purpose, and he undertook to set about the work at once. He was as good as his undertaking. He traced the girl, who since the death of her grand-relatives, resided as a domestic in the home of an aged clergyman in an adjoining parish.

The facts of the case were stated to the clergyman, who, besides being master, rated the girl as one of his flock, and, in view of that relationship, constituted himself a kind of guardian or preceptor. Having satisfied himself as to the *bona fides* of the proposal, he readily assented thereto, and in due course the girl was removed to a boarding establishment in the north of England, the explanation of the transaction given to her being that she was to be provided for by a distant relative.

## Chapter XIII.

A HOME MISSION FULFILLED—THE MANUFACTURING CENTRE—TRANSFIGURATIONS OF THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE—THE CLYDE AS IT IS AND WAS—A LAST GLIMPSE OF THE DISTANT HILLS—THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

JOSIAH BEGG'S home mission being now fulfilled, we next find him *en route* for his home in the West.

In revisiting the land of his youth he had gratified an ardent wish; still, he could not disguise from his mind the gratification had proved in many respects disappointing. He had met with much kindness and civility; still, it had been a kindness and civility rendered him as Josiah Begg, the uniformly successful man, and not Josiah Begg the man who had at one time been one of themselves. Old familiar faces there were none. The very old ones had died out, and the more youthful old ones had changed, in accordance with the change and decay of advancing age.

In this transformation scene inanimate matter had likewise participated. Crossford, in his day a weaving village, had now become a manufacturing centre, and, instead of the whirl of the weavers' shuttle, the din of the power-loom factory greeted the ear. The thin streaks of blue smoke which rose from the village hearths, circling up into mid-air, was now lost in the dense black vapour emitted by the tall chimney-stalks of the factories; and communication with the outside world, so long maintained by the carrier's cart, was now completely supplanted by a branch line of the Caledonian Railway.

A Scottish railway company formed in 1845.

With all these improved appliances for trade and commerce, Josiah Begg was at one; but, coming suddenly upon him, with his Old-World recollections of home as it was in the days of his youth, he could not avoid the feeling that he was indeed a stranger in a strange land.

Glasgow, the scene of his early commercial triumphs, had become similarly revolutionised. Its more prominent landmarks were still there. Its venerable cathedral occupied the old spot, and looked down, as of old, with silent complacency on the growing city, the limits of which had now far outgrown eyeshot. The historical Molendinar Burn

A small river in Glasgow, covered over in the 1870s.

continued to flow on as it had done ever since the sainted Kentigern

The founder and patron saint of Glasgow.

wandered by its fir-clad banks, and drank the waters of its limpid stream. These waters had now become sadly demoralised by the dirt and *débris* discharged from the public works and common sewers which lined its banks. So much so was that the case that even the saint himself, with all his reputed powers for regeneration, could hardly have purified its waters and made them fit for domestic use of even the meanest purpose. On the adjoining heights the Protestant reformer, John Knox,

A Scottish minister who was also leader of the Reformation, in this scene he is referring to the statue of John Knox in the Glasgow Necropolis cemetery.

still stood on his lofty pedestal, Bible in hand, as if exhorting with outstretched arm the city spread out before him to hold fast the form of doctrine delivered to the fathers. King William, of blissful memory, at Presbyterianism has put it, still sat as erect as ever on his high-stepping horse at the cross, without having moved a step, despite the seeming fleetness of his steed.

It was in more minor details, however, the change had been wrought. Old streets had been widened, new streets formed, deep chasms bridged over and filled in, and many old well-known buildings had disappeared bodily, or else been put out of countenance by a use and occupation incompatible with their early identity. The old Glasgow University, with its parklands, on which the Battle of the Butts

A battle between the Earls of Glencairn, Lennox and Arran in 1544.

was fought in days of yore, had now been transformed into the goods-station of a large railway system; and the College, as it was familiarly named, had taken wings to itself and flown away to a more pretentious part of the city. The Bell-o-the-brae,

A battle fought by William Wallace and 300 of his followers against the English at The Bishop's Castle, 1297.

memorable as the scene of a short but sharp conflict, in which Wallace

William Wallace, a Scottish knight who became a significant leader in the Wars of Scottish Independence from 1297 to 1305.

distinguished himself, had been shorn of its acclivities, and pared down to the proportions of an easy grade.

Even the classical Saut-market

Salt-market.

had dispensed with its dingy, ramshackle aspect, and had been widened out into a respectable thoroughfare. The Clyde—a forest of shipping extending across the channel from bank to bank, until it became matter for conjecture how the traffic ever managed to force its way—had opened out its banks into large graving-docks,

A form of dry dock often used for the cleaning and repainting of ship's hulls.

so that the water-traffic and land-carriage pierced and penetrated each other in a way which quite bewildered the eye of a stranger.

All these changes had been wrought during Josiah's absence; and the feeling of newness created thereby was felt to be so utterly incompatible with his memories of the past that his mind positively refused to be reconciled thereto. In that way Josiah Begg came to feel disappointed in his visit to his native land; and, on leaving it, he felt more than ever it was to him no more, in fond recollection, the land of his birth.

Leaving the quay in a stately ocean-steamer—that class of vessel which had now completely superseded the sailing-craft in which he first made the voyage out—a few mercantile friends waved to him a polite adieu. How very different from his former parting! It comprised the tears of a fond mother, the blessings of an aged father, and the heartfelt regrets of a large circle of friends and relatives, who long remembered the parting as one of sorrow. Now, however, it seemed to be looked upon in the light of a business transaction, and, with a hasty shake of the hand or wave of the hat, men went away about their own business, to remember the affair no more. That view did not escape Josiah's mind, and it all tended to confirm the feeling that dear old Scotland was no more the dear old Scotland of his boyhood.

In his passage down the river Josiah recognised many well-kent

Well-known.

spots. Cart, the river of the Paisley

A large town nearby Glasgow.

bodies, had now been dredged and channelled, and what could barely float a coal-gabbert

A light barge used for transporting coal.

in his day was now getting fitted out for large foreign-going vessels, so that Paisley enterprise would soon rank amongst its achievements a direct shipping interest. Dumbarton rock,

An inactive volcano which Dumbarton Castle was built atop.

with all its historical romance, held still its old look-out to the sea. There it stood as immovable as ever, proof against all the change and mutation of time and decay. Passing Greenock

A small town built beside the River Clyde.

and the Tail-of-the-bank,

An anchorage in the Firth of Clyde.

objects of interest continually presented themselves, in the shape of old familiar forms. Bute, Arran, and the Cumbrays

Isles in the Firth of Clyde.

were all more or less intimately associated with his memories of the past. Ailsa Craig

A volcanic island in the Firth of Clyde.

at last hove in sight. Passing this well-known landmark, the Atlantic rollers

The large waves of the Atlantic ocean.

commenced to heave in amongst the waters of the firth.

Night had now fairly set in, just sufficient twilight being left to afford a glimpse of the distant hills. As the good ship forged on into the thickening gloom, Josiah instinctively grasped a small packet, which, being unfolded, disclosed nothing more than a withered plant. A moment more and the land was hid from view. Turning wistfully to the withered plant, he breathed a sigh. "And this," said he, "is all that remains to me in fond remembrance of life's early dream." It was the faded flower.

Returning to his state cabin, he shut himself up for the night, a prey to the conflicting emotions too plainly indicated in the remark just quoted.

In due course Josiah reached San Francisco. Like uniformly successful men in general, he was an object of interest to those around. He had at various times filled positions of public trust. As president of the Board of Trade he had sustained his well-earned reputation of a uniformly successful man. Although his forte was commerce, it was not his sole forte. He dabbled a little in gospel, at first sparingly, but latterly his evangelical efforts became more pronounced. At the time of his departure for Scotland he occupied the honoured post of president of the Young Men's Christian Association. On his return the young men were delighted to meet him. At an informal gathering of the association the interim president, a popular city clergyman, made feeling allusion to the circumstance, giving it as his opinion the reappearance of Mr. Begg amongst them in health and strength was a blessing for which they ought to be thankful. He then vacated the chair; and Josiah was formally reinstated, and acknowledged the compliment in a feeling speech.

## Chapter XIV.

HE MADE HIS WILL—A THANKLESS TASK—MR. BEGG'S MIND IS MUCH EXERCISED—JOSIAH'S DOMESTIC ECONOMY—JEAN STEWART—THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

BEFORE finally settling down to business, Josiah took one more step deserving of special note: he made his will.

The process of will-making is perhaps one of the most deceptive a man can engage in. The will is a legal instrument designed to defeat the legal succession. The law prescribes one line of succession, but the will may entirely reverse the order. It is the means by which legal rights are legally defeated, and natural obligations ignored. It partakes of many of the essentials of benevolence, inasmuch as it embodies the giver and the receiver, and yet it brings none of the rewards attending acts of true beneficence. It neither blesses him who gives, nor yet, as a rule, does it bless him who receives. To the former it is a source of much perplexity, and, in not a few instances, the execution of the will is accompanied by quite as much mental anguish as if it were the execution of the individual. To such the feeling is that of the condemned criminal, who makes his last dying speech and testimony prior to being turned off. With that feeling uppermost in his mind, no man can be truly blessed.

Then, as regards the other party affected by the transaction, it would be sheer madness to expect the discarded heir-at-law, or next-of-kin, to feel in a blissful mood. The outcome on that side, on the contrary, is far more likely to be cursing than blessing. Even the beneficiary himself is more often disappointed than otherwise. The bequest seldom or never comes up to his expectations, and if there be no other obstacle put in the way legal restraints are imposed, leaving him the reverse of a free agent. Altogether, will-making is about one of the most thankless tasks a man can be engaged upon.

The subject as it affected himself was one upon which Mr. Begg's mind had been much exercised. Long before he thought of visiting Scotland he thought about making his will. In thrashing the matter out, his mind drifted into a variety of channels, some of them taking rather peculiar mental shape. At one time he thought it might not be out of place to become a family man, and in that way build up for himself a house, as he had built up for himself a fortune. Reasoning out that problem brought his mind face to face with another problem—viz., upon whom should his choice of life-partner devolve?

Josiah Begg, as we have seen, had got through his first love operation, and his was a mind in which prudence and caution combined to make a second venture matter for grave care and consideration.

Amongst other likely marks towards which his mind in the exercise of these precautionary principles revolved was the inevitable housekeeper, without whom the domestic establishment of the single gentleman in good circumstances is never complete.

Josiah's domestic economy, simple as it was, included that indispensable requisite. The lady was a countrywoman of his own. Indeed, he had imported her from Scotland, and for many years she had reigned supreme, the central figure in his domestic economies. She was a middle-aged person of good character, good looks, good abilities, and good management.

Such a combination of goodness could not possibly escape the keen observations of a shrewd business man like Josiah Begg.

The lady was named Jean Stewart.

To such an extent had Jean's good qualities won upon her master that it was known and acknowledged that she had come to exercise considerable influence over him. That may be gathered from the fact that, although not generally known, and hitherto no mention has been made of it in these pages, Miss Stewart accompanied Mr. Begg in his recent trip to Scotland.

If there was any seeming impropriety in that proceeding it was fully answered to Mr. Begg's mind in the fact that, like unto himself, she was a native of Scotland, and it was only reasonable, after a lengthened absence,

she should have an opportunity for revisiting her relations.

Miss Stewart having reached mid-life, it is not astonishing to learn she had begun to think in a sober, serious way, peculiar to her age and character, about getting finally settled in life. A good, easy billet

Lodging.

as housekeeper to a single gentleman of means is all very good in its way, but it does not fulfil all the conditions of the female mind. There still remains the step higher up in the scale of domestic felicity, and why, after a long course of probation, during which she had ably sustained the inferior part, should the housekeeper not aspire to the other? To Miss Stewart's mind that process of reasoning appeared fair and logical, and what is fair, logical, and of good report ought certainly to win the day.

A similar train of thought passed through the mind of Mr. Josiah Begg, although it must be stated, in token of the obtuseness of that gentleman's reasoning faculties, it did not present itself in the same light, being neither so clear nor yet so logical. Still, as we have shown, he did not altogether reject it as an unreasonable proposition.

When he reached Scotland his mind was still as undecided as ever. How long it might have remained in that state we are unable to say. The still small voice from the isolated grave, enjoining him to prove his devotion to the dead by a faithful discharge of his duty to the living, finally determined him on the point, and with that determination, we are sorry to add, Miss Stewart's prospects for becoming mistress of the household faded away.

The last will and testament was made in accordance with that determination on the part of Mr. Begg. Having the best legal assistance at his command, it was prepared with great care. Even the docket on the outside sheet was neatly executed. It read as follows: "The last will and testament of me, Josiah Begg, of San Francisco, merchant shipper and general importer, made this first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine."

Between that docket and the docket sheet found by Bill Fox on the banks of the Nevis, a close similarity will be noted. The fact is, they were one and the same, although it still remains to be shown how the transformation from San Francisco to Otago occurred. That, however, will appear in due course. Meantime, it is only necessary to add that the will having, in the words of our old friend Daddy, or Duncan, Campbell, been signed, sealed, and delivered, was carefully folded up by Mr. Begg, and, together with the faded flower with the bruised stem, put carefully away in his repositories.

## Chapter XV.

A STRANGE HALLUCINATION TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS MIND—TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW—"LEAVE ALL AND FOLLOW ME"—THE "KING OF TERRORS"—A FLOOD OF LIGHT—TWO SOLITARY CONSPIRATORS.

THE completion of the will put Josiah Begg on the best possible terms with himself.

Before finally depositing it alongside the faded flower, he read it over carefully. The first part contained a few unimportant bequests, amongst which Jean Stewart's name appeared for a trifling sum. It then went on to say: "The remainder of my estate and effects I leave and bequeath to my natural daughter Mary, at present residing in the North of England." Having folded the document away, he solemnly remarked to himself, "Now, indeed, have I shown my devotion to the dead in the faithful discharge of my duty to the living." So saying, he sank back in his chair, and a strange hallucination took possession of his mind. The feeling seemed to grow upon him until it assumed for itself a distinct utterance, breathing into his ear, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

How long he was held by this feeling he was never able to understand, but its remembrance exercised a marked influence on his after-life. Things seen and temporal appeared to relax the firm grasp in which they had theretofore held him, and the unseen and eternal appeared to become more and more part of his being. He looked for all the world like the homeward-bound ship, which, having survived the stormy seas and adverse gales of foreign parts, was now sailing along with smooth water and favourable wind as it neared the haven of rest. He still carried all sail set, but in his lookout he betrayed less anxiety, less fear, and seemed to get along all the better. His reckonings and observations were steadily directed skyward, and in that way he came to walk more by faith than by sight.

It is, we are taught, the first false step that leads on to perdition. On the same principle, it is fair to imply, the first true step opens up the paths of righteousness. Thus it was with Josiah Begg. He had listened to the still small voice of reason and nature, and now his soul rose from nature up to nature's God.

At these signs and tokens the housekeeper became more and more perplexed. She could not understand their origin, and she was equally at a loss to account for their aim. No matter how strongly fortified the mind may otherwise be, perplexity must at length drive it into doubt, and doubt into despair. Miss Stewart had

reached that crisis in the mental gradation.

There is a precautionary order in archery known as keeping two strings to one's bow, and, being a bit of a sharpshooter, Miss Stewart acted on the principle. Her arrows having completely failed on the one string, instead of strangling herself with the refractory cord and lying down and dying in despair, as less sensible maidens in her circumstances are supposed to do, she quietly drew her bow at a venture on the other string. Number two suitor was a much younger man than Josiah, and consequently much nearer her own age. Still, he was not by any means so eligible. He was, comparatively speaking, a poor man, and, according to some reckonings, no virtue can compensate for the vice or crime of poverty.

Needs must, however, when the devil drives, and that was exactly the fix Miss Stewart found herself placed in.

This admirer was a fellow-servant in the same employ—a kind of upper-class servant, a something between a private secretary and a house-steward. He wrote and despatched Josiah Begg's letters, kept his accounts, besides relieving Miss Stewart of many responsibilities in domestic affairs. He was well posted in his master's business; in fact, he shared that gentleman's confidence with Miss Stewart herself.

Hitherto the lady had kept aloof from him, but the attitude was not so marked as to occasion estrangement. They had all along been on fairly-good terms, but now they became confidential. The secretary, or house-steward, admitted he too saw a decided change in his employer, but from his point of view it was a change for the better. Being further interrogated, he stated his inability to account for the change, but promised to keep his eyes open, and, if anything transpired, to communicate results to the housekeeper.

Having arrived at this understanding, we leave the housekeeper and house-steward to work out their designs in their own way.

Time and the seasons, which move tardily enough at life's opening-day, gradually quicken pace, until towards its close they attain high-pressure speed, as if in hot haste to deposit the burden of life in the narrow house appointed for all living.

Josiah Begg, having now ripened into the sear  
Withered.

and yellow leaf, experienced the full force of these rapid revolutions, and, profiting by the lesson taught, contemplated the end from the beginning, and the beginning from the end. Turning his thoughts inwards, he could not but feel that, while his had been a uniformly successful life, it had only been so in comparison with a low standard of life and life's issues. It had brought great gain, vast stores of wealth; but these were of a transitory kind, which yielded no assistance, afforded no real support, as the critical moment approached for solving the great mystery. Leaving the life that now is, he felt that he must shortly enter upon the life to come without the least assistance or support from the uniformly successful labours in which he had been so long engaged. That thought, at first humiliating to the pride and pomp of human achievement, gradually readjusted issues, until it became of more profitable account, in a chastening of the soul. With the bodily eye he saw all was vanity and vexation of spirit, but with the eye of faith he saw the better part that fadeth not away. Pressing still forward in mental deliberations, the better part revealed itself in the light of an abstract proposition, enforced by command of the Master, who said, "Leave all, and follow me."

At first Josiah Begg fancied, almost flattered himself, he had, in a measure, anticipated the command before the command in this light had been brought home to his mind. He had, in legal form, *mortis causa*

A gift given by one who is dying.

, divested himself of his worldly possessions, besides renouncing the incentive for re-establishing his fortunes on a footing calculated to rescue his name and memory from oblivion. Deeper self-examination, however, showed much worldly dross

Worthless things.

—the cares of life and the deceitfulness of riches—still clung to him, and these reflections tended to check the flattering unction

Religiously anointing someone with oil.

he was otherwise disposed to lay to his soul.

In that way Josiah Begg came to realise a true sense of the littleness of time compared with the magnitude of eternity; and if the knowledge made him a sadder it also made him a wiser man.

The way thus paved, the visit of the grim messenger passed by much lighter than might otherwise have been the case. Its approach was heralded by the usual symptoms of alarm, but its presence was divested of much of its terrorism. Being thus shorn of its prerogative as the King of Terrors, it assumed the milder form of the death-bed deliverance, and, in the language of the popular city clergyman who was once more called upon to do duty at the Young Men's Christian Association, "Josiah Begg, after an illness borne with Christian patience, fell asleep in Jesus."

Since we last heard of those two enterprising individuals, Miss Stewart and her admirer, they had not been

idle. On the very contrary, the steward had, as he promised, kept his eyes about him, and, aided and abetted by the female confederate, succeeded in digging out full and complete information regarding the will and its contents. That information let a flood of light in upon Miss Stewart's mind, and she now understood what had so much perplexed her before—the real cause of the change which had come over her master. That knowledge she kept to herself, evidently looking upon it as no part of the compact between her and her fellow-servant.

Around Josiah's death-bed they kept close, almost exclusive, watch, so much so that, instead of sinister motives being imputed, they earned fresh laurels

Deserves to be adorned with an award.

in the impression that they had been most attentive to him in his last illness—far more so than could have been looked for at the hands of mere hired servants.

No sooner had Josiah expended his last breath than this model housekeeper silently abstracted from under his pillow a bunch of keys, which she stealthily handed over to her friend the house-steward. The latter then disappeared for a few moments, and on again returning gave the lady a significant look, adding, as he returned the keys, "It is all right; I have it here." These words were seemingly let drop into Miss Stewart's ear in such a low tone of voice one could almost have imagined there were grave fears of disturbing the dead. If such dread existed it proved groundless, for the dead still remained calm and undisturbed.

The grim messenger having finished his work by candlelight, just as the hour of midnight rang itself out, delay ensued before assistance arrived to perform the last offices of the dead. Meantime the two solitary conspirators, as we may now call them, kept their lonely watch, and when the doctor, corpse-dresser, and undertaker arrived everything appeared in the calm tranquillity of an edifying death-bed.

## Chapter XVI.

THE FARO-TABLE—A HEBREW NAMED ISAAC, OR OLD IAK—SAM PERKINS, THE LITTLE OLD MAN WITH A GRIZZLY BEARD—HOW JOSIAH BEGG'S WILL GOT TO OTAGO—AN IRREGULAR MARRIAGE IN SCOTLAND—THE STORY OF A CELEBRATED LAWSUIT—"ENTITLED TO SUCCEED QUÂ RELICT."

THE faro-table

A table used for the French gambling card game, Faro.

was still a popular institution in California. The sums staked were not so large as they had been during the first days of the goldfields discoveries; still, they were sufficient to make the play exciting, and involved not a few of its dupes in ruin. Many of these establishments were run on a kind of joint-stock

A system in which shares of a company's stock can be bought and sold by shareholders. or syndicate system.

A large group who make a joint effort in undertaking particular business transactions or decisions.

A number of men clubbed together and set up one of their number, supposed to be well-versed in the art, the profits and losses being equally shared in by the whole. In that way fortunes were made and incomes eked out by persons whom it was never suspected would have lent themselves to such questionable devices.

Our friend the house-steward was embarked in one of these speculations. He eked out a respectable salary from Mr. Josiah Begg by "standing in" as one of six in the gambling hell conducted by a certain Hebrew named Isaac, better known amongst the fraternity as old Iak. The establishment was known as a resort for questionable characters; indeed, the most reputable part of its patrons was the miner who came down to town for a spell.

Although not in high favour with the digging class, Iak was well known amongst them, and while they remained in town they made his house a sort of rallying point, so that when they lost the run of each other they knew where to go to meet again.

These spells in town and periodical visits to old Iak had the result of clearing out not a few, and, being unable to defray

Provide money for a particular payment.

the expense of their return journey, Iak had always on hand an assortment of this class waiting the opportunity for making a rise and getting back again.

One little old man with a grizzly beard, named Sam Perkins,

Little is known about the gold-digger aside from the infamy surrounding the 'Blue Mountain Rush' (dramatized within *A Romance*) which he instigated. [Papers Past](#).

had remained on hand for a considerable time. Being, as Iak described him, a crafty old fellow, he had succeeded in making himself useful as a runner or tout for the establishment. In that way he earned a precarious living—a bare subsistence—but not sufficient to start him off again. According to his own account, a few dollars were no good to him. He would have to get sufficient to take him out of the country altogether. He was too well known, he said, on the Californian Goldfields ever to think of doing any good.

The house-steward, now to a great extent relieved from his duties in Josiah Begg's household, spent a good deal of his time in this establishment, of which, as already stated, he was a sleeping partner. He took no part in the active work of the place, and, beyond certain conferences held with his partner Iak, he was merely an onlooker.

Although these conferences were strictly private and confidential, we are enabled to say that one of them had direct reference to the little old man with the grizzly beard.

"Give him fifty 'quid,' and the will soldered up in its tin case, and pack him away to New Zealand," said the old Jew. "I know that's where he wants to shape for. He wants to get to the new diggings. He's a crafty old dog, and I am quite sure the prospect of getting another fifty out of you when this law-case is over will make him stick hard and fast to the will, and, if it's ever wanted again, I'll guarantee to get scent of him, and the will too."

"What we want is to have it put well out of the way in the meantime, and, if we succeed in these law proceedings, we never want to hear of it more. If not, we must know where to lay hands on it." So spake the house-steward, and from these remarks it will be gathered the will referred to was that of his late master, of which, with the connivance of the housekeeper, he got possession on the evening of Mr. Begg's death.

The idea was to get the will carried out of the country, so that no knowledge of it might remain. At the same time, it was deemed highly inexpedient to destroy or lose all trace of it, as, in the event of certain proceedings at law failing, it would be required to substantiate other claims which, Miss Stewart and her *confrère* considered, might be turned to their own personal advantage.

The negotiations referred to above resulted in an arrangement being come to, and the "little old man with the grizzly beard," with the will and a fifty-pound note in his possession, were, in a few days thereafter, on board ship *en route* for Otago, New Zealand, then a great centre of attraction for the digging population of the world.

In that explanation two difficulties are virtually cleared up—first, as to how Josiah Begg's will found its way to the Wakatipu; and, second, as to how the report got about that he (Mr. Begg) died intestate.

In view of the last-named fact, or, rather, fallacy, three separate actions-at-law arose. One was instituted by two brothers, residents in England, who averred

Alleged as a fact in support of a particular plea.

that their deceased father had been cousin-german

The first cousin of someone's aunt or uncle.

to Mr. Begg, and that they, being his next-of-kin, were entitled to succeed to the estate. The other claimant was Miss Stewart, who now alleged she was the lawful wife of Mr. Begg, by virtue of an irregular, though binding, marriage contracted in Scotland a few years previously. The third claimant was the Public Trustee, who claimed possession of the estate in the meantime, with the view of administering and preserving the same for behoof of whom it might concern.

Being merely an *ad interim* application, the Judge sanctioned the Public Trustee's appointment, and directed the other claimants to fight out their respective contentions.

By dint of Registrar's certificates, excerpts from births, deaths, and marriages records, together with certain notarial instruments, the two brother claimants had no great difficulty in establishing the relationship, but, before getting the coveted possessions, it still remained for them to contest Miss Stewart's alleged marriage-rights. Her assertions were that, on a certain specified date, Mr. Begg had, in presence of certain parties, during their visit to Scotland, acknowledged her to be his lawful wife; that they subsequently visited various parts of Scotland, and lived on that footing. Returning to San Francisco, the relations were kept secret, but still they were maintained, the motive for secrecy being a whim or caprice on deceased's part, arising from the fact that he was supposed to be the father of an illegitimate female child residing somewhere in Great Britain.

The ex-house-steward, being appealed to, made certain affidavits which went to show that Miss Stewart exercised in the household of deceased prerogatives superior to those of a mere housekeeper; and others besides the house-steward were able to testify to the same effect.

