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Arch 334

The Family
Travel Book.

1864—1901-2

Arch 334

Account of journey from
Melbourne to Limerick in the
winter of 1864. M. Kridge

As it is over thirty four years since our family came to New Zealand, a few reminiscences of that time and our journey over from Melbourne may be interesting to my children, their mother being then a little girl of seven. In that interval of time the facilities for travelling have so increased and the very route and mode of getting from Lyttelton to Christchurch so totally changed that the veritable simple details of my early travels may read to my children like "a story". As I was very young and in delicate health after a long and severe attack of scarlet fever, I can not give a very copious narrative. But my memory was remarkably good for a child, being a family gift, and what I do remember is accurately stated as far as it goes. Then the wonderland of our journey, the unaccustomed scenes into which I was plunged, made a deep impression upon a shy reserved child who

was yet very observant, who had already read a great deal and yearned to see and hear of other places and things. The retiring again after a couple of months into a very dull round of life and lessons deepened the effect upon the mind which naturally fed for long upon the complete change into her little life which this journey had brought about. We stayed at a hotel in Melbourne for some time before embarking. I can recall now the large dining room with its tall mirrors touching the floor and lining the walls, so bewildering the little girl who saw numerous counterparts advancing to meet her as she walked. Also on the few occasions when I was taken out with my mother, having to wait a very long time at the crowded street crossings to re-join her and my little brother who had got safely across and were waiting impatiently on the other side. How my heart can be at the

crowds, the horses and carriages - the passage was never clear of traffic, I believe a policeman occasionally took pity on the frightened child and led her by the hand across in safety. Then as in a dream we were on board the Alhambra bound for Lyttelton. I was very ill and retain little but an abiding memory of the misery of the voyage with its constant cold and rain. It was mid-winter, June ~~July~~ 1864, so the weather was naturally cheerless. The Lytton Opera Troupe were on board and a large number of passengers, making a full steamer. Once or twice I heard beautiful strains of music, probably the prima-donna and the tenor giving a concert in the saloon. How heavenly it sounded in the ears of the miserable sick child who could seldom get up. My mother was very ill on the voyage and her little son occupied nearly all the attention she was able to give. One of the Opera troupe was made known to me once in an interval on deck, he wore a large

red neckerchief round his throat probably to protect his voice - or he may have had a cold. I took a strong dislike to him, he wore such a disreputable air in my eyes, accentuated by a slightly unkempt & haggard appearance and the red neckerchief. He made many kindly efforts to amuse me, they were all in vain, I shrank from his advances. But he made a profound impression on my youthful mind all the same, for ever afterwards my childish prejudices associated the theatrical profession and large red neckerchiefs as inseparably connected, much to their disadvantage in my regards. The next thing I remember is our arrival in Lyttelton, a maze of hurry and bewilderment to a young child in a strange land. We went to the Mitre Hotel for a day I think - at any rate for a meal. Then we all went away ^{one afternoon} in a waggone over the hills to Christchurch.

along with several of our fellow passengers from the "Alhambra". No railway line and comfortable carriages as in these days, the tunnel being only then in course of construction. The Summer Road, then always called the zigzag from its turns and twists round the Port Hills, was the only thoroughfare for traffic, the Kridle Path being made use of by pedestrians or solitary horsemen, now it is an honoured short cut and excursion route for tourists and walking pic-nics. Well, our waggonette starts, and to this day I remember my state of terror through the long weary drive. I had never seen anything the least like the precipitous road up which our heavily laden vehicle dragged at least one frightened inmate. The dangerous slopes over which I expected every moment to be hurled down into the sea below us, the heights towering above us on the left, the sharp curves, the

crush of passengers and my unfortunate position in having to stand part of the way at the outer end of the vehicle — all these discomforts and nervous terrors produced a state of acute misery, the memory of which has never been effaced. To beguile the tedium of the journey for the innocent new arrivals the driver considerably rehearsed the local traditions of the road, pointing out sharp corners at which accidents had occurred, and dilating cheerfully on caprices and other tragic incidents. I distinctly remember thinking how beautiful the harbour looked that afternoon as we took a last affectionate look at the Alhambra lying out in the stream, while we slowly climbed the hills which would so soon shut her out from our sight. She was going on to Suva with cargo and our furniture, it was the first time I believe that a Melbourne steamer visited that open roadstead, It was

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borne in upon me that it was a special thing for the Alhambra to do, and I had a peculiar mixture of feelings about it, a shy secret pride that we had so many possessions and should be the cause of such a marked event, and also that it was very tiresome of us to be giving the steamer people so much trouble in causing a special journey. At Sumner we halted to rest and change horses, and the hotel where we all got out was close to the sea. We reached Christchurch at dark, and without misadventure. My father took us to Kirdsey's Hotel where we remained for some time. The two little daughters of the landlord used to pass me sometimes on the stairs or in the passages, and we indulged in many shy peeps at each other, longing yet fearing to speak. Further than this we never got, being too well brought up and too shy. I was much interested in them as being New Zealand children, having had a vague idea that all

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the little girls and boys might be brown like the Maories. After some weeks it was announced that we were to leave Christchurch and go to Timaru. This journey took place at the end of August 1864, the date being impressed strongly on my mind by the fact of my eighth birthday coming very quickly after in September. My first New Zealand birthday! We left Christchurch very early one dark cold morning, the coach with its four fresh horses starting from Cobb and Co's office in the Triangle. The Canterbury Cobb and Co were two brothers - Messrs Lee and G. Cole - and their manager was Mr. W. H. Mitchell who I understand remained with them till the firm ceased to exist owing to the construction of the main line of railway through the Island. From Christchurch to Ashburton was a long day's driving, from Ashburton to Timaru another, two full long days being spent in doing what now takes exactly three hours and forty

minutes including stoppages by our present Express train. ~~There were no passengers bridges over the dangerous rivers in those days.~~ When we came to the Rakia we had dinner at the Accommodation House kept by a Mr. Flowers, or Flower. The place was always spoken of as Flowers - and the name struck me as being so odd for a man, I had never heard it but in connection with roses, buttercups and daisies, ~~and~~ ^{and} ^{was} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all}. Nearly all the hotels or stopping places were called accommodation houses, probably because of their primitive style and conveniences. Now came the most astonishing episode in my life. There were no bridges over the dangerous and often turbulent rivers in those days, and the Rakia had to be crossed in a bullock dray. Never before had I ~~heard~~ ^{seen} or ~~seen~~ ^{heard} of bullocks, and to be actually drawn by them seemed incredible. However we were got safely over, to our relief, and the river was high enough for the bullocks to swim in some places.

and there was much talk about fords and their shifting, and the number of horsemen who got drowned in going over because the ford was carried away. We reached Ashburton in the dark, being all thoroughly tired out, and of course spending the night there. We dressed and breakfasted by candlelight once more. I think we crossed the Ashburton river in the coach, but am not sure, only remembering that it was very wide. At the Rangitata we had dinner and think we crossed this river in a boat, if not it was in another bullock dray. I can recall looking down the river at the coach being taken across in a punt to the other side, where we presently got in again and drove away along the Great South Road, as the main road was called, towards Timaru. This punting over of the coach most probably took place at the Rakia also, but I am not clear about it. We reached Timaru without any mishaps of broken poles, or bolting

bolting leaders or fractious wheelers of which we heard a good deal during those two days, and drove up in fine style in front of the Royal Hotel, where the coach always ended that last stage and deposited its passengers. The Royal was then and for long after the crack hotel of Timaru, but some years ago the Grosvenor superseded it and still ranks first, though the Royal makes a good second. Cobb and Co's Stables and booking office were very close to the Royal, situated in the same street, and the coaches always made their arrival and departure from the hotel. My father took rooms for us there till we found a house to suit us, and here the journey and my early travels came to an end.

M. Bridge. Christchurch.
April 1899.

Marian Bridge
Christchurch, January 1889

The Family Sketch Book.

Being a record of excursions of interest made by various members of the family.

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 Mrs C. J. Bridge to W. Bridge.

Account of a trip on the Peninsula (Kaikō) made by Miss Hastings, Mrs Chapman and Miss Griffin in January 1879.

We left Christchurch by the nine a.m. train, on ^{Wednesday} ~~Tuesday~~ January the 8th 1879, a party of three ladies starting on a little excursion for a summer holiday. We proposed to go from Lyttelton to Pigeon Bay by steamer, then take the coach from there and cross the range intersecting the peninsula and on to Akaroa, a seaport and small watering-place on the south. This is a French settlement, founded by a French ship-load of emigrants.

When the English government heard of the intended departure of these settlers, they determined, if possible, to forestall them, and plant the British flag on the heights of Mount Peninsula. When the French captain sailed in to the harbour confident of claiming the settlement in the

name of his master, the King of France, to his deep mortification he beheld the English flag waving a triumphant welcome to the new comers. The English ship had arrived about hours before, and Akaroa was lost to the French. But I have settled down at this picturesque spot as if it were the end of our wanderings, instead of the half way point. From thence our ^{return} route lay along the winding range slowly ascending to the summit, known as Hill Top, near the highest peak on the peninsula. Mount Then following the track down the other side to a sheltered spot called Little River, which nestles at the foot of the hills, there we will take the coach, and leave the high latitudes with their clear bracing air to resume our ordinary way of life on the low levels of the Canterbury plains. We all met in Ch. Ch. and stayed the night at the Terminus Hotel. At nine o'

clock next morning we set off in the train for Lyttelton, a journey occupying twenty five minutes. We pass through the famous tunnel, which was constructed during the term of office of Mr. Moorhouse, one of our superintendents who has made his name a household word in Canterbury, by urging on and constructing a work which but for his untiring energy would have been delayed for many years. The expense was great, and difficulties many, but it has made Christchurch the flourishing centre of business for all Canterbury, though Lyttelton has suffered thereby. The port is a struggling place, streets very steep, and well do I remember a fortnight spent there three years ago, and the amount of fatigue consequent on the shortest walk. There are a few good buildings, notably the Post Office, but the harbour

is the chief feature of the place. It is a lovely scene on a sunny day, embosomed by irregular hills upon which the play of light and shade produces most beautiful effects. It is the finest harbour in the Middle island, and to-day the wharves showed great signs of bustle and activity, and there were many large vessels at the pier. At the Christchurch station we met the Primate of New Zealand, Bishop Harper, with whom my friends were well acquainted. We were glad to find that he was travelling in our direction, intending to hold a confirmation service at Pigeon Bay. He had returned about three weeks previously from England, whither he had gone to attend the Lambeth Conference of 1848, and seemed hale and hearty as men many years his junior. His conversation was most interesting, and helped to charm

away the feelings of sea sickness which slightly obtruded themselves as we coasted along in the Akaroa. We left Lyttelton at ten o'clock, and soon passed Godly Heads, admiring the numerous pretty bays which open up along the peninsula. A strong sea breeze was blowing, that combined with resolution and the Bishop's reminiscences, prevented us feeling more than qualms. At Pigeon Bay Hotel we had dinner and went on to Akaroa in the coach which runs there tri-weekly. We now ascended the ramp, the scenery was very picturesque, the weather delightful, and F. and I had the box seat with the driver, so there was no drawback to our full enjoyment of the ride. It appeared to me to be a dangerous road, some of the inclines were very steep, and the turns abrupt and sharp. But we were assured that

there had never been an accident, owing of course to well trained horses and careful driving. The two seats had been previously engaged by some gentlemen tourists, but the driver, who had known something of my friends and was desirous of obliging them if possible, represented one of us as his sister, the other as her friend. To this laudable fiction we owed much of the pleasure we derived from our ride. We arrived in Akaroa about four p.m. and were very glad of an early tea which revived us after the intense heat. There is a lovely harbour embosomed by hills, with a long entrance from the Heads. It seems strange that a place with such good facilities for ship-ping should be so lifeless and dull, having degenerated into a quiet little watering place. The surrounding hills afford splendid views of the town and port, many are covered with bushes,

and form pleasant resorts for picnic parties. The view from our front windows was beautiful, especially in the evening when the waters were of that deep blue tint which so nearly matches those of the sky, and the lovely shadows rested on the hills in all varieties of shapes and shades. The climate seemed to us most relaxing, the heat was intense, and we felt utterly disinclined for any exertion during the day, but the evenings were delightfully cool, and after an early tea, we used to saunter out to go up some of the lanes near the house, and pursue our various occupations of reading, working and sketching. One morning we came across a curiously quaint vine-covered cottage which Miss H. recollected visiting eight years before, then occupied by a French settler named Poileau. We all went to see if the same person lived there now, and Miss H. at once recognized him in the old gentleman who came forth to greet us. The conversation was conducted in French, and he

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showed us all over his vineyard and orchard, which were in splendid order, the vines had thick stems, and were ranged in rows like currant bushes. The pear and peach trees were very fine, the branches being laden with large tempting fruits unripe, to our sorrow, as it was early in the season. Monsieur Boileau gallantly gave us each a few stalks of all his sweet smelling plants - lemon thyme, lavender, etc, and we afterwards sketched his cottage as a reminiscence of our visit. We twice went on the beach, but were disappointed in our finds, only getting three fine starfish, and one shell. I believe that at low tide very nice shells can often be gathered, but we were unfortunate in our visits. One day we procured horses, and improving a riding costume, went winding up a path round the hills, nearly getting to the top. One animal was blind of an eye, and persisted in going towards that side of the road, the other had a young foal, to which she paid an undue amount of

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attention. Notwithstanding these annoyances, which we bore with stoical fortitude, the ride was very pleasant, rewarding us by occasional glimpses of the numerous bays, and Akaroa itself with its lovely harbour and hills lay before our admiring gaze. When we reached the top, we saw the open sea, faintly stretching out into the dim horizon, calm and smooth as glass, gleaming in the sunlight, and a clear blue sky with white fleecy clouds making up a delightful picture. We were away three hours in the hottest part of the day, and were very fatigued after it, but rest and dinner refreshed us. Sunday was hot also, we went to church morning and evening. It is a pretty edifice, and boasts a stained glass window and an organ, two things not often found in a New Zealand country church. In the afternoon we took a short walk along the shore, and later on concluded the arrangements for departure next morning when at ten o'clock we said good bye with regret at leaving so pretty a place. W. Linnell

drove us up to Hill Top in a dogcart, with a very strong mountain horse who took us up the hills splendidly. Some chance remarks of Miss H's - touched a chord in the old man's memory, and he beguiled the journey with many interesting remarks on the daily habits of some of the Lake poets, in whose country he had spent his early years. When we arrived at Hill Top, we wrote them down at once, while they were fresh in our minds. During our stay at the summit which lasted two or three clear days, we were literally rained up. A steady ceaseless pourdown kept us prisoners by a large fire, and we read aloud and worked a good deal. The book which we were engaged on then was "Blue Cross", a pathetic story which often moved us greatly. At last the weather cleared, and we left immediately, as the hotel was changing hands, a sale of furniture was to be held that day, and our further presence was undesirable. It was such a lovely morning

that F. and I soon decided to walk on and enjoy the freshness, leaving Miss H. and our luggage to follow in the coach which left for Little River shortly after noon; accordingly we started at half past ten. The rain had left the road as clean and free from dust as any pedestrian could possibly wish, and the air was deliciously cool. Our way lay down the other side of the range the winding path at every fresh turn revealing some new beauty to our admiring gaze. Now - some fresh ^{view} beauty or shape in the vast amphitheatre of hills stretching up into the blue sky before us, with their ever varying lights and shades which only a Turner could depict, now - at ~~at~~ some bend a delicious little waterfall streaming gently down over logs and rocky stones - then trickling gently over our road into the creek below. The heavy rain had swollen these little mountain streams so that in some places they completely flooded the road,

and our agility was much exercised in springing from stone to stone to prevent wetting our feet. The bush was beautiful with its masses of wild convolvulus either banked together with scrub and lawyers, or wreathing round the stems of blasted trees with its fragile pure white blossoms, set in dark green foliage like stars in a wintry sky. Here and there we saw the tree fern, that most graceful of native trees, with its delicate fronds waving in the breeze, wearing that bright vivid green possessed by ferns when all around and under the stems themselves have been partly burned or scorched by the heat. Then out of the poor scarred tree like a phoenix from its ashes, grows the new lovely tent eclipsing the former shade. At one spot a little more than half way on our journey we caught a glimpse of Larre Forsyth and the narrow strip of beach between it and the sea which stretched beyond in the hazy distance, on either side the hills keeping silent watch over the blue

