International Register No. 1250

Reminiscences

Early Christchurch and Canterbury

R.J.RANGER
4 Flemington Ave
CHRISTCHURCH 1
Phone 887493

International Register No. 1250

Reminiscences

Early Christchurch and Canterbury

J. A. FROSTICK, President

O. T. J. ALPERS, Vice-President

October, 1922

(6)

Three Addresses

Delivered before the
Rotary Club, Christchurch.

by

Rotarian Robert Allan
Charter Member.

Rotarian Andrew Anderson,
Charter Member.

Mr.A. Dudley Dobson, C.E.
Formerly City Surveyor, Christchurch.

FOREWORDS.

by

Vice-President O.T.J. Alpers
Rotarian H. D. Acland.

FOREWORDS.

These addresses constitute a most valuable contribution to the story that will, one may hope, one day be written of the vie intime of the Canterbury Pilgrims in the early days.

Their's was no colonization scheme of the commercial type, undertaken merely with a view to profit or even with the higher motive of Empire Expansion. It was the expression of an ideal, conceived by some young enthusiasts at the universities, and formulated in the apt phrase - "To transplant to the Antipodes a slice of England cut from top to bottom".

Selected on this basis, and inspired by such motives, the Canterbury Pilgrims were a people apart. From the university and public school men among the leaders, to the humblest artisan in the ranks, they stood for all that was best in British character in the Early Victorian Epoch, and the wives, mothers and daughters who accompanied the Pilgrims were worthy mates in such an enterprise.

To preserve a knowledge of their ideals and their characters; every incident in the life of the settlers; their hardships and their courage; their energy and their resourcefulness; the prayers they uttered, and the songs they sang, are of inestimable value to the historian.

The details of their enterprises, the foundation of their institutions - all this may be gathered from the archives. It is interesting to hear how

Coster and Turner founded the Shipping Company; we can read all about that, even to the names and tonnage of the ships, and the initials, if you like, of the boatswain's mate - all this diligent research will discover to those who think it worth discovering; but how, except from the mouth of a son, could we hear that priceless story of the pioneer John Anderson humping a bar of iron on his shoulder over the trackless Port Hills and along the miry Ferry Road that he might in good time faithfully forge thereout the tongs and fire-irons still to be seen at O'Kain's.

There are still among us - not many it is true - some of the actual "Pilgrims", but many of their sons. Among them may be several with the same happy gift of narrative as is displayed in these addresses.

I can imagine no more useful work for the Rotary Club than to elicit such narratives and to preserve them among its records for future use to the community.

O. T. J. ALPERS.

Christchurch, Vice-President.

July, 1922.

There is nothing more interesting to the historian of a new settlement than the first doings of its first settlers; their hardships; their mode of life and their ideals.

Out of all the numerous colonies founded by the British Race in the last three centuries the Province of Canterbury stands out as having been the deliberate creation of idealists.

The founders set out to establish a new Britain at the extremities of the earth.

The addresses given to the Rotary Club by Robert Allan, Andrew Anderson and Arthur Dudley Dobson have given us vivid pictures of the very early conditions that prevailed.

The details that are given enable us to almost picture the scenes that were of everyday occurrence. Such records as we have here must be invaluable in the future, and the addresses make us realise how great has been the advance in material comfort during the last seventy years.

Rotarians themselves can judge whether we as the citizens of to-day can attempt to rate our ideals at the same high level of our early pioneers.

H. D. Acland.

"Some Reminiscences of Early Christchurch."

by

Rotarian Robert Allan

Charter Member.

An address delivered before the Rotary Club on Tuesday 27th June, 1922.

I claim the distinction of being the oldest member of the Club - a distinction I am sure no one wishes to challenge, but although the oldest member of the Club I am not the oldest resident of the City of Christchurch. My old friend Andrew Anderson, although younger than I am, was born here, but the first fifteen years of my life were passed elsewhere.

I was born in Nelson and arrived with my Mother and Aunt as a small boy between three and four years of age. We came to Port Levy in a little cutter called the "Supply" and were fifteen days on the voyage. We now grumble if the ferry boat is an hour late.

The official settlement of Canterbury dates from 16th ~~January~~ December, 1850, when the 'First Four Ships' arrived, but there were a large number of settlers here before the arrival of these ships. Auckland, Wellington, Nelson and Taranaki were all founded from eight to ten years prior to Canterbury, and a considerable number of settlers from those parts had drifted south in anticipation of the Canterbury settlement.

Quite a number of well-known names were here before the arrival of the immigrants. The original John Deans, the Gebbies and the Manson families all came out in the same ship that carried my Father and Mother - the "Thomas Harrison" to Nelson in 1842. The Hays family were here; R. and G. Rhodes and many other well known names.

The French settlers were also in Akaroa, and a considerable number of old whalers were scattered about. Most of this population was on the Peninsula.

A very considerable trade existed between Sydney and the various ports of New Zealand. The old firm of Peacock & Co., Cooper & Levy, from whom Port Cooper and Port Levy were named; Swinburne, and other trading firms were well known in those days.

Peacock & Co's. ships ran to various ports and they rendered great service afterwards to early settlers, both in bringing goods to Lyttelton and taking away our productions.

I do not wish to introduce any detail as to the Constitution of Canterbury, or any other matters of that kind. They are on record; but I must refer to John Robert Godley, whose Statue is in the Square, and who is called the "Founder of Canterbury". Few people realise how short a time he really lived in Canterbury. He arrived a few months only before the first four ships, having left England in the January that the ships arrived here in the December.

When he arrived at Lyttelton he found that Captain Thomas, Chief Surveyor, had done a lot of fine work, built the wharf, laid out the Bridle Path, erected barracks and other buildings. Mr. Godley found that he had spent the money and there was nothing remaining. He therefore went up to Wellington for a few months discussing the position with the Government

of the day, Sir George Grey being Governor, as to the constitution under a Provincial Government, of Canterbury. He did useful work.

When he heard that the first ships had sailed from London, he came back to Canterbury to meet them, having first negotiated a loan in Wellington for £5,000 on his own guarantee. Mr. Godley stayed two years after the ships, and left in December, 1852.

A farewell banquet was given him in Hagley Park by the residents, the banquet being prepared by Mr. Hart of the "White Hart Inn" as it was called. Mr. Godley made a noble speech. It must be remembered that they had not been a perfectly happy family. There had been a great deal of fighting and difference of opinion on many points with the early settlers, but Mr. Godley had been most tactful and kept everything well in hand.

His farewell speech is worth reading, and it seems to me that the last paragraphs are worth re-printing, if only to show that the same conditions exist to-day as they did then, and that his words still hold good :-

"Turmoil, agitation and strife are inseparable for the working of a popular constitution.

You must remember that we were never meant to enjoy quiet lives. Quiet lives are for beings of a higher or lower nature than man's.

