Account of journey from Melbourne to Finnerup in the winter of 1864.  M. Krieger
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, who are younger than a little girl of seven. In that interval of time the facilities for travelling have increased and the very route and means of getting from Lyttelton to Christchurch is totally changed. The little simple details of my early travels may lead to very children-like stories. I was very young and in delicate health after a long, dull, and severe attack of scarlet fever. I cannot 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 unexplored roads into which I was plunged, make a deep impression upon a boy, 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 return, again after a couple of months, to a very dull round of life and lessons, dispensed the effect upon the mind which naturally fell for long upon the complete change in her little life which this journey had brought about. We stayed at an hotel in Melbourne for some time before embarking. I can still recall the large dining-room with its tall mirrors touching the floor and lining the walls, so bewitching the little girl who sawacre, and our counterparts advancing to meet her as the staff. Also one or two occasions where I was taken out with my brother, 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. Now my heart can be a little
crowds, the horses and carriages—the passage was never clear. If traffic! I believe the children occasionally told Lucy on the frightened child and led her by the hand across in safety. She was in a dream; we were on board the Atlantic bound for Lytham. 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 midwinter, June 1864, as the weather was naturally pleasant. The Lyceum Opera Troupe was on board and a large number of passengers making a full steamer. Twice or thrice I heard beautiful strains of music, first of the piccolo and the violin giving a concert in the saloon. The music was followed by the singing of the river of the riverboat, who could always get up. My mother was very ill on the voyage and her little son received nearly all the attention. She was able to give. One of the Opera Troupe was made known to the once in an interval in drill. He wore a high

red headgear—toward 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 childlike air in my eyes, accentuated by a slightly unkind expression. He allowed the red walter Chief. He made many kindly efforts to please me, they were all in vain. I broke from his advances. But he made a profound impression on my youthful mind. For ever afterward my childish prejudices associated the theatrical profession and large red walter Chief as inexorably connected to their disadvantage in my regard. The next thing I remember is our arrival in Lytham, a maze of hurry and desolation to a young child in a strange land. We went to the Metre Hotel for a day. I think it may take for a meal. Then we all went away in a carriage over the hilly to Christchurch.
along with several of our fellow passengers from the "Athlone." A railway line and comfortable carriages as in those days, the tunnel being only then in course of construction. The zigzag road, then always called the "Spur," from its sharp turns and twists around the Port Hills, was the only thoroughfare for traffic, the "Redline" being used only by pedestrians or coachmen. We could see for miles, but it was an arduous short cut and excursion route for tourists and well-dressed gentry. Well, our waggons started, and to this day I remember my state of terror through the long weary drive. I had never seen anything like the precipitous road up which our heavy laden vehicle dragged at least one frightened inmate. The slomo and dangerous steps over which I projected every moment to be hurled down into the sea below us, the heights towering above us on the left, the sharp curves, the crack of passengers and my unfortunate position in having to stand part of the way at the outer edge of the vehicle—all these discomforts and nervous tensions produced a state of acute misery, the memory of which has never been effaced.

To beside the median of the journey for the innocent new arrivals the driver considerately rehearsed the local traditions of the road, pointing out sharp corners at which accidents had occurred, and relating cheerfully on carriages and other tragic incidents. I distinctly remember thinking how beautiful the harbour looked that afternoon as we took a last affectionate look at the Athlone,
home in upon me that it was a special thing for the Chamber to do, and I had peculiar mixture of feeling about it: only 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 for us to be giving the steamer people so much trouble in coming a special journey. At dinner we bade the old and changed horses, and the hotel where we all got out was one to the sea. He reached Christchurch at dark, and without misadventure. My father took us to Richmond 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, sherry at each, stopping yet refusal to speak further than this or receive it, 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

the little girls and boys might be drawn like the Maoris. 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 eight 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 shabby horses starting from Cobb and Co's office on the triangle. The Canterbury Cobb and Co were two brothers, Mep婆 and R. Cobb, and their manager was Mr. M. Mitchell. The I understood remained with them till the firm ceased to send goods to the construction of the main line of railway through the Island. From Christ Church to Ashburton was a long slow draught along the road. Ashburton to Timaru another, two full long days, being spent in doing what my mother had been intended to do, but had not time for.
minutes including stoppages by our present Express train. There were
no passenger bridges over the dangerous rivers
in those days. When we came to the Vaal the we had dinner at the Accommodation House kept by a Mr. Flowers, a Hottentot. The place was always full of so Flowers—and the name stuck me as being good? for a year. I had never heard it. But in connection with rows of horses and caleches,
love. Nearly all the inns or stopping
places were called accommodation houses, perhaps because their prices were the first of all.
and because they were the most attractive,
riposte in my life. There were no bridges over the dangerous and often turbulent rivers in those days, and the Vaal had to be crossed in a bullock
drawn. Never before had I seen or been
of bullocks, and the actuality drawn by them
seemed inconceivable. However we were got safely
over. To our relief, and the river was high
enough for the bullocks, to form in some places,
and there was much talk about for the
their blushing and the number of horsemen
put ashore in going over. Because
the ford was carried away. We reached
the station in the dark, being all thoroughly
made up, and of course spending the night
there. 

We shivered and breakfasted by
the light of a fire. I think we crossed
the Swartbooi river in the coach, but
I am not sure, only remembering that it was very
wide. At the Mopopoto we had dinner,
and then we crossed the river in a
carriage, if not it was in another bullock
draw. I can recall looking down the
river at the coach being taken across in
a quiet to the other side, where we presently
got in again and drove away along the
Great North Road, as the main road was
called. Towards Cimmeria. This journey
over of the coach must just take too
place of the Vaal also, but I am not clear
about it. We reached Cimmeria with
some immediate feelings of horror for being

end
setting leaders or frictions 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 stopped just last stop
and deposited its passengers. The
Royal was then, and for long after the
crack hotel of the town, but some years
ago the landlord improved it and
built an extra flight, though the Royal makes
a fine second.

At the Stables and Coaching Office were very close
to the Royal, situated in the same street, and
the coachers always made their arrival
and departure from the hotel. My father
used to tell us there till we joined
a house to build us, and here the jour-
ney and my early travels came to an end.

Marion Bridge
Christchurch, 1849

The Family
Sketch Book.

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

M. Phillips. Christchurch
April 1849.