On that evidence long debates ensued as to whether or not an irregular marriage, contracted in Scotland, could be held valid in the United States of America. Some of the Judges held that it could, others that it could not; but, on appeal to the Supreme Tribunal, it was ruled by a majority that they were bound to give effect to such marriage.

That, let it be understood, was merely a preliminary step in the proceedings. Although favourable to Miss Stewart, it still rested with her to make good her allegations of marriage by legal proof. For that purpose Commissions were forwarded to Scotland, and lawyers of high standing employed, both to take the evidence and pronounce an opinion upon the facts as to whether or not they established a marriage by the law of Scotland.

Strange to say, the evidence adduced by these Commissions entirely corroborated Miss Stewart's version of

what occurred in Scotland, and, from the number and scattered location of the witnesses bearing testimony thereto, it is hardly possible to imagine any subtle understanding could have existed amongst them.

In one instance an old hotel-register was produced with the name of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Begg, and, on being shown the photograph of the alleged Mrs. Begg, it was identified as the lady referred to in the register.

Counsel learned in the law gave it as their opinion the facts adduced in evidence were quite sufficient to establish the marriage by promise *de præsenti aut subsequenti copulâ*

A promise made by those present.

, as provided for by the laws of Scotland.

Under examination for the defence, some of the witnesses varied slightly as to dates, and even circumstances; but these variations, considering the time that had elapsed, were not considered material.

The story of this celebrated lawsuit reached Crossford, and amongst others who took interest in its progress was the old Hamilton lawyer, and the burky callant, his sister's son. The latter had now been assumed a partner in the business of his uncle. They espoused

Supported.

the cause of the two brothers, mentioning the arrangements made for the natural daughter Mary, which arrangements had, to their knowledge, been faithfully carried out, as also Josiah Begg's intimation to them of his intention to leave the girl sole heir to his property. They saw nothing to lead them to suppose Josiah had the slightest intention of marrying; on the contrary, they were fully convinced he had no such intention.

Such was the nature of the evidence given by David Barclay and his junior partner before the Commission; but, still, it was indirect evidence, and as such it had not the weight of the direct testimony tendered on the other side.

On the case coming again before the Courts in San Francisco, with this mass of evidence before them, the Judges could do nothing but declare Jean Stewart was duly married to the now deceased Josiah Begg, in accordance with the law of Scotland thereunto made and provided, and that, as the said marriage was binding in the United States of America, she, the said Jean Stewart, was entitled to succeed, *quâ* relict,

Due to being a widow.

to the means and estate of which he was possessed at the time of his death.

An appeal against that decision was lodged, but no one relied much upon its success. It had, however, the effect of hanging up the final decision for some time longer, and in the meantime Bill Fox's discovery at the Wakatipu, through the instrumentality of Duncan Campbell, got upon the scene, although there still remains a good deal to be told before its arrival can be formally announced.

## Chapter XVII.

SAM PERKINS EN ROUTE FOR NEW ZEALAND—"STICKING UP" AND ROBBING THE LOCAL BANK—SURPRISE AND CAPTURE—THE LEGAL DOCUMENT OF SOME IMPORTANCE—A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL IN OTAGO.

*En route* for New Zealand, Sam Perkins had what nautical men call a fair-weather passage.

Before embarking he and the old Jew took counsel together.

"It's just into your fist," said the latter; "nothing could have suited you better. You have worked out every patch on these diggings, and if you're going to have another chance you'll have to open out fresh ground. You have been a lucky man, as luck goes. Between scooping out tailraces

Conveying water away from a point of industrial application for personal use or sale.

and plundering tents, you're a match for any man going, and few men could have done the business you have transacted and stuck to their ears. Now, however, the boys are getting easier riled than they were. They are not getting on to the yellow dirt so readily; that's what's making them get up their backs. So, old man, you just fight shy of

To avoid confronting.

them, or as sure 's God made little apples, if they cast eyes on you, they'll wing you. Take my tip and be off. A man of your abilities and lengthened experience can't help making a name for yourself on a new rush. You'll have everything in your favour. No one will know you, or what you are. The peelers

Police officers.

especially will not find you out for some time, at least. Nothing like the new rush for a man of your enterprise; so take my advice, shoulder your drum, and be off like a redshank.

A small wading-bird.

It's a splendid chance for you. Fifty quid in your belt, and all you've got to do is to keep that blessed tin case safe. It may not be wanted, but, all the same, it may be handy for you to have past you, and then another fifty quid when you give it up."

As an argument, the above would appear to have been conclusive evidence to the little old man with the grizzly beard, inasmuch as that we find him acting upon its suggestions without unnecessary delay.

Sam Perkins, the little old man with the grizzly beard, was what is variously known as a bad egg—a hard case. He was not always old. When he first made acquaintance with Californian society he was a young strapping fellow. The material available for a biographical sketch of his life and adventures is largely culled from police reports, so that it is apparent at the outset old Iak's estimate of Sam's moral character was not overstated. Certain youthful frolics occasioned uneasiness in the minds of his parents at home, and, as these gradually ripened into youthful indiscretions, it was deemed advisable for the reputation of the family that he should be shipped abroad. With good abilities, good educational attainments, and a moderately good sum of ready cash, he reached San Francisco when its goldfields discoveries were still in their bloom. At first he succeeded in keeping his recklessness and extravagances in check; indeed, so far did his good genius prevail that he sought and obtained an honest means of livelihood. He was first employed as a travelling merchant, a class upon whom the goldfields population in early times largely depended for replenishment of their modest wardrobes. This proved a stepping-stone to his permanent settlement on the goldfields, and for a time the evidence he offered of thrift and good conduct was indisputable. The free and easy usages of society in these parts soon, however, asserted their evil influences upon him, and, after a course of recklessness and dissipation, he found himself reduced to beggary. For a time he was completely lost sight of in his old haunts, and even those who had been his boon companions

Close friends.

had well-nigh forgotten his existence.

Things had reached this unfortunate pass with Sam when one morning the township in which he had resided was knocked out of its seven senses by the announcement that the local bank had been stuck up and robbed. During the small hours of the morning access had been obtained to the bedroom of the manager, who slept on the bank premises, by a band of men well disguised. Before he was able to realise the position, and lay hold of a revolver ready capped beneath his pillow, the manager was gagged and secured to the bed. The keys of the strong-box were taken possession of by the gang, the box itself rifled, and its bullion contents carried off.

In this miserable plight, more dead than alive, the manager was discovered later on in the morning; and a hunt party was at once organized, who set out forthwith in search of the robbers. The latter, however, having obtained a good start, the search was for some time unavailing. Meantime the hunt party was reinforced by residents from the neighbouring townships, and the more remote districts were duly apprised of the outrage.

Strict account was taken of all parties living in outlying places, and on such as were considered in the least suspicious close watch was kept. For a time, however, nothing transpired to fix the guilt on any one. In prosecuting their inquiries the police ascertained that various draymen *en route* from the neighbouring river dépôts had been applied to by a man, apparently a digger, for supplies of provisions. On comparing notes, it was found these applications had been made all about the one spot, and, so far as could be judged, by the same person. Following up the scent, it was ascertained a number of men were camped in an adjoining bush, and that, with the exception of the one who applied for the provisions, they all kept themselves in strict seclusion.

Further investigations strengthened the suspicion that this party had to do with the bank-robbery, and that they were only waiting an opportunity for making off with the plunder. Their capture was therefore determined upon. A select party was chosen to assist the police in that hazardous exploit, and the night for making the attempt decided upon, these arrangements being gone about with the utmost secrecy. The attack was made by a couple of mounted troopers, backed up by a party armed to the teeth. Creeping up to the tent at about midnight, the troopers cut it open, so as to completely surprise the inmates. The support party, immediately at hand, covered them with their rifles, the whole thing being so rapid and noiseless that the inmates were at the mercy of their captors before they were well awake. No time was lost in handcuffing the gang, and, thus secured, they were marched off under strong escort to the nearest gaol.

Sam Perkins was recognised as one of the gang, and, being esteemed one of the least dangerous members thereof, an offer on his part to become "King's evidence"

Evidence for prosecution given by the criminal's accomplice.

and disclose the plant was readily accepted. In that way Sam saved himself, and lagged

Sentenced to prison.

his companions in crime.

On regaining liberty Sam wandered about the goldfields, getting a living no one knew how. His own account was that he was a digger, but the general opinion was in favour of the account just rendered by old Iak. One of his more recent transactions was in connection with a tail-race, worked on the principle described by the Hebrew as scooping out. Following upon that transaction, it came to Sam's ears that a plan was being matured to deprive him of those appendages, and, as he does not seem to have relished the operation, he took time by the forelock,

A lock of hair above the forehead.  
and made himself scarce. In due time he turned up in the City of San Francisco, where we find him engaged as already stated.

Beyond the fact that it contained a legal document of some importance, which might or might not be required hereafter, Sam knew nothing about the contents of the tin case. When given to him the case was carefully soldered up, and his instructions were to keep it thus until claimed by the parties intrusting it to him. The latter condition Sam was not long in violating. Before reaching New Zealand Sam knew all about the will and its contents. On reading it over for the first time, he remarked to himself, "Josiah Begg! why, that's my old boss. When I first went to California he started me on the road with a trap-load of goods. So that's the game, is it! The man died worth millions. I'll have a dab at it, and no mistake. It'll not be a beggarly fifty, or even a hundred, quid that'll do for me, when there's an odd million to work on. You were perfectly right, my old Hebrew buck

A spirited man

Iak, when you said it was right into my fist. I'm to keep you well posted in my movements. All right; you'll hear from me perhaps a trifle oftener than you relish." In that way Sam ruminated with himself, while the good ship in which he was embarked sped on its way to Otago.

## Chapter XVIII.

A SYSTEMATIC COURSE OF BLACK-MAILING—THE ROAD TO GABRIEL'S GULLY VIA WEST TAIERI—STUCK UP—THE RELEASE, AND HOW EFFECTED—GARRET, THE BUSHRANGER—TRACKING AND APPREHENDING THE GANG.

ARRIVING in Dunedin, Sam Perkins lost no time in fulfilling the promise he made to himself of communicating with his principals in San Francisco. True to his natural instincts, these communications took the shape of a systematic course of blackmailing, which in the end became so intolerable that the thing ended badly for Sam.

As yet, however, he had not filled up the cup of his transgressions, nor had his adventures in a general way come to an issue. We must therefore keep Sam's company a little longer, however undesirable that company may seem.

Leaving Dunedin, he (Sam) took the road for Gabriel's Gully,

See Appendix, [Note 24](#).

giving a preference to the then lately-discovered short cut by West Taieri. His second day's journey brought him to the top of the Maungatua, separating the flats, afterwards named Waipori, from the Taieri Plains. Selecting a convenient spot, at the edge of a belt of bush, he pitched camp for the night, when he was suddenly pounced upon by two men whose faces were concealed by loose coverings of black cloth. Springing upon him from behind a clump of trees, and covering him with their pistols, Sam was completely at their mercy before he knew where he was. His own Californian experience having brought him into contact with similar encounters, he was not long in realising the situation. On being ordered to bail up,

Being held under guard in a robbery.

Sam at once threw up his arms in token of submission, and allowed himself to be led away by his assailants into the bush. Selecting a particular spot, they secured him to a tree. During the operation not a word was spoken, nor was any attempt made to rifle his pockets. Before leaving, one of the masked men produced a flask of brandy, with which he regaled

Excessively provided.

Sam, allowing him to drink as much of the liquor as satisfied him. The remainder was placed before him, but at such a distance as prevented his reaching it.

"There," said one of the masked men, "is a drop of stuff; it will come in handy for you when you get the bandages off."

Sam ventured to inquire how long it was intended the bandages should remain on.

Without betraying the slightest harshness, or any great concern, the owner of the flask replied that he would find he had mates to keep him company, and all that was aimed at was to keep them quiet until he and his masked confederates had had time to move out of the way. So saying they took their departure, leaving Sam, as we have just described, secured to a tree.

Sam himself was wholly at a loss to understand the meaning of it. That it was a case of sticking-up he knew; but, as no searching of pockets and rifling of the swag had taken place, the real object was wanting. He soon discovered the information given him about having mates to keep him company was true, and, by dint of shouting and bawling, ascertained they had been dealt with in a manner similar to himself. He further

ascertained that they had been relieved of a considerable quantity of gold-dust.

After being kept in durance

Confinement.

for some hours, one of the number succeeded in regaining his liberty, and forthwith set about releasing the others.

It is astonishing the amount of popularity the name and exploits of the individual attains who, setting the law at defiance, succeeds for a time in evading the efforts made to bring him to justice. The celebrated outlaw, Rob Roy Macgregor,

A Scottish outlaw charged of treason and burglary, who later became a folk hero; starring as protagonist in Daniel Defoe's *Highland Rogue*, and Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*.

is a case in point, and numerous cases in our own day of a similar character, although of less note, could be cited.

Garret, the Otago bushranger,

Henry Garret was a legendary criminal of Australia and New Zealand, who later became a biographer writing under the name "Clodhopper." Aside from his innumerable crimes, he is said to have never physically harmed anyone. [Papers Past](#).

was a man of this stamp.

He took to the road between Tuapeka and Dunedin, and for some months worked it to good advantage—for himself, at least. The colony rang with the story of his escapades, and, despite the exertions of the then newly-formed mounted police force, he and his band were for a time singularly successful in eluding pursuit.

Garret's *modus operandi* was unique in its way. He gathered round him a band of kindred spirits, and to each man assigned the duty he was best fitted for. One of his men acted as road-surveyor, and another as swagger,

Whoever carries the group's belongings.

the remainder being kept about him to assist in more active service.

The road-surveyor would leave Tuapeka in the morning on a fleet horse. Riding along, he noted carefully the strength and equipments of the parties *en route* for Dunedin. Arriving at Garret's haunts, all particulars were reported to him, and he took his measures accordingly. His plan was to provide man for man, so that if the travelling party numbered more than one they were confronted by a number of his men equal to their own. In that way travellers were easily overpowered, and one by one marched into the bush, and securely bound to the trees. Their swags and pockets were rifled, and, if possessed of gold-dust, as most of these travellers were, it was appropriated by the robbers, and they were left, to all appearance, to find release as best they could.

Garret, however, never robbed them entirely of their gold. He always left sufficient for enabling them to make a fresh start. Indeed, so rigidly did he adhere to that rule that in some cases, when the men stuck up were found to be destitute, instead of taking anything from them he gave them sufficient for a start.

The swagger was done up as a digger on the wallaby.

Resembling a wandering digger searching for work.

He always managed to turn up just as the others were being led into the bush, and he too was stuck up and secured along with them. In that condition he remained until a sufficient time had elapsed for enabling his confederates to get well away. He then got himself free, the ropes being arranged so as to enable him to do so when it suited the purpose, and, as we have seen in the case of Sam Perkins, he released the others.

The whole transaction was well managed. No one having the slightest suspicion of the swagger, he contrived to pick up a good deal of valuable information as to plans for bringing the offenders to account. These, of course, were duly communicated to Garret and the gang, and they took precautions accordingly. In that way Garret, no doubt, ascertained that Sam was an up-country traveller, and was not likely to have anything valuable in his possession; consequently, he was merely detained to prevent alarm, and with no other purpose of robbery.

Assisted thus, Garret was enabled to carry on operations successfully for months together, although eventually he and his gang fell into the hands of the authorities.

That he had accomplices besides the road-surveyor and the swagger is now well known. Living as he and his gang did, amidst the fastnesses of the Lammerlaws,

A mountain range in Otago.

provisions must have been conveyed to them by surreptitious means, and for a time the police were completely baffled in their efforts to discover these.

At length, after a great deal of patient investigation, it was ascertained that a teamster in the habit of travelling the road, and who invariably carried his own loading, which he professed to dispose of by the way, paid into the Bank of Otago a peculiarly-shaped nugget, which was identified by its owner as having been taken from his swag by Garret. On that clue the police worked cautiously. Spies were placed at convenient intervals

along the road followed by the teamster, and, without exciting suspicion,—for the teamster was acknowledged to be a knowing card,—careful watch was kept on his movements. It was ascertained that in approaching the dividing-range at the upper end of the Taieri

The fourth-longest river in New Zealand, running between Dunedin and Queenstown. he made a detour from the beaten track. On again emerging from the bush, at a point higher up, it was noted his dray appeared considerably lightened of its freight, and the police accordingly concluded they were now on the right scent. Waiting their opportunity, careful inspection was made in the vicinity. At the bottom of a deep ravine a large cave was discovered, the entrance to which was concealed by scrub and undergrowth. Exploring the recess, unmistakable evidence was found to show it was made use of by the gang as their store-room. On the occasion of the next visit of the teamster the country was well manned in the vicinity by armed police, disposed of in such a way as to be concealed from view, while at a moment's notice they could cover any given number of men in the ravine. A dreary watch ensued, extending far into the night, when the robber band made its appearance. Lighting their way with dark lanterns, they made for the cave, wholly unsuspecting of danger. In a moment the surprise party was upon them, and, being taken at a disadvantage, their capture was comparatively easy. A few shots were exchanged, but nothing but flesh-wounds inflicted. The capture was cleverly gone about, and had the effect of breaking up one of the greatest terrors that ever beset goldfields life in Otago. Garret himself afterwards confessed to a grand design for surprising and robbing Gabriel's Gully; and, from the fact that a strange craft was seen hovering off Molyneux Bay

See Appendix, [Note 25](#).

about the time indicated, it is generally supposed to have formed the part thereof for making good an escape.

## Chapter XIX.

MUSTER OF OUTRAGED VICTIMS—A DAY'S APPROPRIATION BY THE BUSHRANGERS—FIRST PRECURSORY OF AN URBAN CENTRE—EXCHANGE OR BARTER, AND ITS MODES—A NOVEL CONSIGNMENT OF MERCHANDISE—JOCK GRAHAM'S CATS.

ON mustering the party after the incident related it was found to number ten, exclusive of Sam. Reckoning up their losses, it was ascertained the total amount of gold appropriated was close on four hundred ounces, which was not a bad day's work for the bushrangers. Their swags being left otherwise entire, they had no difficulty in providing the means for passing the remainder of the night comfortably.

Next morning Sam, in company with another of the party, who, now that he had been deprived of his earnings, elected to return to his work in preference to continuing his journey to Dunedin, proceeded *en route* for Gabriel's.

Crossing the saddle,

The lowest point between two peaks of a particular mountain or range.

they got on to the Waipori Flats,

See Appendix, [Note 26](#).

from whence, after fording the river,

Crossing the river by following a naturally formed shallow place.

they traversed the Weather-stone Ranges, reaching Gabriel's, by way of the Blue Spur,

A small township leading towards Gabriel's Gully.

late in the evening. The two-mile stretch of gully from thence to the Junction

The small township now known as Cromwell.

resembled a perfect beehive in full working order.

The Gully stream, tortuous in itself, had been twisted and turned into a thousand different shapes, so as to get the ground taken out at such points along its course as the diggers happened to think would pay best. Then, again, it was tortured and turned about so as to bring the water on to the workings at the most advantageous points. In that way the stream was made to look as if it had lost all control of itself, and meant to make the rest of the journey up-hill, or else turn tail on it and go home again to its original source. The only machinery in use was the cradle, the short whizzing sounds set up by which struck monotonously on the ear.

At the mouth of a tributary gully halfway up the main stream a canvas town, the first precursory of an urban centre on the goldfields, had begun to rear its modest head. The building-material mostly in use was corrugated iron and rough-sawn timber, supplemented by canvas, tarpaulin, and sacking. These were adjusted on light wooden frames standing end-on to the bank, which, besides being economized as a gable wall,

The triangular portion of a wall between intersecting roof pitches.

was in some instances scooped out so as to form a rude but convenient fireplace. It was altogether a rag, tag, and bobtail town,

A town populated by 'plebeian' commoners.  
such as rude Boreas

Greek god of the North Wind.

would have experienced no difficulty in sending kite-high.

These "tenements" were chiefly occupied as grog-shanties,  
Unlicensed bars.

general stores, &c., with a billiard-table in full swing under one of their awnings. Here, of a night, after work was knocked off, the denizens of the Gully gathered in strong force, some to replenish their stores, others to retail gossip, and not a few to dissipate and drink their day's earnings. Coined money there was none, the trade being conducted on the exchange or barter system. A man gave so much gold-dust for so much flour, the relative proportions of each being regulated by weights and measures.

Business at the grog-shanties was conducted quite openly, not the slightest attempt being made to regulate the same either as respects days or hours of traffic. Two or three liquor-barrels with rough boarding atop served the double purpose of a bar-counter and a line of demarcation between the bar-attendant and his customers. The latter were the usual motley crowd peculiar to the publichouse, only, being relieved from restraints imposed by Licensing Benches, and having at their command an extra supply of the needful, their debaucheries were more deep and degrading. Differing in degree, there was, however, very little difference in effect. The immediate consequences were boisterous merriment on some and quarrelling and fighting on others, while, as a more remote consequence, poverty, shame, and suffering followed in the wake.

Housed as the digger then was, under canvas on the sides of the hill, the scene at nights, when all was lit up, was singularly impressive. Viewed from the neighbouring heights, it looked like stars in the firmament, with this difference: that the firmament looked as if it had been turned upside down.

Teams were arriving daily, freighted with all manner of miscellaneous goods, many of these being all the more welcome that they afforded relief to apprehensions of a threatened famine.

Sam Perkins having witnessed similar tussle and turmoil on many occasions during his Californian experiences, they took but slight hold on his mind. One dray-load of merchandise, however, rather tickled his fancy, and brought him to a pause in his look-round for something to strike in at. It was a large consignment of cats, assorted, and secured in gin-cases, with bars in front to afford the imprisoned feline sufficiency of air and light.

The Gully and neighbourhood at this time had become overrun with rats—so much so that, no matter how cunningly the digger contrived to secure his tucker, the rodent proved more than a match for him, and the most oppressive levies were made upon his stores. Occurring as this did at a time when supplies were precarious, nothing could have been more vexatious. There were a few diggers' curs about, but, both as regards number and enterprise, they were quite unable to cope with the evil.

A novel speculator—Jock Graham

John Graham was the first postman to work in the Otago gold-mining areas, later becoming a butcher and operating his own meat store with the money raised by the cat-sales.

—came to the rescue. He ransacked Dunedin for cats, and, having made up a large consignment, in the order indicated, marched into Gabriel's Gully amidst all the pomp of music such as cat-calls are able to produce. The noise soon brought the entire population around, and without loss of time the bidding became so brisk that Jock resolved upon putting the cats up to public competition. Sam Perkins now saw his opportunity. He had practised the Dutch auction when following the trade of travelling merchant in the employment of Josiah Begg, and, being to the manner born, his services were forthwith engaged. Keeping an eye on the main chance, Sam entered with spirit into the humour of the proceeding. "I have, gentlemen," he would say, "to offer you the striped tiger, an animal whose pluck and perseverance is not to be questioned. He is half-cousin three times removed to the celebrated Kilkenny cats

The name given to the vicious human warriors of Kilkenny.

that fought at the Battle of the Boyne

A battle in 1688 across the River Boyne in Ireland.

until nothing was left but the tails. If you doubt my word, gentlemen, take a look at his tail, and you will find abundant evidence of the fierceness of the conflict in which his historical ancestors were engaged." Amidst such banter the cats were run up to fabulous prices, and Jock Graham admits to the present day the cat speculation was one of the most profitable transactions of his life.

## Chapter XX.

SAM MAKES A FOOTING—SAM MAKES A FALL—THE BLUE MOUNTAIN RUSH—TRIAL BY

ESCUED BY THE POLICE.

IN that way Sam effected his first footing on the Otago goldfields. It was, however, as we have already seen, the second step at which Sam invariably stumbled. He could always make for himself a standing in society, but he never could succeed in maintaining it. He was not unlike a great many more unfortunates—his first footing was, as a rule, pretty secure, but at the second step he invariably managed to trip.

Having auctioned the cats to advantage, the chances are, if he had been content to remain in the auction line, he would in time have risen to be a highly-valued knight of the hammer.

An auctioneer.

That, however, was not Sam's forte. He set out on a prospecting tour, which to a man of his calibre meant a marauding expedition. In the course of his rambles he met with a storekeeper named Mackintosh—a man quite as unscrupulous, although not quite as enterprising, as himself. Mackintosh had made a bad speculation. He established himself in business on what was supposed to be a good field, but which had turned out a rank duffer.

An utterly unproductive mine.

It was afterwards known as the Blue Mountain rush.

When Sam turned up the storekeeper was at his wits' end. He had put in a large stock of goods. No sooner had he done so than the place was deserted. He must either get quit of his goods, or else he would have to do something desperate. What to do he knew not.

Nothing daunted, Sam undertook, for a consideration, to bring the rush back again to his door.

"There are just now about ten thousand men on Gabriel's," he said, "and, if you say the word, I'll bring them here quick steps."

The word was said, and Sam proceeded to work accordingly. On the first whisper Sam set agoing in Gabriel's Gully of a big find got on the Blue Mountain ridges a panic ensued. The denizens of the Gully almost to a man struck tent and took the road for the new find. Some of the more knowing ones took the precaution of securing Sam, for the ostensible purpose of guiding them to the place, although they afterwards alleged that, having their doubts of his *bona fides*, the real object was to keep hold of him for after-consequences. That was not exactly what Sam bargained for, and, on various pretexts, he attempted to get away, assuring them they would have no trouble in reaching the place without him. Getting more and more suspicious, they stuck to him all the closer, and, not finding the ground they were led to expect, a council of war was held.

Becoming thoroughly alarmed, Sam thought he might be able to deal with two or three on better terms than he could deal with the whole mob. He therefore proposed that they should send a few of their number forward with him, and he would then point out the place. That was agreed to, and six of the more resolute were delegated to accompany him. Before starting, each of the six was supplied with a revolver, which was loaded in Sam's presence, so that he might clearly understand what was meant if he attempted getting away from them.

Getting in amongst the mountains, he led his escort about for the next two days, professing he was unable to hit upon the spur on which he had been prospecting.

Concluding they had been effectually duped, Sam was placed under arrest, and dragged back to the main body to decide what was further to be done. The latter was camped on the plains, and, not having made adequate provision for their maintenance for such a length of time, many were suffering the pangs of hunger. That, added to the general disappointment, induced the strongest possible resentment against Sam, and the demand was made for his immediate execution.

