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Society.

STRAY LEAVES

FROM THE

Early History of Canterbury.

BY GEORGE R. HART.

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E. J. Hart.



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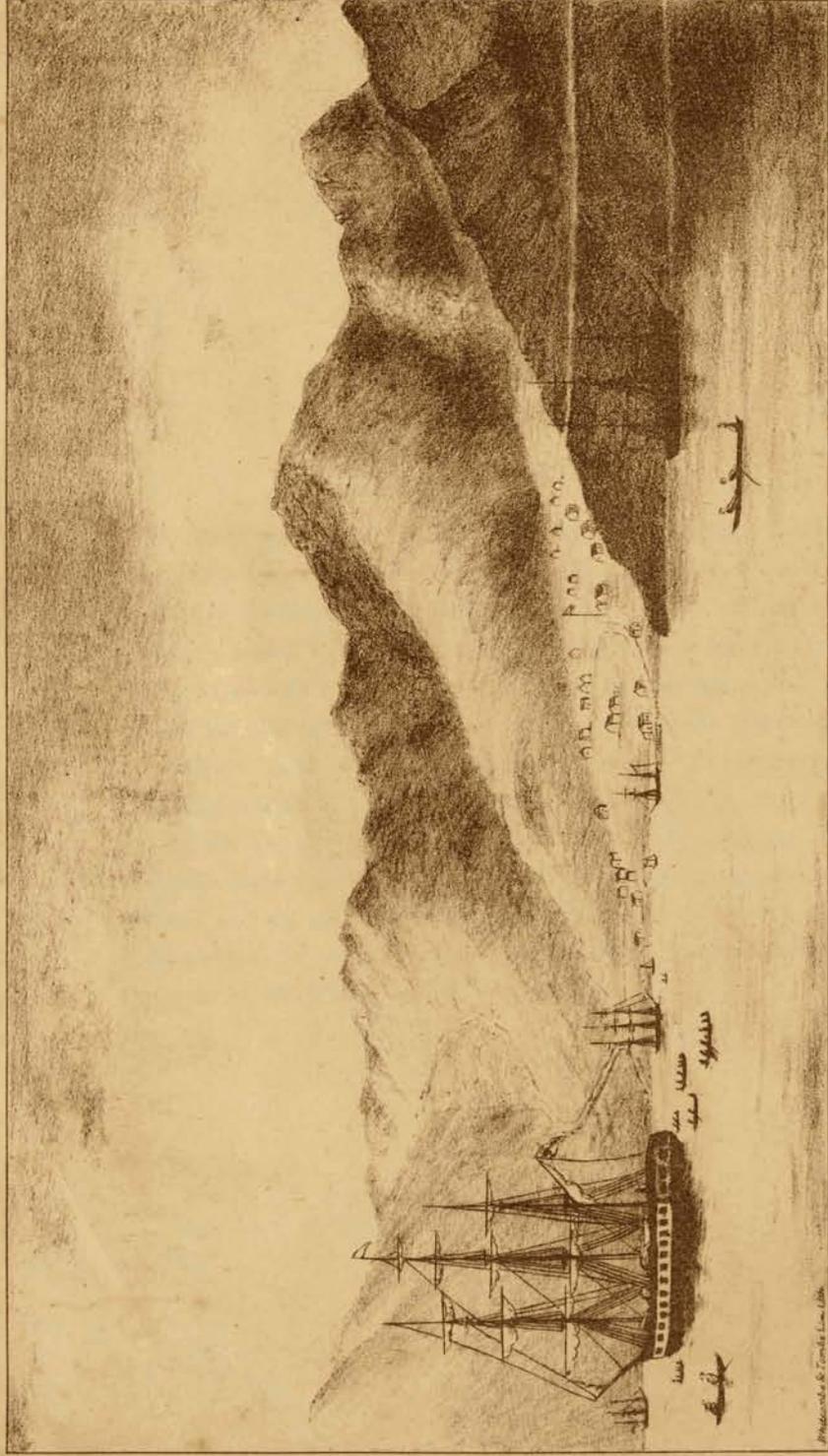
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PREFACE.

THE Directors of the Canterbury Caledonian Society having arranged to have a series of papers on various subjects of interest read at the ordinary Monthly Meetings of the Society, did me the honour to request that I should prepare the first. The main portion of the pages which follow were comprised in that paper, but, as it was felt that the subject was one likely to interest the community generally, it was decided to put it into print. The paper, as originally constructed, was not intended for publication; hence it has become necessary to re-write it, and add to it somewhat. I can only express a hope that it will prove interesting to my readers, and act as an incentive to abler pens than my own, ere it be too late, to compile a record of the trials, difficulties and struggles of the pioneer settlers of Canterbury.



Ship "Cressy" arriving.

Bridle Road to the Plain.

Wharves and Pier.

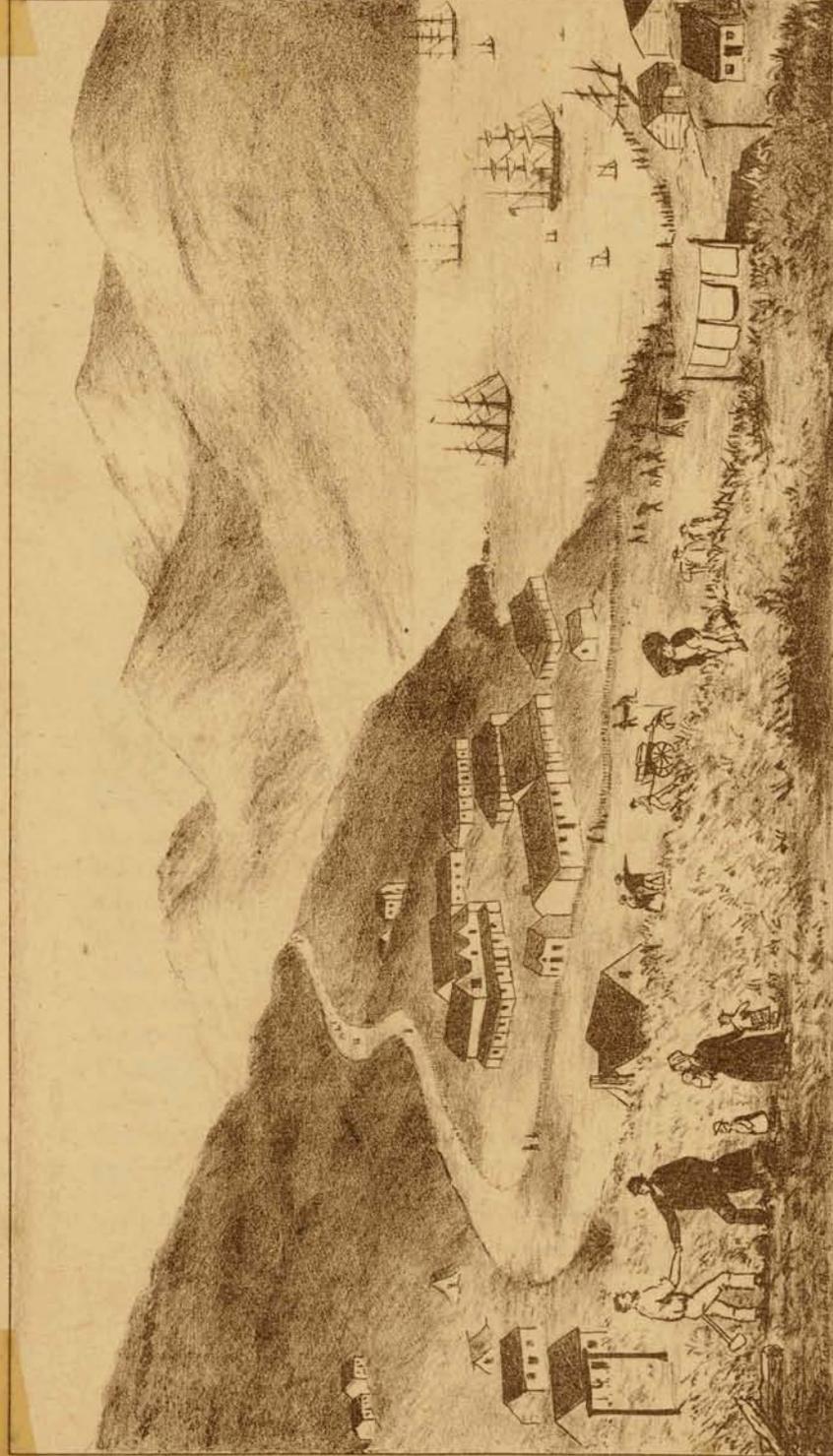
Immigration Barracks
and Mr. Godley's House.

Sumner Road to Lyttelton.

PORT LYTTELTON

VICTORIA HARBOUR, 28th Dec., 1850.

(From a drawing by Miss Mary Townsend, 1851.)



Sumner Road to Lyttelton.

Mr. Godley's House and Immigration Barracks.

East Shore of Victoria Harbour.

"Charlotte Jane,"
"Randolph," "Cressy,"
"Sir George Seymour."

PORT LYTTELTON

Passengers by the "Cressy" landing, 29th Dec., 1850.

(From a drawing by Miss Mary Townsend, 1851.)

STRAY LEAVES

FROM THE

Early History of Canterbury.

CHAPTER I.

HOW CANTERBURY WAS FOUNDED.—THE HISTORICAL FIRST FOUR SHIPS.—ARRIVAL OF THE "CRESSY" AND LANDING OF HER PASSENGERS.—HOW THE PILGRIMS HAD TO ROUGH IT.

THE few stray leaves which it is purposed to collate together in this little volume have not much to recommend them to the reader, save that they are a linking together of memories connected with the early history of Canterbury, which may prove not uninteresting. The main object the author has in view, is to afford some of the later comers here an idea of what the pioneers of civilization had to go through in the earlier stages of the history of the settlement. To that end, and, in order that my readers may be able better to realise the word pictures I shall endeavour to put before them, I must ask their forbearance whilst I briefly recount the history of the settlement of Canterbury. In doing this I do not by any means purpose to put it in the orthodox three volumes, but merely to give the outlines which are necessary in order to fully-comprehend the narrative of events.