waters of the lake, reposing at their feet. It was a lovely sight, and would have well repaid us for our walk if there had been nothing else of interest during the way. My companion and I had a most delightful conversation about books, authors, etc. and discussing the leading topics of the day, disposed of those vexed questions of the present system of education, and the higher training of women, etc. entirely to our own satisfaction. All these pleasant conditions combined to make our walk one of the most enjoyable that could be imagined, and nothing that ~~has~~ occurred ~~since we~~ ^{during} ~~came out~~ on our excursion gave me greater pleasure. As we descended the last hill and were nearly opposite the English Church at Little River, on that day opened for divine service by the Bristle, the coach came up, so we gladly got in and drove the short remaining distance to the hotel. We had walked over six miles out of the seven between Gill Top and Little River, so felt we had distinguished

ourselves sufficiently. Mr and Mrs Offord kept the hotel, and although the landlady was away, yet our wants were well attended to by the servant. Here we again met the Bishop, who had come up the day before to consecrate the church and attend the tea and entertainment to have been held the same evening. But it had rained here as well as at Hill Top, and all arrangements were postponed till today. The consecration service was over, but we determined not to lose the remaining festivity. The Bishop bade us goodbye, telling us that the offertory that morning had amounted to eighteen pounds. He was obliged to return to Christchurch that afternoon, owing to previous engagements, and could not stay for the meeting. ^{We} were very sorry, as we should have liked to hear his address. During the afternoon Walter Bridge and Regie Coles arrived, to our great delight bringing a letter from George, posted at Aden, and written in the highest spirits, describing

entertainingly the various events of the voyage. At six o'clock we all went to the schoolroom where the tea meeting was to be held, and sat down to a most liberal repast. The small room was crowded to excess at the after meeting when music, and two or three addresses constituted the entertainment, but as we were very tired, we did not stay long. We were glad to meet again the Westropps, who had been so kind when Miss Hastings and I were here a few months ago. Next day, Mr Westropp took us out on the river (Wai-were), which we enjoyed greatly. In the evening, he and his wife came to bid us goodbye. We left the next morning in a trap, driving as far as Wascov's Hotel at Lake Forsyth. Little River or Wai-were, as the natives called it, possesses in a great degree many of the attractions of beautiful scenery. From our sitting room window, we had a lovely view of the hills, four distinct ridges of which run down into the valley, each thickly covered with bush to the

summits. Below these the river slowly winds along, right on in front of the house down to Lake Forsythe, of which from the front bedrooms there is a beautiful view. We saw it with the sun shining upon it in all the power of its meridian glory — a solid background of hills surveying the scene with contemptive calm. There are also inducements to sportsmen in the quantity and excellence of game, so that it is a place of varied attractions. We had arranged with Mr. Olphert to drive us to Moscoe's, choosing this way of going to the heat and close air of the coach, accordingly after a hasty lunch, we started off. Our way lay along the shores of the lake. Most of the time, the water in little wavelets rolling up within a foot of the road, while on the other side of us the hills towered, covered with scrub and fern. Their formation seemed very wonderful, ~~at~~ one in particular consisted of layer upon layer of piled up rugged rocks. In some places,

there was prettier bush than we had yet seen, with magnificent totaras standing out amongst the bright evergreen *Mihau*, which is the principal element in New Zealand bush. The road though quite level, was stony, rocks were scattered about in great abundance, and the path was as winding as the other roads we had travelled on since going to the peninsula. Then at once, just as we turned round to take our last look at Little River, which looked more picturesque than ever, like a Swiss view. The soft lights and the dark heavy bush with masses of overhanging clouds in the most diversified shapes all lent a peculiar charm to this retired and lovely scene. There is soon to be a railway constructed between Lincoln and Little River, when that is opened, tourists will more widely know the many beauties of the country. At Moscoe's we got into the coach, disappointed.

ed about the box seats, as two gentlemen had occupied them from Atkarua, and declined to give them up. I can hardly blame them for being so disinclined, as it requires a great deal of unselfishness, (not generally found in the male species) to vacate the pleasant seats and crowd into the stuffy inside with women and troublesome children.

A Maori woman of twice the usual size sat opposite to us, she should certainly have paid a double fare. She was a restless being, would take off her hat and arrange her attire during which she would flip her arms about in a most alarming fashion, then give vent to gigantic yawns. Presently two Maories rode up alongside the coach, when she took off her hat waving it and gesticulating wildly to them. They conversed in Maori, then rode away, when she explained to us that they were her husband and nephew. This part of our

journey was very uninteresting, as we had left the beautiful Little Peninsula, and were on the monotonous plains once more. When we reached Taiapu, our friends were waiting to drive us home, and our excursion was ended, leaving us however, a store of pleasant memories.

W. G. 1879.

Mr. Simckell's Recollections
of the Lake Poets

Seen Mr. Wordsworth? Ay, and knowen him too for over thirty five year and more, knew him well for fifteen. Drove him to picnics times out of number, always sat on the seat along with me. "Did he talk?" Talk! yes and smoke too. Give me a whiff of your pipe, post boy, he'd say, and that then he'd be content. I never saw him proud or fine but once, and that was when the Dowager Duchess you mind her — "Oh yes, of Kent?" Yes, that's her, the Queen's mother, you know, she came to see him once. Didn't he strut and walk then with her on his arm — a showing the place off. "He wasn't smoking then, I suppose?" No, no, (with a laugh) not that time. "Have you read any of his poems?" Oh yes, since I came out to New Zealand and heard people talking about them, but we thought nothing on him at home, no more than a stone in the dock.

"Have you seen Rydal Hall?" Yes ma'am, and seen the old Lady Le Fleming he wrote the poem too. "Did you ever see his sister?" Oh, yes, she wrote his poetry for him, she helped him a lot she did — they were ugly, you couldn't see two people uglier to be human and made in God's image like. "But their minds — they were beautiful". Oh, mind was all right, and vice kind ways, both on 'em, but such ugly faces. The sister never went out, "made deformed like somebod", "His daughter was she nice looking?" Well, I don't remember her much, she went away young, but the sons, three fine young fellows, never 'ud think they'd such ugly parents. Wordsworth was poor, the nobility kept him up, but there was something noble in him, he didn't like it. "Wordsworth's best friend, Southey — did you ever hear of him?"

Says, yes ma'am - he lived at Keswick. I was a courtin a young woman as lived in service at his house - such a quiet place, never see a human being from Monday morning to Saturday night - you might as well be up one of those hills in the middle of the bush where no one ever was afore for hearing any-thing. She (the servant) used to put the meals on the table and ring the bell to give warning that it was meal time and go in two or three hours after and it wd never be touched. Breakfast dinner or tea, didn't matter which.

"Poor man, no wonder he became ill and broken down in health - was he married again when you knew him?"

Never heard on his wife - "Oh yes, after his first wife died in the asylum, he married again." Oh, well, I never heard on it afore, but I knew all the country for a hundred miles about Helvellyn and didn't know or care much about

those people's doings. Heard some talk on 'em here, more than ever was said at home, people took no notice on 'em, we thought nothing on 'em. "Did you ever see Coleridge?" What, Hartley Coleridge! dozens of times. Knew him well. He lived at Nab's Scar, and boarded in the same house as I lived in - his mother paid it always, he couldn't be trusted with money. "Through drink, I suppose."

Yes ma'am - Do you know how he started drinking? It was when he passed some examinations, and the students set him off, then he never gave it up. No matter what society he was in, if he got two or three shillings in his pocket, he'd leave the gentry and go straight to some low pot house, and drink away with the worst on 'em. Many's the time he'd say to me, "John, lend me sixpence". Haven't got one, says I, "Oh, I know better than that, he'd

say, "come along, just one sixpence, John". Many a one I've given him to get him with - that was what he liked poor fellow. Read too - I've sat and listened to him reading four hours at a time and never moved once. But never thought he could write much, too delirious for that I thought. "Facilable, I suppose?" Yes, very. He was the best runner in England too, "A little man, wasn't he?" Yes, indeed, only five feet four inches high, but a clever fellow that he was. But law, all these fellows, we thought nothing on 'em at home, we didn't; It's only out here we find out what they've done for the country, the lake country, why land wasn't worth half a crown an acre there, and through all their writings, its sold for hundreds an acre now, made some poor folks' fortunes I can tell you. But we took no account on 'em at all, no more than a stone on the road.

Hill Top, Jan - 1879.

a drive to Lake Ellesmere
from Leston.

A bright sunny morning, a strong N.E. wind blowing the hair into one's eye and the cobwebs from one's brain, and I, full of the exhilaration of spirits which rapid motion in the fresh breezy weather always produces in me, am being driven in the direction of the lake. Our destination lies about five miles off, and is separated from the sea by a broad shingle bank, it has one narrow outlet, and but for its size, would be more strictly termed a lagoon or arm of the sea. To day there is a mist hanging over the hills above the lake which prevented any of the views being particularly pretty. The scenery is tame, devoid of bustle, and depends entirely upon the varied lights and shadows visible on a clear sunny day. The water is shallow, allowing only punts and fishermen's boats to cruise on its surface. It is the principal source of fish for the Ellesmere district and the city of Christchurch, the supplies being sent thither regularly by train.

Quite a colony of fishermen with their wives and families are settled on the northern and western shores, and are principally Italians. There was not much expanse of water to be seen today, as the lake has to be let out periodically, especially after heavy weather to prevent an overflow. This is done by cutting a passage through the dike, which the pressure of water keeps open during the first rush of drainage. A great portion of the flat is thus left in a swampy condition, from which the odours emanating as we passed were anything but balmy and refreshing. The dangerous and rapid River Selwyn flows into the lake, and various small creeks contribute their quota to its enlargement. Our way lay through a cultivated district, farms all around and large horse hedges on either side in full bloom, giving forth their sweet spring scent. One of the prettiest spots we passed was a place named Kirilij's Brook,

with a delightful glimpse of running water, bordered by a plantation on one side and willows *toi toi*, and native grass on the other. The trees and herbs with luxurious undergrowth gave ample materials for a very pretty sketch. Skirting the shore for a short distance we came to the timber yard where stood a forsaken looking shed; piles of timber lay around, and a rickety wooden jetty close by, not a person visible about the place, all was unbroken solitude. Dr. Chapman explained to me that the trade ^{which had once been flourishing,} had fallen off, principally owing to the supplies of timber becoming exhausted, and the fatal shortsightedness of the people in neglecting to plant trees either on barren spots or to replace those cut down. Thus the trade had drifted away into other channels. The timber is cut down on peninsula side, among the hills, and floated across in large punts worked with a sail and manned by two or three men. At one time they were taken in

Tow by a small steamer but that was gradually found to be but seldom practicable, as the depth of mud was often too great & the water too shallow for navigation. So the punts are now relied on altogether, and if adverse winds arise, they may be out for some days, weather bound, and causing great anxiety to their families. When the boats arrival is expected, signs of life gather around yard and jetty, but to day all was silent and desolate, and after gazing a while, we turned homewards, leaving the sheet of blue water and the dim hills fast receding from us into the far distance.

W. Bridge.
August 1880.

Visit to Wellington.

In March 1886 Hastings and I visited Wellington for change of air and scene, as my health was very bad, and also with a view of testing the requirements of the place as regards surgeons. We went up in the Parawera (March 5th) which was pretty crowded, many passengers going up to catch the *Arawa* for England. We had rooms at Miss Ivis, Mulgrave Street, opposite Bishop's Court. There we remained for five weeks enjoying the beautiful scenery of the harbour, and renewing old friendships, as well as forming new acquaintances. We saw a good deal of Mr & Mrs Couber at Retoune, who formerly lived at Christchurch, also of the Mansfields at Newtown, old Liners friends. In the society of the latter we made an excursion to Featherston on the famous Rimutaka line on St Patrick's Day. The scenery is lovely, the railway being laid out along the curves

of the hills, the track being often quite serpentine, above you are the "everlasting hills" generally clothed with magnificent bush - below lies a fearful precipice either veiled in dense verdure or stripped bare by the violence of the winds tearing down the gorges.

You look out of the carriage window and see ahead the engine pioneering cautiously, looking back are seen the end carriages far round the narrow curve. An accident here means death to some and probably life long injury to many. Only one has yet occurred owing to the great danger causing the utmost caution to be used. The sad affair happened some years ago at a place where the wind blows furiously, all the trees are bleached, and stripped of every twig and leaf, they stand like ghostly sentinels, gaunt and spectral. This point is named Liberia, as typical of desolation. Now breakwinds are erect-

ed which lessen the force of the gales and consequently the dangers of the spot. There are numerous tunnels on this line, which altogether is a most picturesque one. We unfortunately had a grey day for our trip, the beauties of hills and bush would have been greatly enhanced by the sunshine which is so necessary to throw up lights and shadows, and bring out the many tints and shades of green among the forest trees. We lunched at Featherston, meeting here a Christchurch friend, Mr. Hallam, of the Bank of Australasia, then engaged and since married to Miss Nellie Ormond, whom we know well. We also made excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, Plimmerton Petone and Lower Hutt, I particularly enjoyed listening to the waters lapping the bank along which the Petone train runs, the railway winds along the harbour for a few miles, and

the country is interesting. We walked one day through the Ngahauranga Gorge, a beautiful bit of hilly bush. We also went out to Karori and saw the Paseris at their quaint parsonage. But the harbour is the great attraction of Wellington, it is a very fine one embosomed by hills and of magnificent capabilities. The views of it are entrancing and easily obtained from almost any point in the city. We were hospitably entertained by the Ven Archdeacon and Mrs Stock - Mr & Mrs Fawcett, and received several invitations which we were unable to accept owing to my illness. While in lodging, I had an attack of congestion, and was attended by Dr Kemp. After my recovery, Hastings returned home, and I spent four more weeks with the Mansfields and Combers. These visits were very pleasant though I suffered terribly from neural

gia and Sleeplessness. Annie kept house admirably during my absence for Hastings and Willie. Arthur was with his grandmother staying at Huggs Bridges. He returned just before me, and I finally reached home on the 1st of May, with an ample store of pleasant memories of a happily accomplished visit.

M. Bridges
August 1886.

Note

In the winter of 1888 I revisited Wellington spending five months there for benefit of my health, living first with Mr Mansfield at Newtown, and Mrs Swiss at Thorndon. As I was lame and unable to get about did not increase my knowledge of Wellington, though I renewed acquaintance with many of its people. Hastings came up for ten days visit, and we returned in November.

Description of Lake Oshaw
and surrounding Country. 1888

Last Thursday Miss Kutterford, Mr. Kutterford and I drove up to Lake Oshaw, a distance of forty miles from Kuyper Bridges, and camped there for two nights. We had a very pretty camping place on the shore of the lake ~~known as~~ among some birch bushes known as "Parson's Bush". The first night we were very uncomfortable, as it was late when we arrived, and when we pitched camp, almost dark. Miss Kutterford had one tent, Mr. K. and I another. In the morning we were up at five and boiled the billy, had breakfast and then Miss K. went off to sketch for the day, while I amused myself by collecting geological and botanical specimens. The presence of huge moraines and terraces on the hill sides testify to the action of ice,

and there is hardly a stone or rock to be seen that is not scored and furrowed. The lake is simply beautiful, about ten miles long by an average breadth of three miles. On the northern side of the lake the Ken Oshaw range rises straight out of the water with its sides covered with terraces rising one above the other to a height of 1500 feet. Going round to the west we come to the Hanmann range, a mass of black precipitous craggy rocks, upon whose top in a large basin, is a magnificent field of ice, this I am told, is some hundreds of feet deep and never melts. Looking between the Hanmann range (or Glen Mary, as it is called) and the Ken Oshaw range, we have a splendid view of Mount Sefton in the distance, and the tent-like top of Mount Cook all covered with snow. I saw these splendid peaks lit up by the glow

of the setting sun, and a boisterous sight it would be hard to imagine. At the North west end of the lake, the Ohou river, formed by the junction of the Hopkins and the Robson, feeds the lake, and issuing at the lower end, goes to join the existing Waitaki. On the south side lie the Quailburn mountains, whose stony tops look the very picture of desolation. During our two days' stay we were favoured with magnificent weather, (which is far from being the rule,) the surface of the lake being as calm as a millpond, giving an almost perfect reflection of the immense snow-clad mountains which lie around. I feel sure that if the beauties of the lake were only known it would become quite a resort for tourists. On Saturday we left a little before one p.m. on our return journey, a norwester had sprung up and quickly ruffled the surface of the lake, causing

the white billows to lash the shore like an angry sea. We passed Newmore station, crossed the treacherous Shuriri, and reached Omarama in time for tea. There were still seventeen miles to be done and it took us four hours to do them, but then there was only one horse with a big load to pull and a steep saddle to cross. At eleven o'clock I was glad to tumble into bed, having been up since a quarter to five, and did not awake till about nine next morning.

W. W. Griffin
 Muffed Bridge
 Huron, Feb 1st 1888.

Trip to Mount Cook. 1888.