Seeing the serious turn things had taken, the more prudent exerted themselves on Sam's behalf. All the mitigation they could effect was an arrangement that the execution should be delayed until the formalities of a trial by Lynch-law had been gone through. A jury was accordingly empanelled,

Enlisted.

and other accessories to the trial provided. One of the more moderate of the party undertook to assist Sam in his defence, and it was admitted by all present a hard struggle was made to save the poor wretch's life. The evidence of guilt, without extenuating circumstances, was, however, overwhelming, and the death-sentence was therefore confirmed.

Happily for Sam it was too dark to carry out the execution there and then, otherwise it was quite impossible to see how he could have escaped. He was ordered to be held over for execution until daybreak, and then to be hanged up to the nearest tree.

How Sam felt during the remainder of this eventful night cannot be ascertained, but it must have been to him a night of awful suspense. He was bound securely, and watched by two men, who stood over him with loaded revolvers. He lay flat on the ground, sometimes with his face down, and at other times on his back. With the exception of these movements, he lay altogether motionless.

With the first dawn of day the camp was astir, and Sam was ordered to get up.

Looking around, it was ascertained they would have to travel some distance before getting a tree suitable

for the purpose.

There being now very little provisions amongst the crowd, only a few had anything at all to eat. Still, a pannikin

A small metal drinking cup.

of hot tea was handed to Sam, with a few mouthfuls of bread, which he devoured in silence.

The dismal procession, with Sam in the centre, was now formed. His hands were tied behind his back, and two men with firearms marched one at each side of him. Stern determination was depicted on almost every countenance, so that Sam's doom appeared inevitable. The march was directed towards a patch of bush on the edge of the Popotunoa Gorge,

A narrow valley to the west of Clutha River.

through which the track to Dunedin, Tokomairiro,

A town to the south of Dunedin now known as Milton.

and Tuapeka led.

The journey occupied upwards of an hour, a rapid stream having to be forded *en route*.

Arriving at the bush, the first tree come to, with a few superfluous branches lopped off, was pronounced sufficient for the purpose. The rope was adjusted round Sam's neck, and thrown over a branch. Sam was then asked if he had anything to say. If he heard the remark he took no notice of it, never once having uttered a syllable since the death-sentence was pronounced. About fifty men stood ready at the other end of the rope, and, on the word being given, Sam was hoisted up off his feet. When a few inches off the ground the rope gave way, and he fell down with a heavy thud.

The mishap caused his executioners to draw the rope down again, and institute a more careful inspection of the strength of its splicings. To guard against further accident, it was decided to test the strength of the rope by dead-weight. A swag-bag was filled with stones to the required weight and suspended at the end of the rope. The experiment was satisfactory, and the more serious part of the business was on the eve of being repeated when, sword in hand, a contingent of the mounted police was descried

Caught sight of.

wheeling off the gorge track, and making straight in the direction of the crowd. Meantime the rope was again got round Sam's neck, and frantic efforts made to hurry on his suspension, so as to finish the work before the police could interfere. The latter, however, were too smart; they dashed into the midst of the crowd, who, seeing the game was now up, readily dispersed to make way for them. Seeing how matters stood, the police severed the rope with a sword-cut, and, taking hold of Sam, thrust him for further safety into their midst. Sam now for the first time raised his eyes, and, addressing one of the number, who, although mounted on horseback, wore a civilian's dress, said, "Oh, my God! you have got here at last. I thought it was all up with me." The person addressed was the storekeeper, the partner in his crime. To do him justice, on seeing the mess Sam was landed in, he lost no time in using his best endeavours to save him, with the result just stated.

Sam never again ventured back to Gabriel's Gully. When liberated by the police he moved away in the opposite direction, and the next heard of him was that he turned up in Invercargill.

See Appendix, [Note 27](#).

There he renewed the black-mailing pursuit of his San Francisco patrons, and, when the slightest disposition was manifested to kick against his extortions, he threatened to hand the will over to the police, with such information as would not only place it in the hands of the rightful owners, but would insure the conviction for conspiracy of all the parties concerned. Threats of that kind, coming upon them at the very moment of their success in the law-courts, were not to be borne. It was felt something would have to be done, and that immediately, to silence Sam, and put an end to his threats and his extortions for ever.

## Chapter XXI.

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY MORNING IN INVERCARGILL—STARTLING INTELLIGENCE—HOARDS OF MINERAL WEALTH—BILL FOX AGAIN—"IT'S NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS"—A MAN WITH MORE ENTERPRISE THAN HONESTY—THE MOKOMOKO JETTY—A "WOODEN-HEADED" RAILWAY SCHEME—SAM PERKINS IN EXILE—HE STARTS FOR THE NEW EL DORADO—THE NEVIS.

It was on a Sunday morning in the month of December, 1863, that the then small and comparatively unknown town of Invercargill

See Appendix, [Note 27](#).

was completely knocked out of all sense of propriety and regard for the sacred character of the day by an announcement which reached it late the preceding evening.

The news was of such a startling character that newsmongers, in bruited

Spreading a rumour.

it abroad, did so with bated breath, as if at a loss to reconcile their minds to the bare idea of its possibility. It was not a scandal nor yet a tragedy; nevertheless, for gossip purposes, it was as good or even better than either of these fertile sources. It was intelligence of hoards of mineral wealth to be had for the gathering at a place coterminous

Having a shared boundary.  
with their own border.

Incredibility, or fear arising from the idea that the news was too good to be true, at length gave way under two distinct processes of reasoning—first, Gabriel's Gully and Dunstan finds, in the adjoining province, made it not improbable the auriferous deposit extended in the direction indicated; and, secondly, the originator of the reported find brought along with him substantial evidence of its authenticity, in the shape of a hundredweight or so of the precious metal.

These clues led up to further developments, the facts elicited being as follows: A squatter named Rees, William Gilbert Rees is now regarded as the founder of Queensland, him and his partner being the first Europeans to establish settlement in the Wakatipu basin.

known to reside miles away in the interior—few could tell how many—arrived in Invercargill late the preceding night. Displaying the above-named golden treasure, he explained that a few weeks previously a prospector—Bill Fox—had reached one of his out-stations in a state bordering on starvation

See Appendix, [Note 28](#).

Although without food, and almost destitute of clothing, he was otherwise well in, being possessed of gold *ad libitum*. Fox's story was that he had struck it rich, and the evidence of that fact being otherwise incontestible, Rees was now *en route* to claim the reward of £2,000 offered by Government for the discovery of a new goldfield.

Such was the substance of the intelligence bruited abroad this eventful Sunday morning, and it is easy to understand that it spread like wildfire.

With these facts before them, who will believe our report when we say this was the stepping-stone towards a downfall in the fortunes of Invercargill, and subsequently led up to the abolition of Southland

See Appendix, [Note 29](#).

as a separate and independent province. Such, nevertheless, was the case. Theretofore it had been a place of slow but steady progress, with superior advantages as regards harbour accommodation, and very superior advantages as regards territorial estate.

Had Bill Fox kept his discoveries to himself, or shared them only with his friend the squatter, it would have preserved Invercargill from much trouble and disgrace. So low did the place eventually become that the bailiffs were actually placed in possession of the Government offices.

Startled right out of every sense of precaution and propriety, Southland entered upon a career of extravagances far in excess of its means and estate. It attempted to compete for the new goldfields trade with its more opulent neighbour, Otago, and the result was fell catastrophe. That, however, was a result in the then future. What we have to do at present is to deal with the events annexed to this memorable Sunday, and their more immediate outcomes.

One whimsical affair will tend to illustrate the giddy excitement which arose, as also the utter ignorance which existed as to the country where the new find occurred. A recent arrival in Invercargill, who had brought with him more enterprise than honesty, had amongst his effects a stock of sketch-plans of the Holy Land, with the Dead Sea figured out in the centre. At best they were only fit for waste-paper, and men of ordinary genius would never have rated them at a higher value. Not so, however, the genius in question. He pencilled down a few townships and rivers. One of the former he named Invercargill, and one of the others Jacob's River. As for the Dead Sea, under this magic wand it blossomed out into Lake Wakatipu. Thus readjusted, these sketch-plans of the Holy Land were eagerly bought up as itinerant guides to the new El Dorado at Lake Wakatipu!

Schemes equally futile, but of far more disastrous consequences, were put forward in the endeavour made by Southland to grasp this land of promise. A huge wharf or jetty, costing many thousands of pounds, was erected at a place named the Mokomoko,

See Appendix, [Note 30](#).

and, after being completed, was fitted up with a railway-line connecting it with town.

A line of railway was constructed, on which, for economical purposes, wooden rails were laid.

See Appendix, [Note 31](#).

The first ten miles, leading into the heart of a flax swamp, was considered so successful that an excursion train was despatched to give the public an opportunity of celebrating the event. The excursionists were deposited safely in the flax, and, after enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, resumed their places in the carriages preparatory to being conveyed home. Meantime a slight shower of rain had fallen, and this so wet the

wooden rails that the wheels refused to bite, with the result that the passengers—men, women, and children—were left to rusticate for the night in the swamp. That incident had the effect of condemning the wooden rails, better known as Davis's patent.

Referring to the work of W. L. Davis, a local inventor and patentee who presumably worked on designing the local railway.

By these and other simple but effective methods Southland was soon reduced to a state of absolute bankruptcy, and within a few years thereafter was only too glad to take refuge from its troubles under the wing of Otago.

Sam Perkins had been living in a kind of exile in Invercargill for some months prior to the Fox-Rees discoveries. How he existed no one knew; but no one was supposed to know anything about his black-mailing resources, so that Sam had a means of support, although certainly not a lawful visible means. He was amongst the first who started for the new El Dorado. He had now to move about with great care and circumspection. The death-sentence had not been revoked, and for aught he knew he might at any moment stumble upon, an old acquaintance, who might take upon himself the duty of carrying out the original sentence.

Sam, or "the little old man with the grizzly beard," as he was now familiarly known, had therefore to keep a sharp lookout. *En route* to the Wakatipu he avoided company, and travelled alone. On reaching his destination he sought out one of the most isolated localities in the neighbourhood.

The Upper and Lower Nevis each turned out well, but at no time did they gain the popularity achieved by the Arrow, the Shotover, and Cardrona.

An area south of Wanaka and north of Arrowtown.

Prudential considerations induced Sam to locate himself on the Nevis, and, as the upper branch was the more sequestered of its two branches, Sam selected the higher latitudes. Here he built a hut for his accommodation, and worked a piece of riverbank for a living. He made periodical journeys to Kingston, for tucker, and at a later date, when Bill Fox assumed command of the "Nancy," he made the acquaintance of Bill. One result of that acquaintanceship was that Fox arranged to take up the old man's provisions and land them at a point convenient on the banks of the lake. By that arrangement the little old man saved himself a journey of some miles over very rough country.

It was in that way Bill came to recognise the little old man when he made his appearance on board the "Nancy" under the mysterious circumstances already narrated.

The old man had occupied the hut during the long months of winter, and, so far as either Bill or the few others with whom he came into contact knew, he was perfectly content, making enough, at all events, to pay his way. It was a lonely, isolated life; still, it was not a whit more so than the life led by many more in and around these diggings. Weeks might pass without the old man seeing any one, so that no recluse could have been more isolated.

## Chapter XXII. The Tragedy.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN DISAPPEARS—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM SAN FRANCISCO—TRACKING THE OLD MAN—OVER THE STAIRCASE HEADLONG INTO THE LAKE—BACK TO THE GOLDEN CITY—THE ARROWTOWN LAWYER AGAIN—BELIEVES IN THE BONA FIDES OF THE WILL; AND WHAT WAS DONE IN CONSEQUENCE.

THE little old man had not been seen for many days; but, as it was no one's special duty to look after him, no one troubled himself about the matter. His nearest neighbours were at work some miles down the gully; and in those days, when men came and went constantly, little was either known or thought of those around.

The first thing that directed special attention to the circumstance was that, on landing one week's supplies, Bill Fox discovered the supply for the previous week had not been taken away. This led Bill to mention the matter at Queenstown, and he was asked to look out, and try if he could ascertain anything about the old man.

Both supplies remaining unappropriated, it was deemed something serious had happened. A search party was organized, and, although found to be in great disorder, the hut was supposed to be just as the old man had left it.

Foul play was now suspected. Two months had elapsed since the old man was seen. It was remembered one or two strangers were in the neighbourhood about the time; but, if every stranger so coming and going was to be held responsible for the old man's fate, the account would become rather a heavy one. The police, of course, took steps in the matter. They succeeded in identifying him with the Gabriel's Gully episode, which had merely the effect of diverting them on to the wrong scent. Imagining that transaction had to do with his disappearance, they directed their attention exclusively to that quarter, and kept holding on to their theory, until the real cause of the mystery had got away safely beyond reach.

The success which attended developments on the Otago goldfields induced more than one San Francisco shipping firm to put on vessels direct for Dunedin. By that means a goodly number of Californians were from time to time imported into New Zealand.

One of these vessels came to hand in the winter of 1864. It was well freighted with passengers, chiefly of the digging class. With two of its passengers we are especially interested. The one was an elderly man, of Hebrew extraction; the other being a younger personage, whose nationality it would be difficult to determine. Both men were addicted to gambling, more especially the old Jew. The way he tipped up the dice and dealt out the cards showed him to be a practised hand in all the arts of the spieler.

A gambler or swindler.

Their speculations, or, rather, peculations,

To take something dishonestly, through theft or embezzlement.

being trifling, and their conduct otherwise up to the average, they attracted no great amount of notice on shipboard.

Arriving in Dunedin, they parted company. The younger of the two shouldered his swag, and made off for the goldfields. The elder, in furtherance of the character he had assumed as a general dealer, purchased a small business in the Arcade, then a great resort for Jew pedlars.

Three or four months elapsed, when the digger again turned up in Dunedin and rejoined his companion in the Arcade, and a close confab

An informal private discussion.

took place in a back room of the premises. Con, to which name the younger man answered, was chief spokesman on the occasion.

"Iak," said he—for the old Jew was no other than the keeper of the San Francisco gambling saloon—"I have had the devil's own time of it. I tracked the old man from Tuapeka right round the country to Invercargill, and from thence to the Nevis. He had got into some kind of a mess about leading off a duffer rush, and the boys had the rope about his neck ready to hoist him up, and, if they had only had five minutes longer, the job would have been done. Those confounded bobbies

Police officers.

—worse luck to them—came up at the moment and got him away. Frightened to death lest he should again fall into the hands of some of the Tuapeka lot, he buried himself away in one of the most God-forgotten holes in the country. Still, it was a good place for giving him the tip-over. I spent one night with him in his hut. The old man was so suspicious, he watched me the whole time. At daybreak next morning he was only too glad to get shut of me, and with a little persuasion I got him to accompany me to the Wakatipu track. Watching my opportunity, before he knew where he was I knocked him on the head, and sent him over the Staircase headlong into the lake."

"And about the will," inquired Iak; "did you get hold of it?"

"Devil a will could I find," replied Con. "I returned again to the hut and looked everywhere, but not a scrap of paper could I find."

"Then, in that case," mused Iak, "he must have had it about him, and it's gone down with him to the bottom."

"I reckon so," was Con's retort. "At all events, I ransacked everywhere, but there was nothing of the kind found."

"Any fear of the body being found?" asked the Jew.

"Once at the bottom of Lake Wakatipu," answered his companion, "and nothing ever comes up again to the surface."

"Then, in that case," said the Hebrew, rubbing his hands gleefully, "Sammy Perkins, you have had a good few tips over that same will, but now you have got the tip that settles your hash."

A messy assortment of incongruous things.

"Settles it," replied Con, "now, henceforward, and for evermore."

A few days afterwards the premises in the Arcade had changed hands, and their late proprietor and his companion were *en route* for San Francisco.

Arriving there, they reported the success which had attended their mission to New Zealand. They had no difficulty in getting their principals to adopt the view as to the will being effectually disposed of along with the body of Sam Perkins.

Their joy was therefore great, and their hopes seemed now on the eve of being fulfilled.

All difficulties were seemingly out of the way, and they looked confidently forward to the final decision of the Courts of Appeal as to the validity of the alleged marriage. That point disposed of, Jean Stewart would become a millionaire, the house-steward would become Jean Stewart's husband, and Iak and his friend Con would be enriched, in recognition of the services they had rendered. The proverbial slip between the cup and

the lip was not, however, taken into consideration.

Our old friend the Arrowtown lawyer once more comes to the fore.

Since last heard of he had not been idle. He had opened communications with a firm of solicitors in San Francisco, and, by the time the case for Miss Stewart came on before the Courts of Appeal, they were in a position to put in an appearance.

The will in favour of the natural daughter Mary, supported by affidavits made in New Zealand, England, and Scotland, was produced in support of a motion made by their barrister to stay proceedings.

Miss Stewart's lawyers did not believe in this new development of the case. They thought and said it was merely a trick on the part of the two brothers to delay proceedings and force a compromise. Miss Stewart herself, however, thought otherwise. She quite believed in the *bona fides* of the will, so also did the house-steward and his late partner in the gambling saloon, as also that gentleman's *confrère* Con. These four worthies

Significant or notable people within a certain sphere.

therefore took counsel together, and the understanding they came to was that the sooner they took leg-bail

Escape.

the better.

Where Miss Stewart went was never known. An assignment to her bequest under the will was subsequently produced and sworn to, so that it may be inferred she did not leave San Francisco empty-handed. The others likewise disappeared from view, leaving no trace behind. The will was eventually ruled a valid document, in virtue of which the natural daughter was placed in possession of the wealth left by her deceased father; and so ended the last act in what is still remembered as the Lake Wakatipu Tragedy.

## Appendix

### Note 1.—Otago.

UNDER enactment of the Imperial Parliament, passed in the fifteenth and sixteenth years of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled "An Act to grant Representative Institutions to the Islands of New Zealand," the colony was divided into six political centres—Auckland, New Plymouth, and Wellington in the North; Nelson, Canterbury, and Otago in the South. With the spread of settlement, some of these proved too large, and outlying districts became too remotely situated from their seats of Government. In the year 1857 a new Act was passed, by which a further subdivision took place, and three additional political centres were added to the list. Under that readjustment Otago, in the year 1860, lost that area afterwards known as Southland. Ten years later they were reunited. Each province was worked on the basis of a representative institution; so that when provincialism was at its height nine, if not ten, separate Legislatures were in operation. As things now exist, such political provision would be deemed a superabundance of government—a plethora of legislation. The state of affairs, however, was very different then from now. Little or no provision existed for intercommunication, and what passed in that way between the different centres went, for the most part, by sea in the sailing-craft. Having absolutely no intercommercial relations to provide for, and few or no interests in common, they were as much isolated as if they had been separate kingdoms lying widely apart. Therefore local and *quasi*-local administrations were rendered, in a measure, imperative. In process of time communication became more perfect. A through system of roads, with postal and telegraphic communication, was provided, and more recently a railway system established. The different centres were thus brought more and more into contact, and less occasion was felt for local administration in its legislative capacity. An Act of the General Assembly of New Zealand passed in 1876 abolished the provinces altogether, and vested legislative control entirely in the hands of the Central Government. Apt as we now are to look upon these Old-World institutions as remnants of the barbarous past, they nevertheless served their day and generation, and did it to good advantage. They planted a class of settlers on the soil who for thrift and enterprise compare favourably with their successors, and otherwise promoted the work of colonisation on a sound and substantial basis.

In 1843 the Otago settlement was first projected. A remnant of the Church of Scotland disruptionists was dissatisfied with the measure of liberty in ecclesiastical affairs secured to them in that memorable event. The idea was that, by founding an entirely new colony, they would be enabled to establish a Church on purely Free Kirk principles. This exclusive policy, however, does not seem to have been insisted upon. A few years later the object was announced to be a careful selection of emigrants, independent altogether of creed, and to provide for their religious and ecclesiastical wants at the outset. That manifesto is dated 30th June, 1851. Meantime, the association became incorporated with the New Zealand Company, a body already in operation at and around Wellington. In furtherance of this joint scheme, an exploring party left Nelson on the 31st March, 1844. Reporting on the land selected, Dr. Monro, one of the explorers, says, *inter alia*, "The block has a coast-line of

from fifty to sixty miles in length, lying between the mouth of Otago Harbour and a headland called the Noggetts [Nuggets], about three miles south-west of the Clutha River. It extends to an average distance inland of seven miles. The southernmost portion is watered by the rivers Puerua, Koan, and Clutha. The two last named are navigable for vessels of considerable tonnage. Connected with one another, and with the Clutha, by navigable streams are the shallow lagoons of Kaitangata and Rangitoto [Tuakitoto], one and six miles long respectively. Their fertile shores will furnish an admirable series of sections, the only drawback to which is the scarcity, not the absence, of wood. The Waihola and Rangitoto are about twelve miles apart. The plain of the Taieri is swampy, but, on the whole, will be a valuable district. The river of the same name flows into the sea about twenty or thirty miles south of Otago. Wild hogs are said to abound in all parts of the district, quail are in abundance all over the grassy plains, and wild-fowl in the rivers and lagoons. Weka, or wood-hen, is also common. In the mineral kingdom, the existence of coal in great profusion is also remarkable. Its appearance on the coast at Coal Point is conspicuous."

The settlement as first projected comprised 144,600 acres, divided into 2,400 properties. Each property consisted of sixty and a quarter acres, divided into three allotments, viz.: town, one-quarter acre; suburban, ten acres; and rural, fifty acres. The appropriation of these was as follows: 2,000 properties, or 120,500 acres, to private individuals; 100 properties, or 6,025 acres, to be purchased by the local municipal government; 100 properties, or 6,025 acres, for religious and educational purposes; and 200 properties, or 12,050 acres, for the New Zealand Company.

That is what is known as the Otago purchase. The original deed of sale, as between the Native owners and the Government, bears date the 31st July, 1844, the purchase-price being £2,400. It comprised a total of 400,000 acres, being all that area extending from the mouth of Otago Harbour to the Mataura River and inland to the Maungaatua (Maungatua) and Kaihiku Ranges. Of this 150,000 acres were reserved for the Otago settlement. Seven years later Captain Stokes, R.N., commissioned by the Imperial Government to make a survey of the coast, reported in his despatch to the then Governor, now Sir George Grey, "The Maoris, both in Foveaux Strait and at Otago, express a desire to sell all the land from Otago to the western coast, and probably £2,000 would be accepted as purchase-money." That despatch is dated 1st September, 1850. The next heard of the affair is that a gentleman—the Hon. Mr. Mantell—is appointed Commissioner to treat for the purchase. Mr. Mantell's negotiations were brought to a close on the 17th August, 1853, when a deed of conveyance was executed by the Native owners of all that vast territory, extending from Milford Sound to the Mataura, including adjacent islands, except the Ruapuke Group, together with all lands, anchorages, landing-places, rivers, lakes, woods, and bush, the purchase-price, as Captain Stokes surmised, being £2,000. Stewart Island, which at this date seems to have been treated as part of the Ruapuke Group, exempted from the previous sale, came under offer during Governor Gore Browne's term of office. John Topi, one of the island chiefs, offers by letter to sell that portion of land westward of the 68th degree of longitude. The proposal was relegated to the Superintendent of Southland, by whom the purchase of the entire island was effected in 1864, the price being £6,000. Meantime what is known as the Ngaitahu Block was brought under negotiation, and, by deed dated 12th June, 1848, its sale was accomplished, the price paid being £2,000. The area is described as comprising all that Native territorial possession lying along the shores of the sea, commencing at Kaiapoi (Canterbury); thence to Otakou (Otago), and on till it joins the boundary of the Otago purchase; running from thence to the Kaihiku Mountains, and onwards till it reaches the sea at Whakatipu Waitai (Milford Sound). From thence, as defined on the plan annexed to the deed, by the sea along the west coast to a point corresponding in a direct line with the mouth of the Kaiapoi River on the east coast. The effect of that sale was to cede possession of the remainder of the land now forming the Provincial District of Otago in favour of the Crown, besides disposing of a large tract of the adjoining Province of Canterbury. Writing to the Home authorities, the Governor, Sir G. Grey, remarks that it would be a source of satisfaction to find that so large an extent of country of the most fertile description had been unrestrictedly opened to British enterprise without the possibility of any of those embarrassing questions arising in relation to it which had been the source of so much perplexity to the settlers of the North Island.

The entire price expended upon these purchases amounted to £12,400. Deducting £1,000, which we may fairly estimate as the value of the Canterbury lands included in the Ngaitahu purchase, we have the balance (£11,400) paid for the Provincial District of Otago, including Stewart Island. After the lapse of forty years (1888) we find these lands valued for assessment purposes at a sum in excess of twenty-three millions and three-quarters sterling—namely, eight millions improved and fifteen millions and three-quarters unimproved values. The area of the district, in round numbers, is 16,000,000 acres, so that these lands, originally obtained for little more than half a farthing per acre, have now acquired a uniform average value of £1. Both in character and situation some of these are choice pieces of property. In business parts of Dunedin they sell at from £50 to £100 per foot, or from £13,000 to £26,000 per acre, so that a building-site now may be worth double what was originally paid for the entire provincial district. In less populous places like Invercargill the highest estimated

value is set down at £50 per foot; and in third-rate business centres such as Queenstown, Lawrence, Palmerston South, &c., £10 per foot. We have here a record which practically defies competition. Independent of the fact that eighteen millions sterling, being half the amount of the national debt of New Zealand, was taken out of these lands in the shape of gold, their acquired value during the period named bears favourable comparison with the most successful colonising schemes. Indeed, it rivals the enormous values acquired within the last forty or fifty years by property in many of the seaport towns of Old England, and proves beyond doubt that, although mistakes may have occurred in the administration of affairs, the policy of New Zealand as a whole has been one of enlightenment and progression.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the process by which the fee-simple of this remarkable land was first obtained for European occupation—a land with soil so fertile that it has justly been described as the granary of the south. It is a land largely peopled by the North Briton, and if, as the body of the narrative would have us believe, he brought certain of his national prejudices with him, he likewise brought much of that sturdy stubborn independence by which the primeval wilderness alone can be subdued. So much are the conditions of this, his adopted country, in harmony with the land of his birth that he has become quite as attached to the one as ever he was to the other; and, in its rising generation, Otago is securing for itself a population as enthusiastically indigenous to the soil as ever stood fire on the field of Falkirk, or handled the dirk on Culloden Moor.