As most of my readers are probably aware, the foundation of the settlement was projected by an Association, called the Canterbury Association. This was a most aristocratic and highly religious body, composed as it was of Peers of the realm, younger

sons of the nobility, Archbishops and Bishops. The main object the Association had in view in settling this part of the Colony, may be briefly put as being an Association to found a settlement exclusively composed of members of the Church of England, in which to a large extent the dignitaries of the Church should rule and govern. Indeed, it was hoped to transport to the Antipodes a portion, as it were, of English rural life, where the mass of the people are taught, according to their Catechism, to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters; amongst these specially, of course, being included the parson of the parish and the squire. Another idea in the minds of the projectors seemed to be to provide a new sphere for the younger sons of noble families, who were either unfitted for the Army, the Navy, or the Church, or whose tastes did not lie in either or any of these directions. Here, amidst their flocks and herds, and surrounded by an obedient and respectful tenantry, it was hoped that they might find what in time would become a New England in which they would be the governing families, as their progenitors had been in the country they were about to leave. We see now that, happily as I think, these aspirations and hopes were Utopian in their character and impracticable; that, instead of one sect or one class alone ruling and possessing this beautiful country, all here had and still have an equal chance. So also in the matter of creeds. The Church of England, of course, from the bounteous endowment of the original projectors of the Association, has the advantage in this respect, but otherwise all creeds are equal in our midst. Under the circumstances I have related it was hardly matter for surprise that amongst the ranks of the Pilgrim Settlers who—as the Puritan founders of New England did in the *Mayflower*—set sail for Canterbury in 1850, we should have numbered many scions of the aristocracy and representatives of the landed gentry, who, attracted by what I may call the exclusively respectable nature of the prospectors of the Canterbury Association, had determined to try their future in the new settlement. Indeed it would be hard, I think, to have found a detachment of emigrants of the same number in which so many of the noble families of England were represented as in our

little squadron. In the month of September the band of Canterbury Pilgrims, numbering one thousand souls in all, set sail for Canterbury from Gravesend in four vessels, now known as the historical four ships, viz., *Sir George Seymour*, *Charlotte Jane*, *Randolph*, and the *Cressy*. Colonists who now return to England, or those who come out here, in the magnificent floating hotels of the New Zealand Shipping Company, can form no idea of the primitive accommodation afforded even in the saloon of these four vessels. Small in size, and of course destitute of all, or nearly all, the modern conveniences which are now looked upon as positive necessities for ocean travel, the pioneer ships were by no means what the present generation of colonists would consider desirable to travel to or from England in. However, all on board the four ships seemed to despise the mere matters of accommodation, and as a body looked upon the voyage somewhat in the light of an extended picnic. The small community took out with it all the necessaries for starting a full blown settlement, including a newspaper plant, presses, &c., from no less a classic city than Oxford, subsequently used in printing the journal named the *Lyttelton Times*, and a bank. The expedition of course could not leave the shores of England without some kind of demonstration. Hence a breakfast was given at Gravesend, at which the noble lords, bishops, and the members of the Association “orated,” as our American cousins would say, as to the importance of the event of the day, that of a band of hardy settlers going forth to found a new country in the far distant island of New Zealand. As the Colony at this particular period was associated in the mind of the British public with cannibalism and all kinds of savagery, we were regarded somewhat in the light of persons going forth on a forlorn hope. However, wafted away from the shores of our native country by the eloquence of peers and prelates, mingling with the cheers of the multitude who saw us off, the little squadron set sail. Three of the ships, the *Charlotte Jane*, the *Sir George Seymour*, and the *Randolph* arrived close together. The fourth—the *Cressy*—in which our family had taken passage, came some time after, as, having over one hundred children on board, our captain did

not feel inclined to go so far north as the other three vessels did. Considerable anxiety was expressed at the delay of our ship. the more so as, being esteemed the crack one of the squadron, we were honoured by having the bank on board. The illustration, given on the other page, which is taken from a drawing made by Mrs. W. Donald, who, as Miss Townsend, was a passenger with us on board the *Cressy*. will give some idea of the scene which met our eyes as we sailed up the harbour of Lyttelton one beautiful summer morning, at the end of December, 1850, after a four months' sea voyage. That we were warmly welcomed by our fellow Pilgrims goes without saying. They had been conjuring up all kinds of accidents as having happened to us, and our appearance off the Heads, unheralded then by telegraphic message, created a great deal of excitement. Of course we were all eager to get on shore, and shortly after this we were landed in the ship's boats, with our belongings, in the then infant township of Lyttelton. The second illustration, also from the pencil of the talented lady referred to, gives an idea of what Lyttelton was like at the end of 1850. It will enable my readers to compare the aspect of the Port of Lyttelton then with that of now—only some thirty-six years later. Then—very nearly in its primitive state, with a few buildings dotted here and there; now—a pretty little seaport town, with its railway, electric light, graving dock, and all the appliances of modern civilization. The jetty shewn in the illustration, was situate almost where the railway gates are, just below the Post Office. The large building to the left, which is still extant, and used as the Municipal Council Chambers, was the Government House of the infant settlement, where resided Mr. Godley, the Resident Agent of the then all powerful Canterbury Association. As the last comers, we had of course to take our chance of accommodation on arrival in the barracks—the range of buildings a little lower down than Mr. Godley's house. The extent of room, as may be seen, available in the barracks, was but limited; and as it was summer weather and exceedingly hot, a number of families, amongst others my own, preferred to camp out, after the manner of an extended pic-nic, amongst the high fern and

long grass, which was then growing where now exists asphalte pavements and busy warehouses. Thus our first night on New Zealand soil was spent in the open air, which by no means unpleasantly contrasted with the cooped up state in which we had been for the previous four months on board the ship. The next move now, having fairly set our foot on the Promised Land, was to get a domicile of our own. The Association, then most paternal in its conduct with regard to the emigrants, allowed each married man sufficient timber to build a temporary residence for himself and family at merely nominal cost. There was then no very ornate style of architecture prevalent in the community. The most popular was what is known as the V hut, from being in the shape of a letter V inverted. Sod *wharés*, of all kinds and designs, were also to be seen here and there; but the fashionable style was the V hut. My father, before our first week of picnicing was over, of which we were just beginning to have had enough, had built one for us—his first essay in the art and mystery of carpentering—but still sufficient to cover us fairly well, and we moved from where we had been camping to our new home. This magnificent structure, which comprised two rooms, was built on the site now occupied by the Colonists' Hall, and was on the slope of a hill which rose behind us. As to the tenure upon which we held the section, I believe it was mainly founded on the good old Border law of

" Let him take who has the power,
Let him keep who can ;"

at any rate I know we paid no rent, nor were we troubled at any time with the rate collector's visits, and we remained in occupation under this charmingly Arcadian system till we left to go over on to the Plains. Our V hut was, as I have indicated, though compact, not by any means palatial, but we were in an aristocratic neighbourhood, as just above us, in a sod *wharé* of one room, resided no less a personage than the Hon. Stuart Wortley, now Earl Wharnccliffe. Whilst the summer weather lasted, of course our hut was not by any means uncomfortable; but when the rainy season came the water soon found out the defects of my father's carpentering. We derived one little

comfort, however, from the fact that we were not so bad off as some of our neighbours. An old "Shagroon," as those who were here when the settlers arrived were called, had given us the salutary advice to cut a ditch round our hut so as to carry off the water coming down the hill, and we cut it. Not so, however, our neighbour, the Hon. Stuart Wortley. The consequence was that when the rain came down from the hill it went through his sod *wharé*, and crumbled it down like so much sugar. There was no help for it; he had to beat a hasty retreat and take shelter with us in our hut. Subsequently he reconstructed his *wharé*, but on more scientific principles, and it remained intact some time after Mr Wortley had returned to England.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTCHURCH IN 1851.—THE BRIDLE PATH.—HOW THE OLD
SETTLERS MANAGED TO GET THEIR GOODS OVER THE HILL.
—THE SUMNER BAR.—OUR FIRST NIGHT ON THE PLAINS.



OF course the great ambition of the majority of the settlers, though Lyttelton was then the hub of civilization, as far as Canterbury was concerned, was to get over to the Plains, and many a trip was made to the top of the Bridle Path to have a look, though from afar off, at our future home. The outlook then was different to what it is now. Instead of smiling homesteads, with clusters of houses and plantations, nothing was then to be seen but the great wide bare plain stretching away for miles on either side, and as far as the eye could reach no sign of human habitation appeared. The two clumps of bush—Riccarton and Papanui—were conspicuous objects in the landscape. Some of our number immediately on arrival, who were sent out like the spies of the Israelites of old, to look at the land, reached as far as Riccarton, where they received from the Messrs. W. and J. Deans—the pioneers of the plains—a hearty Scottish welcome. One by one families began to move over the hills; at last our turn came, and one autumn day saw us in company with some shipmates bound on the same journey. Those who have arrived here in later years, will no doubt smile when I say that this was a journey to be undertaken with no small amount of trepidation, on account of the difficulties surrounding it. They can have no idea what the transit of a family with all its household goods from Lyttelton to Christchurch meant in those days. The only road communication was by means of the Bridle Path, then only partly completed, and over which, as they had no other conveyance, the Pilgrim Fathers—and mothers too for the matter

of that—had to carry on their backs the lighter articles of furniture, bedding, &c. The heavier portions had to be sent by sea from Lyttelton by small sailing vessels, over the Sumner bar, and thence up the Avon river to the Bricks wharf. At this latter place, I may note, the principal portion of the settlement of the Plains existed at the time I am speaking of. Our furniture it may here be stated did not arrive, the vessel in which it was shipped being lost on the Sumner Bar, as was frequently the case. Our march out of Lyttelton that day up the Bridle Path resembled nothing so much as the flight of the population from some besieged city to avoid capture. Every article of household requirement, bedding, &c., had to be carried on our backs, and as we toiled in Indian file up the then newly formed Bridle Path, we must have presented a very comical sight. After a long and weary march over the hills and along the foot of the range, we came to the bridge known as Wilson's Bridge, over the Heathcote, which was then a very primitive structure. The Heathcote Ferry was not then in existence, nor was the Ferry Road completed. Wading through swamps and lagoons we at last came out at the Ferry Road, which was in course of construction, and had reached, I think, somewhere about the spot on which the Lancaster Park Hotel now is. Between there and our destination, which was the site on which the White Hart Hotel stands, was a raupo swamp, in which afterwards I had many a summer swim. This extended from the junction of the East Town Belt with the Ferry Road to nearly the Caversham Hotel corner. It was no use trying to go round it, for that would have entailed a longer walk than one would have felt able for, so we perforce went through it. It was almost knee deep, and some of us youngsters had a pretty rough time of it, laden as we were. However, we struggled on, and shortly before sunset we reached our home on the plains. Let me just try, however imperfectly, to reproduce the scene. The place it will be remembered is that occupied by the blocks of buildings in High Street, comprising the White Hart, Strange's Buildings, Nashelski's, &c., and at the back by the Oddfellows' Hall. In the centre of a cleared space on that memorable evening, when a string of

bedraggled weary wayfarers filed on to the section, was pitched a tent constructed of the mainsail of a ship, stretched over one of the spars, the sail being held down by kegs of nails attached at intervals to the sail. All round, except the cleared space in front of the tent, was high fern and tutu, stretching away over the plains as far as could be seen. At the back where the Oddfellows' Hall is, and the range of merchants' warehouses in Lichfield Street now stand, was a large raupo swamp, which was a rare resort for wild ducks and pukaki. Tracks here and there had been roughly cut through the fern and tutu by the survey parties of the Association, who had been engaged in laying out the future city. Streets, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, there were none in our locality. Down by the Golden Fleece Hotel an attempt had been made, roughly, to form something like streets; but on all sides of our location, as I have said, nothing could be seen but high fern interspersed with tutu. Indeed, strange as it may appear to my readers now, we, living in the centre of what is now High Street, were completely isolated from the more settled portion of Christchurch, which, as I have said, composed a few tenements near the Golden Fleece and also at the Brick's Wharf, where Mr. John Anderson, amongst others, first put up his tent. From difficulties in the matter of communication in these pre-City Council days, to which allusion will be made later on, it took a walk of a mile to get from our tent to the spot where the nucleus of the future City of Christchurch existed. Our two nearest neighbours at the time spoken of were situate, one opposite to where the Queen's Hotel is now situate, on the site of Duncan's Buildings, and the other, which was the butcher's *wharé* of Mr. Charles Turner, on Oxford Terrace West, next to the site now occupied by the stores of Mr. C. W. Turner. The Land Office, which then served all the purposes of Government Buildings, and Dr. Barker's tent, on the site of Maling and Co.'s, were the only other buildings in that direction. The former building was, it may be explained, the City Council Chamber, recently removed. As giving an idea of what may perhaps be deemed want of faith on the part of the earlier Christchurch citizens in the ultimate importance of their