We started on Monday the 26th of November, the party consisting of Miss Hastings, Miss Davis, Mr. Rutherford and myself. I rode as far as New More on Stumpy to give the Middletons notice of our approach as we were to stay the night.

The station is a very pretty one, especially at this time of year when the willows and poplars are so green. Next day we drove on to the Ohou river over which hangs a stout cable for the attachment of an exceedingly cranky and primitive and diabolical (so called) cage, which I can only compare to a dining room table turned upside down, there being no side supports of any kind. When we got to the river we took the horses out of the buggy and Mr. Middleton swam them across. Miss Davis went off to sketch,

An unfortunate accident occurred to Mr. Rutherford in taking the cage across, he had nearly reached the other side when the wheel of the cage by which it runs on the rope came back on his left hand and severely jambed the fingers, taking the nail almost entirely off one. The rest of us and the luggage and buggy crossed safely enough and then we went on to Mr. Davis's station New Ohou, where I dressed the fingers with vaseline. New Ohou is situated at the base of the mountains which skirt the Mackenzie Plains on the western side. The view from the station is an extensive one, embracing the whole of the Mackenzie country and the series of ranges which bound it. In winter I believe this part of the country is covered with two feet of snow. At one time a huge

glacier filled these plains, finding outlet at two places, Hurkie Pass, and the Waitaki Gorge. Next day we passed through the moraines (which are quite like small hills covered with tussock, etc) left by the glacier as it gradually retreated and emerged on the shores of Lake Pukaki. This, though not so fine as Lake Ohau one of its neighbours, is nevertheless a fine sheet of water and the view from its south eastern end is exceedingly fine, for from that point Mount Cook is seen in all its grandeur, far surpassing all the surrounding peaks, not one of which is less than 9000 feet in height. I was not fortunate enough to see these splendid peaks reflected in the lake, as some of our party had the year before, for in going the sky was cloudy, while it was windy on the return. Absolute calm is necessary and of course, a clear sky. At a con-

venient spot on the margin of the lake we halted for the mid-day meal. To our dismay we found we had no matches to light a fire to boil the billy, but by good fortune I had a pocket lens, and with this after the exercise of considerable patience a fire was started. While we discussed the good things provided for us we had time to drink in the scene. Immediately around the lake are low brown hills formed by the lateral moraines of the ancient glacier which I mentioned as filling up the Mackenzie country; terrace rises upon terrace, and some which I saw nearer Mt. Cook must be quite three thousand feet high. Behind these hills rose the real mountains many thousands of feet in height, the most remarkable being the Liebig Range, omitting of course the Mt. Cook range. In the afternoon we reached Glenamer, which is about fifteen miles from

Mount Cook, and there spent a very pleasant evening; on the other side of the lake we could see Wraemar and Mt. Cook stations. Next day we arrived at the Hermitage where we were glad to see a bright wood fire, for Sebastopol, a high hill with perpendicular face, had cut off the sun's rays and caused an icy chill to fall upon us. The Hermitage nestles close under two wooded hills which contrast pleasantly with the snowy tops of Cook and Sefton and the brown hills around. We awoke next morning to snow, sleet, and hail, and most of the day had to be passed indoors, but in the afternoon I ventured out to do battle with the elements and having climbed to the top of one of the small wooded hills, I obtained a partial view of the Mueller Glacier, but the Hooker Valley was entirely shrouded from sight and only a glimpse of the mountains was to

be got through the driving mist. The force of the wind was such as to drive the sleet quite horizontally and the effect on ~~his~~^{one's} face was not satisfactory. Next day was not quite so bad, still it was by no means fine; but as indoor life at Mount Cook is rather slow Mr. Rutherford, Miss Davis and myself went round to see the terminal face of the Mueller Glacier. This is a very fine sight, the ice cliffs rise up to a height of three hundred feet and while they are above broken up by crevasses so as to present a hummocky appearance, the face is almost smooth and perpendicular; but in places where there were small cracks the soft blue tint which ice assumes under the action of light was very apparent. At the base of the cliffs were two ice caves, from one of which bubbled the waters of the Hooker only to disappear

through the other. While we were admiring the cliffs, the roof of one of the caves fell in with a tremendous crash, and part of the roof of the other also fell in. On the way back to the Hermitage we gathered some of the beautiful mountain lilies whose snowy petals surround a bright yellow centre and whose rotund leaves are often a foot in diameter. Miss Hastings with commendable pluck scrambled over the rocky ground for quite half a mile to get a view of the glacier, and after walking half way back was carried for the rest of the way in an improvised palanquin by two of the Swiss boys. In the evening we played whist and chess and inspected several of Mr. Huddleston's paintings. Sunday was a glorious day and the same three of us went for a long walk across the Mueller Glacier to the foot of Mount Sefton which was white with snow to its very base. avalanches rolled down its sloping sides in pretty frequent succession looking

just like streams of water foaming down a steep declivity. Mt. Sefton is not a peak but a long sharply cut arête and from the glacier looks a much grander mountain than Cook. The Mueller Glacier for about two miles from its terminal face is thickly covered with rocks, some as large as a cottage, which have been worn from the mountain sides by the glacier in its descent down the valley. Higher up you come to the blue ice, at this time of year all covered with snow, and the moraine is limited to median and lateral lines, deep impassable crevasses are also pretty frequent. I collected some stones off the glacier illustrating the composition of the surrounding mountains, also in divers places specimens of Alpine plants such as the Everlasting Daisy, Mountain lily, (*Hannuculus Lyellii*) Cotton Plant (*Adiantum*) Lichens and mosses. On Monday morning we started on our return journey and

Stayed that night at Glentanner from which place we saw to perfection the lovely effects of the setting sun on Mount Cook. On Tuesday we put up at Mr. Dove's, and next morning he drove us over to the foot of Pukaki Lake where the outlet for its waters is. Here the coach crosses the ferry to and from the Hermitage. It was exceedingly hot, but Cook, Sefton, Lashman and a host of other noble peaks were seen in their snowy whiteness against the clear blue sky, and the trees on a small island close by were beautifully reflected in the lake, which at that spot was smooth. The river was crossed without accident, though the cage being rather heavily weighted bumped alarmingly in starting, and nearly sent some of the luggage rolling into the river below. Instead of staying the night at Glen More which we reached at six o'clock, we had a hasty tea and

hurried on as fast as three horses could take us to Hugged Ridges, which is twenty eight miles from Glen More, and arrived there half an hour before midnight; by the time that ghostly hour had come I was in the sweet land of dreams. Thus ended a most enjoyable trip, one to which I at any rate will look back with gladness, one which will ever be a pleasant memory. We had been face to face with the grandest mountains of the land, we had seen them in their calm sublimity, their dazzling purity, and methinks we cannot have failed to be enabled by them, to have formed truer conceptions of the beauty, the grandeur, and magnitude of the works of Nature, that is, of God.

W. W. Griffin

Hugged Ridges

Dec^r 9th 1888.

Account of a visit to the Hamner Plains
Hot Springs during May 1889.

On the 30th of April Hastings and I left Ch. Ch. by the morning train for Culverden en route to the hot springs. Mr. S. P. Hill and Mr. P. Campbell were of our party and remained with us about ten days. After lunch at the railway terminus we proceeded on our journey in Mr. Perrotti's new drag which he always drives himself - and which was put on for our special convenience. The day was bleak with piercing wind and we were rather overcrowded, so that we could not admire the scenery which requires sunshine to light it up - but which now looked gloomy and desolate.

We arrived at Jollic Pass Hotel at half past five, cold and weary and glad of the blazing logs in the open fireplaces and a substantial tea. That morning began our course of baths - and with great curiosity we drove down to the springs. There are eight or nine in number that is there are so many separate pools - enclosed

in a reserve of some acres in extent. As you approach, the peculiar mineral gases assert their presence strongly, and the steam is seen ascending from the pools. The grounds are nicely planted with valuable trees and shrubs, but their growth is slow owing to the exposed situation and the cold cutting wind that blows straight from the snow clad hills. There are two bathhouses, one contains eight baths, the other four, each in separate rooms. The caretaker is a delicate looking man, he keeps well out of sight; and the assistant, a ruddy robust young fellow comes forward to keep up the credit of the place, as certainly his chief looks like a warning instead of an encouragement. In answer to searching enquiries we elicited that they seldom use the baths themselves after the well known precedent. The assistant told me that once in two months he took one and always felt very weak after it. There is

a splendid swimming bath in the grounds, warm water and plenty of it, it is fenced round with high galvanized iron. The use of this bath costs 6^d - the others cost one shilling each, or six for four shillings. Hastings takes one bath daily and enjoys it, he eats well and is in excellent spirits. Mr. Hill had begun to get over his rheumatism before coming here, but does not sleep so well, he takes one bath daily. Mr. Campbell is in perfect health and refuses to endanger it by trying the treatment. I had been so unwell before that I could not judge of the results of the baths till towards the end of the month's stay, when I certainly improved and both etc and slept better. The foot was in a sore swollen state after wearing a stiff bandage so long - I used to hold it under the tap while my bath was filling. It is a delightfully

new sensation to have absolutely as much water as you want - of a pleasant heat which can be maintained steadily. The temperature of the two pools which are connected with the bath houses is respectively 119 and 109 degrees F. This water is mixed in the pipes, so the heat in the bath is about 115 degrees F. There is a cold water tap as well, so you can have any lower temperature you like. There is also a shower apparatus attached to every bath room, and it is considered advisable to end the daily bath with that. It is said that the hot water never gives a cold, no matter what the outside air is like, and we certainly proved the truth of that fact ourselves, as we frequently drove backwards and forwards in bitterly cold strong winds, without suffering in any way. I took two baths daily - and always felt very faint and exhausted while in the water and for some time after, but in the end

derived great advantage. As aids to such a desirable end must certainly be included the bracing air, high elevation, freedom from outside worries of every sort, and the regular drives in the open air to & fro the baths. There is only a mail twice a week - and no telegraph station within twenty-five miles - a paradise for tired out business people.

I could not ascertain the exact elevation of Jollis Pass Hotel - but it is several hundred feet above sea level, and Christ Church level. Without being pretty, the scenery is interesting - a wide plain through which the Kaunua river runs, and in which Mr. Low's station St. Helen's, the hotel and the baths are situated. Hills encircle this basin, and a road over Jollis Pass, once a main road, leads to several back country stations, and into the interior of the Nelson province.

This district derived additional interest

from the severe earthquake shocks of 1888, the basin being apparently a centre of energy. St. Helen's Station suffered severely, being unroofed - and many chimneys were thrown down, Woodbank Station in close vicinity was wrecked, as were Flynn Way, further up the Waiau Gorge, and many other homesteads.

We were sufficiently comfortable at the hotel, paid six shillings a day each. The Springs are two and 3/4 miles away and a trap and horse are provided by the hotel people to convey you backwards and forwards free of charge. This is also done at the boarding house at Jack's Pass, which is a mile and a half on the other side of the baths. The charge there is five shillings a day, and I believe it is equally comfortable.

Many people derive great benefit by a visit to the Springs, chiefly those suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney and Skin diseases, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, etc, etc, while for those

Who simply require rest and change with perfect quiet, it is very desirable. Return tickets per rail and coaches, available for one month, are issued bi-weekly for thirty shillings. I conclude this account of the Tannier Hot Springs with an extract from the report of the Colonial Analyst, A. W. Dickerton Esq. — Christchurch, January 23rd 1882.

— The two samples 601 and 611 are waters very highly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, having a quantity twice as great as the Harrogate waters. All the samples as before remarked, smelt strongly of this gas, and the deficiency in Nos 605 and 608 is probably due to defective cork. The amount of albumenoid ammonia found in these waters is such as would by Wanklyn's standard condemn them entirely for drinking.

Marian Bridge.

A Day in the Life of a Surveyor's Wife.

On Friday, March 9th 1883, my husband having a day's field work to do near Sheffield, asked me to accompany him, and see the Gorge and new bridge over the Waimakariri. We left Christchurch by the express at 8.10 a.m. changing to the branch line at Rolleston.

Here among our fellow passengers was the Rev. Jasper Symthe, a recent arrival here, whom we had heard preach at St John's. We soon got into conversation, and found that he was reporting to a Victorian paper on the resources and characteristics of New Zealand. His present expedition was to the forests and coal mines at Springfield, also noting the quality of the land and returns of harvest. We got out at Wadlington, a very small place three quarters of a mile from Sheffield, between which townships there is a good deal of rivalry. From here we and the ^{clerk} man had to walk three

miles to our destination in a hot sun, and we exerted ourselves nobly, they in carrying their instruments and flags, and I in keeping up with them. Having reached the end of our walk, our extra things were put into a one roomed building used by men doing Government work, Hestings & his man went off to ^{do} the survey, and I, after resting a few minutes proceeded to the bridge, a substantial and elevated structure ~~with~~ ^{built over} three gigantic solid concrete pillars. I made my way with some difficulty down the terrace, and got under the bridge walking along by this far famed river, wide and powerful, which some people think is destined to sweep Christchurch away if it returns to its old course. That is a curious peculiarity of the New Zealand rivers - changing their beds, and meandering in a new direction. The colour of the water struck me, a vivid sea-green, unlike the light

and usually muddy tinge. I could only walk a short distance along the shingle as the water made a sudden sweep along the very base of the hills, so I sat down and gazed on the beautiful prospect. Although a gorge, this is not the gorge - the famous one being higher up the river, still the landscape was pleasing and varied. Steep rocky terraces rose on either side, ~~on~~ the right looking up the river was covered with light dusty soil upon which scrub and cabbage trees flourished, on the left the bare rocky slope rose almost perpendicularly. The rapid stream curved and twisted, the scrub looked green and shady, further up the stream a little bush covered island stood in the middle of the current, a new expanse of country opened up beyond the gorge, and in the far distance the mountains stood out in bold relief against the sky. I was very glad that I had been

persuaded to go out ^{on this excursion} and gaze on this
refreshing scene. When our lunch time
came and the billy was boiled — alas —
there was no milk, and sugar could not
compensate me, though the others did
not mind. After lunch we again separ-
ated and I read "The Life of Annie Keary"
which I had brought — then went for
another stroll and look ~~at~~ up the gorge.
Soon after we started on our return walk
to the station, and at Waddington seeing
a sign in the window of a house, went in
and had more tea with milk this time.
Christchurch was reached at a quarter to
eight, and though thoroughly tired we
carried home with us the pleasant mem-
ories of a day spent entirely in the open
and sweet sunshine and pure clear air.

Marian Bridge.

H. B. This account is inserted here out of order as
to priority in date, but was only found at this stage of the
Sketch Books.

Extracts from Diary Letter of W. W.
Griffin written during his voyage to
England in S. S. Fifechire — Feb 27 to April 1893
and posted at Las Palmas in the Canary Isles.

"The Fifechire (Captain Culbert) left Port Chalm-
ers at 6.30 p.m. Thursday February 23rd 1893 —
was outside the heads by 7.30, the evening being
beautiful and calm. Next day still very fine,
but I felt uncomfortable all day. Numbers
of molly hawks — a species of albatross with
beautiful fin-like wings, three or four feet from
tip to tip, followed us, their motion is very grace-
ful, partly because it is so effortless. A few
of Mother Carey's chickens also kept us com-
pany, they are quite small birds.
About 8.30 in the evening blue lights repeated
and repeated were discovered in the distance,
away to the south, the course was changed
towards them, and suddenly we came upon
two boat-loads of sailors who had been on
the open sea for five days, their vessel having
caught fire and been abandoned. Willing
hands soon helped them aboard, one of the

boats was also taken up, the other was turned adrift being too far gone to be of further use. Their vessel was the Corinth bound from Tasmania to London with wool etc, the origin of the fire is a mystery. The Captain, (Captain Litter) had been 23 years in command of the vessel, and is a hearty good fellow with a booming voice. They had only four days provisions and a pint of water per day each, the boats were constantly half full of water and required incessant baling to keep them afloat, and it was by the purest chance that the Fishwife taking the course she did, picked them up. Another day would have seen the last of them.

Saturday Feb 25th The feet of the rescued people are all swollen and inflamed and very painful, so that they can't walk, but hot fomentations are affording them some ease. One sailor had an epileptic fit on being brought on board, but is all right this morning. When picked up they were 250 miles from the New Zealand Coast, and without a

compass. Most of my fellow passengers have their sea legs. I had a first class appetite at dinner to day for the first time. This morning we saw the Antipodes in the distance, (20 miles away) bare uninhabited islands 200 to 600 feet high, and of no particular interest except as being the land most nearly antipodal to Greenwich. I have started "The Newcombes" weather beautifully fine.

Sat 25th This day we cross the 180th Meridian, and enter west longitudes, so to bring the time right when we reach London, we are having two Saturdays.

26th Had cold in head, 27th Seedy. Kept my bunk all day, sea rough, wet and foggy.