In the matter of rivers Otago has a choice system. It is not possible to place even an approximate estimate upon all the streams and rivulets with which it is provided. Those of greatest importance are—Clutha, 200 miles in length [see [Note 15](#)]; Taieri, 150 miles; Mataura, 120 miles; Oreti, 130 miles; Waiau, 140 miles. The majority of these are fed by upland snowfields and glaciers. When the rigours of winter cease, and hot weather sets in, their snows melt, and the snow-water comes down in great profusion. In that way the rivers are kept perennially flowing. Indeed, the summer, if at all hot, is frequently their highest season, and the cold snow-water, even after it has flowed miles and miles, diffuses cooling effects in proportion to the heat of the weather. To this alone the climate of Otago is indebted for one of its regulating measures, and that a more important one than is generally understood.

The first census enumeration made of the province was in the year 1854. The population then numbered 2,557. Twelve months afterwards it amounted to (including 505 half-castes) 4,939. Thirty-six years later these numbers had increased to a total of 160,897, of whom 86,258 were males and 74,639 were females.

The acreage under crop in 1854 was 3,168. In 1889 the land held from the Crown for pastoral purposes was 5,645,838 acres; held for other than pastoral purposes, 293,441 acres; rented from Natives, 8,030 acres; rented from public bodies, 540,600 acres; and rented from private individuals, 430,413 acres: making a total of 9,645,782 acres so disposed of. The extent of land fenced in was 5,978,958 acres; held freehold, 2,727,460 acres. In point of productiveness, we have these lands yielding as follows: Wheat, 28·03 bushels to the acre; oats, 33·20 bushels; barley, 38·93 bushels; rye and bere, 18·35 bushels; peas, 19·83 bushels; beans, 18 bushels; hay, 1·61 tons; potatoes, 4·16 tons. Its areas under staple cultivations in 1891 were—Wheat, 391,460 acres; oats, 346,224 acres; barley, 32,740 acres; potatoes, 32,691 acres; which yielded as follows: 5,723,610, 9,947,036, 758,833 bushels respectively, and 178,121 tons.

To the end of December, 1890, 133½ tons of gold were mined in Otago, of the money-value of £18,886,928, which, over and above representing one-half the national debt of the colony, left a balance of £379,110 to the good. The yield of gold from the colony as a whole to that period was 329¾ tons, valued at £46,425,629, which, besides being equivalent to the colonial indebtedness, leaves the surplus of £9,030,882.

The coal-measures, to the date mentioned, gave an output of 2,054,112 tons; the produce for the year being 176,428 tons, showing an increase of 25,967 tons over the previous year. The entire output of the colony to 1890 was 6,456,674 tons; that for the year being 637,397, or 50,952 tons in excess of the output for 1889.

In live-stock the Provincial District numbered in 1891 50,206 horses, 152,003 cattle, 4,287,860 sheep, 38,027 pigs, and 443,059 poultry.

Its dairy produce during the same year included 2,864,869lb. of butter and 3,566,150lb. of cheese.

Clearing, fencing, draining, and other improvements in rural properties is represented by £3,493,826, and unimproved properties at £11,023,182. Crown and Native lands unoccupied are valued at £814,192.

There are, in all, thirty-seven boroughs in Otago, with an improvement value of £4,519,898, and an unimproved value of £4,725,953.

## **Note 2.—Otago Harbour.**

The earliest record we have of Otago Harbour—or, as it was called, Otakou—is highly creditable to Native instincts. It is reported in the *Sydney Gazette* of 1815. A brig named the "Matilda," hailing from New South Wales, reached the harbour in distress. She was manned by Lascars, many of whom were prostrate from sickness, besides which the vessel had run short of provisions. No sooner did the Native chief, named Papuhi,

understand the state of affairs than he collected his people and sent them off on a fishing expedition. In a short time the famishing crew were provided with a large supply of fish. The potato crop at the time was only half-grown, and tapu. Despite that fact, the kindly Papuhi had them dug up for the use of the distressed vessel. Getting partly recruited, the men were set to water the ship. The watering place was at a distance of a mile, and the labour of rolling the casks taxed the still delicate crew beyond their strength. Seeing this, the chief himself immediately set to and rendered assistance. His example being followed by the others, the work was completed with comparatively little fatigue to the crew. Every morning at sunrise Papuhi went on board and saw that a sufficiency of food was provided for the requirements of the day. The long continuance of bad weather encountered by the ship had thrown its gearing out of order, and the running-gear in particular was in a very bad state. Observing this, the chief, without prefatory remark, assisted by the others, both men and women, set about making ropes after the manner of the country. In that way the brig was again made fit for sea; and, on leaving, the Natives, seeing the straitened circumstances of the crew, refused to accept any reward: indeed, the only stipulation they made was that when the captain came that way again he should pay them a visit. The chief was a man standing 6ft. 6in. high, and the greatest respect and attention was paid by the others to everything he said. A finer example of benevolent purpose we are assured could not have been shown by any class of men. It does indeed cover a multitude of sins arising out of the strained relations which too often characterized early European intercourse with the New-Zealander.

In 1833 the harbour was known as one of seven whaling-stations established on the coast. It was owned and worked by G. and E. Weller, a firm of Sydney merchants. In that year, with four boats, 128 tuns of oil was got. Next year, with eight boats, the produce was 310 tuns, which was the largest amount yielded any year during the continuance of the concern. In 1841 the yield had fallen as low as 10 tuns, the enterprise being thereafter abandoned. During the nine years the station was in existence it earned £14,820 for oil alone. In addition there was the value of the whalebone, of which no account appears to have been kept. The European population averaged from seventy-five to eighty. In 1834 an American ship, the "Columbus," visited the harbour, and during its stay—the length of which is not given—it managed to catch whales equal to 200 tuns of oil. During 1843 nineteen vessels visited the harbour, mostly French, for what purpose is not said.

Rough and rowdy as the whaler of these days undoubtedly was, it is now admitted he exercised an important influence upon the civilisation of the place, so much so that it is a question whether he or the missionary rendered most effective service. One thing seems certain: he was, perhaps all unknown to himself, an important coadjutor in the work. He intermarried with the Native tribes, learned something of their language, and picked up a good deal of valuable information as to their manners and customs. On the other hand, the Maori was not slow in perceiving immense personal advantages on the side of the pakeha, as he named the European, and in that way the presence of a pakeha amongst them began to be reckoned a desideratum. He reconciled the Maori mind to the presence of the stranger pakeha, and so paved the way for the advent of the missionary, and eventually the European settler. It is only right these things should be understood, as we have all along been accustomed to treat the memory of the whaler with reproach.

The whale-station stood in much the same relations to the colony now occupied by the port of call. All communication with the outside world passed through it, and it was the sole port of entry for everything in the shape of in-brought stores. Inland tribes were in the habit of paying periodical visits, and in that way they were brought to see the white man possessed resources which would be of immense advantage to them if they succeeded in making him their ally.

Shortland, Protector of Aborigines, visited the harbour in January, 1844, and he tells us that the Natives navigating the East Coast were in the habit of going inland to the head of Otakou, and, dragging their canoes across the intervening belt of sand, relaunched them into the ocean, continuing their voyage southward. In following that plan they avoided Cape Saunders, which seems then, as now, to have been a spot dreaded by the mariner.

"Entering the heads and crossing the bar," says a writer in a recent review, "you steam up a fine sheet of water to Port Chalmers—the Leith of this second Edinburgh. The banks run up steep on each side; on the left, the gleaming slopes of sand at the Maori Kaik; on the right, grassy or wooded declivities, where soft greens, even in midsummer, must surely be a delightful refreshment to the eyes of thirsty Australians accustomed to the parched and dusty hills and plains of their own continent. The communication between Port Chalmers and Dunedin is so rapid and constant that the port is practically a suburb of Dunedin. Until lately, all large vessels have had to load and unload at the Port, the freight being conveyed from and to Dunedin by a line of rail, which runs along the north side of the bay. Now, however, that the operations of the Harbour Board have been brought to a certain stage of completion, large vessels can sail or steam up the bay and find a berth alongside the Dunedin Wharf. A great deal yet remains to be done before Dunedin is all that can be desired, or all that is possible as a port of call for large vessels; but to the merchant and shipping interest it is a subject of congratulation that large steamers, like those belonging to the Union Steamship Company, are able to bring

their freights of cargo and passengers direct to the city wharf."

### **Note 3.—Arrow River.**

This river takes its rise from the snows on Mount Hyde, and after a crooked course through a succession of deep gorges, during which it receives several tributaries, all proved to be highly auriferous, it emerges into open country at Arrowtown, and after a further course of six miles along the base of the Crown Ridge it joins the Kawarau. The distance in a straight line from the most remote source of the Arrow to its mouth is fifteen miles, but the course by the river will be a few more.

### **Note 4.—The Lakes Trade by Southland.**

In his address to the Provincial Council, dated 21st February, 1863, the Hon. Dr. Menzies, Superintendent, remarks: "Since the date of last meeting a very rich goldfield has been opened out near the borders of this province, on the shores of Lake Wakatipu. The facilities of access to the lake from the Southland ports, as compared with that from any port elsewhere, gave the control of the trade with the population, which rapidly increased on the field, to the merchants of this place—the supplies having for the most part and for some time almost exclusively, been sent from this province. Many of the miners there have gone from Southland, and a number of gold-buyers from thence also."

### **Note 5.—The Lakes District.**

In his capacity as Protector of Aborigines, Mr. Edward Shortland, M.A., visited the southern districts in the year 1844. Returning north, he travelled overland from Waikouaiti, then a whaling-station, to Akaroa. At the Waitaki River, the boundary-line between Canterbury and Otago, he was delayed some days in consequence of the flooded state of the river. He seems to have camped at a Maori pa, built on the Otago side, somewhere near the mouth. The chief man of the tribe or hapu was named Huruhuru. He is described as being a most intelligent Maori, possessed of a great deal of information relative to the tribes. From Huruhuru Mr. Shortland learned that inland, about nine days' journey from the east, and not more than two days from the west, coast, there were four large lakes. One of these the Maori named Wakatipu, which, he added, had long been celebrated for the *pounamu* (greenstone) found on its banks. The names of the other three were Oanaka, Hawea, and Wairaki. The two first are easily identified as the Wanaka and Hawea of our own day. The Wairaki is not so readily accounted for. In the sketch referred to below it is set down as a separate lake or basin. From its position, however, the Surveyor-General of New Zealand—Percy Smith, Esq.—has no doubt it is represented by Dublin Bay and Stevenson's Arm. Being a through branch of the Wanaka, it might be readily mistaken for a separate lake by any one who had not thoroughly explored the country; so that it detracts very little from the general accuracy of the Maori's plan. In earlier times Huruhuru had, so he informed Mr. Shortland, relations who resided in the neighbourhood of these lakes, and he and his tribe repeatedly visited them, and were in the habit of making excursions from thence to Lake Wakatipu in search of *pounamu*. The description given of the country in the neighbourhood of these lakes led Mr. Shortland to conclude that it was largely composed of grassy plains, well adapted for depasturing sheep. Founding his assumptions on that information, he writes: "The lofty range of hills separating them from the sea-coast, and the absence of harbour accommodation between Banks Peninsula (Akaroa) and Otakou (Otago), would be a serious impediment to the profitable export of wool. We may, however," he adds, "relegate the whole question to another century, when this deserted land will no doubt be peopled, the plains grazed on by numerous flocks of sheep, and the streams, now flowing idly through remote valleys, compelled to perform their share of labour in manufacturing the wool." Barely half a century has elapsed and the prediction has been fulfilled, not certainly in the full measure of capacity, but quite up to the letter of the prophecy. What the state of matters may prove when the fullness of the time has come is a problem which can only be surmised. Over a considerable portion of the route identical with that traversed by this "noble savage" in his fishing and *pounamu* researches the iron horse of modern civilisation now goes "snorting" along, affording easy economical access to the harbour accommodation, then deplored as lying beyond reach. Not only so, but enterprise and ingenuity have grappled successfully with the difficulty on its merits. This inhospitable coast-line now boasts of two available harbours of refuge, so that the reproach cast upon it from Shortland's point of view no longer remains *à propos* of the question. Before parting with his Maori friend, Mr. Shortland got Huruhuru to sketch a plan, in pencil, of the Lakes District. The original has become one of the antiquarian records of the colony, a tracing from which is annexed hereto.

This, then, is the first mention made on record of the now-famed southern lakes system. As a district it has contributed its quota to the pastoral, agricultural, and mineral importance of the colony; and, still, we know its capacity in that respect has only just been tapped. In mineral wealth alone its stores are inexhaustible. Every new process, every fresh appliance, in the art and science of mining, goes step by step towards establishing the

fact. Its great strength, however, as a district lies in what may be termed its colonising schemes. Year by year these lake-lands attract thousands of sightseers and novelty-hunters to New Zealand shores, and, through them, a knowledge of the country at large—its position and its prospects—is disseminated all over the world. Being otherwise disinterested, the information so gleaned is very properly accepted as being strictly impartial. In that way a suitable class for settlement purposes is eventually secured, and the commercial relations of the colony built up and established on their more permanent basis.

Mr. James McKerrow, elsewhere referred to as one of the earliest and most enterprising of our southern explorers, writes: "The most marked and striking feature in the configuration of the country is the great and sudden differences of elevation that diversify its surface. These elevations take the form of mountain-ridges, and the depressions that of gorges, valleys, and rocky basins, the latter filled by lakes. The mountains rise from 4,000ft. to 9,000ft. above sea-level; and, as the line of perpetual congelation is 8,000ft. above sea-level, it follows that all elevations greater than 8,000ft. are within the glacier-producing zone. The Earnslaw Glacier, although covering only about a square mile in extent, is still, on account of its position, a very imposing object. It lies on the south side of Earnslaw, at an elevation of from 9,000ft. down to the melting-point. The mountain mass of the country may be described as lying north-northeast and south-south-west, and, that being directly athwart the track of the almost-constant winds from the Pacific Ocean, their influence on the climate may be considered as of the highest importance. Not only do they break the force of those winds, but their cloud-tops condense the vapours into showers that might otherwise pass over so narrow an island without parting with a drop. The height of the ridges causes the outfall on them to take the form of snow, which lies on them during the greater part of the year. This circumstance, by accumulating over long periods what would otherwise run off in streams as it fell, is the prime cause of the great, sudden, and, at first sight, inexplicable floods that characterize all the rivers that have their source in high mountains. Change of temperature is the secondary and immediate cause; but, while that is the case, a flood may occur without any great or perceptible increase of temperature, for the wind, by transporting the snow to a lower altitude, occasions the same effect as a rise in temperature,"

In anticipation of the importance of this district, when the railway system of New Zealand was first mooted provision was made, by common consent, for a line leading to this then wilderness. Its attractions in luxury and novelty soon secured for it public favour, and now it has become one of the most popular lines in the colony. It brings this wonderland within a day's journey of the seaboard, and opens up a succession of mountain, lake, and river scenery, which, appeals at once, with irresistible force, to every admirer of nature's grandest works. The lakes themselves are traversed by handsome steam fleets, and, where a land-journey supervenes, coach and posting arrangements are provided. In that way the New Zealand traveller is enabled to leave the Main Trunk Line at one point, and, after making a detour inland, taking in the whole of the lakes system, rejoin it again at another point without retracing a step *en route*. If necessary, the entire journey can be accomplished in three days; but the chances are that the traveller will prefer to linger awhile amidst these picturesque wilds, instead of merely rushing round, as would be necessitated in a three days' journey.

This is what is known as the grand tour of the Southern Lakes. It has numberless offshoots—alpine climbing, branch lake, river, cove, and bay explorations—all of which are fully detailed in the local guide-books. Profiting by the experience of the tourists' purveyors of older countries, tariff rates on a reasonable scale have been struck, so that visitors to these parts need be under no apprehension of being subjected to the imposition and artifice practised at one time by "mine Highland host."

Extending from the foot of the Frankton branch of the Wakatipu at its outlet into and flanked by the upper reaches of the Kawarau River there is 10,000 acres in one block of agricultural country. It consists of a terrace-flat and several alluvial flats situated between the Shotover and Arrow Rivers. The elevation above sea-level is set down at from 800ft. to 1,000ft. In some situations this elevation would have a bleak effect, but all tendency that way as regards this country is counteracted by the high mountains which encircle it. Not only do they afford shelter, but the radiation of heat from them has at times a very sensible effect on the increase of temperature. So wrote the then District Surveyor twenty-eight years ago, when the foot of the white man had been planted for the first time in the place. He also adds, "I have no doubt, taking the climate and fertility of the soil as they are, that either cereals or vegetables would, if properly attended to, grow well, and arrive at maturity." The writer has lived to see his predictions of 1863 abundantly verified, magnificent crops of wheat being now yearly harvested on the Crown Terrace at an altitude of 1,800ft. above the sea.

Lakes County contains a resident population of 2,919. It depastures 142,823 sheep, 4,157 cattle, and 2,056 horses. Its agricultural capacities are as follows: Wheat, 1,791 acres, producing 51,851 bushels; oats, 2,977 acres, producing 129,122 bushels; barley, 962 acres, producing 30,187 bushels; hay, 457 acres, producing 888 tons; potatoes, 197 acres, producing 1,732 tons. Other crops represent an area of 3,875 acres, besides which there are grass lands representing 10,547 acres.

## Note 6.—Ben Lomond.

"Looking down from Ben Lomond at the northern arm of the lake, it seemed like a huge amphitheatre. The water lay at our feet, a sheet of glass broken only by the islands, and backed by the great snow-covered ranges, which stand in vast array, towering over all, and glistening in the morning's sun. The lower part of the ranges was clothed with trees and rank ferns down to the water's edge, whilst two large rivers, named respectively the Rees and the Dart, emptied themselves into the upper end of the lake, after running through a considerable plain, which stretches from side to side, a vast shingle-waste with a birch-clad hill shaped like a pyramid standing in the centre thereof. No better set-off to the lights and shadows of the snow regions behind could have been found than the dark sombre peak with its black-birch-clothed side. Even Duncan MacAusland himself was induced to acknowledge that Loch Lomond and the Trossachs with all their beauty were not a patch on this." So wrote one who took an active intelligent interest in the first effort to establish settlement on the Wakatipu. Since then he has been far-travelled, and had favourable opportunities for studying the wonders of the world. Writing thereanent, he says, "I have gazed at the cold white tops of the Alps as they blushed in acknowledgment of the sun's first kiss; and, standing high up on St. Marie's at Venice, I have seen the sun rise from the bosom of the Adriatic and spread over the shipping and cupolas of the Queen of the Sea, a sheet of burnished gold; but, lovely as these all were, they failed to put me in such a rhapsody of admiration for our beautiful world as did that grand and glittering scene which I saw for the first time from the Elbow Peak of Ben Lomond."

But what, it will be asked, about the sentiments of the less rhapsodical Duncan MacAusland? We have a word to say about him too, and we speak it with 'bated breath, as he is not here to answer for himself. On him the silence of the tomb has been imposed. He was a lad from Lomond, the country of the wild MacGregors, who nestled under the lofty Ben which figures so largely in the account rendered of the queen of Scottish lakes. We first hear of him keeping company with Donald, a sure-footed, shaggy Shetland pony, on whose back Duncan's blankets and tucker stores were strapped. They must have made a well-matched pair, and it is questionable if Old Mortality and his short-legged nag ever found more striking representation, either at Home or abroad. Thus accoutred, Duncan and Donald' scaled the mountain-walls in search of a route for conveyance of a herd of cattle to the upper reaches of the Wakatipu. Getting higher and higher, Duncan became alive to a species of infatuation within himself, and by the time he reached the mountain-top Donald must have been astonished, if there was aught that could astonish that sagacious brute, to hear his master burst out in song, the refrain being—

*And thus among the rocks he lived,  
Through summer's heat and winter's snow;  
The eagle was the lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.*

That was the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. The now-inspired Duncan saw in his mind's eye the fatal Fruin, the glen of sorrow, with its fierce MacGregors slashing away at the sons of Loss, while the wicked old mouse-coloured Dugald *Cair Mhor* gave a finishing stroke to the hapless student band who came all the way from Dumbarton to witness the fight.

Further afield Duncan MacAusland saw—for we had the narrative from his own lips—what is known as Pigeon Island, but what in these primitive days presented to his enchanted view a *fac simile* of the Inchcailloch of Loch Lomond, a rock on which the irrepressible Rob Roy imprisoned the Montrose family factor, after appropriating the terminal rents, amounting to £300, collected by the latter, and afterwards demanded as ransom for the imprisoned factor a further sum of 3,400 merks Scotch. Then, again, there was the valley of the Von, with its horse-track leading to what is now named Lake Mavora. To Mr. MacAusland's enraptured gaze this was identical with the Pass of Ballmaha, through which the redoubtable Rob made his raids on the lands of Kippon and the Strath of Blane, carrying these incursions on one occasion as far as the Fords of Frew.

Such were the surroundings—or rather we should call them the baptismal rites—with which Ben Lomond, of the Wakatipu, received its name; Duncan MacAusland, the lad from Lomond, acting as high priest, and Donald the shaggy Shetlander standing godfather.

We are almost sorry Duncan did not see fit to set his own sign-manual on one or other of these mighty headstones. However, it is creditable to him that in dealing out the honours he did not neglect his faithful four-footed servitor, Donald. Selecting a mountain torrent, one of those rough rubbly waterspouts peculiar to these uplands, he named it Moke Creek in honour of Donald and in friendly recognition of Donald's uncouth coat.

A word more about Duncan and Donald. Many years ago Duncan abandoned the Wakatipu and became a

thriving settler at the Clutha. When the through railway-line to the Wakatipu was completed Duncan was sadly perplexed. He remarked, "I cannot understand it, nor will I believe it until I see it. I'm fain to see my auld cuddie Donald, so I'll tak' a run on the rail as far as the lakes." One of his great hobbies was watching the river. "It's risen an inch an' a half sin' yestreen," he would say. "Now, that's Ben blawing his nose. Tha' could nichts hae gi'en him a touch o' the influenza. He'll keep snortering about for the next day or twa." Having diagnosed the case of the river, what was more natural than that he should have been elected without opposition a member of the River Board?—a position he occupied with credit down to the close of his life. The day of his death the river suddenly and unaccountably rose a foot and a half, the popular impression being that the lofty Ben Lomond dropped a tear on the occasion in memory of an old friend, Duncan MacAusland.

Every dog has his day, and so it was with the sagacious Donald. Many a load of tucker he packed safely away to the outlying diggings. Others of his compeers were cleaner-limbed and fleeter-footed, but they all got into trouble barring Donald. One would get bogged to the belly in a swamp; one and another went down the Shotover, and never came up again; and the number was legion that tumbled down precipices, breaking their necks, backs, and legs indiscriminately. Getting worn out, Donald got superannuated, and, adds our informant, "If I am not mistaken, late in life he became the property of the District Gold-receiver, Mr. Worthington." In recognition of his long and faithful services to the district, he was allowed to roam about at his own free will. He had the freedom of the city after the City of the Lakes became a corporate town; at all events, the by-law against stray cattle was never enforced against him. On only one occasion is he known to have abused his liberties, and even then he was more sinned against than sinning. On that occasion Donald was not only led astray, he was literally driven astray. The late Mr. Thomas Luther Shepherd, representing the goldfields boroughs at the time, invited his constituents to meet him in the Town Hall, Queenstown. During the evening Donald put in an appearance; but it was evident from the first that he did not go there of his own free will and accord. At the Resident Magistrate's Court next morning the police were able to show Donald was not to-blame. Indeed, the real offender admitted the charge, pleading as an excuse that, Donald being the near approach to a donkey, he should be present to take part in the proceedings. It was a mean trick, backed up by a still meaner plea put forward in extenuation. The Magistrate very properly fined the real offender smartly, so that, virtually speaking, Donald left the Court without a stain on his character.

### **Note 7.—Bluff Harbour.**

The locality of Bluff Harbour was known from the earliest date of New Zealand discoveries. The existence of the harbour, however, remained unknown for many years. This is no doubt due to the fact of the through passage by Foveaux Strait not having been discovered until a much later period; consequently vessels cruising along the coast kept well out to sea in preference to getting in amongst the Ruapuke Group, which lay nearer the coast. Then, again, the coast-line for many miles north of the harbour being a low sandy beach, a break therein might easily escape notice. The headland known as Bluff Hill, however, must have attracted attention long before the existence of the harbour was thought of. In some of the earlier charts it is set down as Cape Bernardine, and in one of the earliest narratives it is alluded to by that name.

About the year 1812 New Zealand flax appears to have been brought under notice of the Sydney merchants. A variety of experiments were made, and two expeditions fitted out to proceed to New Zealand and report upon the growth of the plant. One expedition went to the north, landing at the Bay of Islands; the other, conducted by two men named Jones and Gordon, visited the South Island, landing at the Bluff. This was in the month of April or May, 1815. We may therefore assume the harbour was known in Sydney prior to that date. The object of their mission was to ascertain the probable area of the flaxfields, and report as to the probability of rendering them a profitable branch of enterprise. The ship in which this excursion was made was named the "Perseverance." Returning to Sydney a few months afterwards, they rendered but a poor account of the prospects. The extent of flax, they said, was not considerable, as it only occupied the beach side of a large lagoon, and a small quantity on the sandy shore extending along the harbour to the west. This would seem to indicate pretty accurately that they were on the A warn a flats, in the vicinity of the large lagoon to the north of the harbour. They do not seem to have been at all an enterprising pair, otherwise they could have had no difficulty in ascertaining that the country along the New River plains was one vast area of flax. What would seem to confirm that opinion is a further paragraph written by the explorers to the effect that, the weather being excessively severe, with heavy falls of sleet and rain, which commenced the beginning of May, the work progressed most unsatisfactorily. They seem to have made one experiment, however, from which they report a yield of about half a ton of its own weight when the flax was undressed. It is not by any means a lucid expression, but its meaning evidently is that a ton of green flax yielded half a ton of dressed material. Speaking of the resident Natives, they stated they were very civil and very obliging, and seemed willing to assist as far as they could. Indeed, it is to the credit of the Natives throughout the South that their conduct to the European is invariably spoken of in the highest praise. One instance of an opposite character, in which the entire crew of a

sealing craft was cut off, with the exception of a lad, who was saved by having caught hold of a chief under tapu, occurred. That, however, happened in the south of Stewart Island, and a certain mystery surrounds the circumstances. Altogether the southern tribes are to be congratulated on the generally good estimation in which their ancestry was held.