City, it may be said that the section upon which the White Hart Hotel is now built was considered by many in those days quite outside the probable extent of the City. When my father bought at auction, for £46, the quarter-acre section upon which our tent was erected, every one of his friends thought he was paying a most extravagant price for land so far away from the centre of the City. How far his judgment and faith in the subsequent growth of Christchurch were justified, the marked progress made here amply proves. It was my daily duty at the time to which I am referring to fetch the meat required for the Hotel—for we had started the Hotel named the White Hart in the tent—from the *wharé* of Mr. Turner, of which mention has already been made. We had not then arrived at the high pitch of civilization of a daily call from the butcher boy, and the meat had perforce to be fetched in all weathers, or we went dinnerless. This was by no means the easy task it now looks, though the *wharé* was only on Oxford Terrace. Streets, of course, did not exist till a later date; and, besides the difficulty of making a bee line through the tall fern which grew considerably over my head, a deep and wide gully, full of water, intersected my line of route. This gully, which more resembled a river in the winter time, ran from where St. Michael's Church now is, on the one side, to the river near where the Manchester Street Bridge is now. A part of this gully can still be seen in the garden opposite Dr. Prin's residence in Manchester Street, and some idea of its proportions may be gathered from what remains. To cross this gully in my daily visit entailed a walk very nearly to where it emptied itself into the river, near the Manchester Bridge, as it was too deep and wide to wade through any where else *en route*. This walking all the time through thick fern and tutu was no joke, particularly in a real good old fashioned sou'-wester, many a one of which we met with about this time. Here let me diverge from the beaten track of narrative a little, to describe an amusing incident which occurred one night, as illustrative of the roughing it we had to do. We had only been settled in our tent about a month when the winter set in, and we were scarcely prepared for the violence with which the rain came down on us. Whether we have got

more used to the climate now or not I cannot say; but it seemed that these first sou'-westers were far worse than any we afterwards experienced. At any rate, like the Ancient Mariner, we could at this time say, "Water, water everywhere," though, unlike him, we had a good deal to drink, were we so minded, and this was not water. However, the whole section was under water some two or three inches, and, consequently, the floor of the tent, which was composed of "the cold, cold ground," also. To obviate this difficulty we had placed a number of cedar planks three or four inches thick, which formed a kind of floating floor. Upon this was placed our primitive cooking apparatus, comprising a nailcan with a hole cut in it to promote a draught. But this has nothing to do with my anecdote, and it is only mentioned to show the way in which we had to rough it. One very stormy night, when the sou'-wester, which had lasted for a week, was blowing a perfect gale, we were rudely awakened from our slumbers by feeling the water pouring on us in sheets. A more than ordinarily strong gust of wind had got under the sail, and some of the cans of nails having become detached, two-thirds of our roof was flying about our heads. Here was a pretty predicament, aroused, as we were, suddenly from sleep in the middle of a pitch dark night, amid torrents of rain and a perfect storm of wind, without the chance of getting our clothes, as we had no means of procuring a light. There was, however, no help for it; so, climbing up the framework of the tent, we tried our best to do a little in the reefing line. It was a tough job, far more than we could properly manage. We hung on for half an hour or so, by which time we succeeded in getting so much of the sail cloth over the ridgepole once more as would enable us to shelter till morning, and with this we had to be content. When morning came we obtained help, and once more the White Hart Hotel was restored to its original condition, and the sail firmly anchored with a number of nailcans added, so as to prevent a recurrence of the disaster. Nor was it alone in the matter of house accommodation that we had to rough it in these early days. Our bread supply especially was most erratic. The bakers were dependent for their supplies of flour on what was imported in small coasting crafts

from Wellington. During a prevalence of bad weather, of which during our first winter in Christchurch we had a pretty fair share, these vessels were frequently some two or three weeks on the passage. Even after its arrival in Lyttelton the supplies might be yet another week on board the small craft off the bar without the vessel being able to get up to the Bricks Wharf. I can well remember, on several occasions, the entire community having to subsist on potatoes for several days, owing to the supply of flour having run out.

CHAPTER III.

OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT—SHAGROONS AND PILGRIMS—THE NEW ZEALAND CLIMATE DESCRIBED BY AN AUSTRALIAN.

THE year 1851 passed away somewhat uneventfully as far as the settlers on the Plains were concerned, except that additions were made to our numbers. We were a singularly independent lot of people in those days, almost forming—if I may be allowed to use the term—a Republic. The only recognised authority was the Agent of the Canterbury Association (Mr. Godley); and there was also a body which was the medium of communication between the Association and the Colonists. This was the forerunner of Provincial Councils, City Councils, and the like governing bodies, and during its existence did much useful work. This was the Society of Land Purchasers. It was originally constituted in London under the name of the Society of Canterbury Colonists, for the purpose of promoting intercourse between those who were going forth to take part in the work of colonisation. When the Association had sold a goodly quantity of land, and the arrangements for the despatch to the Colony of the first four ships were complete, its title was altered to that of the

Society of Land Purchasers, and its members were composed of those who had bought land in the new Church Settlement of Canterbury. On the ships leaving England the meetings of the Society in London were discontinued, and it took up the position on arrival here of a *quasi* local governing body, in so far as communicating with the Association upon all questions affecting the expenditure of the money paid for the land in public works within the settlement. This was the position at first taken up by the Society. But in the absence of any local authority it became, by general consent, the body to whom the settlers looked for deciding upon the many questions which arose. Thus the Society of Land Purchasers, though representing one class of the community only, was forced into the position of dealing with matters affecting the welfare of all. It therefore to some extent discharged the functions of Provincial Councils of later date, in so far as they recommended to the Association what works, in their opinion, were necessary to be undertaken to open up the country. Though, as has already been stated, having no legal position or status the recommendations of this body to the Agent of the Association invariably met with ready acquiescence and endorsement on the part of Mr. Godley. He, however, had in many instances—where the work was one involving a large expenditure of money—to refer to the Association in England, so that a good deal of valuable time was lost. In the beginning of 1852, about six or seven months after we had taken up our abode on the Plains, the Society recommended the commencement of the North Road, from the Papanui Bridge to the bush—the Ferry Road, it may be explained, was in course of being completed from the Ferry to the Market Place—and the construction of a bridle and cattle path northwards from Papanui towards Kaiapoi. It had also taken into consideration the improvement of the means of communication between the Port and the Plains, which was, as has been pointed out, exceedingly necessary. A reference to this matter will be made later on. In various ways the Society rendered signal service to the community as a whole, and many of its leading members, such as Messrs. FitzGerald, W. G. Brittan, R. J. S. Harman, and others, took a prominent

part in the public affairs of Canterbury, when the advent of representative institutions swept away the Republican state of things just described. Prior to that, however, the progress of the settlement and the growth of interests far larger than those of the land purchasers only rendered it necessary for the organisation of the Society to be altered. This was accordingly done in the direction indicated in a later chapter. In the earlier months of the year 1852 the country to the northward and southward of Christchurch began to be taken up for pastoral purposes. This was carried out principally by stock owners from Australia, who, to distinguish them from the Pilgrims or those who came from England direct to Canterbury, were called Shagroons. What this title is derived from is not quite clear. An amusing piece of poetry respecting the climate of New Zealand, and particularly Canterbury, was published about this time, and as it shews what opinion our Australian visitors held of our vaunted New Zealand climate, perhaps to reproduce it would be interesting. The text of the lay is an extract from a settler in Canterbury—presumably a Pilgrim—in which he says, "The climate of New Zealand is superior to the South of France." Upon this our Australian bard, under the title of "The Shagroon's Lament," discourses as follows:—

Among the dreary mountains, far up above the Gorge,
There lives a potent demon, ever working at his forge.
A worker at the winds is he, a flatulent old buffer.
He sends his manufactures down, that man and beast may suffer.

I've witnessed all the winds that blow from Land's End to Barbadoes;
Typhoons, pamperos, hurricanes, like terrible tornadoes—
All these, but gentle zephyrs, are which pleasantly go by ye.
To the howling, bellowing, horrid gusts sweeping down the Rakaia.

That little cloud now sailing down is foreman at the bellows.
At Mount Hutt's base he'll take his place to overlook his fellows.
There's Gust and Puff, and Shriek and Howl, and demons without number.
And they're coming now, with dusky brow, to waken summer's slumber.

They're armed with the winds of the wild West Coast,
Which they've cooled in the mountain snow.
And they're riding down on their steeds of dust,
Making dismal havoc below.

The crops, which looked bright in the summer light
And pleasantly waved in the breeze,
Are withered and dead, the unripe grain shed,
And leafless the rocking trees.

All huddled in vain are the sheep on the Plain,
Destruction is nearing them fast,
And the cry of the lamb as it bleats to its dam,
Is mingling its tones with the blast.

And the settler at morn may look forlorn,
As he hastens in search of his flock;
For lambs dead or dying, and ewes fled or flying,
All his hopes of prosperity mock.

The Prince of the Air is roused from his lair,
And howls in his bullying might.
The gravel and dust are now mixed with the blast,
And the demons shriek out with delight.

The wild pigs sniff the air, and with grunts they declare,
They'll be hanged if they stand such a gale.
While both barrows and boars and sows by the scores
Cut their stick with the wind at their tail.

The garden my joy—my leisure's employ—
Where are now thy flowers or thy trees?
They are blackened and bruised, and most awfully used,
With the cabbages, carrots, and peas.

The onions are whipped; the potatoes are nipped;
The willows have lost every leaf;
The fruit trees are dead, or torn from their bed,
And the gardener is dying of grief.

Then Squatters beware of the Powers of the Air,
When you come with your cattle or sheep.
For New Zealand's a spot just loosed out of pot,
And the wind there is never asleep.

It comes from the South with a burst in its mouth,
Bringing snow, sleet, or drizzling rain;
Or it changes to West, and does its behest,
With a blast twice as furious again.

The vessels at sea, stout and strong though they be,
Are totally lost to command.
Their canvass is rent, their strong masts are bent,
Or they're hopelessly cast on the strand.

The best of good fellows can't stand the strong bellows
That are ever at work on this shore;
So stick where you are, Australia's better, far,
Than ne'er to be heard of more.

Though somewhat exaggerated, yet, those who know the spot, will recognise a grain of truth, at any rate, in the poet's description of the Rakaia Gorge, where the demons of the winds certainly do hold high carnival. Despite the poetical advice of the Shagroon, his compatriots did not stay away from New Zealand but came over here, and ultimately became the founders of the present race of wool kings in many parts of Canterbury.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUMNER ROAD.—ESTABLISHMENT OF SUPREME COURTS.—
VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR.

