

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 Kathauns, 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 "Storodora" 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 Moutoa 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 Moutoa.

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 Navy silver framed spectacles of the eighteenth century, and pocket scales used for weighing the ginnies and halfpennies 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 W. 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, Kanana, 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 Kanaos 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 Hariri 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~~
~~World~~ ^{Nature} 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 picturesqueness 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 Huiia feather beautifully printed in helio. tropic with the white tip - and two varieties of the Huiia 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 Tairāwhiti 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 dairy 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.} home coming 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 Maundallah to visit
my friends the Mansfields, and so ended
our fortnight's holiday trip in the U. Island.

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L. G.

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