Allusions are made about this time to some of the surrounding districts. One party we are told, having crossed Foveaux Strait, discovered an excellent harbour, to which they gave the name of the Macquarie. It is described as lying N.N.E. from Port William (Stewart Island). This is now known as Jacob's River, and is the site of the town of Riverton. Neither the river nor the district appears to have sustained the Macquarie name for any length of time. It is now called Jacob's River in respect to an old whaler of that name who had taken up his abode on its banks. It is likewise known by the name given to it by the Maoris—viz., the Aparima. The Waiau, further to the southward, appears at this time to have been known as the Knowsley River.

Bluff afterwards became a celebrated whaling-station. In 1835 it was reported to be one of the best-managed and most successful stations on the coast. Its boats were all partly, and, in one instance, wholly, manned by Natives. A young chief, *Pūatuki* or *Topi*, was headsman, and no boat's crew could possibly have been prouder of their man than the Maoris were of the young chief. Between 1838 and 1840 the station, owned by the well-known John Jones, earned a total of 198 tuns of oil, valued at £2,376. Some of the neighbouring stations did even better. The *Toitois* in 1835 achieved the great whaling feat of the day: in eleven days they caught no fewer than seventeen fish. Unfortunately the party had not sufficient casks, and a great portion of the oil was lost. Afterwards, we are told, when they had provided themselves with casks, no more whales were caught, and thereafter the station was abandoned.

Another recorded incident in the early history of the harbour is that down to the year 1840 a somewhat striking character had his abode at the Bluff. He was named Spence. He had long been resident in the country, and was said to have acquired considerable means from the sale of rum. He measured 6ft. 2in., and lived in the enjoyment of connubial bliss to the extent of two wives. He had a military department, and boasted having been in action at Waterloo. It was whispered that he arrived in the colony by way of Sydney Cove, the assumption being that at some period in his history his fair fame had been slightly blemished. He occupied a weather-boarded house of some pretensions as housing ranked in these days. Thirty years ago it was still to the fore, but, like its owner and occupant, it has long since been levelled with the ground.

Bluff Harbour, situated in latitude 46° 36' south, longitude 166° 22' east, is a harbour of great natural excellence, and commands a larger area of valuable back country, and a longer range of sea coast, than almost any other in New Zealand, Lyttelton, perhaps, alone being excepted, on the ground of the wide area of agricultural land under cultivation in the central part of Canterbury. The geographical position of Bluff Harbour, when taken in connection with the area and depth of water in the estuary, is certainly such as to justify the prediction that it is destined to become, at any rate, one of the chief southern harbours of New Zealand. As regards the South Island, it is the first port of arrival from, and the last for departure to, Tasmania, Victoria, and Europe; it is no further distant from Sydney than Manukau, which may be regarded as the western watergate of Auckland, or than New Plymouth at the south-western extremity of the North Island; it is even nearer to Sydney than Wellington. Both as regards general commerce and as a mail-packet station for the South Island, Bluff Harbour, therefore, possesses unusual advantages. The area of the Awarua Estuary, in which this harbour is situated, is 21¾ square miles at high-water mark, the quantity of tidal water passing in and out through the entrance at ordinary spring tides is no less than 104,250,000 tons. The entrance is unencumbered by any bar, and is so situated that its aspect is upon the weather shore. There are two channels leading into and out from the harbour; the principal of these runs nearly north and south, the other east and west. The harbour and its entrance have been well buoyed, and there is a signal-station on the summit of Bluff Hill, with which vessels requiring pilots or instructions should communicate, or, failing that, with the station on Starling Point. Both signal-stations are connected by telephone to the Harbour Offices. A fixed white light is exhibited from a small vessel placed in the narrowest part of the entrance. The Straits outside the harbour are well lighted by the following lighthouses: Puysegur Point on the northern shore, Centre Island on the western entrance to the Straits, Waipapa Point, on the north-north-east shore, and Dog Island Lighthouse, east-south-east of the harbour. The port is possessed of a powerful steam tug, which will go out to vessels signalling for it from the Strait, and is owned by the Bluff Harbour Board. The wharfage accommodation is 1,700ft., and the depth of water alongside the wharf, corrected to low spring tides, is as follows: 372ft. of wharf, 24ft.; 400ft., 19ft.; 500ft., 18ft.; and 400ft. 17ft. deep. These depths are being gradually increased by a Priestman dredge, which is kept almost constantly at work. The Harbour Board is continually adding to the wharves, and at present have a contract under way for 225ft. of wharfage extension.

The wharf is about a mile and a half from the course of vessels coming either from the eastward or the westward, and is protected from westerly and southwesterly gales by the high ranges at the back of Campbelltown, down the sides of which several small creeks run into the harbour, and from which a supply of

fresh water has been provided for the shipping. Campbelltown, on the northern side of the Bluff, is the port of Southland, and has large stores for grain, which is shipped in quantities for the Australasian Colonies and Europe; there are also two frozen-meat works, from which extensive quantities of frozen meat are shipped to Great Britain. Besides grain and frozen mutton, large quantities of wool, hides, tallow, rabbit-skins, timber, and preserved fish and rabbits, are annually exported to Great Britain and other countries.

Water and ships' supplies are abundant: fresh beef, 2½d. per lb.; vegetables, 2d. per lb., potatoes vary from 1s. to 5s. per cwt.

Stevadores are available, their usual charge being 1s. 3d. per hour, and 2s. per hour overtime. Stone ballast can be purchased at 4s. 6d. per ton, which includes railage to the ship's side, and vessels arriving in ballast generally dispose of the same to the Railway Department, the ship paying haulage at the rate of 1s. per ton.

During the fourteen years, ending 31st December, 1891, the Bluff Harbour Board has been in operation, its ordinary revenues amounted to £72,953; ordinary working expenses to £34,602; leaving a balance for new works, plant, engineering charges, interest on loan, and contributions to sinking-fund of £34,602. These revenues steadily increased from £1,945 in 1881, to £11,998 in 1891. During late years the increase has been most marked. It rose from £7,184 in 1890 to £11,998 in 1891. The expenditure for the last-named year did not exceed £3,305, as against £2,903 the preceding year.

The shipping entered inwards during the fourteen years mentioned represented a total of 1,855,125 tons, the rate of progress being 71,744 tons in 1878 and 216,789 tons in 1891. With one single exception, and that not involving more than one hundred tons, each succeeding year represents an increase on the year preceding. It rose from 180,801 tons in 1890 to 216,789 the following year.

### **Note 8.—Devil's Staircase.**

Not fewer than three landmarks in Otago are dedicated to the wicked one. They are the Devil's Backbone at the Little Beaumont, the Cauldron on the Kawarau, and the Staircase at the Wakatipu. Neither can be said to be utterly depraved, not even beyond all hope of redemption. It is true the Staircase precipitated a mob of fine fat cattle belonging to squatter Rees down headlong to destruction; but then, if early transgressions are to be kept in lasting remembrance for the final account, it might go hard with other places, and persons too, besides the Staircase. The Lakes District County Council, I am told, has wrought a great reformation, so much so that a good passable saddle-track has now been made right over the ridge. I am rather disposed to think these hard names are not altogether warrantable, and are in a great measure characteristic of the person and not the place. Consequent upon the outbreak of the goldfields, the district was overrun with a class named the Young Iniquity, in contradistinction to the early settlers named in the narrative the Old Identity. This juvenile depravity has long since disappeared, leaving little else behind than the two or three undesirable names by which it designated these and other places.

The first European known to have crossed the Staircase was a man named Green, said to be brother to the celebrated sculler in New South Wales of that name. He was a ship's carpenter by trade, and had just completed a job for Mr. Rees. Returning down-country by way of Southland he got benighted on the Staircase, and had to put in a night amongst the rocks. Of course that put him in rather a bad frame of mind. Arriving at Dome Pass station, he related his troubles, in the course of which he remarked, "It came on as dark as blazes, and I tried my best to get down the hill, but it seemed to me I was stepping down to hell by the devil's staircase; so I held on to the rock by the skin of my teeth till day-dawn." Accordingly, it was seen, Mr. Green had established claims in connection with the ridge. The first idea was to satisfy these by naming it "Hold-on-to-the-Rock-by-the-Skin-of-the-Teeth." On more mature reflection it was felt there was too much of the foreign graft in that designation to make it generally acceptable. Then, to name it "Black as Blazes" was open to a similar objection; so that the station people were in a manner forced to call it the Devil's Staircase, or else abandon what they conceived to be their bounden duty to Mr. Green. For the time being it put them in an awkward fix. They were Free-Kirk-of-Scotland settlers, and as such were bound to renounce the devil and his works. On the other hand, they could not well ignore what they felt to be a righteous claim without doing violence to their conscientious scruples. These explanations are rendered necessary in defence of the integrity of the early settlers, by whom this unhallowed name was at first sanctioned.

It may be some slight satisfaction to Mr. Green to know, if he be still within the knowledge of sublunary affairs, that he is not the only man who spent an uncomfortable night on the Devil's Staircase. A few years later, when Bill Fox had taken up the lakes trade, two individual members of society shipped in the "Nancy" for Kingston. They were strangers to each other, but in one respect at least they bore striking resemblance to one another: Dame Fortune had been playing scurvily by them, and both looked remarkably well out at the elbows. Getting out into the fairway, the schooner could not manage to pick up a breath of wind, and, after flapping her sails idly for some hours, the two voyagers were put on shore, with the injunction to keep the track and they would be sure to find Kingston. Arriving at the Staircase, the short winter's day gave out altogether, and a dark

dismal night ensued. The joint resources of the pair consisted of a few scraps of bread and a handful of dry tea. These were soon devoted to their legitimate purposes, and as there happened to be a supply of timber at hand the wherewithal for a good fire was easily procurable. Hitherto my companion — for the fact is I was of the luckless pair - seemed rational enough, not over-communicative, but seemingly kindly disposed and considerate. Now, however, he became absolutely frenzied, yelling, bawling, and muttering by turns the most hideous nonsense. His mutterings seemed to be about the devil following him in the shape of a moa, and nothing would convince him but that the evil spirit was lurking about watching an opportunity to pounce down on him. He had a tomahawk, and with it he went rushing about in a terrible state of excitement, literally foaming at the mouth. Then, again, he would throw himself flat on the ground, tearing at the scrub with his hands and teeth. This went on with little or no intermission for some hours; and how he escaped being precipitated into the lake is a marvel. At last the wretched man seemed to get exhausted, and, coiling himself up like a dog, went to sleep under a flax-bush. Few men, I believe, ever spent a night of greater horrors. The extraordinary part of the affair is that in the morning he got up with the first streak of dawn, raked the embers together, lit his pipe, and boiled a pannikin of water as calm and deliberately as if nothing had occurred. Indeed, he asked how I had put in the night, remarking that he himself had had a good sound snooze. Evidently he remembered nothing whatever of what had occurred. It was subsequently ascertained he had been what, in digging parlance, is known as a "hatter," working and living all alone on the upper branches of the Shotover. His mind, as too often happens under these circumstances, had given way, and, being charged with lunacy, the Magistrate committed him for treatment. He had only been liberated the day before taking his passage in the "Nancy."

It has been already remarked that early Otago reminiscences redound, as a rule, to the credit of the Maori. Another incident of this nature occurred on the lake immediately under the Staircase. A whaleboat, containing two gentlemen named Mitchell and Rogers and a Maori named Jack, was making for Kingston when it was caught by a squall and upset. Rogers was drowned; but, after a terrible struggle extending over two hours, Mitchell was got ashore by the efforts of the Maori, who was a most expert swimmer, and who, instead of providing for his own safety, kept nobly by until Mitchell was safe on shore. Mitchell by this time was in a dreadfully exhausted state, and could not be got to move. Divesting himself of part of his clothing, Maori Jack dried them as well as he could, and, having placed them over Mitchell, set off as fast as possible to procure assistance. He made a wonderful journey, considering that the greater part of it was performed over country destitute of either tracks or bridges, and that, too, during the dead of a winter's night. It was not until an advanced hour of the day following Jack arrived back with assistance. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, they were fully prepared to find that Mitchell had expired in the interim from exhaustion and exposure. And so undoubtedly he would but for the fact that shortly after the Maori left a bush-dog came sniffing around, and, despite his feeble endeavours to drive it off, lay down on the top of him, and remained there until the rescue party arrived next day, when it took itself off into the bush. It was ascertained this good Samaritan was a collie-pup which had made its escape from the station the year previously, and could never be found. Mitchell, who was a military man, afterwards, I believe, joined the field forces in the Maori war. Maori Jack's bravery excited admiration, as it well deserved. His admirers started him on the road as a teamster, and he was well known in Invercargill for many a day in connection with the Lakes carrying-trade. The facts of his case having reached the Humane Society, he was subsequently awarded the society's medal, a decoration of which Jack was immensely proud.

## **Note 9.—Queenstown.**

An early visitor states that the buildings at the Home station where Queenstown now stands were represented by a futter and a long narrow hut of three rooms, a kitchen, with a small bedroom, and a large room with bunks built like the 'tween-decks of an emigrant ship. The resident population consisted of three men and one woman, who, among other duties, were employed making a vegetable-garden and planting potatoes. The futter was erected on posts, round which sheets of tin were nailed so as to prevent rats climbing up and getting in amongst the stores.

The second or Golden Period affords more graphic history, and reads in many respects like a fairy tale. Without exaggeration, or invocation in the name of the prophet, we behold a wilderness of water, a waste in territorial estate, suddenly quickened into life and activity as if a flash from the fire of Aladdin's wonderful lamp had illuminated these dark places of the earth. When the genie of this magic lamp first appeared to the bewildered gaze of the feckless lad into whose hands its treasure-trove had fallen the astonishment could not have been greater than when the tenants of the futter opened their eyes to the fact of a multitude — variously estimated at 15,000 and 26,000—having congregated around. And then, day by day, as the motley gathering spoke its wonderful experiences, only a very few of which, we may fairly conclude, have been kept in remembrance, the supernatural agencies of the lamp must have been forced home to their minds in the light of a

reality. At a distance less than ten miles from the futter, on the site of what is now the Shotover Bridge, long dreaded as the Shotover crossing, one party averaged 24oz. of gold per day from the beach-workings, and numbers admitted having made from 3oz. to 4oz. on beaches conterminous thereto. A dishful of *débris* at Skipper's panned off 80oz. With the rudest possible appliances half an ounce was estimated a poor day's work. A disputed piece of ground 6ft. long by 5ft. broad had a give-or-take valuation put upon it of £3,000. Fifty parties, engaged diverting the waters of an adjoining creek so as to get at the bed-rock, expended £15,000 in three months. In three days 176oz. were taken out of one claim on the Arrow Flat. Six tin dishfuls, washed consecutively, gave a total of 72oz. Six miners obtained 700oz. in six weeks, and another party of four realised 400oz. in eight weeks. Every stream running into the lake proved highly auriferous, and from the beds of some large fortunes were taken. A Swede with £2,500, two Welshmen with £3,000, a Yankee with £3,500, and an Englishman with a similar sum, left Skipper's Point after a few weeks' work. These men were all known to have been in impecunious circumstances when they arrived, and but for that fact their good fortunes would have attracted no particular notice. These and many other facts of a similar nature gave Wakatipu the name of the richest and most extensive diggings in the world.

Amidst these surroundings the futter, better known as the woolshed, started on the path to civic life. Its first move was characteristic of a desire to share in the spoil rather than provide for the legitimate wants of the populace. Hotels, or rather publichouse bars, sprang up on every side. There were two if not three theatres, besides goldfields dance-rooms in galore. One theatre became a most extensive establishment, with eight or ten liquor-bars, besides a huge bar-entrance. It did a roaring trade; and by way of keeping things going without interruption a reverend gentleman—parson Paul—with a number of aliases to his name, occupied the boards on Sundays. Paul was an ecclesiastical compound that defied competition. He had three or more diets per day. At the one he employed the Book of Common Prayer, at the other he chanted the sacrifice of the Mass, and then, by way of completing the national alliance, had recourse to the Psalms of David in metre. No provision for the spiritual wants of a mixed community could have been more complete. With ten or twelve liquor-bars in front of him, Paul was not expected to enforce strict temperance principles, either by precept or example. No matter how slipshod Paul may have been, it was a fact he always managed to get through the services with a certain amount of decorum. When the place settled down, business quietened, and eventually the establishment was broken up. Its stage-fittings and painted boardings got distributed over the district, and for years there was hardly a building within miles of Queens town, but sported in its get-up some fragment of dramaturgy.

Queenstown of to-day is one of the most staid respectable towns in the Australian Colonies. No sooner did its goldfields trade slacken than it cultivated a profitable timber trade. That trade was established by a party of diggers—Messrs. J. W. Robertson and Company—who by dint of thrift and good judgment rose to be leading merchants. They built a large steamer—the "Antrim"—erected extensive sawmills, jetties, &c., so that the enterprise was conducted on a sound basis of commercial pursuit. Prior to the "Antrim," a small steamer named the "Nugget," originally an Otago harbour-boat, was carted up from Dunedin by bullock teams. That was the first steam craft that plied on the Wakatipu. It was owned by a company of three, of whom Mr. H. A. Gordon, Inspecting Engineer, New Zealand, was managing partner. It did not prove successful, and was shortly afterwards withdrawn from the trade. A second steamer, named the "Wakatipu," was put on. She was built on the lake, at Pigeon Island, but as a speculation proved still more unfortunate than the "Nugget." Before doing almost anything in the shape of business she sank at her moorings in Queenstown Harbour. The "Antrim" came next on the scene. Unlike her predecessors, she did a profitable trade—in fact, carried on for years the entire traffic. Now, however, a well-appointed steam fleet owned by the Wakatipu Steam Shipping Company has been established, in whose vessels both elegance and speed are combined.

It may be well to record here that the first boat actually built on the lake was built by one Green (see [Note 8](#)) to the order of Mr. Rees. There is reason to assume that prior to this Mr. Rees had a whaleboat, although it was not built on the spot. It is believed to have made its way by Southland to the Wakatipu. That was undoubtedly the first boat on the lake; but, on the other hand, it is equally undoubted the first boat built on the lake was the one made by Green. Mr. Rees himself reached the Wakatipu by the Waitaki country. He was accompanied by the well-known New Zealand explorer, Von Haast. They got to the lake over the Crown Range, Cardrona, arriving at the lower end of what is now called Frankton branch. To facilitate their movements they constructed *mokihis*, on which they paddled along the beach as far as Bob's Cove. The *mokihis* was merely a bundle of sticks, astride of which the voyageur sat, as if seated on the back of a horse, with his legs hanging down into the water. Propulsion was given by a piece of wood "paddled" first on one side and again on the other. As a *modus operandi* it must have been quite as primitive and even more exciting than the wooden-horse race so popular in the aquatic sports of our own day.

As a tourists' resort, Queenstown is now cultivating a large steadily-increasing traffic. It is centrally situated for all the great sights of the southern lakes, and, as such, thousands from all parts of the world annually flock to it.

### **Note 10.—The Timber Question.**

As illustrative of the scarcity of timber on the Dunstan, the following is quoted from a report dated the 28th August, 1862, by the Sub-Inspector of Constabulary stationed on that field: "Fuel is scarce, and until timber can be obtained by means of rafts from the forests higher up the river the miners will be worse off for firing than at Tuapeka. This want is also a source of great disappointment to the miners, many of whom calculated on being able to construct cradles and sluices from the timber they were led to believe existed in the immediate neighbourhood."

### **Note 11.—The Natural Bridge.**

It was on this occasion I came on what was known as the Natural Bridge of the Kawarau, where the rocks overhang the stream so far that one can jump across the gap. I remember that one of the Dunedin papers of that date refused to accord to me the honour of having been the first white man to stand on the natural bridge, because, according to Maori report, the bridge was said to be a complete arch without any gap in the middle. Some years afterwards, when the gold-diggers were wandering up in that direction in thousands, the natural bridge became the chief means for crossing from one side of the river to the other, the gap having been bridged over with plants; and when the editor of the same paper remembered, no doubt, his former unbelief, he must have admitted that I had been correct in thinking that I had been the first white man to stand on the historical bridge and gaze on the turbulent water that lashed itself into foam on the rugged rocks below.—[*Notes made in 1860 by an early explorer.*]

### **Note 12.—Kawarau Junction.**

The junction of the two rivers Clutha and Kawarau form a peninsula, on the outer lip of which the Town of Cromwell is built. It originated with a ferry-house, which by degrees blossomed into a grog-shanty and general store. Both river-banks are very deep, averaging between 40ft. and 50ft. These, in and around the borough, have in many instances been scooped out by the hydraulic forces employed to aid in recovery of their mineral deposits. As a rule these deposits proved exceedingly rich, and Cromwell, now a corporate borough, has progressed under auspices of their developments. The gold deposit is still far from being worked out or exhausted, so that in its dependence on this resource alone Cromwell has not a bad future. But Cromwell has other resources to look to. It is the chief outlet for the Upper Clutha Valley, or, as it ought to have been named, Clydevale—a fine rich-soiled agricultural flat, extending from the Nevis and Carrick Ranges to the Wanaka and Hawea Lakes, a distance of at least forty miles. New Zealand has been slow to admit the importance of this country, as shown by the half-hearted way in which Otago Central Railway works have been carried on, but when that line is completed we venture to say its results will be a standing rebuke to this remissness. In [Note 10](#) of this series, being an extract from an official report during the early days of the Dunstan, allusion is made to the scarcity of timber, and the hope is tacitly expressed that a raftage system for conveyance of fuel from the upland forests may soon be devised. Enterprise of that kind has long since been established, and some of the best New Zealand woods have found their way to the lower townships. The country in question has within itself all the staple resources of the New Zealand colony, and yet, strange to say, great portions of it remain unknown outside the pages of the tourist guide-book.

If Cromwell, as an incorporated town, had achieved no other purpose in life, the fact that it commemorates the hero of the Rump Parliament, and was instrumental in developing the latent genius of Captain William Jackson Barry, would be enough to place it beyond the immediate prospect of sinking into oblivion. Oliver Cromwell and his Protectorate we all know something of, and as for William Jackson Barry he is fast coming into notice. To such as have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance, we say emphatically he is a compound of the naked truth, the fag-end of a natural philosophy. Whether the prefix "Captain" to his name came to him in respect of military or marine services is not generally known. There are those who pretend to say it came to him by spontaneous combustion, and that he won his spurs by vanquishing the hero dubbed

*Chief cook and bottle-washer,*

*Captain of the waiters.*

These, Captain Barry asserts, are ill-informed people of spiteful disposition, who have not yet learned to appreciate him on his own merits. That, however, is wholly unimportant, and need not be recounted here. The captain's grand *coup de grâce* was the reception he gave Sir George Grey on the occasion of his viceregal visit to the goldfields. Captain Barry was at that time first Mayor of Cromwell, and it behoved him to do the civic honours on behalf of the Corporation to the best of his ability. How far he succeeded let the impartial reader judge: After showing Sir George Grey round the municipality, and explaining the various objects of interest to his satisfaction, "Look here," said Barry; "you know a soft thing or two, Sir George, when you see it. What do

you think of them there pigs of mine? Have a look at that Berkshire boar. He's one of my own breed. Ain't he a beauty? How would a rasher of that gentleman's flank go down with you? It would soften some of them horny-handed morsels that get sticking in your gizzard, I'll bet" "Just so, Mr. Mayor," said the polite Sir George, evasively. "It is of great importance for you to feel that you are actively employed raising the standards of life, and improving the bountiful provision made therefor. At our time of life, Mr. Mayor, it is a grand thing for us to be able to pause and reflect that we have been instrumental, under Providence, in elevating the masses, even although it should only be, as in your case, a mass of Berkshire pork." This speech so upset the old gentleman that he could hardly contain himself. "Sir George Grey," said he, "you're a brick! You're the man after my own heart, and soul, and body, and mind. If you'll just light up your dudeen and take things easy for a minute or two I'll give the boar a few inches of cold steel, and you can take his hind-quarters away with you as a present from old Jack Barry. It 'll make a capital roast. Just you gridiron it the same as the Canterbury runs, and, my conscience! what a blow-out you'll have for your Sunday's dinner! I think I'll go to Kawau and have a feed with you."

The great proconsul now began to feel a trifle small, and, looking round wistfully, saw his opportunity, and, with a feeling of thankfulness, made good his escape. That was the first and last viceregal visit paid to the Municipal Corporation of Cromwell. This did not end the adventure as regards the redoubtable Captain Barry. So much alarmed were the others that they called a special meeting of the Council for an evening when they knew the Mayor could not attend. At that meeting a resolution was passed conveying a vote of censure, and calling on the Mayor to resign. On the minutes coming up for confirmation at the ensuing regular meeting, the captain demanded the name of the Councillor who moved the motion. "I did," said the leader of the Opposition. Before he had time to draw another breath a blow from the captain's fist doubled him up into a corner, where he remained coiled round the coal-scuttle for the rest of the evening. "And who seconded this resolution?" demanded the captain. To this no answer was vouchsafed, not a word in reply being uttered. The silence was most profound, almost oppressive, until at length it was broken by the captain himself. "All right, gentlemen," said he; "this motion drops for want of a seconder; scratch it out, Mr. Secretary." Captain Barry retained peaceful possession of the chair until the next general election, and no further motion was made to oust him.

### **Note 13.—The Kawarau River.**

The Kawarau is the issue of the Wakatipu Lake. Its exit is obstructed by masses of rock that divide its volume into several parts, that take the form of falls when the lake is high. For the first mile or two of its course the current is sufficiently slow to admit of cattle swimming easily across; afterwards it becomes more rapid. At the distance of nearly three miles from the lake it is joined by a river named the Shotover, and at a further distance of six miles by the Arrow. Lower down it enters an abrupt rocky gorge, through which it has a tortuous course of eighteen miles before entering the valley of the Clutha. After a further course of five miles through, the Kawarau joins the Clutha just before the latter enters the gorge of the Dunstan Mountains. For further information see [Notes 15](#) and [16](#).