 Burning question at this time under discussion by the settlers, was that of communication between Christchurch and Lyttelton. As has been stated, this was not of the best, and with the opening of the year, 1852, the residents began to agitate. Public meetings were held both in Christchurch and Lyttelton to discuss this matter. There were the two projects before the public. The first was the completion of the Sumner Road, which was commenced by Captain Thomas prior to the arrival of the first four ships, and upon which some £6000 had been spent at the time I have been referring to. The other was a proposal known as the Raupaki route, which would come over the range nearly up to Governor's Bay, or by the Dyer's Pass Road. Public feeling ran very high on the subject, a goodly number of persons, mainly those being on the Plains, holding the opinion that to construct the Sumner Road was beyond the power of the infant settlement so far as money went. In reference to this subject may be noted a peculiar circumstance, almost what may be called a prophetic utterance, though at the time probably the gentleman who uttered it, regarded it as merely a wild and Utopian notion. I allude to a speech made by Mr. J. E. FitzGerald early in the year at a meeting held in Lyttelton to discuss the road question. That gentleman was most energetically supporting the construction of the Sumner Road—a pet project of his, which he afterwards came to carry to a conclusion as Superintendent. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the possibility of a tunnel being made through the Port Hills some day, little dreaming that one of his successors in

the office of Superintendent would be privileged to inaugurate and carry out that great work. The remarks of Mr FitzGerald upon this point were received with great laughter, none of those present at the meeting evidently deeming it at all probable or possible that they, or perhaps even their children, would see the work an accomplished fact. Yet there are now living amongst us many who took part in that meeting, and who, no doubt, regarded Mr. FitzGerald's remarks as the mere imagery of a fertile imagination. However, it was decided ultimately to push on with the Sumner Road. The great difficulty in the way of getting the work done was want of money, for it was financially, as well as in other ways, the day of small things with us in Canterbury then. It was proposed to seek the aid of the Governor, Sir George Grey, and after a great deal of correspondence he agreed to grant a loan for the purpose. In order to make himself fully acquainted with the nature of the work to be done, and also to inspect the progress made by the settlement during the year, the Governor paid a visit to Canterbury. He had consented to advance £2000 from the Colonial Funds, which, with £3000 at the disposal of Mr Godley, made £5000 as the total sum available. On Sir George Grey's arrival a meeting of the Magistrates was convened, and at this it was decided that as £5000 would only go a short way towards completing the Sumner Road, the whole cost of which was estimated at £15,000, it would be better to postpone the completion of the road for a period. The money it was decided to expend on the Plains in making five miles of the Lower Lincoln Road, metalling the Ferry Road from the Ferry to Christchurch, and other works. In connection with the work of the Land Purchasers Association, though not directly bearing upon the subject I have been speaking of, it may be noted that in March of this year the building in which Christ's College was founded, still extant, on Oxford Terrace, near St. Michael's Church, was built under its supervision. The decision respecting the expenditure of the money obtained from the Colonial Government was not arrived at without a protest on the part of the Lyttelton people. Naturally they wanted to have the money spent on the road connecting them with the Plains. Equally we wanted to open up the Plains,

and afford facilities of communication for the population which was gradually but surely springing up. A memorial from the Lyttelton residents was accordingly forwarded to the Governor, asking him not to carry out the recommendations of the meeting spoken of. As I am not writing history, but merely discursively jotting down recollections of current events, it will suffice here to say that ultimately the Sumner Road was constructed and opened by Mr. FitzGerald as Superintendent. On this occasion he drove over the road in a high-wheeled concern generally known as FitzGerald's circulating medium. Though somewhat out of the order of reference it may here be noted that early in the year a spring cart was started to run on the Ferry Road, which was completed. This cart, which held about six persons, used to leave the Royal Hotel twice a day, returning from the Ferry twice. A punt had been placed on the river, which, perhaps, some of the later arrivals can remember as being in existence when they came over. Thus, after the visitor to Christchurch had negotiated the hill, and tramped wearily along the flat at the foot, he was ferried across in the punt, and then by Beresford's Royal Mail cart he reached the city of Christchurch. This mail cart was the predecessor of Wheeler and Nurse's Royal Mail Line, which lasted for some years. Further steps in the matter of improving the communication, so far as the carriage of goods was concerned, was taken in this year. This was the establishment of a wharf on the Heathcote, on a site known for many years as Christchurch Quay. Another subject which occupied the attention of the Colonists about this time was the administration of justice. Though we were supposed to be living in an almost Arcadian state, it not being considered necessary to lock any of our doors, there were still some light-fingered gentry about, and occasionally a prisoner or two was arrested and sent on to Wellington for trial. In many cases the prosecutors and witnesses, though bound over to prosecute, preferred to forfeit their recognizances rather than face the long and dangerous sea voyage and absence from home for a month or six weeks. I remember that in a most impudent case of robbery from the White Hart, my father paid the £20 rather than go to Wellington. Under these circumstances criminals

could with impunity commit thefts, &c., as they were almost sure that the persons robbed would sooner put up with the loss than undergo the inconvenience and loss of going to Wellington to prosecute. This being so, the settlers felt the time had come for the establishment of a Supreme Court of Judicature here, and an application was made to the Governor to that effect. In February, 1852, the request was granted, and in November of the same year, the first session of the Supreme Court was held in Lyttelton, before His Honor Mr. Justice Stephens. There were only two cases tried on the criminal side of the Court, one for embezzlement, and the other for breaking into a store. In both cases a verdict of guilty was returned, and a sentence of seven years transportation imposed in each case. Where the prisoners were transported to I cannot say, but they were taken away in the Government brig when the Judge returned to Wellington. The first Session was also remarkable for a libel action brought by Mr. C. E. Dampier, the Solicitor of Canterbury Association, against Messrs FitzGerald and Brittan. The defendants were members of the Society of Land Purchasers, the latter being the President, and the libel was contained in a minute of a meeting of the Council. In this it was stated that Mr. Brittan had made a statement with regard to an endeavour, alleged to have been made by Mr. Dampier, to induce Mr. Stuart, the contractor for the Ferry Road, to alter the line of the road so as to enlarge his section. It is not necessary to go into the case, and I should not have mentioned it only that it was the first action of any magnitude brought in Canterbury. Ultimately, the plaintiff was non-suited, being unable to prove that the defendants were joint parties to the publication of the alleged libel. The case created a great deal of interest at the time, so much so, that I find the *Lyttelton Times* noticing the presence of a number of ladies in Court. The traditions of the craft of journalism I am rejoiced to find were even in those days carefully and lovingly respected by the then existing chronicler of events. He tells us that "the Court was graced by the presence of several of the fairer portion of creation." As Polonius would say, "the fairer portion of creation" is good. In March of this year the Governor, Sir

George Grey, paid his first visit to the settlement since the arrival of the Pilgrims. The party included also the Lieutenant-Governor of New Ulster, Colonel Wynyard. No one would recognise the North Island under the title of New Ulster, but this was the name given to it, the Southern portion being called New Munster. In those days there was no Hinemoa, and His Excellency and suite had perforce to content themselves with what was called the Government brig, a bluff-bowed craft not remarkable for speed. The visit of the Governor was, as he explained at the time, twofold in its character. He desired first to see for himself what kind of people these Canterbury Pilgrims were, and to observe what progress they had made in their first year of settlement. The main object, however, of the visit, was to see what could be done with regard to the opening up of communication between the Port and the Plains, to which reference have already been made. For this purpose Mr. Roy, the Government Engineer, accompanied the Governor, and drew up a report. This visit was remarkable for a great gathering of Maoris in Lyttelton. They wanted compensation for some land which had been taken by the General Government to the northward of what was then known as the Canterbury Block. There was a long palaver between Sir George and the Maoris, which took place on a hill about where the Post Office now is. The Governor also visited Christchurch, and was taken round to the farms of the principal settlers, such as Messrs Brittan, Tancred, Deans, Watts-Russell, Bray, by Mr. Godley. Of course it was perfectly impossible, even in so new a settlement as ours, for a Governor to pay us a visit without the inevitable deputation waiting upon him. Our wants were small. As has already been stated, the communication between the two places was very uncertain. There was then no regular Mail Service, the travellers as a personal favour would take a letter from Port to Christchurch, or *vice versa*, and by payment of a shilling, the carrier already referred to, would take charge of any correspondence. This was one thing which the deputation wanted put on a proper footing. The other request was a comical one. We had been a year on the Plains, and the Arcadian simplicity which prevailed may be judged by the fact that, though the settlers

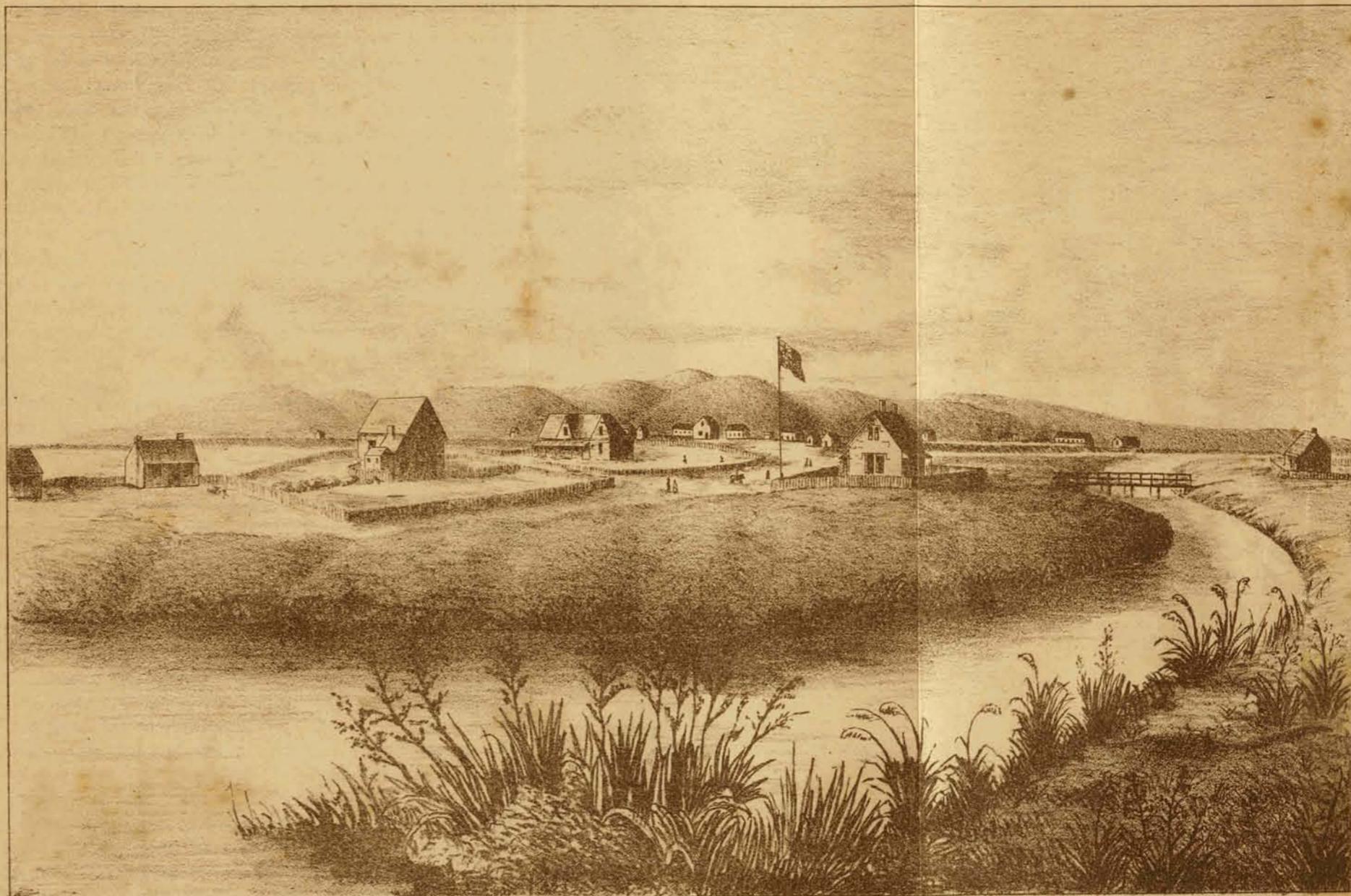
had increased during that period, we had no lock-up. How, or what became of the minor offenders against the law, I cannot now remember, but I have an impression that they used to go out on parole to present themselves at the weekly *levee* of the Magistrate, which took place at the Land Office. The deputation wanted the Governor to promise that the omission should be rectified, and that amongst other evidences of civilization and progress, Christchurch should possess a lock-up. In connection with this building, which was promised, and ultimately put up, I shall have something to say later on. After remaining a few days, Sir George Grey returned to Wellington, having promised as already stated, to advance a sum of money out of the General Revenue to enable works of pressing importance to be carried out. These works were in the direction of opening up communication on the Plains, although Sir George when leaving Canterbury stated that he would not lose sight of the necessity of completing the Sumner Road. There was no enthusiasm on the occasion of the visit of the representative of Her Majesty. All the fuss and ceremony which in later days was sure to be associated with the appearance in our midst of a Governor for the first time, was absent—not that the early settlers were less loyal than those who have followed them—but they had aspirations in the direction of the introduction here of representative institutions, which they urged unceasingly. Sir George Grey was, as is well known, bitterly opposed to democratic institutions, though now most solicitous as to the welfare of unborn millions and impressing in glowing periods upon the working men of the Colony that they are serfs. This of course rendered him very unpopular in Canterbury, the sturdy English yeomen making no secret of their dislike to the high official, who by his influence, delayed for some time the granting to the Colony of representative institutions, which all so ardently desired to obtain. Hence, though Sir George came on a visit, the result of which was of benefit to the settlement, the people for the reason given did not receive him with any enthusiasm whatever. In fact, he came and went much as a private individual would have done. I have not referred to this from any political bias, which I shall endeavour to keep out of these gossiping recollections, but as the first visit