It is the business of man to work, to struggle, to strive.

Life is a Battle - not a feast,

and those conditions are the best which most strengthen and harden us up for combat."

During Mr. Godley's reign as Agent for the Canterbury Association (which was a London Association not formed for commercial purposes, but with the highest ideals of colonial colonisation) 22 ships arrived bringing 3,500 passengers.

Lyttelton in the early days was an unknown name. It was Port Cooper - known everywhere. All Australian ships and old settlers only knew it by that name and it gave its name to the cheese exported. Port Cooper cheese was the best known article in Sydney. Only a few years ago - not more than twelve - I saw outside a store in Sydney cheese labelled "Port Cooper Cheese". There must have been something in the name after all.

Peacock & Co's. ships - "Mountain Maid"; "Heather Bell" and "Torrington were very well known and used to run to Akaroa and supply some of the old French settlers; they also ran to some of the other ports in New Zealand.

Gold played a very important part in the settlement of Canterbury, and in fact of New Zealand. The immigrants had no sooner arrived here than they heard of the wonderful discoveries in Victoria, Ballarat and Bendigo, and the attractions were irresistible, as they were to the whole world. Everyone who could get away was quickly on the move,

and it is estimated that Canterbury lost 500 people in this way. In the first few years everything that could be produced, in the way of produce or any other articles that could be transferred there were sent.

It is recorded that two drays were hauled up over the Bridle Path from the Heathcote Valley - no easy matter - and shipped to Melbourne. Drays were bringing fabulous prices there.

After a few years of quietness the next great rush was to Gabriel's Gully in the early 60's. These diggings were almost the richest alluvial diggings discovered in the world, and immense wealth was gathered from the claims and in the easiest fashion too.

Great stories could be told in the usual way of one man making a fortune and another man within a few feet of him getting nothing. All the old boatmen from Lyttelton cleared out and everyone that could get aboard a schooner or cutter, or those who could travel round by road (and many did - some by way of the Mackenzie Country) went off.

While this was most unsettling, a great deal of good resulted as there was a demand for everything that we could produce - cattle and sheep went down in thousands, and everything that we had to offer found a wonderful market, and in time many of those who left us came back again - some richer, some poorer.

Two years after Gabriel's Gully, a great rush to the West Coast set in. The same conditions prevailed and here again Canterbury scored immensely. A very large trade was done with Hokitika and Greymouth by sailer, and there can be no doubt that gold discoveries, although a disturbing element at the time, led to a very fine result in the end.

The great difficulty with the early settlers was the transport difficulty between Lyttelton and Christchurch. Lyttelton remained the headquarters of the merchants for some considerable time after Christchurch was settled. The only means of transport was over the Bridle Path where a certain amount was packed, but a great deal was sent by sailing boat up the Heathcote and River Avon.

It is related that the vessels were often delayed for weeks by adverse winds and commodities were particularly scarce in the city of Christchurch. Lots of tales are told of the difficulties that some of the earlier settlers underwent.

Only yesterday a man told me that he had heard his mother relate (and I remember his mother was one of the most beautiful women in the place) that she rode to Lyttelton on horseback and returned with a bag of flour on the front of her saddle, and the late George Gould was said to have carried a bag of sugar all the way from Lyttelton to Christchurch.

A little later on two steamers - the old "Mullough" and the "Planet" - were introduced. They traded

up the Heathcote River and relieved the situation tremendously. A little later two more steamers - the "Avon" and "Moa" arrived and they went up the river to Saltwater Creek and also to Kaiapoi. They proved of great service.

The Summer Road was opened later on, and this was a very great help. I remember the opening when the Superintendent, Mr. Fitzgerald drove through in a buggy and pair. It was a red-letter day, both for Lyttelton and Christchurch, and carts after that regularly plied between the two places.

The great event in the 60's was the piercing in the first place of the Tunnel - May, 1867. A party passed through consisting of about twenty, and it is sad to look through their names, for every soul has since passed away. This is inevitable, but it comes as a shock when one reads through these old lists to see how the scythe of the Reaper has been relentless, proving that there is nothing so certain as death and taxes.

If at any time the old settlers got together, a favourite topic would be the "Good Old Times". All the troubles that they went through are forgotten. The real secret is that the whole community was young. There were few old people. Most of the men and women were in the prime of life, down to striplings of 18 to 20, and there is no doubt youth was the secret of those good old times.

As I look round the room at some of my fellow Rotarians, their

names recall old time memories. Dr. Gibson reminds me of his father - Captain Gibson - who arrived in command of the "Claude Hamilton", one of the steamers of the new Panama Mail Service, inaugurated by Crosby Ward, and he was afterwards Superintendent of the Port under the Provincial Government, prior to the formation of the Lyttelton Harbour Board.

The Panama Mail Service, which included "Lord Ashley" and "Lord Worsley" were of immense service to New Zealand. They arrived in Auckland and called at the ports down as far as Dunedin.

Mr. Hobbs reminds me of the fact that his father, Captain Hobbs and my father once owned a schooner together.

Mr. Reece recalls the late Edward Reece, who was an enterprising man, and ran a line of schooners from Lyttelton to Fiji and back, and I believe he acquired large interests in those Islands, and as a boy I can recollect that the arrival of that schooner was a matter of importance which had to be looked into. It generally resulted in our getting a cocoanut each.

Mr. George Booth recalls associations in industrial matters over 40 years ago, and our President Mr. Frostick recalls close business connections extending over about the same period.

I also remember walking over the Bridle Path one Sunday morning (I always appeared to be walking or riding over that old Bridle Path, but there

was no other way of getting out) when I overtook the late Mr. John Anderson and his daughter - Miss Anderson (as she was then). We stood and watched the old ship "Glenmark" disappearing in the distance. She was conveying John and Andrew Anderson home to Scotland to learn their professions as engineers.

I cannot pass this without making further allusion to their father Mr. John Anderson. He was Mayor of the city when the Duke of Edinburgh arrived, and he entertained him royally in the old Town Hall. I have no hesitation in saying that of all those early settlers there was no one more beloved than Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. When they died hundreds felt they had lost their best friends.

I moved to Christchurch in 1864 and at that time there was wonderful activity, particularly in connection with the West Coast trade.

Old Christchurch names come to my memory. I remember the arrival of William Strange from Sydney in the early 60's, and his erection of the building that he named Victoria House, and the block of buildings still retains the same name. He had a most successful career from the start. Needless to say the old buildings disappeared a long time ago.

I remember Mr. John Ballantyne's arrival from South Australia. I was with Mr. C.W.Turner at that time and Mr. Turner negotiated the sale of the business from William Pratt to John Ballantyne, and the result of that sale is

the magnificent block of buildings and business that we are in to-day, now conducted by his sons.