### **Note 14.—Wanaka and Hawea Lakes.**

Wanaka and Hawea Lakes district is mountainous, with ridges rising from 4,000ft. to 10,000ft. All elevations above 8,000ft. are covered with perpetual snow, and those between 6,500ft. and 8,000ft. are bare for only a short period

### **Sketch of The Lakes District By *The Maori Chief Huruhuru, 1844.***

Sketch map of the Lake Wakatipu district, by Huruhuru of the year. James McKerrow, Esq., formerly District Surveyor of Otago, now Chief Commissioner of New Zealand Railways, a close observer in relation to this and other matters connected with the exploration of the Otago Provincial District in its early days, makes the following remarks: "The time during which the survey of the place was executed was favourable for determining the height of the line above which the snow never melts. During the early part of March elevations of 7,000ft. had snow more or less on their summits; this gradually disappeared until there was none left. On the 24th March the summit of Mount Alba, which attains an elevation of 7,838ft., was free of snow, only a patch remaining on its shaded side; all elevations above 8,000ft., as seen from it, were white. A few days afterwards a shower which rained in the valleys, but snowed on the mountains, made Alta appear grey. This appearance continued until the 18th April, when it and several lesser elevations received their cap for the ensuing season. Each shower after that brought the snow-line further down, till the morning of the 18th May, when the snow-fall, which was general throughout the province, made valley and mountain alike white. The snow-line in its successive steps down the mountain-sides preserves an outline as even and as well defined as the line of shadow. In different seasons the snow-line will likely vary within the limits of a few hundred feet: for the

latitude of  $44\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S. it may be stated in round numbers at 8,000ft. The glaciers, in some instances, appear to be considerably lower than the snow-line: on the shaded side of Mount Alta, a little below the summit, there is one about five acres in extent and 3ft. in thickness. On the east side of Glacier Dome, and to the north and south respectively of the other two glacial domes, there is a sheetlike mass of glacier several square miles in extent, sloping down from these mountains, and stretching across and entirely filling up the ravine enclosed by them; on the east side, where no eminence opposes, it leaves the ravine and bends over the ledge of the ridge in an easy curve. Here the smooth evenness which it had in its upper part is supplac'd by a sort of frizzled appearance, just as though a great waterfall had been suddenly frozen. The angle of depression from Mount Alta gives its centre elevation at 6,469ft. above sea-level. It was viewed from a distance of twelve miles. A ridge traversing to the line of sight hid its terminal face, but its immaculate whiteness and great extent rendered it, even at that distance, a grand, decided, and imposing spectacle. It was the largest unbroken mass of ice that was seen during the survey. It is one of the fountains of the east branch of the Matukituki. The glaciers of Mount Aspiring lie in shelf-like masses on the south and east sides of the mountains. None of them appear to be individually of large extent, though in the aggregate they cover twenty-five square miles. They lie principally in the ravines formed by torn, very sharp conical ridges—one running south from the peak for about eight miles, the other three parting off from it, at about equal distances to the east. Some of these glaciers appear to be as low as 4,000ft., and, as seen from the base of precipice on which they lie, about 30ft. in thickness. Mount Aspiring is flanked round the east, south, and west sides with precipices, which, to a casual inspection, offer no chance of ascent. The water of the lakes may all be said to be of glacial origin, for the rivers that flow into them drain a country from 6,000ft. to 10,000ft. high."

### **Note 15.—Clutha River.**

This is *par excellence* the river of New Zealand. It is named after the River Clyde. The difference in articulation is due to the fact that the Highland instead of the Lowland pronunciation has been adopted. Strange as it may seem, the Clutha could supply thirty rivers like the Clyde and still have water in abundance to spare. This will appear from the fact that, whereas the latter discharges 48,000 cubic feet per minute, the discharge from the Clutha is 1,674,000 cubic feet. In the year 1867 the late Mr. J. T. Thomson, then Chief Surveyor, estimated the discharge as low as 275,565 cubic feet. That estimate was made at a time when the river was low; still, it is impossible to reconcile it with other measurements. Mr. Balfour, late Marine Engineer, whose observations were made about the same period, sets it down at 1,690,000 cubic feet. Subsequent inquiries prove these figures very nearly correct. The Inspecting Engineer, Mr. Gordon, gives the following as approximates: Minimum discharge, 837,000 cubic feet; maximum, 5,040,000 cubic feet; average, 1,674,000 cubic feet. The drainage-area comprised within the alpine regions beyond the junction of the Kawarau covers 8,000 square miles. These western latitudes are subject to a much heavier rainfall than those situated more easterly. That is explainable in the fact that the dividing-range and its offshoots, comprising the Southern Alps, are in the direct course of westerly weather, and its rain-clouds, depressed by overloads of moisture, get caught in the mountains. In that way their flood-gates are opened and the surcharges allowed to escape before they reach the easterly side. In token of that theory, which we may say is otherwise well authenticated, the rainfall registered at Hokitika, on the west coast, stood in the proportion of 120in. to 24in. registered for the same period at Christchurch, on the east coast. A reference to the chart will show these two places are situated almost parallel to each other at opposite sides of the island.

The position of the Clutha in relation to other great snow-rivers of the world will appear from the following: The Irawaddy, in Asia, has a minimum discharge per second of 84,000 cubic feet; maximum, 1,000,000 cubic feet; average, 350,000 cubic feet; its flood-discharge for 1877 amounted to a total of 466,120,288,940 meter-tons of 37 cubic feet; its catchment-basin is 158,000 square miles, and its length 900 miles. Brahmaputra: Minimum discharge, 146,000 cubic feet; maximum, 1,800,000 cubic feet; average, 520,000 cubic feet. The River Nile, at Assouan: Minimum, 24,000 cubic feet; maximum, 362,000 cubic feet; average, 101,000 cubic feet. River Ganges, 36,000, 494,000, and 141,000 cubic feet respectively.

The relation in which the Clutha stands to the other river-systems of the world will be made apparent by the following: The Missouri is 2,908 miles, with a drainage-area of 518,000 square miles. Its annual discharge is estimated at  $3\frac{78}{100}$  billions—*i.e.*, 3,780,000,000,000 cubic feet. Its mean discharge per second is 120,000 cubic feet. The elevation above sea-level ranges from 381ft. to 6,800ft. The Upper Mississippi, 1,330 miles, has a drainage-area of 169,000 square miles, and an annual discharge of  $3\frac{3}{10}$  billions, or, per second, 105,000 cubic feet. Its elevation is from 381ft. to 1,680ft. The Ohio, 1,265 miles, has an area of 214,000 square miles; annual discharge, 5 billions, or, mean per second, 158,000 cubic feet; elevation, 275ft. to 1,649ft. Arkansas, 1,514 miles; area, 189,000 square miles; annual discharge, 2 billions, or, mean per second, 63,000 cubic feet; elevation, 162ft. to 10,000ft. Red River, 1,200 miles; area, 97,000 square miles; annual discharge,  $1\frac{8}{10}$  billions, or, mean per second, 57,000 cubic feet; elevation, 54ft. to 2,450ft. Lower Mississippi, 1,286 miles;

area, 1,244,000 square miles; annual discharge, 21 3#10 billions, or, mean per second, 675,000 cubic feet. The Danube, 1,722 miles, with a drainage-area of 234,000 square miles, has, at extreme low water, a current of 70,000 cubic feet per second; at ordinary low water, 125,000; at ordinary high water, 324,000; and during extraordinary floods averages 1,000,000 cubic feet. Its general average, based on observations made during a period of ten years, is set down at 207,000 cubic feet per second. The French river Loire, with a length of 626 miles, and a drainage-area of 44,979 square miles, has a maximum discharge of 353,000 cubic feet and a minimum of 10,600 cubic feet per second. It is described as a river having all the irregularities of the mountain-torrent. La Plata, in South America, has a length of 200 miles, with a drainage-area of 1,600,000 square miles, and a discharge of 52,000,000 cubic feet per minute. Its waters are easily recognisable sixty miles out to sea.

The discharge of water from the lakes into the three Clutha river-sources averages 1,554,000 cubic feet per minute, which leaves 120,000 cubic feet picked up from its tributary streams *en route* to the sea, so that, even although the flood-gates alluded to in [Note 16](#) proved successful, the river would still have a water-supply equal to that amount. That would be a very small stream to contend with compared with the present volume, and would lay bare the river-banks to a depth of many feet, which have never been seen by the miner. Once reduced to these limits and we have no doubt the miner would find a way to get quit of the remainder so as not to be baffled in his endeavours for getting down to the bed-rock.

About the middle of the sixth decade of the present century, the Clutha being then at the lowest level to which it is known to have attained, the Chief Surveyor of the district registered the outfall at 275,865 cubic feet, which he sets down as a motive-power equal to 422,500-horse power nominal. This must have been just about the time Hartley and Riley made their wonderful discoveries at the Dunstan. The fall in the river from its inset at Lake Wanaka averages 10ft. per mile, which gives a through-length fall of 2,000ft. at the mouth. Its drainage-area—8,000 square miles—is exactly 2,838 miles in excess of the drainage-area of the Thames (England).

Mr. James McKerrow, formerly District Surveyor of Otago, whose early explorations and, considering the state of the country in these days, astonishingly-correct observations did far more towards settling the country and developing its resources than those of any other man, makes the following pertinent remarks regarding the economics of these inland water systems: "The lakes are a very great feature in the natural history of the country, and perform a most important function in its economy. They act as regulating reservoirs to the mountain-torrents emerging from them, for over their broad surface the floods find room to spread their volume until there be time given for the accumulation to pass away in the steady flow of one river. The value of the lakes as a means of restraining such rivers as the Clutha within safe limits will more readily appear when it is considered that the Wakatipu alone covers 114 square miles, the Wanaka 75 square miles, and the Hawea 48 square miles—altogether 237 square miles of lake to regulate its volume. These lakes have also a rise and fall of several feet. From the data thus given it will be evident that but for the tempering influences of the lakes, the Clutha, in place of flowing along a well-defined channel, a perennial stream, would devastate the whole country."

After nearly thirty years' European experience, the soundness of this theory, put forward at a time when the interior was *terra incognita*, can be fully attested. With the exception of a few miles of low-lying country at its mouth the Clutha has never been known to overflow its banks. With a body of water like this well confined, the bed in some instances has been scooped out to a great depth, the banks alone in these cases giving a drop of from 50ft. to 60ft. The country through which it flows is widely diversified in its aspects, varying from alluvial flats of great extent to abrupt mountain-gorges, in which barely sufficient room exists for road-making. Through some of its rocky defiles the river runs with great velocity. The average current, however, does not exceed four knots. In appearance these defiles are, as a rule, wildly grand. They form so many necks or funnels in the body of the river, at which the channel gets so contracted that the current receives all the greater impetus. The rush is for the most part that of a smooth volume, without any sign of submerged rocks or boulders. It does not demand great powers of imagination to invest these defiles with a handful of satanic lore and describe them as the devil's mill-streams, although it must be confessed the hydraulics are not generally recognised branches in demonology. The scene overhead is equally wild and suggestive. The precipices are high, the gorges in that way getting completely walled in. These precipices exhibit rocks and boulders striking all manner of threatening attitudes, from the slight list forward to the distinctly dangerous-looking, overhanging ledge. Some of these mighty excrescences look like turrets, embattlements, and hill-forts, but they are all too great, too magnificent, to be associated with the warlike operations of man. If we are to do them substantial justice we must bring the imaginative powers again into requisition and people them with a race of giants, armed to the teeth with the artilleries of heaven. That is the only way out of the difficulty, and even then we may congratulate ourselves upon having escaped lightly.

Incidental allusion has been made to the alluvial flats. For the most part these have now attained a high

state of cultivation. Although cereals are the staple crops, a higher class of husbandry has been introduced. The vine, and orchards of apples, peaches, apricots, plums, and the smaller fruits are cultivated with great success from the Lakes to the sea. The soil, composed of the detritus of mica schist, lime, and the silt of the river, is exceedingly fertile. In some of the drier and more gravelly soils fertility has been greatly stimulated by irrigation, as at Dunstan Flat, where a Frenchman for many years cultivated an extensive orchard, and from the produce thereof manufactured what was acknowledged to be an excellent light wine. At Roxburgh, lower down the valley of the Clutha, fruit-growing has long been successfully established, and is the principal source of supply of the Dunedin market. A line of railway to connect Lake Wanaka with the Otago through-line is in hand, and will tap the Dunstan *en route*. Meantime, it is a route largely patronised by the tourist traffic, the Dunstan being the alternative trip for visitors going to or returning from the Lakes.

For navigable purposes the river has been of small account. In olden times, prior to the period of European occupation, the North Island Natives made certain memorable warlike raids upon the southerners by this route. Fuller particulars of this primitive description of navigation will be found on reference to [Note 17](#). Shipping, of the schooner class, did, and now and again still do, visit the low reaches; but it never was an extensive trade. In furtherance of the enterprise which has all along distinguished Otago, an effort was made in 1861 to establish a trade on the Clutha. On the 11th September of that year the Dunedin Harbourmaster reports that he had examined the river, and that it could be navigated a distance of forty miles from its entrance. Early next year a contract was entered into for the erection of a light-draught stern-wheel steamer to ply between Port Molyneux and the mouth of the Tuapeka. The craft was duly launched and put into commission, a subsidy of £150 per month being provided. It never was a successful venture, and has long since been abandoned. A subsequent attempt made to renew the enterprise likewise failed, and now that the railway system has been brought into operation the river traffic is confined to an occasional visit of a stern-wheel steamer calling at Tuapeka Mouth and other points to bring down wool, grain, and produce to the railway at Balclutha, or, in some cases, on by sea to Dunedin.

### **Note 16.—River (Gold) Dredging.**

Mr. Henry A. Gordon, M. Inst. C.E., Inspecting Engineer for the colony, reports: A large number of dredges have been constructed to work the ocean beaches and river-beds, many of which have proved successful in their operations. Several descriptions of dredges have been so employed—namely, the centre-bucket, the Welman, Ball, and Von Schmidt dredges, as well as the Priestman grab; but the centre-bucket dredge is the favourite one for working gravel-flats and river-beds. All these dredges are, however, defective in washing-appliances. The hulls, or pontoons, on which the dredging machinery is placed, are too small to admit of good separating-appliances and gold-saving tables being constructed. Improvements are being however made in these, and before long we may reasonably hope that this system of gold-mining will be successfully carried on, and the ocean beaches and river-beds will be made to yield up their hidden treasures. There are now a large number of centre-buckets dredging on the Clutha, Kawarau, and Shotover Rivers, and most of these are seen to be profitable ventures. The latest constructed is worked by electro-motive force, generated about a mile and a half distant from the place where dredging operations are carried on, thus showing that our streams and rivers can be utilised as a power to generate this force, which can be transmitted long distances on a small copper-wire to the place where machinery requires to be erected. The subscribed capital of companies employed in this particular branch of mining represents £322,585, of which £72,879 has been paid up.

"Anno Domini 2000," written by Sir Julius Vogel, is a work dealing with a correlative to the pursuit. So difficult is it assumed to be that the writer has relegated it amongst the achievements of future generations. Although weak in detail, the plot has a certain boldness and vigour in its conception, which merits attention at the hands of enterprise and energy. Whether it be a secret of the movement or not we cannot pretend to tell, but it is true that enterprise on the lines laid down by the writer are already contemplated. In pursuance of solicitations made by the localities more particularly interested the Mines Department of the colonial service has authorised its inspecting engineer to examine into and report upon the feasibility of constructing a system of look-gates, so as to dam up the Clutha at its sources, and thereby enable the channel to be worked. The proposal is certainly plucky; but no one familiar with the progress of events in southern New Zealand can doubt but that it is an enterprise characteristic of the place. In the prosecution of inquiries made on the spot, Mr. Gordon gauged the three principal insets from the lakes: Wanaka, 10,000 sluice-heads per minute; Wakatipu, 14,000; and Hawea, 3,200. These measurements were taken in the month of January, when the water is considerably higher than during the winter months. The winter discharge, which, in these ice-bound regions is always the lowest may be put down at from one-half to one-third less than in summer. Lock-gates or barriers to dam the water back into its lake-reservoirs can, it is ascertained, be erected. Distributing these discharges over the areas of their respective lakes the outflow might, under the most disadvantageous conditions within the memory of

man, be confined for a period of twelve days on a stretch without doing material damage to the neighbourhood. That simply means, with a proper system of lockage, the river-bed would be exposed for that length of time, or for longer periods, according to the season of the year and other concomitants. The richly auriferous portion of the river is 167 miles in extent—viz., Clutha branch, 37 miles; Kawarau, 40 miles; and from the junction of the united streams to the mouth of the Tuapeka, 90 miles. The possibilities arising out of the completion of this scheme are simply incalculable. As stated in the body of the narrative, the fame of the river arose out of a find of 87lb weight of the highest-priced gold, scraped from crevices of a rock in the channel; the water happening at the time to be at a low level, to which it has not since fallen. It has been urged the enormous discharge of tailings, consequent upon river-bank and tributary stream sluicing operations, must have filled-in the channel to a great depth. Observations made on that score have elicited the information that the bed of the river has been raised about 8ft. from its original level before gold was discovered. At no place does the *débris* lie to a greater depth than 3ft., and at places more exposed to the scour it does not rest at all. Even the *débris*, if it could be secured, would now prove valuable, immensely so; and that of itself would, so to speak, anticipate the process for getting down to the solid. Gabriel's Gully tailings, which have been washed and rewashed half a dozen times by both European and Chinese labour, are again being treated on payable terms; and sludge-channels all over the province have been instrumental in recovering a vast amount of treasure. If, then, these can be operated on successfully, how much more so must the river *débris* be payable. It is not only a tailing deposit at first hand, but it is constantly getting enriched by the river current. Kawarau branch, on the other hand, is a great mountain torrent, intercepted by huge boulders and jutting rocks, forming an endless succession of whirlpools and eddies. The story told in the narrative of a human being caught in one of these eddies and held in suspense for weeks is no mere fancy-sketch, but a ghastly reality. Bullocks and horses have been similarly caught and kept dangling in the stream for lengthened periods. It follows, then, if such bodies can be arrested, substances like gold could not possibly escape; so that the probabilities are these whirlpools and eddies are sinks in which the gold of ages has accumulated. The project is, to this extent, a feasible one, and, as we have already hinted, its eventualities are incalculable. The upper or top banks have paid well; the gold being all, without exception, water-worn. If, then, the top layers are rich it stands to reason the under-ground, on which the water is incessantly acting, must be enormously so. Of this we may be assured, with such vital interests at stake Otago will not rest satisfied until it has tested the question raised by "Anno Domini 2000," even although the time predicted by the author may not have arrived for its accomplishment.

### **Note 17.—West Coast Pass.**

We learn from evidence taken in a Native-land claim decided a few years ago that this route was not unknown to the Maoris, and that in at least one of the war expeditions undertaken by northern tribes against their southern neighbours it was followed. The circumstances, as detailed, are these: During the early days of the third decade of this century a chief named Te Pueko, brother of Te Kaeaea, formerly well known in Port Nicholson by the name of Taringa-kuri (Dog-ear), with a party of about forty Natives, sailed through Cook Strait and down the West Coast. Leaving their canoes on the banks of the Awarua (Haast River), they followed a mountainous pass leading to Lake Oanaka (Wanaka), and, falling by surprise on a few families living there, killed them. Amongst the prisoners taken was a boy, son of the chief person of the place, named Te Raki. The latter, along with his two wives, was absent on the banks of the Hawea. To secure them, and at the same time prevent intelligence of their proceedings reaching the rest of the tribe, two of the war-party were sent in search of the chief, the boy being made to act as guide. The young mountaineer, being fleet of foot, and well acquainted with the passes and defiles of the mountains, succeeded in landing his escort in a ravine from which they had great difficulty in extricating themselves. Meantime the lad made good his escape, and, traversing the intervening mountains with the fleetness of a deer, reached his father in time to alarm him of the approaching danger. Te Raki, being a powerful as well as a resolute man, took his measures accordingly. He waylaid his would-be captors, and pouncing suddenly upon them from a neighbouring height, struck them dead on the spot. Having accomplished that feat he fled, with his wives and the boy, further in amongst the fastness of the mountains. The remainder of the war-party, assisted by the prisoners they had reserved as slaves, built for themselves a *mokihi*, by which they descended the river Matau (Clutha) till they reached the sea. At a point far below the lakes they met with falls or rapids, which could not be navigated with safety. Landing, they took their *mokihi* to pieces and carried it piecemeal down to the lower reach, where they again reconstructed it and proceeded on their journey to the sea. Arriving at Molyneux Bay they went inland to Mataura River, where they surprised another Native tribe. Some of the latter made their escape, and conveyed intelligence of the affair to Awarua (Bluff Harbour). From thence it was conveyed to Ruapuke, the stronghold of the southern tribes. A few days afterwards several boats set out, headed by Tuhawaki, the well-known Bloody Jack of South Island adventure, and he in his turn surprised and killed Te Pueko and many of his followers, making slaves of the remainder. Te Raki and his family are known to have lived at Hawea as late as the year 1840, and to have been

in the habit of receiving friendly visits from the Waitaki tribes up to that date.

These details were related in evidence many years after their occurrence, and must have passed from hand to hand; and yet it is curious to note how authentic they are down to the minutest detail. Thirty years afterwards the Clutha River was surveyed, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it could be made navigable. From the report of that survey we gather that the only obstacle to the navigation is a shoot of rapids situated on a bar between the mouth of a tributary stream named Tuapeka and a puntage or crossing named the Beaumont. We have here evidence of the care with which the Maori was in the habit of promulgating information at all likely to be useful in the future, and the tenacity with which that information was preserved. Indeed, it has been asserted by some of the very best Maori minds in New Zealand that their traditions are just as reliable as many of our own historical records.

On this, as on many similar occasions, the Maori appears to have engineered his way with consummate skill. Since the event related, some of the best engineering ability has been engaged exploring the district in search of a through railway route to the West Coast. In 1881 the route followed by the Maoris was pronounced the only possible one, and in effect it remains so considered to the present day. A more recent survey suggested a route further south, its superior attractions being that it is seventeen miles shorter than the other. That, however, does not affect the question in its relation to the Maori. What is named in the Maori account Awarua River is now known as the Haast. The short route, as we may call it, starts from a point much further south than the Haast, and does not run within miles of the river, until it gets to the upper reaches in the immediate vicinity of Haast Pass. The difference, therefore, between the mouth of the Haast and the south-western terminus of this route, would certainly make up for the difference between it and the other route. Moreover, the Haast is a large river navigable for canoes, so that for Maori purposes this route, even although it was longer, must have been preferable. In whatever light we look at it, we are bound to admit that, as a fossicker and explorer, the Maori, long before he could possibly have profited by European intercourse, was a man not to be despised. Indeed, it is well known that we are indebted to his sagacity for some of the best traffic-routes, both here and in other parts of the colony.

It will not detract from the credit due to the Maori to add, his was the route followed by Lord Onslow, on the occasion of his recent tour from the west to the east coasts. His Excellency left Hokitika 5th January, 1892, and reached the mouth of the Haast by easy stages on the 13th. Striking inland he followed the north bank until reaching Big Bluff. From thence he journeyed along the south bank, following the Maori track, now known as Clark's route, until he reached the vicinity of Clark's Bluff at the junction of the Clark River. There he camped for the night. Pursuing the route which, beyond this trends in a southerly direction, a few miles brings the track to the vicinity of Burke River, which it crosses at a point named Pool Gorge. From thence it describes a horse-shoe bend, until it reaches the Pass, through the country between the head of the Haast and the Makarora Rivers. The course from thence to the Wanaka, which crosses the last-named river about halfway, follows a direction almost due south. A steamer being in readiness at the head of the lake conveyed His Excellency to Pembroke, where he arrived the evening of the second day from the West Coast.

The tourist-traveller, at all disposed to set at defiance the ordinary rules of the road and take his chance of a few days' experience of gipsy-life, could not find a better opportunity than this route. The Haast Pass cuts through the dividing range at a height of 1,847ft., and is surrounded by mountain peaks and ridges rising to the summit-level of 4,000ft. and 5,000ft. From thence, proceeding westward, the traveller follows the upper waters of the Haast until he reaches a tributary stream named Willis River, in the vicinity of which huts suitable for camping have been constructed. From thence he will follow the course of the Burke River to its crossing at Pool Gorge. This is described as a most remarkable stream. It passes through what is named the Grand Cañon, which we are informed rivals many of the famous cañons to be found in the Rocky Mountains of America. The river itself, in a distance of one-and-a-half miles, has a fall of 400ft., and throughout the whole length runs between walls of rock 200ft. to 300ft. high. These are not perpendicular, but absolutely undercut by the wear and tear of ages. The width of the river is nowhere at the bottom less than 50ft., whereas at the top there are several places where a 10ft. or 12ft. bridge would span the dreadful chasm. A look downwards makes one shudder, for the depth is so great that nothing but a glimmer of the tumbling and boiling waters below can be seen. It is described as one of Nature's grandest works, the like of which is not to be met with anywhere in New Zealand. By a mile or two's further divergence from the Haast track, and by keeping along the above-mentioned short track, the traveller reaches Mueller's Pass, which crosses the range at an elevation of 1,820ft. Here, to the west, and about half-a-mile from the top of Mount Victor, there is a most imposing mountain gateway. The range is cleft in two, down to a level of about 300ft. or 400ft. above the pass. The width at the bottom of the cleft is about two chains. The walls on both sides consist of solid rock rising to a height of 1,500ft., with an inclination very little removed from the perpendicular, for the distance of the rock-walls from each other at that height seems to be only five or six chains. From thence the Mount Victor face continues to be steep, to the very top of that mount (6,319ft. high), whereas on the other side of the gateway the slope towards the top of Mount

Macedon is gentler. One traveller amidst these regions describes his experience: "At the junction of Strachan's Creek with the Burke, we found ourselves completely blocked. It is a large creek, tumbling down in a succession of cataracts and waterfalls between perpendicular rock-walls from 100ft. to 150ft. high. As the span from bank to bank was too great, and there was not the slightest chance of effecting a crossing by means of dropping a tree over the creek, we travelled up its southern side to an altitude of 1,830ft. before we were able to descend into the creek-bed; and then, with the help of a few saplings, which we managed to rest on big rocks lying in the centre of the streams, we effected a crossing. However, our troubles were not over, for another branch of the same creek, equally rock-bound, drove us up to the grass-line, where, at an altitude of 3,600ft., we camped for the night. But even in the open, we found next morning, we could not cross the creek, and we had to follow it up to the very top of the spur, 4,450ft. high." Returning to the main track, the traveller will meet with another cluster of huts a few miles from the Burke crossing, at which he can put up for the night, probably quite satisfied with his day's exertions. From thence he will make the mouth of the Haast, and journey over a well-frequented road to Hokitika and the West Coast districts, each of which has an interest and experience all its own.