of the Governor-in-Chief to Canterbury. It is true that Sir George was here just when the first four ships arrived, but the visit to which reference has been made was the first one paid after the settlement was beginning to run alone. It will be interesting to compare the severe simplicity of the reception ceremonies, which were conspicuous by their absence on this occasion, with the gorgeous "functions" in which the later residents here indulged when successive Governors have come amongst us.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST YEAR'S PROGRESS—CHRISTCHURCH IN 1852—
SCHOOLDAY RECOLLECTIONS—EARLY FINANCE.

AT the end of the first year's sojourn of the Pilgrims on the Plains, the result of their work was far from unsatisfactory. In March of 1851, there were only a few tents where Christchurch now stands, and the only cultivation was that of Messrs. W. and J. Deans, at Riccarton. The method of communication with Lyttelton at this time has already been described. At the end of the first year the Ferry Road was completed up to where the Caversham Hotel is. At the Heathcote a punt had been placed on the River, and the small craft not only came up the Avon to the Bricks, but, by way of the Heathcote, to Christchurch Quay, some three miles from Christchurch. The goods were then carted along the Ferry Road by drays. Another improvement which had been made was the formation of a road towards Riccarton, which enabled that part of the bush, which was available for sale, to be utilised. This, it must be remembered, was totally distinct from that now extant, which is the property of Mr. Deans. The bush which was cut was more towards Christchurch than that now standing on the Deans' estate, and extended over some thirty acres. A track had also



Dr. Barker's House.

Mr. W. G. Brittan's House
(now Clarendon Hotel.)Land Office
(recently City Council Chambers.)St. Michael's Church. Bridge
(now Worcester St. Bridge.)

CHRISTCHURCH in 1852.

been formed towards the Papanui bush, for the purpose of getting out the timber, shingles, and firewood there; and quite a little colony of sawyers took up their abode there. It was a charmingly pretty spot, that Papanui bush, full of dells and shady vales, and many a picnic party has spent a merry day there. The Papanui Road, here let me say, bore a very unenviable character. It was full of mud-holes and swamps, so much so that a wild tradition was extant, that a bullock-dray, eight bullocks, and a load of firewood went into one of the holes in the road, and utterly disappeared, the driver only saving himself from being engulfed by a super-human effort. It is hard to realise now, looking at the beautiful residences lining the Papanui Road, and the splendid road for driving, not to speak of the modern convenience of trams, that this line of road was at the time nothing more or less than a series of bogs in winter. However, such was the case, and the Papanui Road, as it existed in 1852, was responsible—to use an Americanism—for the surrounding atmosphere being redolent of profanity on more than one occasion. Bullock drivers are seldom choice in their language under the most favourable circumstances, but to drive a team with a load of firewood or posts and rails, from Papanui to Christchurch, was a work of so much difficulty, that the flow of bullock language was more than ordinarily profuse. At this time—March, 1852—the number of buildings in the City of Christchurch was about 150, and of these, the majority were of wood. By this it is not meant that there was any brick or stone houses then, but that a number of tenements were built of sod, raupo, wattle, and dab. This latter, I may explain, consisted of saplings, with clay puddled in between. There were also a few tents, but this primitive style of residence had all but disappeared. Our tent had been replaced by a wooden structure, and though it would cut but a very sorry figure now, amongst the splendid buildings lining Cashel Street, it took high rank amongst those of that day. Amongst the buildings which were noticeable for their size as well as the White Hart, was the Land Office, the School used as the Church of England, the Golden Fleece, and Royal Hotels, the latter *the hotel par excellence*; the Land Office and a Boarding House

erected on the site of the Caversham Hotel. Then there were several private residences—Dr. Barker's house, where Maling and Co.'s store now is, was a most noticeable feature in the landscape, from the fact of standing upon an eminence, and also it being painted black with coal tar. Mr. Guise Brittan's residence, which, with the Land Office, and Dr. Barker's house, and others is shewn in the illustration, have undergone strange transitions. At the time I am speaking of, it was surrounded by beautiful trees, and was noticeable for its garden. Then it became the Provincial Council Chamber and Government Offices; afterwards being converted into what was known as the Lyttelton Hotel. The other noticeable private residences were those of Mr. Philips, Mr. Rose, and Capt. Westenra. The first-named of these is still in existence, on Oxford Terrace, in the occupation of Dr. Patrick. It was at the time I am writing of, quite out in the country, being surrounded by fern and tutu. Mr. Rose lived in the house opposite where Dr. Prins now resides. This house has also undergone some strange mutations. It was first Mr. Rose's private residence, then that of Judge Gresson, and afterwards an imitation on a small scale of Cremorne. The latter phase of its existence was under the superintendence of no less a personage than Mr. John Coker. Capt. Westenra lived in a house surrounded by a garden just about where Tattersalls is now. This house was also isolated, so that if I may be permitted to use the illustration, the residences I have spoken of, quite accidentally occupied three out of the four quarters of the compass. Mr. Philips was in the south, Dr. Barker in the north, and Mr. Rose and Capt. Westenra in the east. The western part of the City did not then seem to be in fashion, though in later days it has become so. The various learned professions were not very strong then. Let us compare the roll of the Solicitors of the Supreme Court practising then to now. Hear it, ye litigants! There were then only two Solicitors in the whole of the City of Christchurch, and even then, they were not fully employed. Now, that number can be multiplied almost fifty fold. We were also a very healthy community then, which may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that there were only two medical men regularly in practice in Christchurch. Two others came

occasionally. It will thus be seen that we had every chance of living to a green old age, which no doubt accounts for the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers do reach up to the allotted span of three-score and ten. In the matter of general tradesmen, there were two butchers, two tailors, two carpenters, two shoemakers, one saddler, one wheelwright, and a lime burner. There were but three general stores, but at these one could get anything from a needle to an anchor. They were not then as now, confined principally to one line. The reader can get an idea of the commercial position of Christchurch in 1852 from the few statistics quoted. At the Land Office, which was really the Government Office, all the settlers congregated, especially on Saturdays, which then, as now, was the day when the people came together. In addition to being used as the Land Office, where all the business connected with the land of the settlement was transacted, it was the Library. Here were placed the volumes numbering over one thousand, intended to form the nucleus of the Public College Library. Another room in the Association buildings in Lyttelton was also rented for the same purpose, and the payment of one guinea per annum, entitled any person to the use of either of these libraries. There were also some few papers, mainly from Wellington. The nucleus of a small Museum was also deposited here in the shape of geological specimens, and some very good specimens of coal from the Selwyn. As has already been said, the Resident Magistrate held his *levees* in the Land Office, weekly, the great unpaid disposing of any cases which might occur during the week. Whilst on this subject it may be noted that though two constables were charged with looking after the morals of the infant city, there was no such thing as a lock-up or police station. Indeed the Land Office was the only public building in Christchurch at this time. Here let me diverge once more into a bit of gossip. Some at least of those who read this little work will remember Mr. Whish, who acted for many years as the usher of the Black Rod to our local Parliament, and was one of the central figures on the occasion of any solemn function connected therewith. Similarly also, Mr. Goodacre would be known to many of the old identities. Mr. Goodacre in later years, was a

draper, and still later on, filled the somewhat unremunerative position of Inspector of public buildings, the salary of which is properly represented by the mathematical formula $x y$. Now let my readers conceive for one instant if they can, these two characters—for really they were so—forming the entire police force for the protection of Christchurch. Yet this was the fact though not at the period just now under review. It was fortunate that the settlement was most peaceful at this time. In later years, we had an infusion of what were known as Vandemonians, *i. e.*, convicts from Van Diemen's Land, who caused our then existing police force some trouble. It seems very probable that the administration of the law by Messrs Whish and Goodacre partook of the free and easy method said to have been in vogue in a neighbouring part of the Colony where the gaoler of Her Majesty's gaol used to present his guests with 2s. 6d., to go to the races, and warned them solemnly that unless they returned by a certain hour, they would be locked out for the night. This is a little digression by the way as it is were. In religious and educational matters, fairly good progress had also been made. The schoolroom on Oxford Terrace given in the illustration as St. Michael's Church was fitted with a very good organ and the services were well attended. The Rev. O. Mathias was the incumbent, and amongst those clergymen assisting in the services were the Revs. J. Wilson, W. Willock, and H. Jacobs, the latter of whom resided in the quaint little building to the northward of the schoolroom, and who was afterwards Head Master of the Grammar School as it was then called. This subsequently became Christ's College, and one of the most celebrated schools in New Zealand. The present bell and tower were then where they are now, and it was intended to form part of a peal, which, however, was never procured. Even in these early days, Christchurch had the character—which it has since preserved—of being a great place for children. The Commercial School conducted by Mr. Bilton, numbered some eighty scholars. Though not claiming so illustrious a roll of scholars as its neighbour the Grammar School, this school can yet boast that a large number of the most notable Canterbury men studied there. Between the scholars of the Grammar