I remember A. J. White's arrival, also in the 60's. He bought a small furniture business down High Street, a little below his present buildings, from Mrs. Brown. I donot think he understood much of the furniture business in those days, but he was a born trader. He could buy and sell anything, and was willing to tackle any mortal thing. I remember selling him the whole fittings from one of the big immigrant ships - consisting of many thousands of feet of deal lumber delivered up the Heathcote River. He used to talk of it years afterwards and say he and I between us had introduced more bugs than had ever been introduced since. The whole of the fittings were full of bugs.

I remember George Whitcombe's start in Christchurch. He purchased a small stationery shop in the Triangle and it is pleasing to think all those names - although the Principals have all passed away - are still great and flourishing businesses.

There was one occurrence that Christchurch at the time felt, and perhaps now feels very proud of, that was the inauguration of the New Zealand Shipping Co. in the year 1871. This was a great feat for so small a population as there was at the time. Particular credit was due to Mr. J. L. Coster, who was then Manager of the Bank of New Zealand and the N.Z. Loan & Mercantile Co. At that time these two concerns were controlled by

the one manager.

Mr. C. W. Turner was sent to England to inaugurate the London business. He bought three or four sailing ships and established the London business on a sound footing, appointing Mr. C. R. Strickland as the manager, and he remained manager in London for many years.

Steam was introduced a little later by the chartering of the first ship "British Queen", and this was the first direct steam communication between England and New Zealand. She arrived at Lyttelton as her first port of call and this was also her port of departure. Other steamers followed. Now no steamer ever arrives from England direct to Lyttelton and no steamer ever leaves Lyttelton for London direct.

Perhaps the day may come, when the Otira Tunnel is completed and the northern trunk railway further extended, when Christchurch will take her place as a railway centre, and we may yet see ships bound for Lyttelton and outward bound for England and elsewhere.

Later on the Companies bought and built several very fine ships and finer ones still followed. It is a matter for regret that although the New Zealand Shipping Company's offices are still in the same old building in Hereford Street, it is no longer controlled here, but is part and parcel of the P. & O. amalgamation.

The original Cobb & Co's

coaches played an important part. These coaches came from California to Australia with the gold rush, and later on in the Gabriel's Gully rush they reached New Zealand. The two Christchurch partners Lee Cole and his brother Charles were very fine men. They ran coaches from Dunedin to Christchurch and to the West Coast, and wherever a coach could run or was wanted, Cobb & Co. were there. They became a wonderful institution.

W. R. Mitchell was their agent for many years, and their office was where Hallenstein's Clothing Factory now stands, and it was quite a sight to see the coaches with their fine teams arriving and departing from this point.

Mr. Mitchell lived to a good old age and was engaged in other work. He became a Director of the Kaiapoi Woollen Mfg. Co. until 1905, and was a man held in the highest esteem.

I want to say something about the GAMES we played and the SONGS we sang.

Sport of all kinds had a strong hold from the very first. From the very nature of the people who came to Canterbury, it could not be otherwise. Many of the old settlers were from the hunting shires and from the great Public Schools of England, and the Universities.

Horse racing was quickly inaugurated, and the first meeting was held in Hagley Park, not very long after the arrival. The old programme is still in print

and it is amusing to read it. One item was a prize of £2. for a test between bona fide cart horses. The racing, however, took a higher level as it went along, and Nelson was the stronghold of the racing.

The Redwoods, Staffords hailed from there with very fine horses, many of them imported from Australia, and Canterbury very soon followed suit.

The Canterbury Jockey Club was formed in 1854, and Canterbury established a very high standard in racing. Malloch and Lance imported old Traducer, afterwards sold to Mr. Nosworthy, and he raised some of the finest horses that have ever been raised in New Zealand - Lurline and Calumny are still referred to by Australians as two of the finest mares that ever raced in Australia.

I was present at the first Grand National, won by Frank Brittan's "Royalty" in 1876, ridden by Mr. Martelli. The Course was on the Linwood Downs, now merged into the City as Linwood. It was a good cross-country course. Mr. Frank Brittan still survives. The first New Zealand Cup was run in 1883.

Cricket, naturally, from the men who came here from the different schools of England, had a very strong hold, and for many years Canterbury was the premier cricket district of New Zealand. We not only had these men themselves from England, but under their tuition a number of very fine cricketeers were raised, and for a long time we held the lead. Cricket was, and we think it is still, our national

game, notwithstanding the wonderful advance that football has made. We have not the lead in cricket that we had - it is perhaps, not that we have gone back so much, but that other places have come forward.

I remember the arrival of the first All.England Eleven. They played in Hagley Park - Tom Lockyer (a famous wicket keeper); E.M.Grace,(brother to W. G. Grace) were in the team, also Hayward and others. I remember the disgust of the public when E. M. Grace was bowled first ball, and some of the public thought the Umpire should have "No balled" the bowler so that they could have had the opportunity of seeing him bat.

Athletics also had a good hold, and I remember the meetings in Latimer Square, and later on in Lancaster Park. Football was also played. Tennis was unknown.

In the way of amusements, we had no picture shows, but it is wonderful to relate that we were able to run in the 60's a theatre witha stock company of very fine actors and actresses the whole year round. Hoskins who controlled the Company was himself one of the finest actors that ever came south of the line. He was well known in England before he came here.

He trained a beautiful girl in Florence Colville, and those who saw it will never forget her playing "Lady Teazle" in the "School for Scandal" and many other plays. She died in Christ-

church quite young and is buried in the Barbadoes Street Cemetery.

We had Penny Readings also.

In the 60's. R. W. Kohler, who had come from Australia with Cobb & Co's. coaches, and who was a native of California, took over what was known as "Taylor's Gardens", now the site of the West Christchurch School. Kohler erected a very fine dancing hall and he himself, perhaps the finest cornet player in the world, and his brother Jack, also a player, and Zingraef, the pianist, formed a band which has never been surpassed since.

Kohler, as well as being a cornet player (and it was he who taught the late Charles Coombs the cornet) was a genius as he could play any instrument and was a band in himself.

I remember the opening night of Kohler's Gardens. It was wonderfully supported and was a very great institution whilst it lasted. Ultimately the Kohlers drifted back again to San Francisco and the buildings were pulled down and the present West Christchurch School erected on the site.

Rowing was also very vigorously prosecuted. All the Rowing Clubs were formed in the 60's - Canterbury, Union, Black Eagle, Kaiapoi and Lyttelton Snowdrop.

Regattas were frequently

held, and there was a tremendous interest taken in rowing.

Altogether all those living in Christchurch at that time were by no means dull. There was plenty to interest and amuse.

I want to tell you now something about the "Songs we sang". Every age produces its own cycle of songs. In 1850 (the year of the gold rush to Victoria) Katherine Hayes was a wonderful draw and her great song was "Kathleen Mavourneen". She must have sung it thousands of times. The diggers wanted it, and they literally pelted her with gold. She must have collected thousands from that song, and the words "it may be for years and it may be for ever" almost became by-words. When the sergeants of police wanted to warn a man who was on the downwardtrack, they would say "Be careful or you will get the Kathleen Mavourneen" - "It may be for years and it may be for ever".