These wild bewildering scenes recall to mind some of the more thrilling narratives in Old-World history. We hear in shrill cadence the pibroch sounding, sounding, and footsteps bounding, bounding, to the march of the Cameron men. Dry details in the pages of historical fact become enlivened with a romance in real life, and the Lays of the Last Minstrel are no longer a remnant of the past but an adjunct of the present.

*The dark hours of night and of slumber are past,  
And morn on our mountains is beaming at last;  
Glenaladal's peaks are illumed with the rays,  
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.*

*Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,  
Need the harp of the aged remind you to Wake?  
That dawn never beamed on your forefather's eye  
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.*

*O, sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,  
Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!  
Combine with three streams from one mountain of snow,  
And, resistless in union, rush down on the foe.*

*To the brand of each chieftain, like Fin's in his ire.  
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire.  
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,  
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.*

In the sequence of events the mind's eye beholds Glenfinnan on the memorable 19th of August, 1745, when the standard of the royal Stuart was unfurled amidst pomp and circumstances the most exciting and by far the most romantic in the history of the British Throne. The heir of that ill-fated dynasty landed in the kingdom of his fathers an exile and proscribed man, and yet for the nonce his fortunes seemed to rise superior to the evil genius of his unhappy lot, and which eventually ended in the total extinction of this long line of kings and princes. From thence we follow the current of events over the wild and dangerous traverses of the Corry Arrack until we find the young adventurer, to the consternation and dismay of the Hanoverian Scot, in undisputed possession of the ancient capital of the kingdom. Amidst the wild western mountains of New Zealand we have the sequestered Glenfinnan and the formidable Corry Arrack reproduced in all their native grandeur; and at a distance corresponding with that in the fatherland we have New Edinburgh represented in this Britain of the South. Here, however, the analogy ceases, the observation ends. There is nothing in colonial life at all conformable with the gathering of the clans or the sally of the Highland host, by whom these stirring events

were so ably sustained. Adventurers we have—both young adventurers and old adventurers—but by no stretch of imagination can they be invested with the romance of Bonnie Prince Charlie. No doubt this, the nineteenth, century will be able to tell a tale in history, but it will be a tale of wonder rather than one of excitement—it will be the story of a subdued wilderness rather than the reminiscence of a conquered race; the triumphs of engineering skill and scientific research, but not the victory of arms and subjugation of nations. How under these unpromising auspices the romance of the next generation is to be provided for is difficult to imagine. With nothing more palatable than the snortings of the iron horse and the echoes of the fog-horn, poetry and romance will find but indigestible morsels to feed upon.

### **Note 18.—Dunedin.**

In its incorporate capacity society in these colonies is much more comprehensive than contemporary society in older countries. The constitution of the latter is of more ancient growth, dates back to remote ages, and can only be traced through the side lights thrown upon it by contemporary history. It is the outcome of a state of things in which we had no part; and, even although it may have been recast to suit modern tastes, any attempt to study it as a whole is confronted with the foreign graft, puzzled with the unknown cause. The same obstacles do not present themselves in connection with our relations to the other. Settlements and cities in these parts are all of recent formation. They have grown up within our own ken, and even middle-aged men can recall a time when the large metropolitan centre was neither more nor less than a howling wilderness. Distance no doubt lends enchantment to the view, and what is remote and antique excites curiosity. That, however, is a transitory effect, or, at best, a speculative cause. What has taken root in our midst, grown up from infancy under our own eye, becomes an individual interest—an indisputable fact, the lessons taught by which cannot well be mistaken.

The new Edinburgh—or, as it is called, the City of Dunedin—is a marvellous case in point. The first official, or, rather, *quasi*-official, record we find of it reads as follows: "At the head of the Upper Harbour an exceptional site for a town presents itself to view. There the character of the country entirely changes. The land lies in long slopes or downs, upon which grows good grass mixed with shrubs, indicative of a strong soil. The aspect of the town will be nearly facing the meridian of the sun, and fronting the harbour. To the west of it some undulating slopes, covered to the water's-edge with beautiful timber and copsewood, offer space for several hundreds of ten-acre sections, semicircling a cove almost dry at low water. To the south, the uplands, which separate the large promontory in which the harbour is found from the level pastoral country of the main, rise gradually as a protection from the cold winds. In the westward is an opening in the chain of hills that belts the coast between the eastern head of Otago and Cape Saunders, across which extends a barrier of recent sandy formation, shutting out the sea, which in former times evidently flowed through what is now the Harbour of Otago. The site abounds in wood and fresh water; the harbour teems with fish of the best sort. The only objection I can name is its distance from the shipping port, but this is greatly palliated by the excellent water communication of the Upper Harbour."

These observations were made by Colonel Wakefield, and embodied in a report dated the 27th April, 1844. Fuller information relative to the settlement is furnished by one who visited the place six months prior. He writes: "On our arrival the only quarters we could procure were two rooms of a weatherboarded house, the other part of which was appropriated as a store for the sale of rum and whalers' slops. The architect had probably been a ship's carpenter, for he had fitted up one of the rooms with tiers of sleeping-places of the form called by sailors, bunks. We had no fireplace, and the daylight was visible through numerous chinks and cracks in our slight walls of boarding, through which the air was freely admitted; and whenever the wind blew it drifted with it a fine white sand from the neighbouring beach, which penetrated everywhere, and was a source of much annoyance. It was a matter of marvel to us that we did not suffer more from being so exposed to the weather, for, except when the wind was south-west, which is a cold quarter, and rushed down the harbour with great violence, we did not feel much inconvenience from the cold. Here we were obliged to remain a month with very little to do but to take our daily exercise, pacing up and down the ocean-beach, admiring the huge skeletons of whales which lay half covered by the tide, or moralising over several deserted and ruinous buildings, being the remains of the whaling-station (see [Note 2](#)), the only evidence of former life and activity. Such objects were well calculated to encourage gloomy thoughts and fancies, while the monotonous dreary roar of the breakers sounded in saddening unison."

Forty-five years later (1889) another traveller visited the infant settlement, and from his record we make the following extract:—

"To any one sailing up the bay on a fine day towards Dunedin the picture of the town is exceedingly charming. At only one point is it possible to see the whole city and its suburbs at a glance, but from the deck of a vessel in mid-channel may be had, perhaps, the most extensive view which it is possible to have. Sweeping the eye along the Northern Cemetery, one of the most beautifully-situated God's-acres in this hemisphere, you

see curved round in a sort of amphitheatre the various quarters and suburbs of the city, till you reach the left arm of the crescent in the suburbs of St. Kilda, Kensington, and South Dunedin, with their background of sand-dunes and ocean. Of this amphitheatre the spectator occupies the middle point in the proscenium. The architecture of colonial dwelling-houses and ordinary places of business is not such as to produce a picturesque effect in the mass. But from this point the zinc roofs and wooden or brick walls are seen from below, and at such an angle as to conceal much of their ugliness. In front, occupying the orchestra and pit of the theatre, is the business part of the city, traversed along its whole width by Princes Street and its continuation George Street, these being again divided into blocks by streets intersecting them at right angles. The immediate foreground—the orchestra—consists chiefly of ground reclaimed from the bay in course of the Harbour Board's operations, or of ground which, at the foundation of the city, was an impassable bog. The ground reclaimed from the bay is, next to Princes Street, the most valuable ground in the city, and is occupied by railway and wharf buildings, and by imposing houses of business. Behind the city the ground rises with a steep ascent to a long ridge, which forms the background of the city, and which is crowned atop by the three hill-suburbs—Morningside, Roslyn, and Maori Hill. The side of this declivity is thickly covered with handsome residences, each snugly embedded in flowers and trees—for it must be remarked, in passing, that Dunedin abounds in flourishing flower-gardens and shrubberies. Between the city itself and the suburbs on the hill-top lies the Town Belt, a strip of ground some 400 acres in extent, reserved as a place of recreation for the citizens, and running the whole length of the city and suburbs. In some places it is densely wooded with native trees; in others it rises and falls in undulating downs, with occasional plateaux, which are utilised for football and cricket. The Queen's Drive, a metalled carriage-road, runs almost the whole length of the Belt, forming, in fine weather, such a drive or walk as few cities can boast of. The surroundings—the fresh green bush and ferns, and the exquisite views which present themselves at every bend of the road—are such as could hardly be improved upon. In spring, when festoons of white clematis float from the tree-tops, and when the birds are in full song, the Town Belt makes a delightful morning or evening walk. Besides the native song-birds, the tui and mold, English birds—blackbirds, thrushes, and chaffinches—flood the air with their music."

Against our Dunedin traveller's (him of the "forties") report of the whaler's sloop and rum store, in which he was glad to find shelter without a fire, let us place the testimony of a traveller of recent date, as to the class of accommodation to be found on what is understood to be the spot originally occupied by the store: "As to the hotel accommodation, we met with no hotel in the City of Melbourne that would bear comparison, as to its architecture, with the 'Grand.' It was built by an Italian architect, with an Italian richness of design not to be surpassed by any establishment of the kind in the Southern Hemisphere." Then, again, as if speaking in irony of the poor, fireless, shivering, shanty of 1843, the "Grand" tells us it is the only fireproof establishment of its kind in the colonies. Does it not strike one that we have here a sad significancy, and that at least some of the guests of the slightly-weatherboarded house for the sale of rum and slops would now be only too glad if they could get back again to their old quarters under its fireless auspices. The subject, however, is too sad to be pursued, so we will pass on to a further exposition of Dunedin as it is. The Colonial Bank, we are told, is a fine, somewhat florid limestone building, with a lofty clock-tower; the Bank of New Zealand, also of Oamaru stone with Aberdeen granite pillars, would not shame Lombard Street. On reaching the Octagon, one comes in front of an Oamaru limestone building with a disproportionately high tower, to which attention is called every quarter of an hour by a clang of bells, whose effect varies with the state of the nerves. This is the Town Hall. On the opposite side is the Mechanics' Institute and Athenæum. Dunedin, of course, participates in the general scheme of education in operation throughout the colony. The town is provided with six State schools, having an average daily attendance of something over four thousand pupils. In addition to these there are the educational institutions possible only in towns of some size—a Normal School, Boys' High School, Girls' High School, and University. In connection with each high school there is a boarding-house, under control of the Board of Governors. The University was founded in 1869 by ordinance of the Provincial Council, and in 1874 became affiliated to the University of New Zealand. It contains a Faculty of Arts, with seven professors and two lecturers; a Faculty of Medicine, with two professors and five lecturers; a School of Law, with one professor and one lecturer; and a School of Mines, with four professors. There is a library, containing five thousand volumes, selected chiefly as works of reference for the use of students. Altogether, Dunedin must be looked upon as a young city of great promise, whose future will always measure the future of the colony. If there is a prosperous future in store for the colony, Dunedin, owing to its position and climate, must continue to be one of its representative cities. The large tracts of fertile land in the interior of the province offer infinite possibilities of settlement; and, so long as such settlement goes on steadily, so long will Dunedin go on steadily increasing in size and prosperity.

The city is now subdivided into eight municipalities, whose united values are given as—Improved, £3,426,393; unimproved, £2,953,670. They are as follows: Dunedin, £4,438,695; Caversham, £443,575; Roslyn, £381,949; Morningside, £321,624; North-east Valley, £298,951; South Dunedin, 211,309; Maori Hill,

£157,327; St. Kilda, £126,633: total value of city, £6,380,063.

The Meteorological Observatory of Dunedin was situated until lately on the Town Belt, near Roslyn, at an altitude of 550ft. above sea-level, and at that elevation the following is the result of seventeen years' climatic observations: Mean temperature, 50·72°, the difference between the coldest and the warmest months being 15·30°. The registered rainfall was 32·019in.

### **Note 19.—Sabbath Observance.**

In a petition to the Provincial Legislature, presented in the year 1864, the Otago Presbytery complains of the public desecration of the Sabbath in various forms and in different parts of this (Otago) province, more especially in connection with the loading and unloading of vessels, and also the delivery of letters at the post-office. The Presbytery therefore prays the Council to obtain the sanction of the Governor to provide regulations so as to effectually protect a strict observance of the Lord's-day within the boundaries of the province.

### **Note 20.—First Church, Dunedin.**

Conspicuous to any one entering Dunedin by steamer or rail is the First Church, on its plateau of carefully-kept turf. As the name indicates, this is the church of earliest establishment in the city. Its first pastor was the Rev. Dr. Burns, who came out with the Presbyterian immigrants in 1848. Though the establishment of the church dates back to the foundation of the colony, the present building is of comparatively modern date. It was built by an architect who has left his mark on the public buildings of Otago, more particularly on its church architecture. It is built of Oamaru stone, and is very ornate in style.

Another of these ecclesiastical structures is named Knox, or the second Dunedin, church. It has a style of architecture which is the natural outcome of the resources of the province. The chief building-stone available in Dunedin is a bluish or grey breccia, a volcanic rock of great durability, but of too sombre a colour to be used without relief. An effective contrast is obtained by introducing a facing of Oamaru stone; and, as long as the limestone retains its creamy whiteness, nothing cleaner or more cheerful than this combination could be desired. The blue volcanic stone, though it may be dressed into magnificent blocks, does not lend itself to ornamental work of any kind, hence the necessity for a soft stone like the Oamaru limestone, which is not only light in colour, but may be worked with much ease into decorative works of all kinds. Of this style, which seems likely to become distinctive of Dunedin architecture, is Knox Church, built some ten. or twelve years ago to meet the wants of a congregation which had outgrown the space of its own wooden building; and, outside and in, this church is an admirable example of beauty and fitness.—"Our Sister Cities," in *Melbourne Review*.

### **Note 21.—Rev. Dr. Burns.**

The names of two men notable for their primogeniture were present, and took part, in the foundation of the Otago settlement. The one was William Cargill, to whose ancestral virtues allusion is made in [Note 27](#) of this series. The story of the other is briefly as follows: One cold, boisterous, Old-World winter's day in the month of January, 1759, a peasant lad was ushered into existence, with no shelter overhead but that afforded by a rude clay cabin. Poor and inadequate as the provision was, it did not serve the purpose long. One blast more treacherous than the others carried away the roof, leaving the unfortunate child and its parent exposed to the ruthless storm. Life in the peasant Scot and their offspring—for such their nationality was—does not readily succumb to the inclemency of the weather, and accordingly the little stranger and his mother survived the mishap. In his progress towards man's estate the lad evinced aptitudes, but these afforded no clue to his after-achievements. Socially speaking he was a perfect admixture. One moment he was sad and pensive, the next gay, giddy, and boisterous. In this the child was father to the man, a prefiguration of that versatile talent which breathed forth the plaintive melody, "Man was made to mourn," and anon piped the bacchanalian chant, "Robin was a roving boy; ranting roving Robin." Morally, too, he was a natural phenomenon—a perfect puzzle. We instinctively recoil from the man who vauntingly subscribes himself "The ranting dog, the daddy o't;" and then, again, our just resentments are softened and sanctified in the music of that heavenly charm,—

.... *Mary, dear departed shade,  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?*

Robert Burns, the immortal bard, is the man referred to, and it maybe added, no destiny so amplified could

be made to apply to one less gifted. Thomas Burns, mentioned in the body of the narrative as the Rev. Dr. Burns, was nephew to the poet, and he, together with William Cargill, represented the two names referred to—the one was the Moses, the other the Aaron, of Otago.

Captain Cargill reached New Zealand in the ship "John Wickliffe." He was appointed Otago agent for the New Zealand Company, and a Magistrate of the colony. He was elected first Superintendent of the province, and was otherwise intimately associated with the affairs of the infant settlement. His coadjutor—Dr. Burns—reached Otago in the ship "Philip Laing," both vessels arriving within a few days of each other. The "Philip Laing" sailed out of the Clyde, and I quote from the *Greenock Advertiser* of the day, which, after mentioning the relationship to the poet, goes on to say, "This connection can scarcely fail to form a constant and a pleasant tie between the new settlement and the land to which one section of its population cannot fail to look back with feelings of affectionate interest. We have no doubt the Rev. Mr. Burns will be found not only an able and wise instructor, but a judicious adviser, and a friend, the energy of whose character and example will render his counsels doubly welcome." Dr. Burns fully justified the forecast. He was a most sagacious, far-seeing man, a real statesman, and one whose influence in giving form and stability to the institutions of Otago was paramount in the earlier years of the settlement. A monument is now being erected in the Octagon, Dunedin, in honour of his memory.

### **Note 22.—A Character Not Always Deserved.**

Lord Mahon, in his history of England, Vol. iii., p. 314, writes: "The Scots have often been reproached with a spirit of sordid gain. The truth is—and should it not be a matter of praise?—that by their intelligence, their industry, their superior education, they will always, in whatever country, be singled out for employment, and rise high in the social scale; but when a contest lies between selfish security or advancement on one side and generous impulse or deep-rooted conviction on the other—when danger and conscience beckon onward and prudence alone calls back—let all history declare whether, in any age or in any cause, as followers of Knox or of Montrose, as Cameronians or Jacobites, the men—aye, and the women—of Scotland have quailed from any degree of sacrifice and suffering."

### **Note 23.—"The Bloody Clavers."**

John Grahame, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, is a man long-lived in the execrations of his countrymen. Strenuous efforts have been made to purify his memory from what there can be little doubt is well-merited odium, but these have signally failed, and Claverhouse remains as much a byword and reproach to our common humanity as he was two hundred years ago, when employed harrying the lairds of Clydesdale, and ruthlessly shooting down the peasants of Ayrshire. Sir Walter Scott, a man brimful of sympathy for the individual, but a thorough despot in his political sentiments towards the masses, has painted him the hero of renown, gifted with a chivalry and devotion worthy of the highest order in patriotism. In these endeavours, if Sir Walter has succeeded at all, it is only to the extent of shifting the odium from his hero on to himself. Could anything be more disingenuous and less worthy of the great mind than the plea he puts into the mouth of Claverhouse in extenuation of his cold-blooded atrocities?—"There is a difference in my spilling the blood Of muddy peasants and cracked-brained weavers, and Burley [leader of the Presbyterian army] killing prelates, lords, and commanders." Even the able George Gilfillan, the learned divine of Dundee, with all his tenderness and regard to the memory of the Baronet of Abbotsford, is forced to admit that "Claverhouse in 'Old Mortality' is a pure fiction, a failure as well as a falsehood, and the contrarieties drawn in his character are monstrous and thoroughly irreconcilable." Kind, considerate, and in many respects irreproachable as the author of 'Waverley' undoubtedly was, he conceived a bitter animus against the Covenanters, and did not hesitate to misrepresent them in both their character and doctrine. For instance, his Gilbert Kettledrummle is the caricature of a name readily recognised in the events of the period. At the memorable battle of Drumclog he is pictured, in an attitude of perturbation, addressing his companions in misfortune as follows: "Peradventure some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo, I will ensconce me behind the cairn as behind a strong wall of defence." If there be one distinguishing feature in the character of these noble people more prominently portrayed than another, it is the devotion they showed in defending themselves against the wanton, attacks on their civil and religious liberties—a devotion the immediate prospect of death could not shake, far less destroy. They may have been, and, no doubt, many of them were, men extreme in their views and headstrong in their prejudices, but it is a foul libel to brand them as cowards, or even imply that they valued their lives in preference to what they esteemed the glory of God and the good of their country.

Then we find another great intellect embarked in a similar project—viz., William Edmonstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of our Modern Athens. He sets out with that admirable lay in his Cavaliers, "The Burial March of Dundee,"—

*Sound the fife and cry the slogan;  
Let the pibroch shake the air  
With its wild triumphal music,  
Worthy of the freight we bear.*

*Lo! we bring with us the hero—  
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme—  
Crowned as best beseems a victor  
From the altar of his fame.*

In the pages of authentic history no such halo encircles the name of Dundee. Macaulay, in his popular History of England, tells us that the shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were given up to the license of the army. With the army was mingled a militia composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts were the dragoons commanded by Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of Hell, and call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet on earth, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy and hatred.

## **Note 24.—Gabriel's Gully.**

Gabriel's Gully, named after Gabriel Read, its prospector, was the big event in the history of New Zealand. The influences it exercised directly, but far more so indirectly, upon the fortunes and destiny of the colony cannot be stated, even approximately. To the early settlers it proved, together with the developments it promoted in other directions, a perfect windfall. It provided them with a needful supply of ready cash, and created markets never dreamt of in the philosophy of their early colonising schemes. From being a hazy, indistinct idea in the minds of the outside world, New Zealand became an established fact, capable of asserting for itself a position in the social and domestic economics of the day. To its pastoral interest belongs the honour, but to its goldfields interest belongs the glory, of making New Zealand what we now find it—a premier Australasian colony.

In the year 1861 the place first emerged from utter obscurity. In a communication addressed to Major, afterwards Sir John C. Richardson, Superintendent of Otago, Gabriel Read states, *inter alia*, that he had penetrated inland as far as the gully, and, with no other appliance than that of a butcher's knife and a tin dish', he had for ten hours' work netted 7oz. of gold. The good news was confirmed by the late Mr. Justice Gillies, then a resident of Otago, in a further communication, dated the 28th June, and from that day to this the gully has gone on with various degrees of success, asserting for itself the position of a large gold-bearing centre.

By far the most distinctive feature of its workings is the Blue Spur. It is, or, at all events, was, an extraordinary mound or saddle, separating Gabriel's from the adjoining operations in Munroe's. It is a blue conglomerate, hard, but not flinty. Hill-slucing at this period was quite a novelty, and when the first claim was taken up on the side of the spur the owners were considered little better than fanatics. With a few sluice-heads of water hastily brought on to the ground, they were enabled to establish the soundness of their enterprise, and forthwith every spare inch of the spur was occupied. Races, twenty and thirty miles in length, carrying enormous quantities of water, were brought in. The hydraulic force was kept in operation night and day, so that, when fully manned, the spur, from top to bottom, became a perfect bee-hive for industry.

The stuff, in the first instance, was broken down by hand. Now and again an odd shot was put in to slacken the more obdurate strata. That suggested the idea of a big shot, and after the question in its *pros* and *cons* had been discussed, what was then known as Morrison and Clayton's party, the first claimholders on the spur, determined upon making the plucky experiment of firing three tons of powder. In anticipation of the event great preparations were made. A tee drive, with a side chamber, was put in, each chamber being charged with a ton weight of powder. To minimise the chance of accident, the shot was fired at night. It was a night of intense excitement all round the gully. People came from far and near to witness the upshot. It was fired by a galvanic battery, and, without doing the slightest unnecessary damage, a wing of the hill was blown down bodily. The whole thing was pronounced an unqualified success, and in celebration thereof a supper and ball ensued, which lasted without intermission for about a week. It was afterwards ascertained that only one of the three chambers

had exploded, and with some little trouble the remaining two tons of powder were recovered without sustaining material damage.

This was the inauguration of heavy blasting operations, afterwards so popular in hill workings in Otago. Its results on the Blue Spur were that the mound eventually disappeared altogether, and the through passage from thence to Munroes was levelled to the ground. The claims were then opened out, and the lower strata brought out on an incline in trucks, and passed through a head of stamps. This was the condition of things when the Spur, or, rather, what remained of it, got into the hands of an amalgamated company, worked with English capital.

To rework the Blue Spur tailings, now accumulated over a vast area 30ft. to 50ft. deep, has long been considered in the light of a payable project; and no one acquainted with the early workings can doubt but that the opinion is well founded. The wont of fall, however, was a great drawback to their treatment. Latterly, a system of hydraulics has been employed, by which the stuff is raised by water power to a sufficient height for enabling the dirt to be washed, and the *débris* shot off clear of all interruption to the workings. The enterprise is carried out on a systematic principle, and in pursuance thereof operations were began at the mouth of the gully, a distance of two or three miles from the spur. The ground there is poor, having been operated upon at least half-a-dozen times—both by European and Chinese labour. Despite that fact, the latest reports show the project is paying, and, as might be expected, the further they get up the gully the stuff becomes the richer. When they reach the real body of the spur tailings, very rich ground may be looked for. With only the pick and the shovel at work, and some hundreds of sluice-heads of water pouring down the hill, it is easy to understand a large quantity of gold must have been carried off in the *débris*. The tailings were washed down ground-sluices in lumps averaging from the size of a duck's egg to that of a cannon-ball; and conglomerate that size must of necessity have been impregnated with good gold. We can speak positively when we say the general impression at the time was that from 25 to 50 per cent. of the gold escaped. Be that as it may, these tailings are good dirt, and between Gabriel's and Munroe's deposits alone will provide work for many years to come.