School and the Commercial School, as I may call it, there existed a deadly vendetta. The great ambition of either party was to hold possession of a small island which then existed in the river, immediately opposite St. Michael's Church. A portion of this still remains with some willow trees on it, just above where the Council baths were. The river was then very shallow, so much so, that boys could wade across. The island was the resort of a number of birds, the nests of which was one of the bones of contention between the opposing parties. Besides, there was on this island a most plentiful crop of flax, and in the season, the most delicious honey in the world—as we then thought—was obtainable from the flax sticks. Over the right to monopolise this, we had many pitched battles. The favourite method of warfare was to throw a party of skirmishers across on to the island, and place them in ambush amongst the Maori heads and fern, they being on the side nearest the approach from the shore. Armed with tussocks, having a fairly good quantity of earth attached, the concealed warriors would open fire on the enemy as they attempted to wade across. Not only was there the possibility of one or more being knocked down into the stream, but the falling of the tussocks into the water soon splashed the besiegers to such an extent, that they had to retire. Victory was uncertain, sometimes the Grammar School boys won, and held the fort or island, and sometimes we did. Whoever was temporarily in possession of the island, it was a point of honour that the colours of the respective schools should be displayed from a flax stick on the top of a knoll. Many really pitched battles were fought, sometimes with tussocks and sometimes with the natural weapons of the Briton. Occasionally, what sporting scribes describe as "a merry little mill," took place between picked champions of the two schools; then there was a grand gathering of the clans; a ring was formed, and the combatants duly looked after each by a friend and backer. Just at the back of the school there was a gully, to which reference has been made. In summer time this of course was dry, and formed a very excellent battle ground. Whether the masters knew of these battle meetings or not I do not know, but we never saw them. It was a point of honour at these fights that each boy

did his best to preserve order and keep the ring, and I can remember some encounters that would have delighted the heart of the editor of *Fistiana*, conducted as they were with the utmost decorum and punctiliousness, the combatants exhibiting much bravery and endurance. The majority of those who took part in these frolics of youth, are scattered far and wide. Many are dead, but some I meet every day—these are substantial citizens in every sense of the word, and fathers of families. Sometimes we fight our battles o'er again, and then there is a great marshalling of old memories. From these recollections any array of figures has been rigorously excluded, but a brief reference to the returns of the revenue and expenditure of Canterbury for the quarters ending June, 1850, and 1851, will not prove uninteresting. Under the revenue heading, the customs duty on spirits for the 1850 quarter, brought £126 7s. 6d., and for the next year, £427 7s. 6d. Nothing at all appears to have been paid on cigars or tobacco in the quarter of 1850, so it is to be presumed that the settlers during that period smuggled their supplies of the soothing weed. Only about £60 was paid in the quarter of 1851, though every one at that time used to smoke incessantly. There is no need to go through all the items and I only intend to refer to the more striking ones. The total customs duties for the two quarters was £144 3s. 3d., and £1,018 19s. 6d. respectively. Some of the items on the expenditure side look very comical now. For instance, the Treasurer's Department for six months, only cost some £12. The police for the first three months of 1850, cost the magnificent sum of £23 11s. 2d., whilst the expenditure on the Post Office Department reached the large amount of £2 11s. 6d., for the same period. Under the head of judicial too, the amount expended for the half-year ending June 30th, 1851, is calculated to evoke a smile. The Resident Magistrate's Department cost £39 14s. 1d., and the Sheriff and gaol combined, £6 1s. 6d. The next item is a most peculiar one. Here it is—Registrar, for six months, 16s. Surely no official salary could be lower than this, and if anything were wanted to prove the Spartan simplicity, which was a characteristic of the Pilgrims, this would amply do so. In these days of expenditure of

thousands on charitable aid, it is peculiar to read, that under this heading only the sum of £5 3s. was disbursed by the authorities during the six months. The total expenditure for the quarter of 1850, came to £85 9s. 4d., and that for 1851, £966 9s. 3d.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST YEAR'S PROGRESS (CONTINUED).—THE COLONISTS' SOCIETY.—EARLY SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

MENTION has already been briefly made of the progress noticeable in the town of Christchurch itself, during the first year of the sojourn of the Pilgrims on the Plains. A few words as to what was done outside this limit may, however, not be uninteresting. The Heathcote Valley then, as now, was noted for its cosy little farms and flower gardens. Here the Rev. Puckle, then the Church of England Minister, and the Rev. R. B. Paul, afterwards better known as Archdeacon Paul, had built their houses, and the bright flowers of their gardens, and their trim-looking houses were quite English like in the eyes of new arrivals who had negotiated the somewhat stiff climb over the Bridle Path. Approaching still nearer the Heathcote River, where the old road from the present bridge used to dip into the Valley, the farm of Mr. Townsend came into view. This was the first indication of the stretches of agricultural cultivation met with at intervals further up the Ferry Road. Across the ferry, no very great change has taken place since the time I have been speaking of, except that the Heathcote Arms has been re-built. From this to Christchurch Quay, just where the present flourishing suburb of Woolston now is, was all open country, none of the land having been then taken up, except on the southern side of the Heathcote, where several settlers had commenced farming. At Christchurch

Quay, where vessels still unload timber, a wharf had been built, and a good deal of carting was done along the Ferry Road to Christchurch, principally of heavy goods. Coming nearer Christchurch, there were several farms along the Ferry Road. These have now been cut up into small lots, and built over, but at this period—in 1852—there were wide stretches of fern and tutu, interspersed here and there with clearings on which crops of wheat were raised. This neighbourhood is now pretty thickly planted with market gardens. Then it was the site of one of the two which supplied Christchurch, viz., that owned by Mr. George Allen. The other one was that at the Bricks, where Mr. William Wilson cultivated what was known as the Botanical Gardens. This was a reserve made for the purpose by the Association. This latter site was the next part of the suburbs, in which progress was then made towards civilization. About twenty acres were under cultivation by Mr. Wilson, and here were raised the first Australian trees grown in the settlement, as well as many fruit trees, &c. It may also be noted that Mr. Wilson possessed the only hive of bees at that time in Canterbury. The garden was admirably laid out, and was the favourite resort in the summer of the residents. Beyond the gardens, and down the river Avon, the first sign of cultivation was the farm of Mr. W. G. Brittan, now the residence of the Hon. E. C. J. Stevens. This spot was even in these early days, renowned for the luxuriance of its flowers and fruit, and the records of the Christchurch Horticultural Society attest to the fact that in later years, and under the auspices of its present owner, it has lost none of the prestige then attaching to it. To give an idea of the kind of land it was, it may be noted that the cost of extracting the tutu roots from it, prior to cultivation, reached no less a sum than £10 to £12 per acre. Of course at this time, few, if any of the modern appliances in connection with agriculture had been invented. Below this, was Mr. Tancred's, and beyond this again, Mr. Joseph Brittan's, occupied in later years by Mr. Rolleston and several other farms, now known as Linwood. Towards Papanui on the one side, and Riccarton on the other, small farms had been started, and speaking generally, it may be said that in

the country as well as in the town, signs of substantial progress were noticeable, arguing well for the future. As I have more than once stated, I am not writing a history of the time, but simply giving gossipy recollections, so that any detailed description need not be expected. Reference has already been made to the Land Purchasers' Society, and it now becomes necessary shortly to allude to the dissolution of that body, and the formation of another organization, which undertook—though be it remembered in a perfectly unorthodox manner—the task of local government. In April, 1852, the Land Purchasers' Society, recognising the necessity of the establishment of an organization of a wider scope, and one which would embrace all the colonists, so as to deal with the many important political and social questions which were beginning to crop up, proposed to perform what is known in Japan, as the "happy despatch." The Council of the Society recommended that a Society to be called the "Society of Canterbury Colonists" should be formed to include every male inhabitant in the settlement, who desired to become a member, on payment of a small sum—I think one shilling was the amount suggested. The plan proposed was, that a Council of twelve should be selected by the general body of members, six representing Christchurch and the plains generally, and four, Lyttelton; the remainder to represent the Peninsula. The functions of this Council as recommended by the Land Purchasers' Society, was that it should hold periodical meetings for the discussion of all subjects of social and political interest, and to bring under the notice of the settlers generally, all questions in which they were concerned. It was to take steps for the presentation of all petitions and memorials, and also act as the medium of communication between the settlers, the Association and the Government. It was, lastly, to call public meetings of the settlers themselves when necessary, to decide any question of grave importance, requiring the attention of the community as a whole. Such was the proposed charter of the first attempt in Canterbury at local self Government, and we shall see as the events which followed come to be touched upon, how these ideas were carried into practical effect. At a general

meeting of the Society of Land Purchasers held in Christchurch in April, the report of the Council submitting the proposals referred to, was adopted, and it was resolved to call public meetings of the inhabitants of Christchurch, Lyttelton, and Akaroa, to form the new Society. It was also decided to hand over all books and papers to it, as soon as it was formed on the understanding that they were ultimately to be deposited amongst the public records. Meetings were convened to take place in Christchurch and in Lyttelton with this object. Unfortunately the former was called at twelve o'clock in the day, and the result was that only five people put in an appearance. The Lyttelton people, wiser in their generation, held their meeting in the evening, and there was a large gathering. Mr. Godley presided, and resolutions approving the expediency of forming a Society, to be called the "Society of Canterbury Colonists," and appointing a Committee to carry out the details were agreed to. At an adjourned meeting held in Christchurch, at which Mr. H. J. Tancred presided, resolutions of a similar character to those proposed in Lyttelton were passed. The subscription was fixed at five shillings per quarter, and the Societies were then constituted, Mr. Godley being elected as the President of the Lyttelton one, and Mr. H. J. Tancred of that in Christchurch. With regard to the latter, a secession from its ranks took place, or perhaps it would be more correct to say an opposition was formed. This was composed of gentlemen who thought that it would be better to form an institution of a purely literary and scientific character, excluding politics altogether. This was to be called the Christchurch Athenæum, and amongst those concerned, were the Revs. O. Mathias, H. Jacobs, and J. Wilson, Capt. Westenra, Messrs. Bealey, Watts-Russell, Cass, W. G. Brittan and others. At the meeting to establish this new Society, which was held at the Grammar School near St. Michael's Church, a regular pitched battle—of words—took place. Several gentlemen, who were members of the Colonists Society, amongst others, Mr. FitzGerald, deprecated the division, thus imminent, as prejudicial to the end they all had in view, and an amendment to one of the resolutions, proposed with the view of amalgamating the two Societies, was

not allowed to be moved. The Chairman ruled most autocratically—for we carried things with a high hand in those days—that no amendment could be permitted on the resolutions proposed by the promoters! This was at a public meeting convened by advertisement. Let my readers imagine, if they can do so, what would be the result now-a-days if the Mayor were to lay down a similar dictum at a public meeting in the Oddfellows' Hall. However, the Chairman was obdurate, and one of the promoters actually proposed that those only who supported the Chairman in his extraordinary ruling, should be considered as forming the meeting, and their votes only on any resolution taken. This out-Heroded Herod, and accordingly a number of those present left the meeting. The remainder carried the resolutions as drafted; ultimately, I believe, however, the project fell through. There was plenty of work before the newly constituted local bodies. Sir George Grey had brought before the Legislative Council, then a nominee one, and the only authority in the Colony, an ordinance called the Provincial Council's Ordinance. Under this the Colony was to be divided into two Provinces, namely New Munster and New Ulster. The former comprised the settlements of Wellington, Nelson, Canterbury and Otago, and the Canterbury District was sub-divided into the Town of Christchurch, Christchurch Country, Town of Lyttelton and Akaroa. This was vigorously opposed by the settlers who energetically remonstrated that they were distinctly promised that Canterbury should be formed into a separate Province, apart from Wellington, and the other parts of the Colony, with whom the settlement had nothing whatever in common. Both the Colonists' Societies discussed the matter and unanimously condemned the proposal. In October of this year, however, the New Zealand Constitution Act gave the settlers all they wanted in the shape of representative institutions. The Colonists' Societies took a leading part in bringing before the settlers suitable persons for the office of Superintendent, and also as Members of the General Assembly. Of course it was naturally to be expected that the public would desire to see Mr. Godley in this position. He had been most intimately associated with the settlers from the first day of their arrival, and had, in the truest sense, been their