28th Heavy fog, temp on deck 46°. on look out for icebergs, fog horn blowing (if there was a large iceberg near there would be an echo sent back. Now 1500 miles from N. Z. wish I was there, it is so exceedingly uncomfortable here.

Wednesday March 1st Not yet gone to the bottom, hope to be there before many days. Later, no-ice fine, weather wet but bracing, temperature 43°.

Patients improving, but all complaining of the pain in their feet. The vessel is rolling a great deal. Enjoyed a cup of tea with Mr. Cleghorn, of Port Chalmers, can't drink the ship's tea. The water is good - distilled.

Went down the engine rooms and saw the mighty pistons working the shaft in its tunnel, warmed myself at the huge fires in which they burn 28 tons of coal a day. The table linen, and bed linen, towels, etc are very dirty looking and stained. One ought to bring a few towels of one's own. I find a pair of goloshes very useful on the slippery decks. An ice berg was passed in the night.

Our passengers are 17 all told, myself - Kirkland and Clarke medical students bound for Edinburgh, Mr. Cleghorn, a very pleasant kind hearted woman going home for her health chiefly, her husband owns tannery works near Port Chalmers, Mr & Mrs. Fulton of the Singer's Sewing Machine Co. (Dunedin) and their one child - Mr. Mr. Hayward of Auckland bound to the Canary Islands, (he is consumptive) with 4 children. Two very monosyllabic Scotchmen - Mr. Henrichy, an engineer of commanding figure - a sickly youth,

Wilson who oversets himself and suffers in consequence - Mr. Marsden, a consumptive doing the round trip - Mr. Lawrence, a veterinary surgeon I believe. Then there is Captain Little of the Corinthia, a hearty young fellow of 30 or 40, the very sight of whom expands one's heart, full red of face is he and portly - a trifle under 16 stone, the rescued passenger (Wilson) on the other hand is cadaverous, a bag of bones, and another day or two's privation in the open boat would have caused body and ghost to part company. I had to leave the table hurriedly to day to stitch up a cut in the ball of the thumb of one of the stewards.

Friday March 3rd Weather clearing but very cold.

We passed a large iceberg in the night about two miles off; flat topped - of ever changing tint, green, blue white in turn predominating, of indescribable beauty only to be seen and felt. A much smaller one was also floating in the distance. The Captain, Kirkland and myself tead in the afternoon with Mr. Cleghorn - her buttered wafer biscuits were very nice. Your tin of biscuits was finished all too soon, also a couple of boxes of

Home made sweets given me in Dundee, Kirkland has a good supply of cakes and bears luxuriously.

March 4th We are now as far south as we shall go, Lat 57° , or on a line 80 miles S of the Horn.

March 5th Heavy southerly swell all last night, making sleep impossible, the vessel rolled so and such a din of flying crockery, buckets, boxes etc. ^{that} I had to get up twice to make any thing all fast. The temperature is down to 35° to day.

March 8th It is now a fortnight since we left H. Z. — what a dreary weary time it seems. During all this time (except the first three days) it has been cold windy and wet. I always have to wear an overcoat on deck and on one or two occasions I have had it on at meal times. I stood upon the bridge for an hour watching Cape Horn and the mountainous islands to the north of it, some were snow clad and glistened in the sunshine.

Cape Horn itself is a bluff high headland, the southern extremity of a small island. One range of mountains was particularly fine, being made up of a series of high peaks, somewhat resembling a cock's comb. It is really delightful to have a sunny day once more, though the wind is piercing enough; the gloomy Pacific is left behind and the sunny Atlantic is more welcome than you can believe.

Studying hitherto has been out of the question, children occupy the saloon, and it is too cold in one's cabin or on deck — but I am getting on with Rudennis.

March 12th At midnight we passed Staten Island on which there is a lighthouse. To night we skirt the Falkland Islands. In Darwin's "Journal of a Voyage Round the World" there is a good picture of Cape Horn. Get his Autobiography out of the library, it is one of the most interesting ever written.

March 13th Last night I sat on the stern of the vessel watching the phosphorescent wake.

and very striking the great globules of light were in the midst of the black waters. At times the tips of the waves all around shine with a phosphorescent light. The phenomenon is most probably due to decomposing gelatinous matter at the surface of the water.

Already it is milder.

March 17th Since the 13th the days are getting milder & milder, and one takes a cold bath of a morning with considerable pleasure. Every body sits the deck, some to read, some to play quarts, some to do nothing, somehow one is well contented to do nothing. I think I am a little too strong for the Captain at chess, as I have won several games in succession, we play nearly every day.

I am now engaged on *Lemond*. The sunsets are particularly beautiful, the one this evening I sat watching for half an hour, it spoke to me as never man spoke, I cannot describe it, but I felt it, there is much that cannot be put in words.

Sunday 19th The heat is rather overpowering. Yesterday a shoal of black fish passed us they are little immense porpoises, and at first sight might be mistaken for whales.

A few days ago we saw flocks of whale birds, skimming over the ocean in thousands, their white wings and bodies glistening in the sun.

A grand concert was given last night, the singing of two of the apprentices was very sweet. We are steering straight for *Sae Palmas*, today we are almost abreast of *Monte Video* in point of latitude. Two ships were seen in the distance.

March 25th A delicious balmy breeze has been blowing all day, and the woolly cloud masses just above the horizon are truly magnificent. And beyond all is the soft pellucid sky, and the blueness of the sea! oh such a blue - or rather rich purple, would that you could see it. You may see the flying fish skimming over the water any day now, and the pink gelatinous "Portuguese Man of War" allied to *Medusa*. A sheet is more than sufficient

covering of a night these times.

21st For some days the sea has been so calm that one might easily imagine oneself to be sailing over the waters of an inland lake instead of on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. The clouds of an evening, at sunset, take up all one's attention ever changing in tint and shape, they range themselves as if solely for our pleasure. The Southern Cross is very bright of a night, but is getting low down in the heavens, while new constellations are appearing - The Great Bear, The Star ^{Star} - & Orion's Belt.

22nd Passed two ships - glorious weather. Inuits all the rage - they are made of a thick coil of rope covered with canvas.

27th Early this morning we crossed the equator. nine vessels were sighted in the course of the day, one passed within half a mile. I am reading "Histoire de Libyë" by Feillet - with much enjoyment.

29th Second in a quoits tournament, and won 4/

31st A specimen day: bath at 7.30 p.m., with

1/4 hour on deck before breakfast which is at 8.30. Up on deck again seated in deck chair for a read. At 10. I see patients, reading, quoits, and yarning fill up the time till lunch. Till 3.15. I read, sleep or play quoits, then afternoon tea with Mr. Cleghorn, up on deck again till dinner at 5.30; up on deck again to watch the sunset and talk. Patients at 7.30. Coffee or cocoa at 8 - perhaps a game of chess, bed as soon as you please. At dinner on Thursdays and Sundays we have dessert. Our average rate is 250 miles a day. There are 87 people on board all told - a couple of cats, plenty of rats and some few cockroaches, though they don't trouble me.

April 1st Gorgeous sunset, at the same time the full moon showed up exactly opposite, a sight to be remembered.

2nd We are not more than forty miles off the African coast - Sahara. Two steamers bound to the Cape passed us.

3rd The peak of Teneriffe is away ahead of

us in the clouds. I shall be right glad to set foot on terra firma and never leave it - I am full weary of the sea.

I hope all goes well with you, for myself I am brimming over with eagerness to get at my work, and have every confidence that I will do well. As we shall be at Las Palmas to night, I'll take the opportunity of sending you this diary, up to date - which you will get much earlier than if I waited to post it in London.

W. W. G.

To M. Bridge.

II

Letter from Dr. Griffin to Miss Hastings, giving account of Las Palmas, arrival in London and first impressions. April 26th 1893.

We had a whole day at Las Palmas which you must know is the capital town of Grand Canary Island, it is on the coast, but all the shipping goes on at the Port some three miles distant,

a tramway connecting the two. The town itself covers a projecting point of land, and its white buildings are very noticeable especially on such a sunny day as we had. They are flat roofed and thick walled and afford a cool retreat from the sun. The streets are very narrow, mere lanes across which people speak with the greatest ease from house to house; but the squares are roomy, and some of them planted with trees. The old Cathedral is a head and shoulders above everything else, the clock in one of its towers has the date 1775 on it. Mules and donkeys seem to be the beasts of burden, and I might add, the women, for they carry the jars of water on their heads. Keep the market stalls, basket baskets about and so on - while the men smoke, even the small boys were continually puffing a cigarette. I had a glass of lager beer at one of the hotels and bought some oranges (25 for 1/4) and some cigars (25 for 1/4 also.) The

beautiful weather that we had been having all the way from the Horn, lasted right on across the Bay of Biscay, which was as smooth as you could wish. We saw the coast of Spain for about forty miles in the region of Finisterre, a dangerous part, on which hundreds of vessels lie wrecked. It was about midnight when the Beechy Head light was sighted from Dungeness. I saw all the coast till we were docked - the white cliffs of Dover, Dover Castle, Deal, Ramsgate, Sheerness, Gravesend. (where several passengers went ashore) Some parts of the river I thought very pretty, and the grass, how green it looked! And what a multitude of boats went gliding by, while the dock was a perfect maze of masts. What I kept my senses! Next day I went to London with Kirkland, and we spent some hours in driving about on the top of different omnibuses till really we had quite a good idea of the place. That night we put up at a Temperance hotel in Ludgate

Hill, next day he went off to Glasgow, and I secured temporary lodgings and saw Dr. Mansell. He recommended the London Hospital, and a few days later I saw three old Duedin students who are attending this hospital, and they thought very highly of it too. So I have attached myself to it, it is the largest hospital in London and has a very good staff. I consider myself very fortunate in being lodged where I am - Crosby, who took his first year in Duedin - lives here too - he attends the Middlesex Hospital. I have a quarter of an hour's walk to Gower Street Station, and thence I go in the underground to St. Mary's, Whitechapel - from which it is about three minutes' walk to the London Hospital. I pay a guinea a week, and this does not include lunch - the underground travelling costs £2.0.0 every three months, washing is an extra. So that altogether it will cost me quite 30s a week, but that is cheap in London, I am led to believe. I hope to be able to go up for the M. B. C. & C.

July, if I get through, I will go on for the
Primary Fellowship in November.

I seem quite at home in London already
and have no difficulty with the aid of a map
in getting to any place I wish. I don't
think I shall like London, I mean, that
when once I have carried out the objects I
have in view, I shall not be tempted to tarry in
it. The place is too vast, one feels oneself
such an unconsidered unit. There is an
undoubted air of material prosperity - its
buildings are so substantial and massive, its
people are well dressed and comfortable
looking, and to walk down Regent Street or Oxford
Street is like walking through an exhibition.
In the streets there is a continual moving stream
of people and vehicles unceasing as the brook,
but a multitude is not exhilarating, rather the reverse.
I feel that London is a hardening place, and I
believe that the Londoner would derive more
benefit by a visit to the Colonies than a Colonial
by a visit to London. Two of my N. Z. friends

who have been six months in London
and just taken their M. D. C. S. degree are
going back at once, they have had quite
enough of London. According to them, to enjoy
life here a man must have plenty of money,
but they don't deny the advantages offered to
students by the London Hospitals in the way
of cases, and that is the main thing at present.
I have been to the Temple Church off Fleet
Street, the musical part of the service is said
to be the best in London, and it was certainly
very beautiful - Dr. Vaughan preached.
I was also in Westminster Abbey the other day
and saw Tenyson's grave, close to Chaucer's.
What a place it is to linger in, I shall spend
hours and hours there and try to catch something
of the spirit of the great departed.
I have seen George Bridge, he looked me up on
his way to Hampshire, he looks remarkably well,
and of course had much to ask. You can't
believe how pleasant the weather has been,
mild, clear warm days, the parks are quite

a sight. There has been no rain for two months. A minutes walk takes me into Regent's Park, where, if anywhere in London, there ought to be fresh air. I am afraid I shall soon have to follow London usage and don a tall hat. Don't be long writing to W. W. Griffin

III

Letter from W. W. Griffin to Mr. Walter Bridge, dated from 1 Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park London N.W.

I am living in the same house as Crosby, (of Park Terrace, N.W.) the people being friends of his, and a nice quiet place it is, close to Regent's Park and the Zoological Gardens and Primrose Hill, in fact in the healthiest quarter in London. The Hospital I am attending is quite four miles away in Whitechapel, and to get to it I have to use the underground railway every day. I have lunch on the way

at a place called Bishopsgate, generally a cup of chocolate, scone and butter, and a piece of cake, all which costs 6^d. Then I proceed on my journey. Then Hospital work is mostly done in the afternoon, the surgeons and physicians going their rounds about two p.m., operations begin at that hour, and the various outpatients departments are attended to. It is an immense place, of some 800 beds.

Of a morning I am mostly engaged in revising various subjects as I have some exams coming off in July.

I am attending post graduate courses of lectures and demonstrations, on Bacteriology at King's College, Eye work at Moorfields, Ear and Throat at the Throat Hospital, also at the Epileptic and other Hospitals. So my time is very fully occupied, and have not much to spare for letter writing. Getting to the situation of one's work consumes so much time, London is so vast that much

that much patience is required, omnibus travelling is exceedingly slow as the streets are so filled with vehicles of every description. The underground railway is a great boon, but then it only goes round the periphery of the city; cabs abound, but to use them much means money.

Dr. Fleming of Ketchikan is attending the London Hospital with me. We took a run down to Bushy Park a Saturday ago and saw the famous chestnuts all in bloom, and went over Hampton Court Palace which is adjacent; it was built by Cardinal Wolsey and was used as a Royal Palace by Henry VIII, Oliver Cromwell, William III, &c - and you see the rooms they occupied and the very furniture they used. There are hundreds and hundreds of oil paintings by famous masters, but I can't say I cared for many of them. The grounds are lovely, and the sweet Thames runs gently by.

I spent a day with George Bridge at Ipswich

and saw something of the country, trees cover the whole land, it seems to me; they are the chief feature, the scenery is pretty and picturesque, whereas New Zealand scenery is wild, grand, sublime. There is a river, the Orwell, on which Ipswich stands, and a good deal of shipping goes on; the Duke of Hamilton's steam yacht was lying at one of the jetties, its lines were perfect, I have never seen a boat which so captivated me. George took me over the college he is teaching at; it is a very pretty specimen of architecture. By quick train it is an hour and a half's journey from Ipswich to London.

I have been in the reading room of the British Museum, with its huge dome; heard Farrar at St. Margaret's Westminster; seen the Queen in the State procession to the Imperial Institute, admired St. Paul's and the Houses of Parliament from Waterloo Bridge and the Victoria Embankment which to my

mind is the most monumental work in London, and seen many other sights, the mere enumeration of which would be tedious. I have twice lunched with Dr. Colquhoun at the Crichton Club, seen the gorgeous spectacle of the ballets at the Alhambra, admired the well dressed men and women who throng Regent Street and Piccadilly, felt the calming influence of Westminster Abbey, and in the Temple Church gazed on the tombs of the Knight Templars who died 800 years ago.

There is food for thought in every street, every lane has its history and associations. For three months there has been practically no rain; flowers, fruits and trees are six weeks ahead of their time; every day has been fine since I landed. Agricultural people are in despair; such a drought is unprecedented. The sun, too, is quite powerful, and one is very glad to walk in the shade.

I have done no light reading since landing

and won't till I get through these exams. Time is precious in this place, like money. Everything has to be paid for in London, a penny for this and two pence for that, and so on. Clothes and boots seem to me to be the only things that are cheap, and books. There are many more small sources of expense than in a place like Dunedin. I hope you will pass this letter on to Marian, as I really have not the time to write two such epistles.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter IV.

From W. W. Griffin to Miss Hastings,

May 28th 1893.

1 Gloucester Crescent
Regent's Park, London.

It is now six weeks since I landed in London, six very full weeks for me as you may suppose; not a day has been dull, everything is full of interest—hospital work, study, sight-seeing, it is impossible to be dull in

such a city, at any rate for one who is young like myself. Yesterday I had a very pleasant little visit to New Gardens and Richmond with the Misses Dinwiddie and a few others; I was in a state of continual admiration at all the beauties there displayed; and I actually saw some New Zealand Flax. Have you ever stood on Richmond Hill and watched the river as it makes its beautiful bend at the foot of the tree clad hill; The sun was just setting as a fiery globe, while from another quarter the gentler light of the moon was gradually becoming visible; it was simply lovely.