The songs our early immigrants sang on their voyages out, and on their arrival were those composed by Henry Russell - the great English song writer, who not only wrote songs, but sang them all over England, and was considered to be the greatest emigration agent that England ever possessed, as hundreds of thousands of people were affected by the songs and emigrated to Canada, America and elsewhere.

His songs were - "Cheer, Boys, Cheer", "Far, Far, Upon the Sea", "Life on the Ocean Wave", and many others.

I can well remember as a boy going to the Barracks. They had community singing, there is no doubt, in those days, and the song they sang was "Hard Times Come Again No More". They had left hard times, and felt that in a new country they could sing this song.

"Auld Lang Syne" we sang on the least provocation. I hope we shall continue to sing it for many a day.

The next phase of our songs was the arrival of the American Civil War songs. They came down in the early 60's, and I remember hearing them first introduced by an amateur troupe of Christy Minstrels in Lyttelton - "Sherman's March Through Georgia", "John Brown's Body", "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching" and songs of that kind, and they had a vogue for a long time. Some are still sung.

Later on we had a visit from the original Christy Minstrels. I well remember the rush for seats. They opened in the old Music Hall, just opposite the present Theatre in Gloucester Street. They sang - "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"; "My Old Kentucky Home"; "Swannee River"; "Nellie Gray", and many others.

Lyttelton had a very fine Glee Club under the control of Mr. J. F. McCardell, and as a boy I remember coming to Christchurch with a party, and we sang at the first concert given in Christ-

church at the old Royal Hotel - about eight boys, and some very fine male voices. We were clad in Eton coats and orthodox collars, but where we got these Eton coats from I cannot for the life of me remember. I am certain I did not own one orthe other boys. We must have borrowed them.

A great entertainer who travelled all round (the diggings particularly) was Thatcher. He was one of the cleverest men that ever came to the Colonies. He could enter a city or town, and in an hour's time he would collect the names of well-known individuals and their peculiarities and that night they would be in song and very cleverly written too.

A sample of Thatcher's verses is as follows. At the time that the Maori prisoners were kept in a hulk in Auckland Harbour, about 150 of them escaped, Sir George Grey being then the Governor, and supposed to be controlling the whole Maori War. The Maoris escaped, every mother's son of them. This was good for Thatcher, and I well remember the refrain of his song to the tune of "Nellie Gray" -

"Kakene Georgie Grey. You let us get away
And you'll never, never see us any more.
Much obliged to you we are, and you'll
find us in a Pah,
Rifle-pitted on the Taranaki Shore."

What I want to say next I would not have said at all, had it not been for the little Rotary notice issued to-day which contains among other items,

"Rotary Benefits - Enlightened as to other men's work, problems, and successes" (and "failures" should be added). With that paragraph staring me in the face, I thought I would give you in tabloid form just my own 60 years' experience as a business man.

You know the old saying - "Do not put all your eggs in one basket" which has since been modernised to - "Put all your eggs in one basket, but watch that basket carefully". Well, my opinion is that if your sole object is to accumulate this world's possessions, you will do it better by following the modern version, and in keeping to one basket, but in doing so you will probably be worth very little to your town or your country. You will probably be leading a life of selfishness, studying yourself only, without considering others. If you are to help your place, you are bound to have some of your eggs in other baskets, and some of your efforts.

My career in business commenced when I was between 14 and 15 years of age by my being duly apprenticed to the old firm of Peacock & Co., consisting then of Mr. J.T.Peacock and Mr. Beverley Buchanan. Mr. C. W. Turner joined the firm later when Mr. Peacock retired.

My indentures were drawn up in the orthodox old-fashioned way for three years, to learn the business of a merchant. The first year's salary was to be a peppercorn if demanded. Then I had an active life among the ships

and shipping. This life appealed to me as I came from seafaring ancestors. It must have been in the blood. I was sometimes sent to Port Levy to weigh in potatoes for the old "Mountain Maid" for Sydney, or to weigh Port Cooper cheese, also for Sydney. Down on the wharves to weigh out whalebone from Hugh Buchanan's station at Peraki; often boarding ships, of which our firm was sometimes the agent, with the ship's papers; mixed up with the merchandise - anything and everything.

In my nineteenth year I was appointed super-cargo on the old brig "Windhover" belonging to the same firm, and sent to Valparaiso, South America, to buy wheat which was then scarce in New Zealand. I bought two cargoes and I remember that I weighed in every bag of these cargoes, and some months afterwards weighed them out this end, one cargo being delivered to Lane's Mill on the Island at Hereford Street, and the other cargo to Wood's Mill at Riccarton.

I then had experience amongst merchandise of every kind and salesmanship. I remember well that we dealt largely in liquors at that time. I am noting this just to refer to the change in what people drink.

Whiskey in the early days was not much known - in fact I do not remember whiskey in the first instance. It was Brandy and Geneva, red-cased J.D.K.Z. This came from Holland, and was the almost universal spirit, and rum. Whiskey was a later innovation.

On one occasion Mr. Turner (with whom I was at the time) and Mr. W. Montgomery, imported an entire cargo of red-cased Geneva direct from Rotterdam - about 15,000 cases. I am sure such a thing has not occurred since, but the public rose manfully to the occasion and it was not long before it was put into consumption.

I remained with Mr. Turner until after his return from London, where he had been to float the Shipping Company. Here I might mention that Mr. Turner was one of the most enterprising men that we had in those days.

He came to Lyttelton and opened for the Bank of New South Wales, established the branch in Lyttelton and bought the present site in Hereford Street, it then being the residence of the Superintendent, Mr. W. S. Moorhouse, and that remained the Bank until the new building now erected was completed.

Mr. Turner was an exceedingly clever business man, and had ships sailing to all parts of the world. He was the first to import teas to New Zealand direct from China; he was the first to import sugar direct from Mauritius; the first to import Oregon timbers direct to New Zealand. His ramifications were very great, but he was not successful from a financial point of view, and died a poor man.

I then embarked on my own in the leather trade, built a tannery,

and engaged in boot manufacture in its various forms; built a sawmill at Little River, and cleared the land. Altogether I have cleared in New Zealand upwards of 5,000 acres of bush land and made a lot of blades of grass grow where none grew before; owned sheep and cattle; and my connection with the Little River Mill brought me into touch with cocksfoot in the first instance.

This was a wonderful project 50 years ago. The late William Wilson was the first man to introduce the seed to the Peninsula, and it became a wonderful industry. I was one of the first shippers of cocksfoot to England, and to the Continent, and I remember selling a considerable parcel by cable one day for Denmark.