“guide, philosopher, and friend.” The Colonists’ Societies unanimsly requested him to allow himself to be nominated, and a requisition was presented to him, signed by nearly every one in the settlement, but he declined. I may dismiss this part of the subject, by saying that Mr. FitzGerald was ultimately elected as the first Superintendent, defeating Mr. H. J. Tancred and Col. Campbell. But it was not only in connection with the larger political events that the two Societies concerned themselves. They took cognizance of the matters affecting what may be called the social interests of the settlement. such as fire prevention, making of roads, &c., much the same as in these later days, our City and Borough Councils do. One little matter which engaged the attention of the Christchurch Society—only noticeable on account of a *jeu d’esprit* which appeared in the *Lyttelton Times* concerning it—was a large excavation in the Market Place. This was caused by taking out gravel to metal the Ferry Road with, and as we then were not blessed with gas lamps, many of the worthy citizens were in danger on dark nights of coming to an untimely end therein. The Colonists’ Society duly deliberated upon the subject, and agreed to communicate with Mr. Godley on the subject with a view to having the excavation filled up. As I have said, mention is only made of this matter on account of the humorous effusion respecting it, which is here reproduced. It is as following, and appeared under the heading of “An Elaboration of the Information desired respecting restoration of the excavation in the Market Place, Christchurch, to its original elevation:”—

“ In the Market Place at Christchurch was made an excavation.
The gravel taken thence being used for reparation
Of the Heathcote Ferry Road, then in great dilapidation.
The Colonists’ Society desiring information,
Resolved on Tuesday last, after due deliberation,
That the Secretary do put himself into communication
With Mr. Godley, Resident Agent of the Association,
And request of him to answer, without prevarication,
If he at present purposes to effect a restoration
Of the Market Place at Christchurch, to its original elevation.
It was strongly represented then, that the preservation
Of the peoples’ lives and limbs from such a situation
As that in Christchurch they find themselves if through precipitation,
They tumbled into head over heels said recited excavation,

Was a question which merited their first consideration,
That dirty roads and dark nights were sufficient botheration
(When moon and stars were clouded, and no illumination
Appeared in neighbouring cottages, to afford an intimation
To the luckless traveller) without this infernal excavation.
For these and other reasons, then of which the enumeration
Would swell to inconvenience the Secretary’s communication,
The Colonists’ Society would be glad of information,
As to what’s intended to be done about the restoration
Of the Market Place at Christchurch, to its original elevation.”

Ultimately the work was done, and the Pilgrim Fathers after this, wended their way homewards in safety. With the advent of representative institutions, of course the Colonists’ Societies ceased to occupy the position they had formerly done, and merged into Literary Institutes, or something of a similar character. Of course, in a settlement so thoroughly English in its character, racing was early introduced. The course was in Hagley Park, about—so far as my memory serves me—somewhere on the line of the present road running from the Riccarton Hotel towards Fendalton. Easter Monday of 1852, was a carnival day in the matter of racing in Christchurch. The amount of the stakes, when compared with those now given by the C.J.C. will cause a smile, but then it was more the sport than the amount to be won, which was looked to. Three events formed the programme. The principal event was the Canterbury St. Leger. w.f.a., and, as was the custom then, it was run in heats of two miles each. The entrance was £1, and think of it ye sports of the present day, the stake was £10. Three horses entered for this event, which was won by Mr. Lee’s blk. g. Tamerlane. Then there was a Tradesmen’s Plate of £1 each, with £8 15s. added, catch weights, which was run in mile heats. The last event on the card was a Cart-horse Race, owners up for a mile. The entrance money for this was 10s., and the added money, £6 15s. As an evidence of the advancement of the settlement, the racing reporter of the period mentions that two or three of the jockeys were in full racing costume. About a couple of hundred spectators were present on the occasion, and the day’s sport was thoroughly enjoyed. The next sporting event was on the occasion of the celebration of the second Anniversary, on December 16, 1852. The programme on this festive occasion

contained six events, including of course, the inevitable Cart-horse Race. The course, it may be noted, had been improved in the matter of levelling, &c., that is, the tussocks had been removed to some extent. It was about 1 mile 150 yards in length. The fore-runner of the Canterbury Cup, then called the Christchurch Cup, was the first event. This was a Hurdle Race, over six flights, 3ft. 6in. high. twice round the course, w.f.a. The entrance was £2, and the added money, £6 6s. Then came the Anniversary Plate of £3 each, with £8 8s. added money, w.f.a., which was run in heats. A Hurdle Race of £4 4s., and a Cart-horse Race of £2 2s. closed the first day's sport. In speaking of it, the report quaintly says:—"A goodly assemblage of drays and carts, and even two four-wheeled open chaises were drawn up near the Judge's Stand." What would the racing scribe of that day think, if he could see the gathering of private carriages, four-in-hands, and cabs to be found now at Riccarton, at the Metropolitan Meeting? Following this meeting, a movement was set on foot for the establishment of a Jockey Club, which it was hoped would eventuate in the course of the succeeding year. As in other portions of this little volume, I have merely glanced at this subject, giving, as it were, only a passing reference to early sporting in Canterbury, which will enable the reader to estimate the advance which has been made in this as well as in material prosperity, during the thirty-four years which have elapsed.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY JOURNALISM.—THE FIRST HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—

MISCELLANEOUS.—CONCLUSION.

S has already been stated, the Pilgrim Fathers' amongst other institutions of their native land, brought with them a printing press and type, for the production in the settlement of an organ of public opinion. Mr. I. Shrimpton, of Oxford, was the proprietor, and with him also came some adepts in the black art of Gutenberg and Caxton. So soon as the first colonists had got fairly settled down, the *Lyttelton Times* was launched. The size of the paper was foolscap, and comprised at first eight pages, the paper being published every Saturday. During the second year, the number of pages was increased to ten by a supplement being issued. To the energetic, outspoken, and independent action of the paper in those early days, the colonists owed much. The various subjects of public importance were handled with a vigour and ability which even in these days would command admiration and respect. It must be remembered that a most difficult task was before the journalist of that day—public opinion there was then none. Everything was new and untried, and it was the paper which had to educate and form the views of the people on the important work before them, that of founding a new dependency of the British Crown. That this task was ably and faithfully performed, all know, and the settlers of later date owe more than they at any time realise, to the independent and fearless manner in which the public writers of the early days conducted the only newspaper in Canterbury. A quaint little paper was the *Times* of 1852. No cable messages or long *precis* of Parliamentary debates occupied its columns, They were mainly filled with the discussion

of matters having reference to the work of colonization which was being carried on by the Pilgrims, and the news from the mother country four or five months old. Amongst the latter, it now gives one a queer sensation to read the details of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. It would require a volume in itself to trace the history of the *Lyttelton Times* from the time of the modest ten pages of foolscap, weekly, to the eight-paged daily, containing all the news of the world during the past twenty-four hours. I am therefore reluctantly compelled merely to give the most cursory glance at the history of journalism here. Early in June of 1852, a second journal was started. This was *The Guardian and Canterbury Advertiser*. Mr. J. E. Thacker, who is now well known in the Bays, was the proprietor, and it comprised sixteen columns, but the exact size has now escaped my memory. In this, the gentleman, who for some years, dealt with horticultural and agricultural matters, signing the initials "W. W.," made his *debut* as an agricultural and horticultural editor. The City of Christchurch however, was not sufficiently advanced to support a newspaper, and after a brief existence of four months, the *Guardian* ceased publication. The very valuable farm and garden notes of W. W. were then transferred to the *Lyttelton Times*, and for many years formed a prominent item in the Almanac. One sentence in them so firmly impressed itself on my memory as having a beautifully majestic ring—quite Johnsonian—about it, that I venture to quote it now. Here it is—"Though at Christmas we can neither suspend mistletoe boughs from the ceilings of our dwellings, nor display bunches of holly berries; yet by the time it arrives, we shall be able to pile our tables with delicious strawberries, and enjoy the fragrance and beauty of wreaths of blooming roses—luxuries which the noblest and wealthiest of England's aristocracy cannot, at this season, enjoy." Talk about the "hifalutin" of emigration lecturers, that grandiloquent sentence ought, and perhaps did, help to induce many to cast in their lot in such a favoured land.

From disquisitions on horticulture and farming to the found-

ation of the Horticultural Society is a fitting transition. The first Show of the Christchurch Horticultural Society was held in Hagley Park, on December 16th, 1852, being the celebration of the second Anniversary of the settlement. In the brief summary of the rise and progress of the Christchurch Horticultural Society compiled by Mr. Thos. Gordon, the present Secretary, it is stated that it was founded in 1861, this, I incline to think is a mistake, and that it should have been stated that the Society was re-constituted in that year. As has been stated, the first Show was held in 1852. The prize schedule was on the same scale of modesty which characterised public matters in these days, the first prizes in most of the classes not exceeding five shillings. In fruit and flowers, the greatest number of the prizes were taken by Messrs. Deans, Watts-Russell, W. G. Brittan, Dr. Donald, and the Rev. E. Puckle. The Show for a first attempt, was a very successful affair, and took place in a large marquee, afterwards used for the farewell banquet to Mr. Godley, who having finished his work, left the settlement on the 21st December, 1852, for England. When one compares the schedule now issued by the Christchurch Horticultural Society, and the display made at various shows during the year, it affords yet another instance of the wonderful progress which has been made here since the time to which these recollections refer.