We then went on and had a rest and some coffee at General Kings' (an uncle of the Dinwiddies) and about nine o'clock returned to town by train. Today I have been strolling about Regent's Park for a couple of hours with a Dr. Gilchrist who is in practice at Nice in France; to night we are going to hear Dr. Hoyal Carpenter preach in Bloomsbury. I have been to St. Paul's twice, the echoes rather spoil the effect

of the reading and preaching there, but not of the music. And how intensely interesting the British Museum is! the mummies, the statues, the inscribed tablets and cylinders from Egypt and Assyria, the immense stone carvings of Rameses II. &c. the actual paintings of the old Greeks and Egyptians, and the actual sculptures from the Parthenon of Athens, and hosts of other things. The National Gallery too, invites one to return again and again. The postgraduate courses are distributed as follows: two lectures a week at the Ophthalmic Hospital, two hours at the Bacteriological Laboratory, one lecture a week at the Epileptic Hospital on Diseases of the Nervous System, one at the Central Lick Asylum on the cases there, and at the Throat Hospital on diseases of the Ear Nose & Throat. The Bacteriological course is really valuable, the others are not so good as I thought they would be, but are not without their value. I saw the Queen on the occasion of the opening

of the Imperial Institute, a magnificent structure in South Kensington between the Albert Hall and the Natural History Museum. There was a State procession from Buckingham Palace in which Indian and Australian troops took part.

The most beautiful weather prevails - I often take a stroll up to Primrose Hill, a few minutes away - and take in the scene from it in an evening after dinner.

I am very well, looking forward to the exams in July for the membership of the R. C. S. I ought to have no difficulty in passing, I think, and then for the Eye Work and the Fellowship! I feel already that this trip to London will do me all the good in the world, in that I can compare myself with other men, estimate my own powers and the force which I may make myself in my own generation.

June 1st I have actually been to the Derby at Epsom, we went by drag (7/6 return) and had a most delightful drive through Clapham

Common, Sutton, Sydenham, Lambeth etc. the day being perfect and thousands of vehicles full of gay and merry people occupying the road, the favourite Isinglass worn.

My exams begin on the 28th of this month, and I shall not be sorry to get them over. Strange to say, London is not the place to come to if one wants to get good and thorough instruction in clinical matters, I am inclined to think that my purposes will be better served by going to Vienna, but of course I am not going to act hastily. I hope this will find you well.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter to Miss Hastings.

1 Gloucester Crescent

Regents Park

London -
July 27th 1893.

My dear Miss Hastings,

It is over a month since I last wrote to you and indeed to any one, the reason

of course being the examinations, and you will be pleased to hear that the result was satisfactory and that I have got the diplomas of M. D. C. S. and L. M. C. P. I think I did well all through, and was quite at my ease; in fact rather enjoyed the whole thing and was on good terms with my examiners all the time.

I hope I shall be able to say the same next November when I go up for the Fellowship.

Though I am glad to have passed, it has gone to my heart to pay the necessary fees for the exams which amounted to thirty-five guineas. I can quite foresee that the £230.00 with which I landed in London will not last me two years, in fact barely eighteen months.

Here is a list of some of my expenses already:

Fees for Hospital practice at the London Hospital £10.0.0 do at the Ophthalmic Hospital £5.5.0

Post Graduate Courses £7.7.0 Ophthalmoscope £3.3.0

Six months season ticket Underground Railway £4.0.0

Fees for M. D. C. S. + L. M. C. P. £36.15.0 Subscription

to Medical Library £1.1.0 Total £68.0.0

Nearly £70.0.0 has gone straightway in unavoidable expenses. Instead of buying the medical books I want I get them from a circulating Medical Library which is a great saving. It costs me quite 27/6 a week to live, exclusive of clothes etc. The Fellowship will cost another twenty guineas. Then one gets so run down in strength in London and so lax, without energy or appetite, that some sort of an outing at the end of each week is the only way to keep in condition and fit for one's duty at all. This hot weather has been especially trying: there has been no rain to speak of, except once since I landed; and worse is yet to come, if August keeps its repute of being the hottest month in the year. Whereas, you I believe, are having a very cold winter. I have just been up to Ipswich again for a Saturday and Sunday, and found George very well and just about to get a seven weeks holiday - which he is going to spend in France. We went down the River Orwell in a steam launch to Harwich and Felixstowe, the afternoon being most lovely and the air balmy and

delicious, so different from London air. This part of the East Coast has a very favourable climatic reputation - except when the East wind is blowing. On Sunday evening we went to the school chapel, and heard an excellent sermon, not quite orthodox, by the head master. I secure literary food for myself by a pinner's subscription to *Studies* and have been reading some essays by Augustine Kissell, and W. H. Myers. Those of the latter have considerably strengthened my beliefs in an invisible world, of which we and this world are but an ephemeral manifestation, out of which we have come and to which we return after passing through this chrysalis stage here. At present I am reading with much interest a *Life of Machiavelli* by Villari, and am getting a definite idea of the times in which he lived, the epoch of the Renaissance. I was one of the immense crowd that thronged the gay streets of London on the Royal marriage day. I saw the Princess May very plainly.

and though she is not really handsome, she looked charming. The illuminations in the evening were noteworthy, particularly those of the Mansion House and Bank of England, along Cheapside, and in Riccadilly. The street decorations consisted chiefly of immense festoons of flowers, suspended between Venetian poles, across the street and lengthways, with triumphal arches at intervals emblazoned with words of welcome and good will and the initial letters G. and M. Mr. Cleghorn returns to N. Y. next week, yesterday I was her guide in seeing some of the sights of London - the National Gallery, Zoo and Regent's Park, and Madame Susse's. She has been spending most of her time with her friends in Scotland. Do you know that I have a great idea of settling in San Francisco when I have qualified myself in Eye Work etc here. It was reading Froebel's "Ocean" that put it into my head. He speaks most highly of its climate and its people, and as

being the gate on the Western Coast of America through which all the Pacific trade must pass, it must grow more and more important every year inevitably. A big place and a growing place is where I must go.

The Americans think a great deal of English qualifications and I must make mine the best. I have also an idea eye to the M. O. of Brussels, but of course, it means paying fees.

Through the *Quindliches* I have become acquainted with a Dr. Gray who is in practice in his neighbourhood (Regent's Park.) he was a doctor in India for twenty years, but in trying to work a tea plantation as well he lost his money. He has a fair practice, next month he wants me to look after it for two or three weeks while he takes a holiday. August being the slack month in London. I hope to see and hear Gladstone in the House this or next week.

Through the offices of one of the *Waddelays*

Whom you may remember as living formerly in Ch. Ch. W. W. Griffiths.

Extracts from Letter of Dr. Griffiths to Mr. Walter Bridge - London, August 11th 1893.

I have been twice down to Ipswich for a couple of days with G. Bridge - the last time we went down the Orwell in the Steamboat to get a breath of sea air at Harwich and Felixstowe. Ipswich is a quiet town of 40,000 inhabitants, with one or two interesting old buildings dating back from the time of James I. The air at Ipswich and along this part of the Coast is bracing and healthy, especially noticeable after London - suffocating London, as Canon Farrer termed it in a sermon I heard him preach last Sunday. He is a man from whose mouth words and images bubble out as from a spring, the matter apart from the words is commonplace, and he is not a preacher whom

I should rate highly or care to hear often. During the last week I have been talking matters rather comfortably, for I am done with examinations for the present i.e. until November, having just concluded those for the M. B. C. S. & L. B. C. P. which you will be glad to hear I passed, and have now got those diplomas, the fees for which cost me thirty-five guineas to my great soreness of heart. I am now attending the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital at Moorfields for about three hours every morning, and this is fairly arduous work, especially in this hot weather which I dare say you would like in place of your cold and wet. Mrs. Cleghorn is on her way back to N. Y. this week, I have been devoting a day or two to showing her some of the sights of London. I think we found Madame Tussaud's Waxworks the most enjoyable of all, you can't imagine how excellent they are, with one of the figures I fell in love straightway - viz. the Duchess of Kent - the Queen's Mother.

On Saturday night I went to see Faust performed by the Royal Italian Opera Company, it was simply magnificent. The Princess of Wales was present, but I did not see her unfortunately -

W. W. Griffin.

Letter from Dr. Griffin to Mrs. C. H. Bridge,
London, August 17th
1893.

While you in New Zealand are being shrivelled with cold, we over here are parching under the tropical heat which has been the order of the day since I landed. Yesterday was so far the hottest day in the year, 93° in the shade, but they all seem the same, and much effort or enterprise is impossible, in fact, London is deserted by most of those who can afford to leave it. I am acting as locum tenens for a fortnight to a doctor in the neighbourhood, only 2 guineas a week and found.

but I had to pay £5.0.0 to register my diploma, so that I don't gain anything. Still it is easy work, and a change, and I take a constitutional drive round the Park every day to get an airing, with a solemn-faced coachman on the box. What I have an eye on other things than these - viz. the F. R. C. S. the M. R. C. P., and the M. D. of Brussels. Good diplomas count a great deal in after life, and of themselves entitle one to respect among one's medical brethren; and they are within my reach by the end of next year, if I choose to go in for them. By that time I shall be 25, and fitted, I hope, to do my part vigorously in the battle of life, as is becoming a man. Sydney Smith says, "Take short views," I prefer to take long ones and to perceive means to the end, and then to follow them if circumstances will allow. I have been reading the Life of Machiavelli, and thereby learnt that he was not by any means the monster that people in general choose to imagine him, in fact he was a patriotic, clear-

sighted Florentine, with more brains than the rest of his countrymen, and who saw in the then state of anarchy in which Italy was that the end justified the means, i.e. to bring about a state of order and cohesion. A prince or ^{statesman} was justified in being, nay, was absolutely called upon to be unscrupulous, even to the extent of wholesale murder, breaking of contracts, and unlimited deceit, provided that thereby solidity of the state resulted.

I have now got on to "The Oracle of Richard Feveril" by Meredith; let me recommend it to you, you will find it pass an hour or two very pleasantly and not unprofitably, at least that is my experience. Of course such reading comes but as a relief from my studies properly so called. I find one gets very stale if nourished on nothing else but books. And it is well to develop evenly and be in touch with the times, instead of so warping oneself as to imagine that it is the times that are disjointed. "Diana of the Crossways" by Meredith is also well

worth reading, he is so aphoristic and pointed.
 * I was very sorry indeed to hear of poor Harry
 Saunders death, the last time I saw him was in
 Omeidia about two years ago, he said then
 that he was tired of the sea and would like to
 give it up and go farming, but did not see his way.
 He was frank and full of boyish goodnature,
 very lovable in fact. Will surely be a great blow
 to his father sisters and mother. He was a
 friend of Risley's too.

I hope little Margaret has got back the full
 use of her arm, as of course she ought to, and
 that her spirits have not unduly suffered -
 but being a child of such vitality they are hard-
 ly likely to. Is Isabel getting more robust? Shall
 want care, I fancy. You ought to be happy in
 your children, and it is a compliment to
 you when I say that I am proud of them in
 every way, and comparing them with others
 think them greatly superior.

I am grinding at "Eyes", and Anatomy and
 Physiology for the Fellowship.

Note. Son of the late Commander Saunders R.N. He died in London 1893

I enjoyed a great treat in witnessing "Faust" by
 the Royal Opera Company; it was perfect from
 beginning to end. Usually I am not moved
 by an operatic or theatrical performance,
 but over this I was certainly enthusiastic.
 The Imperial Institute - magnificent monu-
 ment that it is - serves as yet chiefly
 as a pleasant evening lounging place, where
 one can view royal wedding presents, listen
 to faultless band music and swallow Neap-
 olitan ices. In London ice is always procurable
 without the slightest difficulty. It comes chiefly
 from Norway, but some is manufactured.
 The display of ice and fish in the fish-chops
 always stay my feet and compel admiration.
 Did I tell you that the idea of settling in San
 Francisco takes my mind or fancy. The climate
 is beautiful, (see Froude's Oceana) and as the
 only outlet for commerce on the coast, or the
 chief one it must grow and grow. With good
 English degrees I should be bound to get on.
 I must try to get some exact information
 about the place.

So Arthur is acquiring the lighter arts of dancing, violin playing etc. and a good thing too.

I hope he'll be more persevering than I was.

I subscribe to *Mudie's* (one guinea) and to a *Medical Library* (30s) so that books cost me nothing beyond these subscriptions.

London is a very exhausting place and a change at the end of each week is almost indispensable.

He. Last Saturday or the one before, I went up the river on one of the steam boats that run so frequently past Chelsea, Putney, Hammersmith and Mortlake to *Row* — a delightful 13 miles for 9^d. At *Row* I went through the gardens and walked on to Richmond to gain drink in the fair prospect from the Hill, and to view in the distance the stately turrets and Royal Flag of Windsor Castle (through a telescope of course) and the immense Holloway College.

Then I strolled back and ate "Maids of Honour", very superior cheese cakes at the original shop where George III or IV was so fond of putting in an appearance.

Your affectionate brother Willie.

Letter to W^{rs} C. H. Bridge from D^r Griffin - dated London, Nov^r: 16th 1893.

And now for further news; the great Primary Fellowship Exam is over, and I have passed; one of a small band, there being some 70 or 80% of failures. The fact has given me considerable repute among my fellow workers at the Ophthalmic Hospital, for I went in for the exam solely on my own merits, without any coaching, or attendance on special lectures or dissection rooms, but solely on the basis of knowledge laid in N. Y., supplemented of course by extensive reading here.

So I am in great spirits, and ready for steady work for the final exam in Surgery which will come off in May, and which I have little doubt I will pass, as the first exam is reckoned by far the stiffer. In the meantime I am going on steadily with eye work and

and the practical pathology of eye diseases, and will resume attendance at the London Hospital in order to perfect myself in Practical Surgery. London is agreeing with me very well. I have done six months steady work with practically no more than an odd day's holiday (though of course I usually make Saturday and Sunday off days as much as possible and do sight seeing then) and am in the best of health.

On Lord Mayor's Day the cold was most piercing. I saw the procession of the Lord Mayor's gilt coach as it passed along the Strand; there were camels in the procession, the Eye life-boat and its crew, models of the new Tower Bridge, a tremendous suspension bridge close by the Tower — of Caxton's first printing press, and the usual military bands, fireworks, boys' brigades &c. — Another function that I witnessed was the

service at Westminster Abbey funeral of Sir Andrew Clark. Gladstone was one of the pallbearers, and I had a close and good view of him, he is only of middle height — but his gait is quick and restless, and his face full of energy and determination; he is rather bent. I had heard Sir A. Clark speaking at the Royal College of Physicians the day before his seizure, he was a good example of how a canny Scotch man can get on.

Another interesting personage I have heard speak is Prince Krapotkin in a lecture on "Savages and Barbarians"; the subject was rather interesting to me as I had just been reading Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Law". Another lecture that I heard was by Sir James Crickton Browne, but it was too popular in character to be of any value, subject: "Brain rest". Did the photos reach you all right? Cleopatra's needle is particularly interest-

ing I think. It is a solid column of granite originally quarried at Syene (near the first cataract on the Nile) and thence conveyed to Heliopolis where it was first erected in the time of Sotimes the ^{III} Great, 1500 B. C. Two hundred years later Rameses the Great caused the inscriptions to be written on it which we now see. It is quite possible that Moses himself beheld this pillar during his life in Egypt, at any rate it carries us back to his time and before it. Shortly before the Christian era it was removed to Alexandria and set up there when Cleopatra was ruling. And now it graces the suburbium, and may well endure another few thousand years when perhaps England may be of no more importance than Egypt is at the present day.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter from W. W. Griffin to Miss Hastings - August 1st 1894.

Wemyss Bay Hydropathic -
L. A. Luorlic. N. H.

Dear Miss Hastings,

You will see by the above address that I am enjoying a holiday, Annie and I being the guests of a cousin of hers. We left London a week ago, and went to Edinburgh first where we stayed three days with a Mr. Hope and saw the sights, though unfortunately it was so misty that we could not get a really good idea of its loveliness. We wandered through Holyrood Palace, down the Canongate and into John Knox's house by the way, up High Street to the heart of Middlethian (which book I am now reading) and St Giles' and Parliament House. There we saw the room in which Monson was tried lately. We looked into the "Close" where Dr. Johnston stopped on his northern visit, mounted up to the Castle, but the view thence was obscured by the aforementioned Scotch mist. Annie's grandfather was stationed

for years at Edinburgh Castle when in the 42nd Regiment. Scott's monument in Princess Street is striking, and the gardens between the Castle and Princess Street are very lovely. We ascended the Calton Hill, and went on further to Burns' monument but were not impressed by it, except as to its ugliness.

I should not omit to mention the Edinburgh tea shops in one or two of which we regaled ourselves with shortbread etc. the Scotch are good cooks. Leaving Edinburgh we proceeded to Glasgow by train to see friends of Annie's at Hillhead, by one of them, Lewis Sutherland, I was shown over the University which was close by; he is assistant to the Professor of Pathology. I forgot to mention that a medical friend of Mrs Hope's took me over the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and University; the former is a noble block of buildings erected in 1848.

