

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 boats are now relied on altogether, and if adverse winds arise, they may be out for some days, weather-broken, and causing great anxiety to their families. When the boat's arrival is expected, signs of life gather around yard and jetty, but to day all was silent and desolate, and after passing a while, we turned homewards, leaving the sheet of blue water and the dear hills fast receding from us into the far distance.

M. 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 Surveyors. We went up in the Tarawera, (March 5th) which was greatly crowded, many passengers going up to catch the steamer for England. We had rooms at Miss Eric's, 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 W^r. M^r. Cowper at Belmont, who formerly lived at Christchurch, also of the Mansfields at Newton, old Lincoln 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 red 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 breakwaters are erected

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 Leatherton, meeting here a Christchurch friend, Mr. Wallage of the Bank of Australasia, then engaged and since married to Miss Hattie Ormond whom we know well. We also made excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, Plimerton 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 Ngahau-a-ya Gorge, a beautiful bit of lilly bush. We also went out to Kaiori and saw the Parsons 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 Rev Archdeacon and Mrs Stock — Mr & Mrs Gouraud, and received several invitations which we were unable to accept owing to my illness. While in lodgings, 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 Coubers. 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 Rugged Ridge. He returned just before me, and I finally reached home on the 1st of May, with a ample store of pleasant memories of a happily accomplished visit.

M. Bridge
August 1886.

Note

In the winter of 1888 revisited Wellington spending five months here for benefit of my health, living first with Mr Mansfield at Newtown and Mrs Davis 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 Ohau
and surrounding country. 1888

Last Thursday Miss Rutherford, Mr. Rutherford and I drove up to Lake Ohau, a distance of forty miles from Kugler Bridges, and camped there for two nights. We had a very pretty camping place on the shore of the lake ~~Kukuk~~ 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 Rutherford had one tent, Mr. R. and I another. In the morning we were up at five and boiled the billy, had breakfast and then Miss R. 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 testifies 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 Yen Ohou 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 Hannam range, a mass of black precipitous rugged rocks, upon whose top in a large basin, is a magnificent field of ice, this same hole is some hundreds of feet deep and never melts. Looking between the Hannam range (or Glen Mary, as it is called) and the Yen Ohou range, we have a splendid view of Mount Leffton in the distance, and the tent-like top of Mount Cook all covered with snow. I saw these splendid peaks lit up by the glors

of the setting sun, and a lovelier sight it would be hard to imagine. At the Northwest end of the lake, the Ohau river, formed by the junction of the Hopkins and the Dobson, feeds the lake, and issuing at the lower end, goes to join the rushing Waitaki. On the south side lie the Quailburne 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 Kew Moore station, crossed the treacherous Skuriri, and reached Ouaraua 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
Mugged Bridge
Kerow, Feb^{1st} 1888.

Trip to Mount Cook.

1888.

We started on Monday the 26th of November, the party consisting of Miss Hastings, Miss Davie, Mr. Rutherford and myself. I rode as far as Pen. 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 Shou river over which lay a stout cattle 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 support of any kind. When we got to the river we took the horses out of the buggy and Mr. Middleton swam them across. Miss Davie 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 wheels of the cage by which it runs on the rope came back on his left hand and severely jammed 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. Dove's station, Pen. Shou, where I dressed the fingers with vaseline. Pen. Shou 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, Hurkies 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 Glenstanmer, 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 Braemar 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 which contrast pleasantly with the snowy tops of Cook and Lefton 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 ^{our} face was unsatisfactory. 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 Davie 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 gummicky 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 cliff 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 round 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 extemporised 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 flowing 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 terminus 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 medium 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, (*Hannularia Lyallii*) Cotton Plant (*Alnus*) 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 W^m Doves, 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 look, Leffon, Tasman 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. That 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 Ken 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 Ken 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 Hammer Plains
Hot Springs during May 1889.

On the 30th of April Hastings and I left Ch. Bl. by the morning train for Culverden en route to the hot springs. Mr. H. P. Hill and Mr. Plumptre were of our party and remained with us about ten days. After lunch at the railway terminus we proceeded on our journey in Mr. Perretti's new dray which he always drives himself - and which was put on for our special convenience. The day was bleak - wind piercing, and we were rather overcrowded, so that we could not admire the scenery which requires sunshine to light it up - but stuck now looked gloomy and desolate. We arrived at Pollio's Pass Hotel at half past five, cold and weary and fled to the blazing logs in the open fireplaces and a substantial tea. Next 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 bath houses, 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 inquiries 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^o - 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. W^r. Hill had begun to get over his rheumatism before coming here, but does not sleep so well, he takes one bath daily.

W^r. 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 other baths till towards the end of the month's stay. When I certainly improved and both ate 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, higher 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 Jollio's Pass Hotel - but it is several hundred feet above sea level, and Christ Church level. Without being prettily, the scenery is interesting - a wide plain through which the Hammer river runs, and in which Mr. Low's station St. Helens, the hotel and the baths are situated - hills encircle this basin, and a road over Jollio's 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. Helens station suffered severely, being unroofed and many chimneys were thrown down, Woodbank station in close vicinity was wrecked, as were Glynn Wye, further up the Waimea 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 horses 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 for rail and coaches, available for one month, are issued bi-weekly for thirty shillings. I conclude this account of the Hanmer Hot Springs with an extract from the report of the Colonial Analyst, A. W. Hickerton 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 water. All the samples as before remarked emit strongly of this gas, and the deficiency in Nos 605 and 608 is probably due to defective corking. The amount of albuminoid ammonia found in these waters is such as would by Hawtys standard condemn them entirely for drinking.

Mariam 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 Geo-farmer Symthe, a recent arrival here, whom we had heard speak 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 potteries and coal mines at Springfield, also visiting the quality of the land and returns of harvest. We got into out at Wedderburn, 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 ^{chain} man had to walk three

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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, Hastings & his man went off to the survey, and I, after resting a few minutes proceeded to the bridge, a substantial and elevated structure ^{built over} with 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 seagreen, 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, & 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, an 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 over 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 separated and I read "The Life of Annie Keary" which I had brought — then went for another stroll and looked 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 memories of a day spent entirely in the open and sweet sunshine and pure clear air.

Marian Bridges.

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

Extract from Diary Letter of W.W. Griffie written during his voyage to England in S.S. Fifeshire Feb⁷ to April 1893 and posted at Las Palmas in the Canary Isles.

"The Fifeshire (Captain Cuthbert) left Port Chalmers at 6.30 p.m. Thursday February 23rd 1893 — we 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 fan-like wings, three or four feet from tip to tip, followed us, their motion is very graceful, partly because it is so effortless. A few of Mother Carey's chickens also kept us company, 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