Allusion has been made in the earlier chapters, to the difficulties experienced by the early settlers in the matter of communication between the Port and the Plains. When the paper, which formed the nucleus of this little work, was read before the members of the Canterbury Caledonian Society, Mr. W. Boag gave an instance of what occurred to him, which will well bear reproduction. Mr. Boag landed here in 1851, and settled on land at Burnside, the site of his present estate. Then it was not in the cultivated state it now is, and the house was a sod house, roughly constructed. Of course, to cultivate the land, a plough was indispensable, but ploughs were ploughs in those days, and exceedingly hard to get, even at a high price. At last Mr. Boag heard of one for sale in Lyttelton—a common swing plough—for £30. Accordingly,

away he trudged from Burnside into Lyttelton, and bought the plough. But having bought it, the difficulty arose as to how it was to be taken from Lyttelton to the farm. An arrangement was tried to be made with a boatman, to take it round, *via* Sumner, but the price demanded for the work was too high, and Mr. Boag then determined to make an attempt to bring the plough over the hill. Up to this period, it may be noted an empty dray with two horses, which had been brought over with great difficulty, was the only trial made of the kind proposed by Mr. Boag. A start was made by him bright and early next morning with a bullock and cart. The latter to shew the cost of such matters then, was one purchased from Mr. Watts-Russell, for £30, so that starting farming in those days was no light matter. On arrival at the Ferry, the bullock was taken out of the cart, and away Mr. Boag started with him over the hill. The plough was attached to the bullock, and the homeward journey commenced. Now Mr. Boag's troubles also began. The plough swayed from side to side over the roughly metalled road, much to the disgust of both Mr. Boag and the bullock. But if the ascent had been bad, the descent was a hundred times worse. The bullock being on the homeward way, set off at a good pace down the hill, the plough clattering after his heels, and every moment threatening to pitch over the side of the road into the gully below. The bullock unable to understand what sort of a thing it was which was creating so much disturbance behind him, stuck up, and would go no further. In this dilemma, nothing remained for Mr. Boag to do, but to unhook the plough, and try and slide it down the hill himself, driving the bullock on before him. How he enjoyed himself during the trip can easily be imagined. However, the longest lane has a turning, and so the trip was ended at last. On reaching the flat in the Valley, the bullock was once more hooked on, and Mr. Boag went on his way rejoicing. The plough ultimately reached Burnside in safety that night, and it must be acknowledged that it was not a bad day's work from Burnside to Lyttelton and back, not to mention the lively period on the hill.

The time has now arrived when it becomes necessary to draw

these recollections to a close. Before doing so, however, I will just bring together some miscellaneous items which will, perhaps, enable any one who may read them to form some idea of the state of matters in these early days. I have already said we were a primitive people. Here is an instance of it which shows that we were not only so, but viewed in the light of the modern "Gaming and Lotteries Act," somewhat degenerate also. I quote an advertisement from the *Lyttelton Times*, of March 5, 1852, in all its native beauty. This is it—"To be raffled for, as soon as a sufficient number of members are obtained, a newly erected weather board house, containing a large front shop and bedroom in Cashel Street, Christchurch. Twenty-five subscribers of £2 each, the putter up and the winner to spend 50s. each." The way too, in which the streets were formed was also primitive. I can remember what may be called a levy being made on the residents in Cashel Street to each do an hour's work with barrow and spade. There was no compulsion, only they were obliged to, and amongst the first men pressed into the service was the stalwart incumbent of St. Michael's, the Rev. Octavius Mathias, who trundled his barrow, and used the spade and pick in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. As giving an idea of the price of land in Christchurch at this time, it may be mentioned that it was recorded as an instance of progress that four quarter acres in Colombo Street, near the Market Place, had been sold at £30 each quarter, or £120 for the acre. In the matter of sheep, the prices then obtained, would, if they now prevailed, gladden the hearts of Mr. John Matson and his coadjutors. They were then imported principally from Sydney, and ewes brought a no less sum than 15s. 3d. per head. Even in these early times, the fame of Papanui for potato growing was established, for I notice a root from there producing seventeen potatoes, weighing seventeen pounds and a-half. Some little excitement was caused amongst the settlers by the appearance of an advertisement early in the year, calling for tenders for depasturing on Hagley Park, the Town Reserves, and the Botanical Gardens. The idea of the people was that the Association had no right to offer the Town Reserves, and with regard to the Botanical Gardens, they had

been fenced in by the Horticultural Society, and it was understood had been reserved for them. How this was resumed possession of and ultimately sold, I do not know, but certainly at this time, it was understood to have been reserved by the Association, for the use of the Society. However this may be, the rights to depasture on the several places, were sold by auction, and it may be interesting here to quote the prices obtained. Here they are—Hagley Park, 2s. 7d. per acre per annum; the Domain, 4s. 7d.; South and East Town Reserves, 4s. 3d.; Botanical Gardens, 10s. 6d.; North Town Reserves, 2s.

Looking through the earlier issues of the *Lyttelton Times*, one comes across some quaint paragraphs. Here are two which are well worth reproducing. The first gives an idea of the primitive way in which we lived in those times. The chronicler says:—“On Tuesday night, Mr. and Mrs. Watts-Russell gave a ball to a numerous party of friends. The cottagers along the Riccarton Road must have been surprised at the number of drays, spring carts, horsemen, and foot passengers proceeding to the scene of festivity.” Imagine now-a-days, those invited to a ball going in a *bullock dray*! Yet I have no doubt they footed it quite as merrily, and enjoyed the evening to the full as much as if they had gone in a luxurious carriage with C. springs, such as their more fortunate sisters now-a-day can do, instead of the homely bullock dray, or more refined spring cart. The other paragraph to which reference has been made, is equally as quaint. It is as follows:—“All this week Christchurch has been enlivened by the presence of several large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, on their way from the port to the interior of the country.” Could anything be more comical than the grave announcement that Christchurch has been “enlivened” by “the presence” of “flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.” If the streets were now “enlivened” in this manner, there would be a very large accession of fines to the City Council.

Reference has already been made to the lock-up. This was erected in the Market Place, about where the solitary shop left standing now is. It was a small building, about the size of an

ordinary room, and was designed and erected by Mr. Isaac Luck. We do not now give a ball on the occasion of erecting such buildings, but then Terpsichorean gatherings were few and far between, and we were glad then to seize any excuse for a dance. Hence, when the lock-up was completed, and ready for its guests, the contractor issued invitations to the fashion and beauty of Christchurch, and a ball was held therein. It seems a strange contrast to the uses for which the building was erected. On the one hand, light, music, dancing; on the other, darkness, degradation, and despair. At least one sentiment must have been omitted from the list of toasts, viz. :—that the guests might soon meet again in the place of festivity. However this does not seem to have interfered with the enjoyment of the guests, but as showing the different phases of life, I may note that some few months after this, I attended an inquest on a settler who had hung himself in a fit of *delirium tremens*. The newspaper note of the festivities on the occasion of the opening of the building gravely expresses a hope, that the guests might not have occasion to occupy the room under any less pleasant circumstances.

I do not think I can more fitly close these recollections of old times than by reference to the farewell of Mr. John Robert Godley to Canterbury. This was, as it were, the epoch which marked the commencement of the new era of things in the settlement. Up to this, it had been dependent upon the Association, and subject to its authority. Now it was like a young man just starting in life, and taking up the cares and responsibilities of self-government. Though the position of Mr. Godley in the settlement had virtually been an autocratic one, as owing to the distance from England he had necessarily to act on his own responsibility, yet he never abused it. He was indeed the friend of nearly every one in Canterbury, man, woman, and child. To him they came with their difficulties and their troubles, and they were always sure of receiving good advice in the one case, and substantial help were it needed in the other. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that the departure from our midst of one who had hitherto been the leader of the Pilgrims, created no

small amount of interest. An attempt had, as I here already mentioned, been made to induce him to accept the office of Superintendent, but he declined much to the regret of every one. Of course he was not allowed to leave without some expression of public feeling, and it was therefore determined to give a farewell luncheon to Mr. and Mrs. Godley. This was most appropriately fixed to take place in Hagley Park, on the celebration of the second Anniversary. There was a large and representative gathering, some 150 being present. The chair was occupied by Capt. Simeon, the Resident Magistrate. The scene of the parting between the Pilgrims and their leader was one of touching interest, the more so as Mr. Godley was not spared to pay another visit to the settlement he loved so well, and in which he would have seen so many marks of progress. The proceedings comprised the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Godley of an address from the settlers, conveying the high esteem and respect entertained by the whole of the inhabitants for them. The health of Mr. and Mrs. Godley was then proposed by the chairman, and responded to by Mr. Godley in a most eloquent address. I venture to make one or two extracts from it to show firstly the true nature of Mr. Godley's connection with the Pilgrims, and secondly, what was the idea of Mr. Godley and those associated with him in the work of colonization as to the character of the settlement. Speaking on this first point, Mr. Godley eloquently describes the simple, almost paternal relations existing between himself and the settlers. He says:—"Nearly every inhabitant of Canterbury is, more or less known to me as I am to them; with a large proportion—I had nearly said with the greater part of them—I have been in constant personal intercourse. I have watched the growth of nearly every house, the cultivation of every field, the progress of every crop in the settlement, as if it were my own. I have superintended the construction of your public works, the building of your churches, the management of your schools. I have borne a part in your political proceedings, and attended all your public meetings—in short the affairs of this settlement have become part and parcel of my life and being to an extent which could hardly have taken place under any other combination of circumstances." Could

anything remind one more of the primitive simplicity of the rule amongst the Pilgrim Fathers of New England than this. It partook more of that of the father of a family than a public official bound down by the hard and dry routine of red tape. As to the ideal settlement which the promoters of the Canterbury Association—and the colonists themselves too—had set up for themselves, here is what Mr. Godley says:—"No man in this world can go through any enterprise that has greatness in it, without being often and sorely disappointed, because nothing great is ever done without enthusiasm, and enthusiasts are always over sanguine. When I first adopted and made my own the idea of this Colony, it pictured itself to my mind in the colours of Utopia. Now that I have been a practical colonizer, and have seen how these things are managed in fact, I often smile when I think of the ideal Canterbury of which our imagination dreamed. Yet I see nothing in the dream to regret or be ashamed of, and I am quite sure that without the enthusiasm, the poetry, the unreality (if you will) with which our scheme was overlaid, it would never have been accomplished. Besides, I am not at all sure that the reality, though less showy, is not in many respects sounder and better than the dream." One more extract I am tempted to inflict on my readers. I do not think that in these later days any one has done justice to the members of that colonizing Association, to which Canterbury owes its birth, or recognised the debt we as colonists owe to them. It is to show what this debt really is that I venture once more to re-produce the words of Mr. Godley, as he puts the case concisely and eloquently. After speaking of the zeal and disinterestedness with which the work entered upon by the Association was carried out, Mr. Godley proceeded as follows:—"They have made plenty of mistakes, no doubt; that was inseparable from their constitution, as a distant governing body, and nobody has protested against what I believed their errors more strongly than I have; but if they have made such mistakes, the leading members of the Association have nobly done their best to redeem them by voluntary personal sacrifices which no one had a right to demand at their hands. I know these men intimately, they are

be portrayed in these pages — those days when the pioneer settlers laid the foundations of the city in which we now reside, and had to work and toil under greater disadvantages than can ever be conceived by those who came after them. Having done this, and seen what progress has been made in the past by this city, should it not inspire us with brighter hopes for the future. Should it not nerve us with some of the same spirit of indomitable perseverance which characterised the Pilgrim Fathers of Canterbury, and encourage us, though now the clouds of depression may lower around us, to have faith in the undoubted resources of this magnificent country in which our lot has been cast; and above all to have faith and confidence in ourselves and the great future which lies before Canterbury. Let us remember that we here, as well as our brethren in the other parts of the Colony are engaged in the greatest work a people can do, viz., the laying the foundations of a nation which is yet to rise up in this Greater Britain of the South, and like the Pilgrim Fathers who have preceded us, take heart and have courage.