Our next destination was Ebbick Way on the Island of Mute where some Glasgow

friends, the Birlpatricks, had taken a farm house and had invited us. Our stay here was simply delightful, the view is very beautiful and extensive, including the high hills of Arran, the Mull of Cantyre, Ardnamont Point (which we visited, sailing across in a boat.) The Kyles of Mute, the Coast of Arran and one or two small islands. We bathed daily, drank quarts of milk, rowed, sailed, in fact quite enjoyed ourselves. Then we came here, via Brothesay, whose ancient castle (1094) we went over; it is a large circular building with round towers at intervals in the walls, surrounded by a moat and reached by a drawbridge. Inside are a fine banqueting hall and chapel, all in a state of ruin and overgrown with ivy. Wemyss Bay is half an hour's sail from Brothesay and is a much quieter and more fashionable place. We are to be here a week. I went in for the junior House Surgeonship at Moorfield's Hospital, but just failed to get it; a man who had been eighteen months longer at the Hospi-

tal than myself being appointed. The pay is small but the experience would have been valuable. There were ten other applicants, and I was second, and when the vacancy occurs again I am to be appointed at once if I so desire. I have become pretty intimate with Mr. Lang, whose clinical assistant I am at the Hospital, and am assisting him in a book which he is bringing out on Ophthalmic Surgery, and often dine with him. He is one of the best men in London in Eye Work.

I have determined to stay in England, and such being the case, the M. D. of Brussels would be of no use to me, the F. R. C. S. is the only degree thought much of. I should be able to continue working at Moorfields Hospital. Mr. Lang thinks I am taking the best step I could for making a living rapidly. Mr. Nettleship, who operated on Gladstone, has asked me to become one of his assistants at the hospital.

W. W. G.

Dr. W. W. Griffin to Mr. C. H. Bridges — Extracts
London August 24th 1894.

Miss Oriniddie and I have had a most delightful three weeks tour in Scotland, enjoying the hospitality of her friends all the time, first in Edinburgh that lovely city so full of romance and then at Ulrick Bay in Kute, from which we made an expedition to its old famous Point, the scene of Monks' murder of Hamborough. From Kute we crossed to Wemyss Bay, where we spent a week at the Hydro-pathic with a cousin of Annie's, from this as a centre (it is on the Firth of Clyde) we made steamer excursions to Arran, the Cumbrae, Loch Lomond and the head of Loch Long, and revelled in the wild and beautiful scenery of these parts. Glen Lomond you know, and Hureabonts, is the scene of Rob Roy's exploits. From Wemyss Bay we departed to friends in Liffshire, and from there I went down to Edinburgh for two days to attend the International Congress of Oculists, which is held once in six years, and there

said in the flesh many men of European fame, and attended a most delightful conversation at the College of Physicians. Of course (when in Edinburgh before, I visited the Royal Infirmary, University, the Castle, etc., etc. Leaving our Fife-shire friends we took train to Stirling and passed over the field of Bannockburn, reaching Cellender, we got into a coach and were soon in the heart of the Loche Country with its beautiful lakes (Kenmure and Rattray) and heather covered hills, Ben Lodi, Ben Kenne etc. From the Trossachs we returned to Glasgow, spending a night there. Glasgow has two fine buildings, the recently erected municipal building, more magnificent in their interior than any Arabian Nights palace, and the Cathedral erected eight hundred years ago and full of noble beauty. Leaving Glasgow in less than nine hours we found ourselves once more in dear familiar ever attractive London.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter from Dr Griffin to Mr C. D. Bridge

32 New Cavendish Street

October 5th 1894

Portland Place W. London.

I am making the experiment of starting as an oculist in London and have some hopes that it may succeed, I have been in my new rooms about ten days and have earned three guineas in that time, Mr Lang will put what he can in my way, and thanks to the Dinwiddies I know a fair number of doctors who have promised me their support. New Cavendish Street runs across Harley and Wimpole Streets and is right in the midst of the consulting region. I am getting the rooms at a very low rental, owing to the fact that one day a week another doctor, a well known throat and nose specialist occupies them, on that day I have the use of another room in the house which suits all my purposes. If it were not for this arrangement I should have to pay at least £100 a year for two rooms in this quarter. With the F. K. C. S. I have a good chance of getting some hospital appointments soon. As assistant to Nettleship and Lang I might

perhaps get some New Zealand cases if only they knew of me. I have been elected a member of the Ophthalmological and West London Medico-Chirurgical Societies, and have no doubt that if I can pay my way for a year or two longer I shall get a footing in London. I am also learning Spanish and Italian, for I have been told by the sub-editor of the Medical Press and Circular that there is money to be made in translating medical literature. I may also be able to do some coaching as I know pretty well what is required at exams. — W. W. Griffin

Letter to Miss Hastings —

1 Gloucester Crescent

Regent's Park, London, March 23rd 1895.

I hope there has been no such influenza epidemic with you such as we are having here. Lord Rosebery is suffering from one of its after effects, insomnia, and actually went to Windsor to resign the Premiership, but the Queen was just starting for the

Niviera and refused to accept it, so says Rumour.

I spent two pleasant days at Richmond while Annie was there recreating with her uncle, General Ling. From there I walked over to Twickenham across Richmond Bridge to call on Mr. Hutton, the editor of "The Spectator"; Will Rutherford had kindly got me an introduction through his aunt, Mrs. Roscoe. Mr. Hutton has a house close to the river though not overlooking it; we had a pleasant chat, in the course of which I learnt that Alec Rutherford had just arrived in England and had called on him that day, in fact was then out walking with his niece, Miss Elsie Roscoe. But I did not see him or her that day, as I had to get back to Richmond.

This morning I breakfasted at the Devonshire Club, St James Street, with Mr. Hutton, and had for company Canon McColl (about to be made Dean of Ripon) and Mr. Wilfrid Ward. I need not tell you how I enjoyed the conversation of such men; my own part was chiefly that of a

modest listener, but I don't think I was
 gawkish. Furthermore, Mr. Sutton is coming
 to me as a patient about his eyes next Tuesday.
 A few weeks ago I accompanied Mr. Lang to
 Sutton, where he had suddenly been sum-
 moned to a case of Acute Glaucoma requiring
 immediate operation, for my services I got
 twelve guineas. Another piece of good fortune
 is my being appointed Spanish Correspondent
 to the "Medical Press and Circular," the ^{subj.} editor
 of which is a friend of mine, for this I get ten
 shillings a page. I will probably be able to do
 the same for the Lancet and British Medical
 Journal. They get the newspapers by exchange
 from Madrid etc, and I translate the articles
 and news. By this time I can do it with the
 greatest ease. Mary Quinoidie has given me
 a very old copy of Don Quixote in Spanish,
 I find I can read it with very little trouble.
 I am making headway with Italian, which is ex-
 tremely like Spanish, the want of time being the
 only impediment to rapid progress, I think.

W. W. Griffie.

Letter from Dr. Griffie to Mr. C. H.
 Bridge - 1 Gloucester Crescent
 Regent's Park, London W.
 June 22nd 1895

The marriage duly took place on the 4th
 of June at All Souls, Langham Place. It was
 a lovely day, the church was full of friends,
 and at the reception afterwards there
 were quite a hundred and fifty guests, I should
 think - rather a good advertisement for me,
 by the by. Accounts of the wedding appeared
 in several of the ladies' journals, with photos.
 The presents were numerous and valuable, I
 cannot attempt to enumerate them. We
 left about five in the afternoon for Folkestone,
 and spent the night there, joining the party
 for Switzerland next day. We halted a night
 and a day at Paris, and made the most of
 our time in seeing the sights - the Boulevards,
 Louvre, Tuileries, Place de la Bastille, Champs
 Elysees, and Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame
 Cathedral, Hotel de Ville, etc, etc. Paris is a very

clean city, the buildings are on the whole much higher than those in London, and painted white or green with outside shutters to the windows, the general effect is bright and gay; the traffic is also very great, and seems more than it is because Paris is such a compact city; London by comparison is overwhelmingly immense. Leaving Paris we travelled across France all night to the furas, where the scenery became interesting; we passed great pine forests and then down the lovely Val de Travers to Neuchâtel, across the lake we had a fine view of the whole chain of the Alps, including Mont Blanc. At Yverdon, a delightfully interesting quaint old town on a fine river, the day, we had dinner about 10 a.m. got into another train which took us to Thun, a sweet place. The lake of Thun is almost the most picturesque in Switzerland and we enjoyed exceedingly the steam across it to Interlaken, another most delightful spot. It is situated

between the Lakes of Thun and Krien, and commands a fine view of the Jungfrau, the finest of Swiss mountains after the Matterhorn. We pursued our journey from Interlaken to Grindelwald, but now in the rain, so that our first evening there was rather dull and damp. At Grindelwald one is in the heart of Alpine scenery, the mountains of the Bernese Oberland lie all about us, giants 12 and 14000 feet high — the Wetterhorn, Eiger, the Jungfrau and a host of others. There are two easily accessible glaciers at Grindelwald both of which we visited, in the upper is an ice cave or grotto into which we went. We took several long walks — over the Little Schiedegg Pass and Weugen Alps (6400 feet high) and the Great Schiedegg Pass, and made an expedition to the adjoining valley of Lauterbrunnen and there saw the far famed Staubbach Fall (1000 feet); its nebulous misty appearance is its chief beauty, for it contains very little water. Not far from it are the

Trummelbach falls, here an immense volume of water gushes out of the solid rock with tremendous force and noise, it is most impressive. From Lauterbrunnen we ascended by cable railway to about 5600 feet, and then along the level by electric railway to Mürren, the highest Alpine village, from it you look down into the deep Lauterbrunnen Valley and across to the giant mass of the Jungfrau — a sight I shall never forget.

We stayed a week at Grindelwald and found it none too long. Our route now lay to Lucerne by way of the Lake of Wriezen and the lovely Kuning Pass. Lucerne is a small town at the north end of the lake, and is surrounded by walls and watch towers erected in the fourteenth century. The Reuss river on whose banks Lucerne lies, is crossed by two very old wooden bridges, roofed over. The inner surface of the roof is adorned with quaint old paintings,

the subject of which is "The Dance of Death", they were done, I think, in the 15th century. After a day at Lucerne we journeyed by the St Gotthard Railway through the great tunnel $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and stopped at Airolo on the other, (Italian) side of it. From Airolo we made an excursion down to Lake Maggiore and steamed about its waters for eight hours. The towns and villages along its banks with their campanili (bell towers) are most picturesque, figs, pomegranates, vines, sweet chestnuts etc flourish in luxuriance, but the hills are not so fine as the Swiss mountains, rather reminding one of a Scotch loch. The lake is thirty seven miles long, we had only time to go as far as Limos — half way down. At Locarno, at head of the lake, we had cafe complet, i.e. coffee with bread and butter and honey, on returning, and once more made our way up the beautiful Val Bremula to Airolo. At Bellinzona the train halted half an hour,

so we got strawberries (two pence a pound) and some sweets, and admired the ruins of three old castles.

Next day we sent our baggage through the Tunnel and ourselves walked over the St. Gotthard Pass (7000 feet). The scene at the top is one of great desolation and there are several small lakes full of floating floes of ice. On this pass a hundred years ago fierce fighting took place between the French and Austrians. Descending on the Swiss side of the pass, we at length came to a wild gorge in which the turbulent waters of the Rhens are crossed by the Teufelsbrücke (Devil's Bridge) — the scene of another sanguinary conflict. Passing Bospenthal and Andermatt we at length arrived at Goeschenen, got into the train and were carried to the South end of the Lake of Lucerne, from which we had a delightful sail to Weggis at the other end. From Weggis we walked up the Rigi and enjoyed the

panorama from its summit. Then back to Paris, where we stopped another day — spent in rambling through the gardens of the Palace of Versailles, and the noble picture galleries of the Palace. On to Boulogne, across the Channel to Folkestone, and on up to London and dinner. A sixteen days honeymoon as delightful as could be wished, and both of us much invigorated and tanned by our travels, ready to face the future hopefully and to put shoulder to the wheel.

W. W. Griffin.

THE LADY

parents. At 5-30 the newly-married couple started to spend their honeymoon in the New Forest. The bride went away in a fawn canvas skirt, with a black satin bodice, trimmed with guipure lace and cut steel.

June, 1896

* WATSON-GRIFFIN — DINWIDDIE.

On the 4th inst., Miss Annie Hamilton Dinwiddie, daughter of the late Commissary-General Gilbert Hamilton Dinwiddie, was married to Mr. W. Watson-Griffin, M.B., F.R.C.S., late of Christchurch, New Zealand, at the Church of All Souls', Langham Place, by the Rev. the Master of St. Katherine's, and Chaplain to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. John Geare, Rector of Farnham, Essex. The bridesmaids were the Misses Alice and Edith King (cousins of the bride) and Miss Daisy Baker. Mr. George Fletcher Bridge, B.A., late of New Zealand, was the best man. General G. F. Hogg, C.B., gave his cousin away. A reception was afterwards held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place. The bride's dress was of cream brocade silk, with Honiton lace veil, cream ostrich feathers, and orange-blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of mixed white flowers. The bridesmaids wore biscuit-coloured crepon skirts and sleeves, the bodices being of white silk, trimmed with white lace, shower bouquets of dark red roses, and crescent brooches of pearls (the gifts of the bridegroom). The happy pair left at five o'clock for Folkestone, en route for Switzerland, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling dress was of dove-coloured grey cashmere, trimmed with white silk.

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Extract from letter of Annie Griffin's - date
18th April 1896.

"We went over to Brussels by the seaside for the short Easter trip, got return tickets for less than a pound each and knew of a very moderate pension there where we were most comfortable. We saw the town well, but chiefly walked about in the Park and other pretty parts to get all the fresh air we could. We went out by train to Bea and walked to the Lion Monument at Waterloo and all round, about ten miles, to Hayonmont, La Belle Alliance and other famed places.

The former was most interesting, as my grand-father and his friends in the Black Watch were stationed in the Castle. Just part of the little chapel is left where the battle ceased at the cross over the door, which stopped it, they said. In the walls still can be seen the bullet marks, and in one place a cannon ball firmly embedded. A girl in the Chapel told us a good deal, and gave me a sweet bunch of violets from a little garden where

the Highlanders were. The Cathedral was very fine, we went there on Easter Sunday and heard the most beautiful music. The pulpit is exquisitely carved - it represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve, with the Serpent twining about, but Hope and the Cross above."

Account of same trip by W. W. Griffin.

"Annie and I took advantage of a cheap Easter ticket (£1 return) to go to Brussels for four days, by way of Dover and Ostend. Brussels is delightfully clean, like Paris, of which indeed it is a miniature edition. The finest street is the Boulevard De Waterloo, and we had lodgings (6 francs a day) in the Rue de Stassart, just off it. It is curious to see the milk carts and other small vehicles drawn by dogs. The tramway system is perfect, so noiseless (electric) and quick. One of the chief features of the place is the Palais de Justice, a stupendous pile, far swelling in size the Law

Courts of London, and commanding a most extensive view. But perhaps the most interesting is the Hotel de Ville (Municipal Building) in the old Market Square, which is surrounded by fine examples of 15th, 16th & 17th century architecture. On Easter Sunday we went to see High Mass in the Cathedral of Saint Gudule, (13th century), a very theatrical performance I thought not at all impressive. We refreshed ourselves in the afternoon by walking through the lovely Bois de Cambre which is thought to rival the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The shops in the principal streets deck out their windows in a most attractive way, and there are some handsome arcades. Things are mostly dearer than in London. Some of the picture galleries (notably the Wiertz collection) are curious and interesting, but they are much superior, I believe, to those in Antwerp. Our most enjoyable day was spent at Waterloo, some 12 miles from Brussels; Annie and I walked to all the interesting points on the field of

battle - the farm house of Hougoumont, La Belle Alliance and Hoge Sainte; these have remained in their primitive condition and bullet holes are to be seen in the trees, walls, and buildings. In one a cannon ball lies embedded and can just be seen. The rustics have always ready for visitors a pocketful of bullets, said to have been ploughed up, but I should imagine the original supply had been long ago exhausted. On the centre of the battle field an immense mound and pyramid two hundred feet high, has been erected, crowned by the Belgian Lion, from it one gains a comprehensive view. At Mont St-Jean we saw the room and bed in which Wellington spent the night after the battle, on the walls are old muskets and rifles; while cannon balls and a skeleton also recall the eventful day.