They wrote to say it turned out splendidly. They asked for "Akaroa" cocksfoot, and this seed with its brand, became the standard for the world. They wrote to say it had been distributed throughout Denmark, and to clients as far as Iceland. During the last three years we have been importing cocksfoot from Denmark - probably the product of the very seed we sent them forty years ago.

Except for one man, I am the only surviving member of the first Board of Directors of the Kaiapoi Woollen Mfg. Co., although I have not been connected with the Company for many years. I am the sole survivor of the first Board of Directors of the Christchurch Tramway Co. (first horse, and afterwards steam) - every other soul has passed away - Directors, Engineers, Managers and

the first two secretaries. I am alone. We built the line from Papanui to Sumner, and its various branches. This line has now all disappeared and the present splendid electric service takes its place.

I assisted in founding the Industrial Association - the first in New Zealand. I was its first President, and presided over two exhibitions, including the Canterbury Jubilee Exhibition in 1900, when we opened the Canterbury Hall, and was a Commissioner of the International Exhibition of 1906.

I have served on a Road Board; I was for nine years a member of the Lyttelton Harbour Board, and there again every member of that Board has disappeared. The Hon. Ed. Richardson was its Chairman, and I am the only survivor - the Engineer; Mr. Napier Bell the Harbour Master, having all passed away.

This analysing of my connection with those old things is rather pathetic, but it seems inevitable. I was also one of the founders of the Union Rowing Club. I was one of a committee of four which met in the Bank of New South Wales in the office of the Inspector - Mr. Oswald Gilchrist, who was a keen rowing man.

We decided on the name of the Club - there was no Union Steamship Co. in those days. We did not copy them- they must have copied us. I was the Club's first Treasurer; Mr. Ollivier was its first Secretary, and I think there are only about five survivors of the original

members at that time. Mr. George Jameson, who is still alive and well, formed one of our most successful crew, and I know he is the only surviving member of that crew.

We were very proud to have the Rev. O'Brien Hoare as our Captain and Coach. He was an old University man and he was most successful as a coach and trainer.

Among other events in my life, and for which no particular merit is due to me (except that I got off the mark quickly) is that I have celebrated a Golden Wedding.

I shall plod away down the rest of the long, long trail, and it does not seem long, and when the time comes for handing in my passports, I shall plead that while I have had my full share of failures and mistakes, and a full share of all the sins of omission and commission, yet I have tried to do my bit for the land I have lived in, and I believe I shall hear the verdict - "He has been a trier, pass him in".

Robert Allan.

"Earlier Christchurch"

BY

Rotarian Andrew Anderson

Charter Member.

An address delivered before the
Rotary Club on Tuesday
27th June, 1922.

BRICKS :

When the settlers from the first four ships came over the Hills to the Plains, they, or a considerable number of them, camped on a site on the southern bank of the River Avon, near where the Barbadoes Street Bridge now is.

This settlement was called "The Bricks" and was so called because a boatload of bricks had been discharged there, and even a pile of bricks made a landmark in those days. The River was largely used at first for the conveyance of the settlers' heavier goods, and that was probably the reason for the selection of this site.

After a year or so at "The Bricks" the settlers moved out to the sections they purchased in various parts of the newly-laid-out town.

My people came to Cashel Street, to the spot where we now are, and my earliest memories date from here. Ours was at first a two-roomed lean-to, and most of the other houses were of the same modest dimensions.

You may imagine the houses did not interfere much with the surrounding view. That view was pretty much like that from the deck of a ship at sea - only a tussock plain instead of water.

When looking towards the Plains, two objects stood out conspicuously against the background of the mountains -

Riccarton Bush and the Papanui Bush. Riccarton Bush was preserved by its owners, Messrs. Deans Bros. from the first, but Papanui Bush, which was much smaller, was largely used for the settlers' needs in firewood and cut timber.

I can remember seeing a Saw Pit there with the men working in it. The exact site of the Papanui Bush is about the apex formed by the Harewood Road and the North Road.

STREETS:

No streets were formed - such traffic as there was, was carried on over the tussocks. Among my earliest recollections was the formation of Cashel Street.

A Gully (one of several included in the town site) ran from near St. Michaels Church to near the Bank of N.Z. and crossed Cashel Street at its intersection with Colombo Street. This Gully was a serious obstacle and the residents, without calling for Government or other assistance, turned out and filled in the Gully themselves.

I was very young at the time, but I turned out too, and worked until some man took my spade away and said I was only digging holes and not furthering the work. I cannot remember any metal on any of the streets at that time, but High Street was the main thoroughfare, being a continuation of the Ferry Road, and it

must have had metal of some sort.

Any description of our streets in the early days would be incomplete without reference to the Bullock Drays which were so frequently to be seen on them. Farmers from the surrounding district on certain days brought in their produce and took back their stores. Through the mud of winter time, no other conveyance was possible.

The teams generally consisted of about six to eight bullocks, but often more. They were often left with an indifferent watch when the driver was doing his business. Although as a rule quiet and even somnolent, sometimes the bullocks took a fancy for a run. They were not easily stopped, and it was a great joy to the youngsters when a team got away.

WATER LYING:

In the winter, a great deal of water lay in parts of the town site. One lake stretched from Mason Struthers' corner to Thom Street and Manchester Street. Deep ditches were dug in various streets to relieve this condition.

Moorhouse Avenue and that part now occupied by the Roman Catholic Cathedral was swamp. Traffic was confined in these parts to small boys like myself who jumped from niggerhead to niggerhead on their lawful or unlawful occasions.

The said small boys peregrinated a good deal on stilts when the water was lying - not effeminate stilts with long shafts for handles, but stilts cut off and tied with flax to the leg below the knee - plenty of freedom of action then.

BRIDGES.

Bridges over the River were few. I think Victoria Street was the first, but Colombo Street Bridge was the one I remember best for over it came the Kaiapoi Coach daily. Perhaps it was so used because the Post Office was close to it, at or near the corner of Colombo and Chester Streets.

Another means of crossing the river was by Fords. The principal ford was in Hereford Street, just above the Island which afterwards was the site of Inwood's Flour Mill.

Another near the Royal Hotel was called Fisher's Ford from Dr. Fisher who lived on Oxford Terrace nearby, and used it a great deal. Dr. Fisher's site, or a site close by, has been occupied by a Doctor ever since his day.

SCHOOLS.

My earliest recollection of going to school was through the tutu and fern of the now thickly built-on Triangle.

The first school was started by and was under the control of the Wesleyan Church. The school was in the Church itself, and its site was near where Petersen's now is.

A larger Church was built later a little further north in High Street. The Presbyterians later started a school which my brother and I attended. This was opposite the Hospital and it served for some years.

Later, the school building was taken bodily to the present West Christchurch School site and was towed there on wheels by the boys themselves.

Christ's College had its infancy on a site in Lichfield Street opposite St. Michael's. It was then known as the Grammar School.