## **Note 25.—Molyneux Bay.**

It would appear as if nature originally designed this locality as the metropolitan centre, but, having stopped short in its plans, the work, on the eve of execution, was left incomplete. The bay is most capacious, but it has no shelter. It is the outlet of a river discharging more water than the Thames, or, indeed, many of the largest rivers in the world (see [Note 15](#)), and yet for navigable purposes it is no good. Had it been navigable to its extremities no distributing system could have been more complete. Ocean-going vessels would have discharged their cargoes at the head of Lake Hawea, within a few miles of the coast on the north-west side, while, by taking advantage of the Kawarau, they would have reached Lake Wakatipu and performed similar service in that direction. In addition, the branch leading into Lake Wanaka would have enabled the deep-sea service to supply the requirements of the intervening country. It would have been as effective a system of navigable rivers opening into navigable lakes as could well be imagined. Then, again, as if to show how perfect the original design was, mountains of coal have been developed on the banks of the river, near the mouth. This coal-seam has since become one of the great features of the place. The first heard of it is in a report furnished by the exploring party despatched in 1843 to survey the Otago Settlement. It reads: "In the mineral kingdom the existence of coal in great profusion is most remarkable. Its appearance on the coast at Coal Point is most conspicuous." The produce of this field at the end of 1886 represented 300,000 tons, which, together with small coal and dross, is valued at £125,000. The first attempt made to work the field for market purposes was in 1858. A lease was granted to one Lewis, but very little work was done. One schooner, the "Pioneer," long remembered as being the first regular trader to Port Molyneux, made periodical trips to and from Dunedin. For years that craft did the entire business of the district, taking down stores, &c., for the settlers, and carrying away coal in return. In 1864 the seam was traced to the neighbouring range, and a mine opened in the vicinity of the present workings. It was not, however, until the establishment of the Main Trunk Southern Railway as far as Balclutha that the field was opened out on an extensive scale. About that period—1875—a company was formed, with a capital of £25,000, in £10 shares. At an outlay of £26,000 a branch railway was built, connecting the mine. In that way direct through-communication was established with these two populous centres—Dunedin and Invercargill. The mine itself was originally worked by a level drive cut through the conglomerate roof. An outlet was thus provided for the coal, as also for drainage. In 1880 an adjoining property of 69 acres, situated to the dip, and tapped by a shaft 380ft. deep, was added to the concern, and the whole, comprising an area of 1,100 acres, worked under the one auspices. Besides this shaft, at which there is a pair of 10-horse-power cylinders, an engine plane has been driven 1,076ft., at an angle of 1 in 5, making a distinct mine, entirely independent of the others. Electric signals are used in the engine plane, which is laid with 28lb. steel rails through its entire length. The cost of the plant, exclusive of shafts and drives, is set down at £15,000. The average price of coal at the pit-head is 11s., a further sum of 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. being charged as railway

carriage to Dunedin and Invercargill respectively. Since the company began operations a dividend of 7½ per cent. has been paid annually. The seam is 30ft. thick. Out of upwards of sixty mines opened in Otago, Kaitangata shows by far the best results, the figures in 1886 being 32,000 tons. The next in productiveness is Green Island, within a few miles of Dunedin. Its output amounted to 18,000 tons. The others, some of which are no better than mere lignite-pits, vary from a few hundred up to 10,000 tons. The area of the Kaitangata Coalfield is estimated at 6,000 acres, and the probable quantity of coal at 140,000,000 tons.

The borough town of Kaitangata was, within the last few years, a one-horse affair. It figured out on the principle of the unit "one." It consisted of one house of one apartment, its resident population being one man, and, according to the traditions of the district, this one-sided gentleman completed the insulation by losing the run of one of his legs. The only plurality in numbers was that ascribed to the "building material" of which the establishment was compounded. That consisted of a nice adjustment in packing-cases, inlaid with calico, and, where the winds were less likely to prevail, paper packing completed the triple alliance. In virtue of its light, airy aspect it was named the Balloon. It was the stock exchange, the commercial emporium of the district, and, in common with his other accomplishments, its lord and master kept a good eye on number one. Such was Kaitangata in its first blush. It was an urban centre in humble circumstances, but, still, it has outlived some of its mere pretentious neighbours, and is now in a fair way of rising into opulence. According to latest accounts, it has a resident population of 1,250 souls, housed under 189 tenements, with a rateable value in property of £4,896 sterling. Its receipts for last year amounted to £846, with an expenditure of £716, so that this young civic bantling is acting a prudent part in its domestic economies, and living within its income. Somehow, it managed to contract a floating debt to the tune of £539; but, after all, that is but a small sin, seeing it can lay past £130 per annum; and, besides, it has an asset valued at £42.

Looked down at from the neighbouring heights, the valley displays scenography in pastoral beauty and commercial enterprise, amidst which the speculator as well as the scenic artist cannot fail in observing much that is interesting. These heights are all of moderate size, just sufficient for protecting the valleys from boisterous winds and weather. Seaward the observer gets a view of the "Noggets," as Colonel Wakefield's exploring party called them, but which is more appropriately pronounced, in the nomenclature of the day, Nugget Point. It is the continuation of a well-wooded ridge which inland loses itself amidst swelling downs, extending far away into the intricacies of the Blue Mountain regions. At the extreme point of the headland or promontory is Nugget Lighthouse. It was amongst the first erections of the kind on the south-eastern coast, and for years it kept solitary watch over the treacherous shores of eastern Otago. Now, however, it is only one of a succession of lights which all but penetrate into the radius of each other, until the entire coast-line from the outer entrance of Foveaux Strait to Otago Heads is lit up by a continuous gleam. Landward, we have Clutha River, with its numberless tributary streams like silver threads amongst the gold in the golden harvests of a well-cultivated land. At one noticeable point the river stretches out in arms, and, after hugging a piece of island-land for some miles, these again combine into one channel, maintaining that order until they mingle with the waters of the bay. What we have termed a piece of island-land is the renowned Inch-Clutha. It is a choice spot. It was taken possession of by the early settlers, and then, as now, sustained the reputation of being the garden of Otago. At no great distance from the river's edge there is a chain of goodly-sized lakes extending well into the Tokomairiro country. Throughout these plains, paddocks, fields, and enclosures are mapped out in every direction, all being in a well advanced stage of cultivation and improvement. In the background the land rises into an amphitheatre of hills, backed by a bewilderment in mountains, with peaks tapering off into the rugged edges of cloudland, amidst which they seem only too anxious to hide away from the sight of their own naked deformities.

In early days, which in a young community like this dates a long way back when it reaches a quarter of a century, Clutha Valley was remotely situated from the metropolitan centre. Now, however, the southern railway brings it within easy distance—a one day's trip from and to Dunedin, with ample time to spare for inspection purposes.

## **Note 26.—Waipori Flats.**

Gold was discovered in the Waipori River and on the adjoining flats in the early part of the year 1862, but the ground was not opened up until the following summer. Quartz-reefs were discovered as early as 1864; but alluvial mining has been the principal means of support for the population. Parties in possession of water-rights are able to make fair wages sluicing. There are strong indications of deep leads existing on Waipori Flats. As the lead is supposed to extend from five to six miles down the flat, the discovery of payable gold would be a means of affording employment to a large number of miners. For sluicing purposes a volume of water equal to sixty-one sluice-heads has been brought on to these flats by seven races, representing a total of seventy-one miles in length.

## Note 27.—Invercargill.

Had Invercargill represented the family circle, instead of representing the body politic, we should have been justified in ascribing to it ancient and honourable traditions. These would have dated back to the middle of the seventeenth century, and even then there is reason to assume we would not have reached the root of the genealogical tree. In support thereof it is necessary to mention the illustrious Charles Stuart, grandsire of that Stuart afterwards named, or, rather, misnamed, the Pretender. Like unto his race, more especially that section by which the Royal family account was closed, he ruled neither wisely nor well. He was a pig-headed monarch, who fancied he reigned over his fellow-men by virtue of a Divine right in kings, and that, as king, he could do no wrong. Amongst other fads, he got the idea into his head that his Scottish subjects were going to Heaven the wrong road. He thereupon prescribed that, for the future, they should make their calling and election sure by virtue of the Church of England service-book. To such proposal, however, the Scottish mind was bitterly repugnant. The Sunday the innovation was introduced into the parish church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, an old woman named Jenny Geddes, lifting up her testimony together with her three-legged stool, called out at the top of her voice, "If ye wid blaw ye'r papish mass-book into mi lug, tak' that." So saying she sent the stool flying at the head of the offending parson. The latter was a prudent man, and accordingly forbore intruding the service-book further on his unwilling hearers. Had the Royal Charles followed the same example it would have been well for him, and far better for his successor. Instead of that, however, the liturgical crusade was followed up with renewed vigour, and, in order to make it more effective, a commission of fire and sword was granted to one John Grahame, of Claverhouse, a renegade Scot (see Note 24), who had studied cruelty as a fine art in the wars of continental Europe. Exasperated and oppressed beyond endurance, the Nonconformists, as they were named, did a very unwise thing. They killed an apostate from their ranks, whom, rightly or wrongly, they suspected of having betrayed their trust. This reprehensible act was made a plea for further severities, and everything savouring of Nonconformity was assailed with merciless fury. The consequence was that the Presbyterian Scot who desired to remain true to the faith of his fathers was driven from his home, and made to wander amongst the beasts of the field. When taken he was either shot on the spot or handed over to the doomsman to be tortured to death. Amongst others of this sect, or, as they were named, the "persecuted remnant," was one Donald Cargill. After enduring much suffering and cruel persecution he fell into the hands of his enemies. At his trial before the Privy Council he could be got to recant nothing, and on the scaffold at his execution he appeared equally dauntless. Beyond the fact that he had the courage of his opinions, a courage death itself could not destroy, there seems to have been nothing formidable about the man. However, the circumstances of his death, and its surroundings, were enough to canonize him, and, if the faith to which he belonged had admitted of a saint's calendar, most assuredly Donald Cargill's name would have appeared therein. A descendant in the direct line of this courageous old Presbyterian was leader of the Free Church movement in the Otago settlement. His name was William Cargill, and, in token of the respect and veneration in which he was held, Invercargill was named after him.

This young Cargill, or Invercargill, did not contribute largely to the credit of the parentage from which it derived its name. It started life, as the capital of the Southland Province, in a kind of prodigal campaign, raising the wind on every side, until things got so breezy that nothing remained but to reap the whirlwind. It was a case of—

—*mirth and laughter;*

*Sermons and soda-water the day after.*

In itself it was not what would be called desperately wicked, but, somehow no sooner did it become known that it had entered into doubtful dealings than there congregated within its borders iniquity enough to have sent even a cathedral city headlong to destruction. One man brought with him the wooden-railway system mentioned in the narrative. "My railway," said he, "is the triumph of science, the perfection of art. Just give me a man, with a crutch in the one hand and a wooden leg in the other, and I'll back him to make better time on my rails than the best Fairlie engine you can put upon your metals." Advantages like these were not to be despised, and accordingly the wooden-railway scheme was bought, and the youthful province sold. Another gentleman came armed with a method for making macadamised roads out of flax and fascines. This was the pink of perfection in domestic economy—a good passable road, with flax and fern *ad libitum* all along the line. The flax enterprise proved less innocent as a joke than the wooden railway. The latter could be lifted up and thrust out of the way; the flax got imbedded in the slush and mud, and remained a danger to life and limb for years afterwards. Getting very poor, the district became very penitent, and, like the prodigal child it had been, after ten years' sin and misery, it took heart of grace and returned to the provincial parent. Since then Invercargill has enjoyed domestic peace and commercial prosperity, and, having sown its wild oats, has settled down and become a reputable member of colonial society. Even its saintly primogenitor, Donald Cargill, had he been in the flesh, would not be ashamed of it.

No record has been kept of the date when Invercargill made its first start. There is a tradition it was founded by a refugee from Van Diemen's Land; and it is a fact that such a personage did occupy a picturesque situation in what is now Dee Street, Invercargill, for a considerable period after the settlement fairly got into existence. He was popularly known as the "black doctor," and a striking character in real life he most undoubtedly was. He was a tall, gaunt, black-grained figure, standing six feet some inches high. He went about armed with an axe, carrying himself, as well as the axe, with the martial dignity of a hero in romance. The reason why he got to Van Diemen's Land in the first instance is not known. He was one of the notorious Macquarie Harbour squad, Macquarie Harbour being then one of the most rigorous of the South Sea penal settlements. He was drafted into what was known as the "look-out gang." They were a party of prisoners camped on an island at the mouth of the harbour, and, amongst other duties, they were employed looking out for vessels, and to assist in working them over the bar. A sealer craft *en route* to New Zealand put in, and, after discharging stores from Sydney Cove settlement, set out in prosecution of her voyage. He was one of the boat's crew who took the sealer over the bar, and on leaving, instead of getting into the boat, managed to secret himself in the chains. The night being dark and boisterous, his absence was not noticed until the sealer got well away and pursuit became useless. Arriving at Awarua (Bluff), the black doctor joined the shore whaling-party. Having reason to suspect a purpose was afoot to seize him and send him back to the penal settlement, the doctor took to the bush, and when the early settlers invaded the place they found him in the full enjoyment of a Robinson Crusoe life on the banks of the Waihopai. Compared with the ordinary bush habitation, the doctor had erected for himself a palatial residence. It was an enterprise fearfully and wonderfully made, contrived in accordance with the interstices of the honeycomb. Indeed, no one that saw it could have doubted it was the handicraft of a man with a bee in his bonnet, and so the honeycomb construction became all the more obvious in respect of the eternal fitness in things. The doctor kept undisputed possession of his holding, and continued to strut about as proud as a peacock, until Crown grants and parchment rights came into operation. It seemed a heartless thing to oust the creature, but that was not the worst feature in the proceeding. The prosecuting attorney in the ejection process got it into his head that the doctor meant him grievous bodily harm, and had him indicted as a dangerous lunatic. A scrap of paper was produced on which some wretched scrawls had been traced. This the alarmed lawyer construed into a skull and cross-bones, meaning thereby that the legal cranium was in danger of being dissected, and other of his bodily members disarranged. The whole thing was too flimsy, and justice satisfied itself by simply ordering the doctor off the land. It was after all a hard case, but, as it happened, when the rights of landlordism were never called in question, little notice was taken of it. Driven from his home, the poor fellow became a wanderer, and shortly afterwards wandered forth to be no more. Whatever his early transgressions amounted to is not known. His life latterly was perfectly harmless. If he was proud, and perhaps demonstrative, he had about him a good deal of the pride of independence, and a certain rectitude of conduct according to his own interpretations thereof.

The first official record we have of Invercargill is a Town Board ordinance passed in 1859. Its population at that date numbered 445, over two-thirds of whom were females. Now the town is subdivided into five municipalities, the affairs of each being administered by separate Councils. Its values are set down at £934,838, of which £408,174 represents the value of buildings and improvements. That is a remarkably good record for thirty years, springing up, as it does, from the inappreciable value of a bush shanty to the rateable value of a trifle under one million sterling. Then, again, if we take the county we find another million, represented by agriculture and pastoral improvements; and, by adding the unimproved value thereto, we get the grand total of three and a quarter millions of money. The area of Southland County is set down at 6,966,592 acres, of which 1,893,568 acres have been disposed of, so that a good extent of landed estate still remains for settlement. Its population is estimated at 18,412. In cattle it numbers 61,815; sheep, 776,364; and horses, 12,829. Its area and produce in staple crops is estimated as follows: Wheat, 5,811 acres, producing 149,910 bushels; oats, 80,583 acres, producing 2,753,072 bushels; barley, 1,213 acres, producing 35,197 bushels; hay, 746 acres, producing 1,067 tons; potatoes, 1,177 acres, producing 5,965 tons.

Situated as Invercargill is near the extreme south of the colony, the following climatic observations, extending over a period of fourteen years, will be read with interest: Mean temperature, 50.36°; difference, 16.92°; rainfall, 43.674in.

I am indebted to one of the early settlers, Mr. James Walker Bain, formerly M.H.R., now Mayor of Invercargill, for the following information: This, the original capital of Southland as a province, is now chief town of the county of that name. It is situated on the eastern shore of the New River estuary, nine miles from Foveaux Strait. It is connected by railway with Bluff Harbour, the distance from town to port being seventeen miles. The site of Invercargill was fixed in 1857 by the late Mr. John Turnbull Thomson, F.R.G.S., afterwards Surveyor-General of the colony.

Invercargill is immediately surrounded by five smaller municipalities, the total population of the town and adjacent boroughs being 8,551; and it is also the administrative centre of a district containing a population of

upwards of fifty thousand souls. As a centre of railway traffic it has a train-service of upwards of three hundred miles.

In street architecture visitors from other colonies express admiration and surprise at the class and style of its buildings. The Crescent Block, leading from the railway-station towards Tay Street, contains the handsome buildings used by the Union Steamship Company; Mr. J. G. Ward, grain merchant; the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company; the National Mortgage and Agency Company; the Crescent Hotel; and the National Bank of New Zealand. Langland's Block, in Dee Street, the design of Mr. F. W. Burwell; the Bank of New Zealand, the Bank of Australasia, the Colonial Bank of New Zealand, the Union Bank of Australasia, the Bank of New South Wales, the Supreme Courthouse, and the Athenæum crowned with a large bronze statue of Minerva, might all be located in the largest cities in the colony without the risk of being overshadowed by others.

A tenth portion of the sections in each block was reserved for endowment and other municipal purposes, and the result is, about 130 of these, containing 1 rood each, are bringing in a satisfactory rental, and one that will in time produce such a revenue as will render the imposition of rates unnecessary.

Another important advantage is the splendid recreation estate. This consists of a public park, situated on the northern front, of 200 acres, which has been largely planted and improved; garden blocks of five acres in the centre of the town, through which the bubbling Puni Creek flows merrily to the estuary; and fully twenty blocks of land, known as the Town Belt, and situated on all sides, varying in size from 4 acres to 40 acres, and more or less improved and planted. These combined will in time render Invercargill a most delightful place for resort and residence.

The gasworks of Invercargill belong to the municipal authorities, and cost about £40,000. The price of gas is 7s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet to private consumers. The town is well lighted by 200 street lamps; and the quality of gas, manufactured from Greymouth coal, is reputed to be of superior brilliancy to that generally supplied to many cities of greater pretensions.

The town is supplied with water by the Corporation. It is pumped from a watertight iron-cylinder well, sunk to a depth of 105ft. The engines were manufactured by the Glenfield Company, Kilmarnock, and consist of two high-pressure horizontal steam-engines, each 15-horse power. Water can be pumped direct into the mains at any pressure up to 150lb. to the square inch. Ordinarily the water is pumped direct into the tank above the tower, morning and evening. In the event of fire the water is drawn up to an ascertained pressure both from the tower and by direct pumping into the mains, an automatic valve having been constructed to enable that to be accomplished. In that case eight hydrants with 1¼in. jets can be played on to a building, which should be sufficient to drown out almost any conflagration. The gravel stratum from which the water is pumped is 30ft. in depth, the strata both above and below consisting of a layer of brown coal, so that the gravel stratum might almost be called an underground river. The cylinders are 7ft. in diameter, and a continuous pumping for three months of 15,000 gallons an hour did not diminish the supply, which constantly stood, and still stands, at 25ft. from the surface. The tank contains 66,000 gallons, weighing about 300 tons. The tower was built from designs by the town engineer, Mr. William Sharp, Assoc. M.I.C.E. Its total weight is 2,800 tons; 500,000 bricks, besides concrete, were used in its construction; the cost, with tank, being £5,000. The height of the gallery is 90ft., and to the top of the lantern 140ft. The total cost of the waterworks, including twenty-four miles of water-mains and services to every property, was £30,000.

In social institutions this, the southern city of the world, boasts of the following: Rifle, Artillery, and Cadet Volunteers; volunteer fire-brigades, athletic clubs, Rugby Football Union and clubs, cricket, lacrosse, tennis, bowling, rinking, boating, and sailing clubs. Besides these there are literary and debating societies, assembly balls, dramatic associations, temperance and friendly societies, Masonic lodges of the English, Scotch, and Irish New Zealand Constitutions. The Athenæum is most imposing as a structure, containing two reading-rooms that would be creditable to any city in the colony, and having a large library, a museum, and chess and draughts room within its walls. As exponents *in re* public opinion there are the *Daily News* and *Southland Times*, both well-established and well-respected daily papers with weekly editions, each office issuing fully 15,000 copies per week. Then, in the country districts there are three weekly newspapers and three newspapers issued semi-weekly.

## **Note 28.—Bill Fox Reaches the Out-Station.**

This is the story told by the station shepherd: "I was sent down country to bring up a horse from the south, being the Kingston end of the lake. I had hoped to reach the peninsula that evening, but was unable to accomplish it, and camped out. Next morning (30th September, 1862) I fell in with three men carrying huge swags on their backs, and picks and shovels in their hands. They looked as if they had not seen food for some days, which was indeed the case, and yet the first thing they said when they saw me was not a request for food, but, 'Have you any tobacco?' What I had was handed over to them, and then I gave them what little food

remained. As we sat talking they informed me they had followed the Kawarau River up from the Dunstan, and were very anxious to get on to Rees's country. I told them Mr. Rees was to be at the foot of the lake that day, and if they pushed on and asked him he might give them a lift up in the boat, which they accordingly did, and Mr. Rees gave them a sail up to the station, and, having supplied them with provisions, sent them off to the Arrow River. The leader of the party was William Fox, and the township which sprang up on the Arrow afterwards for many years went by the name of Fox's. On the 8th October following I rode over to the Arrow and saw Fox. He gave me a tin-dish and told me to wash out a trial dish for luck. Putting a shovelful of earth from under a tematakauri bush growing on the banks of the river into the pan, he told me to wash away, showing me how to twirl the dish, gradually allowing the earth to float away, at the same time retaining the gold and black sand. Being a novice at the work I was naturally awkward, and Fox laughingly told me that I was washing all the gold away as well as the refuse. Granting such to have been the case, the fact remains that I panned out nearly four pennyweights of fine gold. It was my first attempt at gold-digging, but still there are few people, I fancy, who have washed out a much richer sample for their first attempt."

## **Note 29.—Southland.**

When the New Provinces Act was passed in August, 1858 (see [Note 1](#)), steps were taken to cause the district south of the Mataura River to be proclaimed a new province; but it was not till the 31st March, 1861, this was accomplished. The first sitting of the first session of the Provincial Council of Southland was held on the 3rd August, 1861, and the Hon. Dr. Menzies, M.L.C., was elected the first Superintendent.

Before the railway was made between Invercargill and Bluff, the exports and imports of Southland passed through the New River Harbour, and in 1863 it was no uncommon sight to see twenty to fifty vessels of 600 and 700 tons capacity lying at anchor at the Lower and Upper Pools, as the two chief anchorages are named, or alongside the jetty at Invercargill. The ill-fated steamship "City of Dunedin," lost in Cook Strait on the 20th May, 1865, had been an occasional visitor to Invercargill.

The New River Harbour at high water shows such a magnificent expanse of seaway that the desire of the citizens to have the intercolonial vessels discharging directly at the western end of Invercargill is, we are told, not a mere visionary aspiration, but one that will no doubt be accomplished sooner or later. Sir John Coode and Mr. J. T. Thomson, C.E., both expressed the opinion that it was possible to deepen the channel at the heads to a depth of 20ft. at low-water spring tides at a moderate cost: the latter said for £65,000, and this because the bar is inside the entrance of the harbour, and can be improved at a low cost by training-walls built of stone, brought from the hill across the harbour by endless wire-ropes.

In the matter of education Southland of to-day stands out a striking contrast to Southland of the past, and brings out in bold relief the progress achieved by this flourishing district. In a report made by the Inspector of Schools for the year 1862-63 it is stated: The educational history of Southland for the past year has been one of much progress; twelve months previously there was only one school in the province, and now there are six, with an ordinary attendance of 165. These schools were located in Invercargill, South Riverton, Riverton, Waianiwa, and Longbush. In next report (1863-64) reference is made to the further progress, Invercargill school then having seventy pupils on its roll. A girls' school had also been established, with an attendance of twenty-one, the limit of capacity of the schoolroom. The attendance at the River ton school was thirty-one, Mr. Tarlton, the Inspector, adding that, Riverton being an old settled district, the children were more numerous, and that it would be seen that there were in all eight schools in the province, with an average attendance of 219. Then, again, from a subsequent report we learn the Education Board's grant was £50 per annum, the teacher receiving school fees, and the Board expresses a hope local Committees would not fail to guarantee that the fees would equal that amount. Further, it is "humbly hoped" the establishment of a central school at Invercargill would provide for uncertificated applicants qualifying themselves for appointments. Against these modest facts and figures, the educational programme of to-day gives Southland 115 schools, with an average attendance of 8,580. Exclusive of its suburbs, the attendance at Invercargill alone amounts to 2,800, not reckoning attendances at two Roman Catholic schools and seven fairly well attended private schools. In the matter of higher education the district has been provided with a girls' and a boys' high schools. The latter, although recently established, has, we are assured, produced students quite able to hold their own in examination with competitors for university degrees and scholarships. Further, we are told, churches of all denominations bear reasonable proportion to the population, the premier position being occupied by the Presbyterian body, whose first pastors, the Rev. Alexander Bethune (1857) and A. H. Stobo (1860), are still resident in Southland. The Rev. W. P. Tanner (1861), the first incumbent of St. John's Anglican Church, died in 1882. The First Presbyterian, St. John's Presbyterian, St. John's Anglican, the Catholic, the Wesleyan, and Primitive Methodist churches are all handsome buildings, exceedingly creditable to a town that thirty years ago was the primæval wilderness. Southland area, for which Invercargill, Bluff Harbour, and the seaport town of Riverton are natural outlets, extends to over eight million acres, of which about six hundred thousand have been cultivated, and

includes forests in the hands of the Crown of vast extent and immense value. Some of the bush areas, within a radius of thirty miles of Invercargill, supplied the sawmiller last year with 31,313,000ft. of timber, and in estimating the limits of the trade there falls to be added a large but unascertained quantity cut on private freeholds. This industry, carried on with great spirit and enterprise, may be said to have been a mainstay of the working-man in Southland for many years past, and continues to be of the greatest promise for the future.

### **Note 30.—The Mokomoko Jetty.**

In a communication to the Superintendent of Southland, dated the 25th February, 1864, R. M. Marchant, who seems to have been an engineer in connection with the public works of that province, writes: "In reference to your Honour's requirement of a return of all money paid on account of the wharf at Mokomoko and the branch line of railway in connection therewith, I have the honour to inform you that £9,585 16s. 1d. has been paid on account of the wharf, and that I will return the amount paid on the branch line of railway in connection therewith as soon as I can obtain a return enabling me to separate a payment for work executed on the branch and main line together."

### **Note 31.—The Wooden Railway.**

James R. Davis, C.E., in a report to the Superintendent of Southland, dated the 27th July, 1863, sums up as follows what he designates "the benefits to be anticipated from the adoption of the wooden rail instead of iron lines:" (1) The rapidity of construction where timber is convenient, and therefore not requiring any imported materials to lay the permanent-way; (2) the grip or bite given to the driving-wheels by wooden rails, rendering deep cuttings, heavy embankments, &c., less frequent, and consequently reducing the cost of construction; (3) reducing the cost of the superstructure of the rails nearly four-fifths; (4) reducing the wear-and-tear of engines and carriages about 20 per cent. by the absence of oscillation, concussion, &c., which in iron railways is so detrimental to the machinery; (5) the additional comfort to passengers by their easy transit along their journey; and (6) the diminished expense of forming the railway and working the trains, enabling the railway to carry goods and passengers at low rates.

By Authority: GEORGE DIDSBURY, Government Printer, Wellington.—1892.