Naval Review At Spithead

Letter from
W. W. Pitt-RiversTo W^{rs} C. H. Bridge.Regency Square, Brighton
EnglandJuly 6th 1894-

Annie has sent you a paper giving an account of the Jubilee Festivities so that I need not go into details except to say that we went up to London for a few days and saw all that was to be seen. The illumination of the fleet at Spithead was by far the finest sight of all. We went in the "Plymouth Belle" from Brighton, passed up and down between the lines of battle ships and cruisers five miles long, were landed at Southsea for two or three hours during which a most terrific thunderstorm broke over us. This had passed off before we re-embarked, then came the grand moment when in the twinkling of an eye each vessel of the fleet became outlined in glowing light, funnels, masts, yards and hull and along the water line. It was a truly fairy-like scene. At eleven o'clock a parting salute of twenty

Naval Review at Spithead

shots from each vessel was given to the Prince of Wales as the Royal Yacht steamed along, and in the darkness the tongues of ^{fire} flame from each gun showed up most vividly, while the roar of the cannon was heard on all sides. We got back to Brighton about three in the morning.

From Annie Pitt-Rivers to W^{rs} C. H. B. on same subject - 7th July.

We are enclosing within two Jubilee Hospital Stamps - as the Prince saw the die destroyed there will only a limited number which may be very valuable by and bye. You will have had a graphic account of the Procession and Naval Review from Willie, we did enjoy them so much. The Illuminations at Spithead baffled description and we have not seen one picture that gives an adequate representation. The ships were more like diamond palaces than anything else, and people around us were saying there was no need to read "The Arabian Nights" after that.

Krent's Gate House. Rotorua, New Zealand.

June 12th 1899.

Extracts from letter of W.^o C. F. Bridge to W.^o C. H. Bridge.

"We left Auckland for the Thames in bad weather, reached Te Aroha on Thursday last. There the weather was most unpleasant, howling wind day and night, it is not a bad little place but has a bad reputation for wind. It rained all Saturday for our journey here and that was tiresome, as the train runs through very pretty bush scenery, ^{with} beautiful tree ferns.

We are now established here for the present, and it has been fine since we came. It is a curious and wonderful country, not beautiful. We made a little excursion this morning to a place called Whakarewarewa. It is a Maori pah about two miles from here, a trap goes backwards and forwards to take visitors.

It is a desolate country, nothing but bracken and manuka scrub, but there are pretty peeps of the lake now and then. The pah is in a valley which is full of boiling springs,

you hear them bubbling all round, and you are every now and then enclosed in a cloud of steam. A Maori woman came forward and offered to guide us about, she took us to a Geyser that was playing, but ~~the~~ geyser that rose sixty feet has been quiet for four years. This is the place where terraces are being formed, we saw just a little bit that gave me a very slight idea of what the famous ones must have been. There were some fearful looking cauldrons boiling and bubbling. The pah is not in the least picturesque, chiefly old tumble-down hovels built in European fashion. We saw one carved whare, but that was spoilt by a square sash window and door. The Maori woman told us she was at Wairoa in the Tarawera explosion, but Will Rutherford laughed and said, "They all tell you that." I want to go to the native settlement here, Ohinemutu, there you see the Maories bathing and cooking in the hot water holes."

Letter dated June 19th 1899 from
 Mr C. F. Kridge to Miss Kridge -
 Motoua -

"We made an expedition on Saturday to a place called Tititere. We paid Cook's Agent 10/- each for the day and everything was provided for us, boat, steamer, buggy and luncheon basket. It was a beautiful day, we walked to the shore of the lake at 10 a.m., and a row boat took us to a steam launch which lay a few hundred yards to the wharf. It was so delightful that I think we should all have liked to row all the way, but it would have taken too long. We towed the boat behind us across the lake as it was wanted again at the other side, and landed at a place called Hamarua where a small river runs into the lake. We had a very pretty walk by the side of the stream which is planted with willows like the Avon, the guide told us they were planted forty years ago

by the missionaries who had called at St Helena on the way out and brought willow cuttings from Napoleon's tomb. Then we came to a post with "Wait here" painted on it, so we waited till our boat appeared, having gone up the stream. We were rowed up the river no more willows, but beautiful bush covering steep banks, there were large cabbage palms, Fuchsia trees, ferns, creepers, and amongst them all every now and then a sweet briar, its crimson berries showing well in the midst of the dark green. We were taken to the head of the stream, a deep black pool where you can see the spring bubbling up, it was very lovely, and I was glad to get away from the incessant boiling and clouds of steam here at Motoua. We rowed back again to the mouth of the stream, there we got into our launch again and steamed back by the island of Motoua to which

Hinemoa swam from the mainland. Then we left all the beauty behind and went to another point where a buggy and pair of horses awaited us. We had a drive of about four miles to Likiere through desolate manuka scrub and bracken. Likiere is famous for its boiling mud springs, it is a place of wonder and horror. We thought we had better fortify ourselves with luncheon before we walked round. There is a Maori whare made of raupo where we were told to go, and here was a table and a fireplace, and an inner door which being opened disclosed four beds divided from each other by raupo walls, all as primitive as you can imagine. The beds were of dried fern with a Maori mat spread over each, yet people actually stay in this whare for weeks at a time for the sake of the baths. We were "Cook's tourists" so we had no trouble about anything, our luncheon was all ready for us and then we went to look at the wonders.

At Likiere

Close to the whare is the mud bath roughly enclosed with raupo, and a few yards away is a stream of water in which you wash after the bath. After seeing that and hearing wonderful stories of people who had come on crutches and walked away without them, our guide showed us round the Springs. It was rough walking for these waters leave a deposit which hardens and forms what is called sinter, rough hard stones and rock. We saw great black or rather brown depths all bubbling up amidst clouds of steam, large things like cauldrons, small things like pots, but all boiling and bubbling as if some devilish agency was at work below. One is called the "Devil's Cauldron", another "The Devil's Porridge Pot", and so on. One fearful cavern is called "The Gates of Hell". I was glad when this round was over and we got back to the comparatively innocent and beneficent mud bath. Then your uncle and aunt and a gentleman

who had joined our party went to refresh their eyes with seeing the Blue Lake. This is a small lake surrounded by bush and deep blue in colour, about a mile distant. I did not go but sat in the sunshine and talked to a Maori woman who I found was the wife of the owner of the Whare. She had a little girl nine years old with whom I tried to make friends, but she was too shy. I suppose they make a great deal in the season by taking visitors round, we each paid two shillings, and it would not be safe to go alone. Persons who stay at the Whare pay thirty-five shillings a week, I should be sorry to stay there, but perhaps if I were crippled with rheumatism I might be glad to do even that. When they returned from the Blue Lake we got into the buggy and drove to Rotorua, getting in about five o'clock, very tired and hungry, but having greatly enjoyed our expedition, the weather being perfect. "

Wrent's Cottage House - Rotorua - June 20th - 1899
From Mr. C. F. Kridge to Mr. C. H. Kridge.

"One day we walked to Ohinemutu, it is a pretty walk and by sitting down and resting several times I managed it very well. We went to the top of a rising ground from which we had a very pretty view of the Lake and the surrounding hills. Though there is no beauty in Rotorua itself there are very pretty peeps of the Lake and the surrounding country and the columns of steam here and there give a character to them. Then we went down into the pa, there is a small church which was built originally for the Maoris though the English now use it also. There are real whares for the most part, and a finely carved Wharepuni or meeting house, with baths and pools of steaming water everywhere. We saw a woman take her dinner out of one of these holes, first came a pot which she informed us was "meat, hot, hot," then a bit of potatoes. Then we came upon two little Maori children disputing themselves in a bath, jumping in and out. The place altogether is quite worth a visit."

Letter from Mr. P. J. Bridge to Mr. C. H.
 Bridge - Huiarau - Auckland
 July 14th 1899.

"We left
 Rotorua at 8.30. a.m. on the 14th. Mary
 and I got out at Otoroiri, about forty
 miles on the way to Auckland. We were de-
 lighted with Otoroiri, its beauty had not
 been exaggerated. The hotel stands on
 a hill and through the grounds flows the
 Waikou river, more commonly called the
 Otoroiri creek - a clear mountain stream,
 the steep banks thickly clothed with a
 wealth of ferns, veronica and manuka.
 At one place the banks rise into steep cliffs,
 the river narrows and rushes down with im-
 mense force forming rapids. Just at the
 foot of these, where the river spreads out
 into a deep basin, are the warm baths,
 but there is no bubbling and steaming mud
 as at Rotorua, it is all loveliness. There
 is the Fairy Bath in which we both bathed,

a warm bath in a bower of ferns lighted
 up at night by glow-worms, so they say.
 There is a tradition connected with the
 Rapids. The Otoroiri Maories defied
 another tribe to shoot the rapids in their
 canoe, they accepted the challenge and
 thirty five Maories attempted it. Every one
 was dashed to pieces, the canoe floated
 a few yards further and got wedged
 between the rocks. There it is now, I have
 got a photograph of it.

Mary and I went for a
 drive this morning to St. John's College
 and round some of the suburbs. Yes -
 today we went by bus to the foot of
 Mount Eden and walked to the top,
 a most lovely view of the two harbours,
 Onehunga and Auckland, and of the
 neck of land between. The weather is
 delicious, so warm and yet fresh and
 invigorating, it is certainly an ideal winter
 climate."

Norway.

Letter from Dr. W. W. Piffie to Mr. H. W. Bridge -
dated July 19th 1901.

..... We are just back from a holiday in Norway where we went to recruit, not having had a holiday of more than a week since we were married six years ago. So we boldly took a month, and have come back renovated in body and mind. Moreover, just before starting, I was appointed Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Sussex County Hospital, and it seemed a good opportunity to take a holiday before settling down to hospital work and routine. We crossed from Hull to Bergen: the passage was rough, and we spent the thirty hours it takes in our berths. Stavanger was the first port touched at, and from thence to Bergen our course lay amongst the innumerable islands with which Norway is girt. Bergen is a quaint and picturesque old town of 80,000 inhabitants - backed by high hills with low islands in front. One part of the town

consists of the houses occupied in the 14th and 15th centuries by the Hanseatic League, many of these are well preserved and contain various relics of that time. Bergen is said to be the wettest place in Norway, and certainly there were showers the two days we spent in it. From Bergen we journeyed along the only line of railway in Western Norway, and it is only seventy miles long, to the terminus - Voss, and thence posted in a "stool-car" (so called from the small seat behind on which the boy who drives you sits - the reins passing between the two people sitting in front) to Mathem, 1200 feet up in the mountains, and the next day to Gudvangen where we took the steamer on the Fjord. Here the mountains rise sheer out of the water for from two to three thousand feet, and down their sides fine water-falls descend in many places, being fed by the melting snow. The echoes on blowing a horn or firing a cannon are very fine. The fjord steamers touch at various spots and we spent a few days at Ketholm and Fjaerland - near

The latter are two fine glaciers to which we paid a visit. Still on the move, we again plunged into the mountains till we arrived at Vatnahalsen 2600 feet up. Here we stopped some days, the air being most invigorating, and a lake being handy on which we boated. Passing on, and with the help of a guide, we crossed the mountains at a height of 5000 feet, and were for several hours wading over the snow with magnificent views in all directions. Late at night (though at this time of year daylight reigns all night, and one can read a newspaper at midnight) we reached Ulvik on a branch of the Hardanger Fjord. We had had a long day and our faces were blistered, but next day we were all right. We steamed over the Hardanger, stopping at Vikingraas for three days, and finally arrived back at Bergen after three ~~months~~ most delightful weeks of perfect weather. I must not forget to mention how lovely the spring flowers were carpeting the wayside, nor how simple and kind the Norwe-

gians are, how picturesque the women's costumes. The food was everywhere good and wholesome, and fish appeared at most meals. Cheese is much favoured, and three or four varieties are usually kept on the table. One in particular, made from goats' milk, and rather like a chocolate blancmange in colour, we got attached to, and brought one back with us. Berries grow on all the mountains, and cranberry preserve is a favourite. Our return journey from Bergen to Hull was very smooth. I cannot tell you how this trip has set us up in health."

Addenda in letter same date to Mr. C. H. Bridge on same subject — "The Norwegian language has many affinities with German and Scotch — and is not difficult. We picked up a good many phrases and words, and hope to acquire more by a study of the grammar, dictionary and cookery book we brought back with us."

Letter from Miss Hastings to Wm. C. H. Bridge.
December 8th 1901.

Karioi. Via Waunganui River.

"I expect you will have heard particulars of my journey which I enjoyed very much, except the night on the steamer. The voyage up the Waunganui is very pretty. Two boats started at seven a.m., the first stopped nowhere, I came in the second. The longer passage is made worth while by the picturesque scenes which occur as the boat runs into the bank and the Maories go on and off, their friends coming down the steep banks to welcome them or send them away. At Jerusalem, where we landed two miles, there was a large party of Maories, the women with bright clothes and streaming black hair. Kipiriki took me quite by surprise, a steep road took me up to an excellent hotel in a grand situation. As I sat in the verandah, I could have believed myself in Switzerland, such a group of heights to gaze at. A very comfortable hotel, 10p a day. When I arrived, I said to the landlord, "Wm. Great was to send an express here for me". A Maori

standing by, said "That's me", and shook hands with me at once. Next morning I started with him at eight o'clock, and to my mind that was the cream of my journey. For the first few miles after leaving Kipiriki the road wound through cliffs clothed in magnificent bush, ferns, countless tree ferns, I had never been so near the bush before. How grateful I felt to my dear friend for the slower express, instead of the rattling coach. Afterwards, the hand of man came in, burning, clearing, melancholy to see, but before arriving at Karioi, there was lovely bush again. Of my welcome I need not write. From the window of my room, where I write now, I see Kuapehu in solitary grandeur with his everlasting snows. A plain stretches at his feet over which blows the delicious air of 2500 feet above the sea. A few hundred yards from the house a swift stream wanders about, by it is the wash house, and near is Janet's whare, hidden by a bank from the house. At this time she has given it up to

Lily and Louise to keep them from the poor sick servant, who starts for home to-morrow with her mother. Dear Janet (Rutherford) is well, except that her eyes are easily tired and can be used very little by lamplight. She is wonderfully bright and energetic. I cannot imagine what they would do without her here. About six in the morning she is off to the cow, afraid to trust the little three quarter caste boy who milks her. He and his sister live here because they had a bad home. Lily is like a little angel among the Maories. I have just come from a service in the schoolroom read by a Maori lay-reader. Everything about their life here is very interesting. The children bring me curious flowers, small orchids.

Monday 9th They have quite a nice vegetable garden here, finer panisies I never saw.

I made a mistake about the lay-reader, he is an Englishman, proprietor of the accommodation house, very dark. We go into the schoolroom every morning for prayers, Mr Grant plays on the

large piano, and the children sing Maori hymns very sweetly. Last night Janet took me out to see a bush fire, all I can say is, that it reminded me of a picture I have seen of Sodom and Gomorrah burning. Lily is quite overcome, I am glad that the school breaks up next Thursday, and next week she goes away to stay at Hukarere, Napier. We have various plans for the holidays, Lake Taupo is the best.

I hope you and Hastings will go somewhere and enjoy it, the distance is the objection to "Wanganui."

M. A. Hastings.

Notes of Trip to Wellington and Waingamui
River taken by C. H. and M. Kridge during
December - January 1901-1902. M. Kridge

Hastings and I left Port by the Sarawera at 10.30
p.m. on Monday Dec 23rd 1901. We had a cabin
to ourselves, but were not happy all the same.

Got to Wellington at noon ^{on 24th} and went to the
Occidental Hotel, Arthur to join us there ^{next day} ~~to~~
for Christmas. Miss Partridge, Mr. Mansfield
and Selby, also Mr. & Miss Jacobs called. In the
evening we went about to see the shops.

1901. Christmas Day Occidental Hotel
Hastings went to St Pauls in morn-
ing and heard Bishop Wallis preach - I met
the Kotomohana with Arthur on board - also Mr. Mans-
field, coming to spend Christmas with his family.
She got in at eleven, a Christ's College Cricket Team
came up to play with ~~the~~ ^{Hawkes Bay} ~~and~~ Wellington
a College Team. Young Mr. Basil Coderill came to stay
at our hotel, which was pleasant for Arthur.

After a sumptuous dinner we went to the Kasin
Reserve, and saw the Christ's College innings Club
for 220, and had tea with the teams at the
room back of the Pavilion. In the evening
went to see the Kathans, finding all at home but Selby,

who has lately sat for her M. A. degree and
is now enjoying a holiday in Auckland among
friends.