Of the people I naturally remember best those with whom I came in contact. My father had his Smithy at the Eastern side of his section, while his dwelling was on the Western side.

Material for his work was very difficult to obtain, and I remember him telling us of one incident which is illustrative of the difficulties those early settlers had to face.

He required a bar of iron of a particular size for an urgent job. It was in Lyttelton, but the roads were impassable for wheel traffic. He walked over via the Bridle Path, got his iron and

walked back with it on his shoulder. The mud of the Ferry Road - deep, tenacious mud and miles of it - nearly conquered him, but at last he got home thoroughly exhausted, but with his iron.

I have often marvelled how my father managed to purchase, import and instal his first Steam Engine and Foundry Plant. I can remember the Boiler in particular, because it arrived late on a Saturday, and my brother John got inside it in his Sunday clothes early next day. His action was unfavourably criticised.

The first cast was the occasion of a function when all the notables came and speeches were made. It also brought out all the neighbours to watch the great blaze from the cupola, and the molten metal being run. This was in 1857, and the engine then started was in constant use until 1895.

WATER SUPPLY.

Those whose homes were near the river availed themselves of that clear cool stream, but those more remote dug wells. These were not very deep and they did not act as collectors of water, but as a means of tapping an underground stream. Looking down our well, which was close to where this building now stands, we could see the clear stream running at the bottom.

The first Mayor of Christchurch was Mr. Wm. Wilson - a man of

outstanding ability. He had held some position on Lord Ross' estate and was skilled in all matters relative to horticulture. His garden occupied the whole block bounded by Manchester, Cashel, Madras and Lichfield Streets, and it was, even in those early days, cultivated to its fullest extent.

Mr. Wilson married the eldest daughter of Mrs. Williams, who is also worthy of mention for the grit and determination she showed in very trying conditions. Her husband died suddenly on the Port Hills on his first journey from Lyttelton to the Plains, leaving his wife and large family to make their effort alone in the new land. This they did most successfully by starting a drapery establishment at the Market Place, as Victoria Square was called then.

Another close neighbour was Mr. Thacker, father of our present Mayor. Mr. Thacker's energies were devoted in the early days to running vessels up the Heathcote. Insurance for this dangerous trade could not be obtained, and Mr. Thacker sustained heavy losses, but on the other hand he made good profits.

His section was that now occupied by Turnbull & Jones in Cashel Street, and I remember how the deck houses and other parts of one of his wrecked steamers were brought up to his section and used for building.

A shoemaker occupied a cabin thus formed and did a good trade. Mr

Thacker afterwards went to O'Kain's Bay where he had work in plenty for his plucky fighting spirit to tackle. He made good, as we all know.

Many others I could mention of that sturdy community.. Fitzgerald who started the "Press" newspaper and drove about in a gig with tremendous wheels - fully twice as large as ordinary wheels.

Nabob Wilson - a man of great energy and courage. Bowen, Moorhouse, and many others whose names are written in our history.

The Heathcote River was much used by trading craft and often there were a dozen vessels at least at the various wharves. The highest wharf was a little upstream from Radley Bridge.

One vessel I remember seeing at one of the wharves was the "Rifleman", a three-masted schooner. She was the ship which was seized by Te Kooti at the Chathams and brought him and his gang back to New Zealand to perpetrate the Poverty Bay Massacres.

Communication with Lyttelton was, of course, of great importance. It was done variously. You could ride all the way, or you could walk all the way, or you could take coach to the foot of the Bridle Path and then walk over. The coach was ferried over the Heathcote by a punt.

Another way which was

used by those having luggage was by coach via Sumner. These coaches, of course, did not exist in the very early days, but were of later date. Lots of people have until recently motored over the Zig-zag and generally were a bit nervous on it. I wonder how they would have fancied going over it with a four-horse team driven by a man who took a pride in doing it in style - a few whiskeys as a rule added to the said style.

Coaches also ran to Kaiapoi and beyond. Kaiapoi was a great shipping port in those days. Another port further north was Saltwater Creek. This was also a busy place and boasted a large hotel as well as other buildings.

We had our amusements in the early days. A travelling conjuror named Jacobs gave us a first-rate show (in our Town Hall of many uses) and his performance would be considered good to-day.

Foley's circus also visited us, and the show was a source of great delight to the young fry of the day. The big tent was pitched on a vacant section close to the White Hart Hotel.

Our old Town Hall has often been cited as an example of the many uses to which one building can be put. It is within my experience to have attended Church there; entertainments, (such as Jacobs above-mentioned); Captain Wilson's exhibition of his mesmeric power; Bazaars, and a Supreme Court, where on one occasion a woman was tried for her life. The allegation was that she had poisoned her husband, a well-known man, but she got off.

These, Chairman, and fellow rotarians, are a few recollections that have occurred to me of the period of my childhood. If time allowed, no doubt I could add many more, and probably succeed in wearying you.

I thank you for the kind interest you have taken in my little talk.

Andrew Anderson.

"The Opening up of the Canterbury West Coast".

by

Mr. A. Dudley Dobson, C.E.

Formerly City Surveyor
Christchurch.

An address delivered before the
Rotary Club on Tuesday
25th July, 1922.

After the luncheon, the President said - "I have already introduced to you our old friend, Mr. A. Dudley Dobson, and in a few minutes, will ask him to address us on a subject which, I am sure, will be of the greatest interest to every member present."

"The Opening up of the Canterbury West Coast" was one of the most important and interesting events associated with the connection of the East and West Coasts of the South Island of New Zealand. Only scant records are available and Mr. Dobson's contribution will become very valuable, more especially as he was the pioneer, and owing to his strenuous and daring work the mountain pass was found which will probably to the end of time bear his name.

Mr. A. Dudley Dobson -

You know of course that this Island is called by the Maoris "Te Wahi Pounamu" - the place or locus of the Pounamu, or greenstone, and the actual loci were the rivers Teremakau and Arahura, a region that, in Maori times, was always debatable ground.

Some of the Maoris from the North Island came all the way by sea in their sea-going canoes for the much-prized greenstone; others crossed Cook's Strait in canoes, came down the east

coast of the South Island, thence over the Hurunui Saddle to the valley of the Teremakau, where they built mokihis (flax-stick rafts) in which they floated down the Teremakau Gorge.

Sometimes the North Islanders bargained with the Coast natives for the greenstone, and sometimes they fought for it.

The greenstone was found principally in the Hohonu Creek (now called Greenstone Creek) and lay in the riverbed in large boulders. It was found in the same form in the Arahura. So far greenstone has not been found in situ, but always in large boulders in drift formation.

Up to 1862 none of the Canterbury people knew anything about the part of the West Coast at that time included in the Province of Canterbury. To them it was a terra incognita.

The late Mr. Leonard Harper was one of the first from Canterbury to go over the Hurunui Saddle to the Coast, but he returned with very little information except that the country was covered with dense bush.

Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon", went over some years afterwards. A few stragglers managed to get through when prospecting for gold. They were not able to take much food with them, and on reaching the Grey they got into difficulties through supplies running

short, but were rescued by the Maoris who provided them with enough food to take them to the Buller.

It would be a long story to tell you of the journeys from Nelson made by Mr. (later Sir) William Fox; by Mr. Heaphy; and by Mr. James Mackay, who went to negotiate for the purchase of lands from the Maoris.

He was followed almost immediately by Dr. (later Sir Julius) von Haast, who was accompanied by Mr. Burnett, a mining surveyor. They went as far as the Grey and reported on the country from a geological and mining point of view. These gentlemen, however, never got much below the Grey and really never entered the West Coast part of Canterbury.

In 1862 or 1863 the Provincial Government of Canterbury decided to establish a relief store at the Grey. Gold had been found all through the Buller and Upper Grey and the diggers were beginning to work down the Grey Valley.

A little before this time, Whitcombe, an engineer, had crossed the ranges and reached Hokitika. He and a man named Louper were drowned in attempting to cross the Taramakau - an attempt they should not have made.

The Government sent a vessel, named, I think, the "Ocean Wave" to establish a relief store, and a party in charge of Mr. Charlton Howitt, a son of the celebrated authors - William and

Mary Howitt - was sent to blaze a line along the old Maori route. The Maoris did not make a track because that would have allowed their enemies to follow them - they always hid the evidences of their movements as much as possible and made their journeys through the bush, along the bed of the Teremakau to the coast, that being the easiest route, they could find.

At the beginning of 1863, the Government decided that they must know something about the West Coast and advertised for surveyors to survey it from the Grey to the southern boundary. This area was divided into two - one 75 miles long from the Grey to Abut Head; and the second from Abut Head to the southern boundary.

I was then just over twenty-one years of age and thought that it was time I did something, and I tendered for the first section and got it. The man who got the other section laughed at a boy taking on such a job. He was a middle-aged man of considerable experience. The Government evidently did not think that I was too young to undertake the job.

My first concern was to get an outfit together , a matter that took about six weeks to accomplish. I went to Nelson and chartered a little schooner as none of the owners of boats would undertake to convey me and my party down the coast for a fixed sum.

If I had known then as much as I do now, I would have bought the vessel and put her ashore about the middle of my

contract. As a matter of fact I paid for the charter about twice as much as the vessel was worth.

I packed all my stores in drapery cases, putting in each case flour, bacon, tea, sugar, and other necessaries in the required proportions. The zinc linings of the cases were carefully soldered and well secured with iron hoops. The stores were thus thoroughly secured from water and rats.

We sailed from Nelson on 6th August, the party consisting of twelve men. As indicating how small the vessel was, I may say that the cabin was 8 ft. by 6 ft.; there were six bunks in it which were more like bee cells than berths. If I wanted to turn on my pillow I had to pull my pillow out first. The first day out we struck heavy weather off Separation Point, and we lay the first night in Tonga.

On the 10th we were out in the Straits and, meeting with heavy weather, were compelled to run back and shelter at the Croixelles, where we spent two days.

On the 13th we sailed again and got off Cape Farewell, but again met with very heavy weather and we ran back to D'Urville Island and sheltered in Greville Harbour on the western side of the Island. This harbour has a little boulder bank similar to the one at Nelson, and is an excellent place to take shelter.

After lying there for a week, which we spent fishing and pig-hunting, we

resumed our voyage on the 25th and got as far as Rocks Point when we encountered another blow and the heavy weather continued. If it was not blowing from the South-west, it was blowing from the North-west and the ship was generally hove-to under balanced reefed main sail and a storm jib.

On 11th September the weather cleared and we found that we were lying off Mount Cook. We then sailed up to the Grey and recognised it from the sketches on the Admiralty Chart. The sea appeared to be fairly calm and we took the bar at noon on the 13th.

We stripped to our flannels, ready for a swim and stood by the running rigging. We soon got into the heavy rollers and by and by what the sailors call "the Bishop" came along - a big tall fellow of a wave, with the sun shining through the top where it broke.

It came down upon us like a wall and struck off both weather and lee bulwarks between the mast, breaking the lashings of the boat which was lying, bottom up, on the main hatch. When such waves broke over us we were washed off our feet, our hold on the running rigging saving us from being swept overboard. When the water left us we were bumped on the deck.

This went on for some time - it seemed hours to us - and the vessel drifted northwards up the coast until, finally, a big wave landed her amongst the drift timber which strewed the beach.

We scrambled ashore and on the beach we found a number of Maoris and Mr Townshend and two of his men waiting to assist us. Mr. Townshend was in charge of the Government relief store at the Grey.

We got all the cargo out of the boat and took it to the camp I established in the bush on the southern bank of the Grey. We examined the boat but found it all stove-in. My bargain with the owner was that he was to land me, so when she went ashore, that ended the whole business as far as any obligations on my part were concerned.

The crew made their way back to the Buller where there was a considerable township at Westport, and where much gold-digging was going on.

When my camp had been fully established my men were set to work. The first job was to start a survey of the Grey. I had good bush hands with me and they cut bush lines. I got a half-caste - Fred. Reid, who knew enough English to make himself understood in very simple things, and a Maori, who rejoiced in the name of John Wesley, and his wife, and we went down the beach to see what the country was like and to ascertain the best method of starting the work in that region.

When I got back to the Grey, the first thing I heard was that Townshend and one of his men had been drowned while attempting to bring a whale boat, in which they had come from Hokitika, over the Grey Bar. Two of my men were old whalers and

signalled to Mr. Townshend to come ashore on the beach; but they decided to try the bar on which they capsized.

Of the five in the boat, three were drowned - a white man named Sherrin and a Maori named Simeon managed to get ashore. When Simeon reached the beach, his wife, who was sitting smoking and looking on, said to him : "Simeon, where's your swag?" He replied - "In the boat". She said "Go and get it", and Simeon immediately made for the boat, and, when the waves turned it right side up, he got in, undid the swag and swam ashore with it.

Shortly afterwards a man came down from Lake Brunner and reported that he was the only one left of Howitt's party. They had gone sailing near the outlet of the lake into the river - Kotukukaokao (the Arnold) in a green canoe. When they got to the mouth of the river (i.e. the outlet of the Brunner) the canoe capsized.

The only man saved was the cook and he would have been with the party, but for the fact that he had cut his foot with an axe.

This news so disheartened my men that they decided to leave, and they advised me to go too, saying that we would all be drowned. I paid off the men and they made their way to the Buller.

I went to the Maori Pah at the Grey where Terapuhi was chief. He was a dignified rangitira of the old school - quite a gentleman in his way, very dignified

and hospitable. He said to me - "You great fool to come here with white men; you should get Maoris; white men all getting drowned".

By this time I had come to realise that the work could be done satisfactorily only by Maoris, but before I could employ them it was necessary that I should know the language.

I found a Testament in Maori at the Pah, and as I had been, in my younger days, three years with my Uncle the Rev. Charles Dobson, of Buckland, Tasmania, and as I had to learn the collect and gospel every Sunday during that period, I knew a great deal of the New Testament by heart, consequently when I got a copy of the Testament in the Maori language, I was able, in a fortnight, with very little assistance from Fred. Reid as to how to use the verbs, to carry on an ordinary conversation in Maori with ease.

At once I got together a party of Maoris who knew where mussels were to be found on the beach and where woodhens and eels could be got inland. I told them that they had to look after me and my field books, or otherwise there would be no pay for them.

The result was that I lived like a fighting cock and never had a wet blanket, nor ever was in any serious danger when crossing rivers.

I found the natives

very amusing fellows - they sang songs and danced, and generally proved first class hands for the kind of work I was engaged upon.

In about six months I had surveyed the whole of the beach and had established camps at the mouths of the rivers, I had to survey. In time the Maoris got tired of the work, though I gave them tobacco, and on no day did they have to work very hard. On account of the wet weather they spent much of their time lying in their tents, but they had earned a little money and wanted to go to Kaiapoi to spend it.

I therefore arranged to use them to carry the survey up the Teremakau as far as Lake Sumner, thus joining up the East and West Coasts surveys.

When this was completed I went to Christchurch to report progress and also to get horses which I intended taking over the Hurumui Saddle to the Coast. Terapuhi had told me that there was a low pass into the Waimakariri, but that it was a difficult route.

I followed the Waimakariri upstream with the object of finding a better pass than the Hurumui. I went up the tributary of the Waimakariri that I named the Bealey, and discovered the pass now known as Arthur's Pass. I did not, however name it.

I named Mount Rolleston. I found that the pass was quite impracticable for horses in the absence of a road.

Immediately I reported to the Government, my late brother, Mr. George Dobson, was sent by the Government to report on all the passes at the head of the Waimakariri, and he reported that the best one was "Arthur's Pass" and from that reference the Pass got its name.

When I found that I could not get horses to the coast by this route, I took them over via the Hurunui Saddle, swimming them down the Taramakau Gorge to the beach.

By this time I knew the requirements of the coast work, and I took white men with me - sailors who were used to rough work.

I finished the job within a few weeks of the contract time and I received an official letter from Mr. Cass, the Chief Surveyor, thanking me for the manner in which I had carried it out and commending me for having accomplished the work in such difficult circumstances.

That was what the boy did. What about the man who undertook the other part of the coast? He attempted to do it in boats and drowned half his men. In four months he was back and was asking for a compassionate allowance for his losses, as he had done no work for which he could claim payment.

By the time I had finished, the big rush to the Grey diggings had begun. In trying a prospect of the black sand on the beach, one of my men said

that if he could only get bottom he would make a fortune. I said - "What is the necessity for finding bottom if you have found the gold?" "If you had read your Bible you would have seen that the ancient peoples saved similar gold on sheepskins".

Afterwards all this ground was worked and the gold was saved, at first on blankets and afterwards on quicksilvered plates.

An instance of Maori superstition which came under my own observation, will probably interest you.

There is a place near the junction of the Arnold and the Grey - about 60 claims up the river, which had a very bad name amongst the Maoris. I wanted to camp there, but Terapuhi said to me - "Do not camp there. It is a very bad place".

I said - "I do not see why I should not". "Well", he said "if you do, I will come too". We camped on the spot and it came on to rain. I told my men that we were going to have a flood, and two or three days rain, and as it was no use them eating up the tucker, I told them they had better go to the Grey. This they did.

Terapuhi said there would be weeks of bad weather. I said - "I'll stay here". Terapuhi said - "Don't stop here by yourself. If you do, something terrible will happen to you. If you stop, I'll stop too".

The first and second nights nothing happened; the third night Terapuhi said: "There's something very bad". I said "What is it?" He replied - "Taepo". This word is from the verb "tae", to arrive, and, connected with "po", means any fearsome thing that arrives at night.

I said - "Ask Taepo to come in". Terapuhi a big, powerful, athletic man began to shake; he was very frightened. "May I come to your side and sleep with you?" he asked. There were two logs on each side of the Maori whare with a fire in the middle. Terapuhi came over to my side; he was shaking with fear. He said "He is coming in".

I asked; "What is he like?" He replied - "He's like a pig. He is putting his head through bundles of raupo; now his shoulders are in; now all of him is in. Now his head is turning into a man's head; now his fore-legs are like a man's arms; now he is quite like a little man; now he is sitting down on the log by the fire".

I asked - "Can you see his face?" He replied "No, if we see his face, we shall die, but he has his back to us".

By this time Terapuhi was in a state of most terrific funk. By and by he said; "He is going" and described how it gradually shrunk from a man to a pig and disappeared.

I thank you for listening to my little narrative; it is not always that I get such an attentive audience.

The President :

I am sure we are much indebted to Mr. Dobson for the very interesting account he has given of his early experiences.

Mr. Dobson has expressed his willingness to answer any questions that he possibly can if any Rotarian desires any further information.

Rotarian O.T.J. Alpers :

Said he wanted to ask Mr. Dobson why he did not finish his story by telling what he (the speaker) considered the most dramatic part of it - that fifty years after Mr. Dobson discovered Arthur's Pass, Joe. Grimmond of Ross, crawled through the six miles and a half tunnel under Arthur's pass.

Rotarian Geo. T. Booth :

asked what was the area, or approximate area, that Mr. Dobson surveyed.

Mr. Dobson said that it was about 2,000 square miles from the Grey to Abut Head and inland to the watershed.

Rotarian R. Allan :

Said he was much interested in Mr. Dobson's narrative. Mr. Dobson was a gold-mine of information if they only handled him right.

There were many matters connected with early Canterbury and Mr. Dobson's own particular work that ought to be placed on record, and he knew of no other institution, beside the Rotary Club, that could get that information.

He looked upon Mr. Dobson as probably their most distinguished citizen and a man whose life was an object lesson to the whole community. Mr. Dobson had just started business again though he was the eldest man in the room. That he should take up this engineering work as a matter of course, after retiring from his great work in connection with the State, was a credit to him and to those he lived amongst.

Mr. Dobson :

Replying to a question on the subject said that the road to the West Coast, via Arthur's Pass, was made shortly after the Pass was discovered - it must have been in 1865.

On the President's motion, and by acclamation, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Dobson.

In acknowledging the vote of thanks, Mr. Dobson said that he would be only too pleased, if the Club so desired, to give another address dealing with incidents that occurred in those old times.

Upon the call of Rotarian Alpers, cheers were given for the three typical early settlers present -

Messrs. Robert Allan
Andrew Anderson
A. Dudley Dobson.