Hosing Day -

Hastings and Arthur spent the day
either playing tennis or watching cricket matches -
Albert Trott playing for Hawkes Bay. I began
reading "The Crisis", doing lace work. In afternoon
called on Mr. Mason who has just returned from
England and is staying with Mr. Mantell, senior.
Went also to see Miss Ellen Greenwood. In
the evening we ^{there} went to "Florodora" at Opera House -
House packed - Opera very pretty, and the burlesque
of the Cartos excellent. Finished packing
and said goodbye to Arthur, as we leave before 7 in
the morning - and he goes back to work and Ulaupouan
by evening's steamer. We have had two happy days
together.

Porters Hotel, Waingamui, Saturday 24th

Arrived here soon after three,
quite exhausted by the long hot days travelling -
Saw Susie Mortimer, nee Hoyle at Aramohe Junction, and
arranged to go and see them on Sunday afternoon.

Wanganui

Had to go to bed on arrival - suffering greatly from my head.

Saturday 28th Much better this morning, and improved during day. This place is

full of war memorials and early associations, and we bought a guide book, which we found very useful all through the tour. We visited Christ Church, the Rev. J. H. Maclean's

church, and saw a brass tablet to the memory of an English Regiment stationed here formerly. In the grounds were some very old graves, one or two dating back to 1847. One touching tombstone

inscribed to the Jipillan family, four of whom were murdered in April 1847 by Maoris. This name is prominent in early Wanganui history,

for at the Museum were some good pencil sketches ^{representing early scenes.} by a Mr. Jipillan, probably the father of the murdered children whose mother also then perished.

[We went up to the site of the Hutland Stockade, opposite another sandhill where the ~~old~~ York Stockade was situated. During the troublous times of the settlement the Hutland Stockade was manned by two hundred soldiers, and here the settlers fled for refuge when the Maories threatened an incursion.

A massive granite monument surmounted by a lion crown ^{historic} this spot flanked by and erected by the people of Wanganui in 1891. Upon tablets are inscribed the names of 138 soldiers and settlers who fell in action in the neighbourhood.

In the market square, a prettily kept garden with quantities of flowers blooming luxuriously, is a fine statue to Mr. Hallance, simply inscribed, John Hallance, Statesman.

Here also in these Mountoa Gardens is a fine memorial with figure of grief bending with bowed head over the names of the ^{fifteen} loyal Maories recorded on tablets, and who fell on May 14th 1864 in upholding "law and order against fanaticism and barbarism" at Mountoa.

This was erected in 1865 by the Wellington Province when Mr. Featherstone was Superintendent as a token of gratitude to the loyal Maori party, and inscribed in Maori as well as English. [We also went

to the Museum which is small as a collection, but has some unique things, such as regimental colours, and an organ brought out by Archdeacon

Wanganui - Saturday Dec^r 28th 1901

Williams to the Bay of Islands in 1823, the first to arrive in New Zealand. It has survived all the vicissitudes of war and hurried flights during Hori Kēkē's Wars, and is now spending a quiet old age on the hall platform of Wanganui Museum. There is a good collection of War relics brought by returned troopers, and some odds and ends of the past that I have never seen in any other collection. For instance, a London watchman's rattle of last century, a model of Anne Hathaway's cottage, and one of Shakespeare's house - the first link of the first Atlantic cable - a piece of our own cable broken in Cook's Straits, some heavy silver framed spectacles of the eighteenth century, and pocket scales used for weighing the gummies and kelp gums then in use. There is a fine painting of Major Kemp who wears the sword of honour presented to him by the Queen. There are some important petitions, original documents, relating to the Province, one praying for a change of name from Petre to the native and original name of Wanganui. Also the treaty of Waitangi, with English translation.

Wanganui, Saturday Dec^r 28th 1901

This afternoon we climbed up the 212 steps to Flagstaff Hill, where you get a lovely view of the town, suburbs, river, estuary and ocean beyond. Wanganui is indeed prettily situated, the river taking wide curves, and there are hills and trees everywhere. A fine landscape lay stretched before us from Arorua on the right to the estuary on the left with the sea just beyond glistening in the sunshine. This place is a surprise to us both in many ways, being more flourishing and important than we had expected. The footpaths in most of the streets are planted with shady trees, good shops and buildings abound, and in the evening the streets were full of well dressed prosperous looking people.

Sunday 29th - Hastings went to Christchurch in morning, while I wrote up journal and cards. After dinner we went by bus to Arorua to see the Mortimers. Found them quite comfortable in two rooms, had some tea, then they walked back with us on the opposite side of the river, crossing the Arorua railway bridge, and re-crossing at Wanganui. Saw the Aotea

come in with tourists from Pipiriri. This is the boat we travel in to-morrow, she is run by the new line, the Manguni Settlers Association, whose manager is Mr. Milward, whom Hastings has seen, introduced by Mr. G. Martin of Christchurch. A great many new people in for tea - there is much going and coming during the season.

Pipiriri House, December ^{Aotea}

Packed up, leaving most of our things at Foster's till our return, and on board Aotea about half past six - a good many other travellers, boat started at seven a.m. The river sweeps round cliffs covered with bush, and there are innumerable tree-ferns. There are quantities of willows also - reaching nearly all the way up to Pipiriri and lining the edges of the banks. Most are of the English variety - but many are of the weeping willow, which so beautifies our Avon. All of these are self-sown, being descendants of trees planted by the Rev. Richard Taylor an early missionary at Rau. He took cuttings from the grave of Napoleon at St Helena, planted them with other trees at his settlement, and they have spread all along the banks for miles upon miles.

It will be remembered that our Christchurch weeping willows have the same common origin.

I found the rapids most interesting - one of the features of the trip. The navigation of the river is most difficult, the numerous rapids impede progress constantly, the engines being powerless against them. The steamer is literally hauled over them by ropes, one end of a thick cable is fastened permanently round a tree in the bank, the other lies in the water ready to be picked up by boat-hooks when the steamer comes up. Sometimes this is a long business, three men grappling excitedly for it with these long hooks which are cast over such as fishing lines are, the engines revolving frantically all the time to keep the vessel from slipping back, no forward movement being possible. A small oil engine on the lower deck works a windlass, once the rope is caught, the engineer flies to this, the loose end is worked round and round, men in front hauling in the rope as quickly as possible, and soon the rushing foaming torrent is passed - we are over, the little

engine is shut off, the rope thrown back into the water, the steam engine resumes its sway, and we glide along and up in smooth water through a passing panorama of loveliness. Maori settlements are seen here and there, they are shorn of their former numbers and seem often almost deserted. Their ambitious names contrast amusingly with their realities. Nothing less than Jerusalem, Salatia, Laodicea, Athens, Rome, London, and Corinth ^{such splendid names} has satisfied them. Jerusalem is of the most importance, Karama, London being next with a fine Roman Catholic Church, which bodily ministers spiritually to all the natives along the river. The Maories themselves lent picturesque-ness to the journey by their warm greetings to us as we passed along - or gathering in little groups as the steamer pushed into the bank, laying down a plank for some one to get in or out, and their bright skirts or houses - and some immobile old woman squatting on the bank smothering all made local colour. I was very anxious to see some willow palms, and patient waiting gazing revealed a couple - they are now

so rare. We reached Pipirilli House about five o'clock, having had breakfast and dinner on board. There is a steep pull up to the house - which being so high, commands a full view of the river, wharf, and surrounding heights. We got a nice bedroom leading into a balcony, and were very comfortable altogether. A spacious verandah filled with deck chairs makes a universal lounge and sun-bathing resort. A good many visitors here.

Tuesday Dec: 31st

A quiet day here, something to be thankful for after our continuous sightseeing. A showery hot atmosphere most of the day. We walked in the morning along the coach road which makes three days' journey overland to Rotorua from here. The first day takes you to Kariori where Mary Anne is now staying with the Grants, Lily being the schoolmistress there, and the whole family a power for good among the Maories of that settlement. The road is most picturesque, cut out of the cliffs, winding in and out, steep banks and declivities on the outer side. Nothing to be seen for several miles but hills clothed with magnificent bush, the tree ferns being more luxuriant in growth than any we have seen before, as

31st Dec^r Tuesday - Pipiriki House -

The climate favours more richness of vegetation. Numerous Potentilla Kanae were to be seen - their bloom nearly over. We walked over three miles and got a good idea of all there was to be seen. With all its loveliness, there is a slight monotony in this class of scenery, but this was a beautiful highway by road, resembling in character the highway by river which we had traversed yesterday. In the afternoon we explored the place and saw a very pretty waterfall - Peparoa - which is illustrated in the guide book, also some Maori whares. The Haroi coach arrived at 4 o'clock bringing some tourists and a letter from Mary Anne - who is going to Tokaone soon. One of the numerous Hamilton Brothers of Canterbury is schoolmaster there, and he has lent his house to Mr Grant. The next excitement was the arrival of the steamers of each line. Two came up crowded out - about a hundred and thirty in all, some people drove two yachts came - so we were about 180 at Pipiriki House altogether. A large tent remained standing from Christmas week in which thirty beds were made up, and we knew of twenty one

shattered rows besides. The New Year's holiday accounts for this rush. The verandah was lit in the evening by Chinese lanterns and fairy lights, the dining room and whole front of the house prettily decorated with palms and ferns, and the whole scene was most animated. All the village assembled outside the gates, and haka's were danced for some time by Maori women, headed by an energetic young man, whose shouts and gesticulations stimulated the others to a high pitch of vigour. As we have to get up before five to-morrow morning, we did not stay to see the old year out, but retired in good time to prepare for another long day in the open air.

New Year's Day 1902 - Surely a cinque ushering in of the New Year - may it be an omen of better things to come to us all. For I have been sadly short of my share of this world's pleasures and refreshments. We got up at five a.m., breakfast at 20 past - and off on board the "Aorere", a little oil launch which takes the Astoria passengers. The greater number of tourists went in Matricchi's boat, the "houa", much larger.

Upper Reaches - Pipirilli -
New Years Day 1902

We left soon after rise, a party of about forty
rifely. The start was cold - and the atmosphere
damp - all the time we were on the upper reaches.
The scenery of these is certainly finer than
lower down, the cliffs bolder and higher, and the bush,
tree ferns and ferns generally most beautiful.
We had great trouble with one rapid, losing forty
minutes there, the rope had got caught round
a rock. There were a few Mitre peaks to be
seen. We were taken as far as the Deep Scene -
a particularly lovely spot - right in the heart of ~~the~~
^{Nature's} ~~world~~ ^{world} so to speak. Returning we visited a
cave, the lowest I ever saw. We scrambled
over wet slippery rocks and sandy ledges to quite
a large cavern with high roof, a fine waterfall
pouring down, ~~and~~ ferns and other vegetation
lining the sides with moist greenery. Truly a
vision of beauty, and on a hot day must sink
deep as a refreshing memory. Our morning was chilly and
damp, but the beauty was felt. The reflections on
this river are very clear, though not superior to
our own Avon, or those in Akaroa Harbour.

We shot down the rapids easily enough, the
spray slightly splashing as we rushed through.
Back at Pipirilli at 11 a.m. going straight on board
the Aotea on which some of our fellow travellers
were already installed. The population as a
whole saw us off from the wharf, a group of Maories
adding picturesque and life to the farewell greet-
ings exchanged as we cast off at 11.15. from
pretty Pipirilli.

We called in at Jerusalem, being treated to
half an hour there to explore the place. We
went in a body to the Formidling House & Church
being escorted by men. Some tourists got up
a Maori Women's Race - a most lively affair.
Soon we were gliding down stream - passing our
classically named Kaiapas, and Moutoa Island
where the battle commemorated in Waiparangi
Gardens was fought. Saw once more Major
Kemp's pole, thirty feet high, elaborately carved
and set as a landmark and aukari 14 miles up
from Waiparangi. It was erected as a sign to the
Europeans of their limit, no farther could they
go up the river. We put in at a great many places
picking up and dropping passengers, who were
often Maories, and reached Waiparangi at half
past six - our three days wanderings on its
lovely river already at an end. Being New
Years Day, the town was crowded and we had to get
our luggage from Foster's and go to the Britannia
Hotel - more expensive, but comfortable, and cook-
ing excellent.

Kaitiaki Hotel, Wanganui - Jan^{2nd} 1902.

Our first wet day - a very wet one too - wrote up journals and letters. In afternoon we revisited some of our former haunts, Museum - monuments - and found a shop where they sold some of the unique dress prints we had seen a Maori Woman wearing on the steamer and others also about town. We bought three patterns one of the Huia feather beautifully printed in helio. tropic with the white tip - and two varieties of the Huia bird design with crimson rata blossom. They are beautifully designed, and carried out in cottons in bright colours for the Wanganui natives. At least neither we or any of the numerous people we have shown them to have ever seen these patterns further south.

Friday 3rd - Visited the cemeteries and saw the grave of John Wallace, a simple grey painted monument inscribed with his name, and these words - "To live in the hearts of those we love is not to die." In the afternoon we bought photographs of the river scenery, and went by a funny little railway to Castle cliff, which is situated at the estuary of the river and sea. Out in the roadstead lay the Naimata being tendered by a small vessel loading at the wharf. There are large refrigerating works also and the place is a hive of industry. Further round lies the long curving sandy beach, the outlet for Wanganui children as summer and New Brighton are to Christchurch folk. We took a long walk to the cliffs in the distance, and returned home at five. In the

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Wanganui - Palmerston - Wellington ¹⁵⁷
 Evening after dinner we walked up Flag Staff Hill again for a last look at Wanganui spread out below - and saw a magnificent sunset and double rainbow. Then round the Morita gardens, the river wharf - and some of the streets - our last walk in Wanganui for many a long day.]

Saturday January 4th 1902 -

Up again at the usual am - steamed out of station at seven o'clock. As we crossed Kromohs bridge the Kotea and Shoura were coming up on their Saturday trip to Pipiriki, and we looked at them wistfully - our trip is over. We remained charmed to the last with Wanganui and its surroundings. We often passed pretty bush and quantities of tree ferns and cabbage palms, and the undulating country is interesting. Lordell

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and Tairāhira Valley are two very pretty spots. Palmerston was reached at 11.25 a.m. and here we stayed till the four o'clock train in order to see the place and call on a surveyor friend of Hastings. This junction is a very busy one. Three lines of railway meet here - and the borough claims to possess the largest area of arable land in New Zealand.

The town is thriving, an important centre of a large populous district. The Manawatu River is close by with a good esplanade. We went in to the Anglican Church which has recently been enlarged since the Rev Coleridge Harper's incumbency. Then to call on Mr. Wylde, local secretary to the N.Z. Surveyors Institute. Hastings and he were old school fellows and delighted to meet again. There was much professional talk - while I looked at the Year Book and copied statistics. After lunch at the

Club Hotel, Mr. Wylde took us to his house on the old Kirtos, where we saw his wife and two children, and had afternoon tea. Then good bye - and off to the railway station to get good seats before the New Plymouth-Wanganui train came in, when there is the frantic rush and jostle we had experienced on going up. There were a good many willow palms and tree ferns on the journey down, but they were poor things after the luxuriant vegetation we have been seeing so lately. About six o'clock rain came on and a regular thick wet evening set in, so that our ^{return} homecoming was damp and cheerless. But we got back into our comfortable quarters at the Occidental, had an excellent supper, and after while Hastings smoked, I wrote up my journal -

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Wellington
and earned the night's rest after a long
fatiguing day.

Sunday -

Called on the Marchants in
afternoon, but did not see them - Met
Miss Partridge who asked us to supper.
Went to St Pauls for evening service - where
we saw the Hathams, and I promised to go
and spend a few days with them. Then to
Miss Partridge, where we had pleasant supper
gathering, including Major H. L. O. Smith and
Mr. Arthur Josephs.

Finished reading
"The Crisis," a grand book - with a fine
presentation of Abraham Lincoln.

Monday 6th

Preparing for departure - packing
waiting - etc. Hastings and I went to the Museum
where we were delighted to find two Tuatara
lizards, alive in a large glass case strewn
with shingle and rocks. One rock is hollow like
a cave for them to retire into. They live on water
and are given food once a month. The caretaker
said they had a good fight occasionally, but when
we saw them they were absolutely motionless.

Then we visited the cemetery and saw
the graves of James Edward Fitzgerald and

his family. This graveyard is one of
the loveliest spots imaginable - set on a
hillside - facing the harbour. Being
on steep sloping ground - the rocks and
corners are of the prettiest - and the
trees are old and well grown.

We made a pious patriotic pilgrim-
age to the grave of Edward Gibbon
Walrfield, the real founder of this
Province and Colony. There are four
graves, covered with white marble
slabs - bearing the names of Edward
Gibbon, his brother Daniel and
a nephew and niece, children of Daniel.
Many thoughts crowd upon one besides
such a tomb as that.

At four o'clock Hastings and I started,
he off to home and duty per Urotomo -
Hana - I out to Whangellah to visit
my friends the Mansfields, and so ended
our fortnight's holiday trip in the N. Island.

W. G.
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A. H.

W. W. G.

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