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EXAMINATION

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HISTORY.

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THESIS by ARRILL. — Margaret Hunter.
THE HISTORY
OF
EARLY LITTLETON
FROM
A SOCIAL ASPECT.
**INDEX.**

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Also stories told by Mrs Taimui of Port Levy about the
old days in Kokorarata and Rapaki.
After I had started upon my plan of writing a
History of Lyttelton, I happened to read a lecture given
by Sir Frederick Chapman at the inaugural meeting of
the Otago Branch of the New Zealand Historical Associat-
ion, 1928. This lecture expressed so exactly my
thoughts upon the kind of history I wished to write
concerning Lyttelton that I venture to quote from it
a significant paragraph.

"History is not merely a chronicle of a period,
it is a reflecting of the life and being of a people.
Without some knowledge of the spirit of the times in which
they are written, the chronicles of a country may be
interesting in a limited sense, but they are skeletons,
to be compared with living things only when we have a
better idea as to how they should be clothed. At the
same time, the formal chronicles when rightly appreciated
do, in themselves, contain in a great degree the matter
out of which we are to construct the true picture. In
dealing with a country like ours, as to which the dates
of the principal occurrences are ascertainable and
known, but the true poetry of whose origin lies in the
story of the migration of our ancestors, we ought not
to neglect the smallest incidental detail of their
origin, nor to identify their motives for migrating
and their mode of life on arrival — that is, if we desire
to call up to the minds of our successors the work that
their forbears performed when they started to found a
state in this nether world."

The extension of these words to the broadest meaning and the inclusion of both Maori and pakeha, i.e., in effect my history of Lyttelton, the chief port of Canterbury and one of the most important harbours in New Zealand. My thesis is not exactly a social history, but it is history written from a social standpoint.

There have been certain difficulties. First of all it was no easy matter to confine the social history of Lyttelton within the space which a thesis provides, therefore I judged it expedient to discontinue my narrative in the seventies of last century, partly because it forms a good halting point, partly because the history of Lyttelton after that date is more prosaical, more monotonous, more leisurely, practically a repetition of what has gone before. The drawback however to this arbitrary line drawn, is that it leaves Lyttelton without an advanced standpoint from which to look both backwards and forwards. This may not be a disadvantage in many eyes but mine, and the last chapter in which I have attempted to maintain some sort of contiguity between past and present and future may appear to others rather as a breach of continuity and a sudden displacement of proportion and perspective. It is my hope, however, that the final chapter may be read not as a piece of history, but as an appendix rather, a sort of savoury at the end of a plain meal.

Another difficulty has been the form on which to embody my history. I decided that it should be in narrative form and that it should preserve chronological order. I realise that great patience will be required in reading the first chapter. The use of the accompanying map will facilitate
the understanding of the harbour, the places in which, I have not named merely referring to them as north or south, or north-west or south-east as the case may be in order to create my picture as I go along, to show each scene as it happened. This must be my excuse for any possible vagueness in the chapter, that I preferred to shade in the names and the descriptions as the bays and islands were occupied and named, rather than to confuse the past with the present and lose the atmosphere of both.

The narrative form, too, has frequently placed me in a dilemma as to what should be included and what omitted. It has necessitated a certain amount of non-social history but that is always inevitable. I have been careful to give political or constitutional facts only in so far as they might elucidate the life of the people, that is the reason why municipal institutions have been barely touched, why church and school history finds only a broad and far from profound place in my thesis. Besides, the general history of Lyttelton has been written before, and it was not my province to do it again. The result is something after the style of the details in a Flemish interior, marshalled in order of chronological events.

Another result of this search after social history has led me in my fifth chapter to treat Lyttelton from the standpoint of "what do they know of England, who only England know", hence I have journeyed many miles away from the stage of my harbour in order to depict something of the organisation of the Canterbury settlers before they left their home country, — it was not necessary, of course, but it was interesting; besides like Boswell, I have "a taste for vivid circumstantial detail."

A similar perplexity beset me in choosing the breadth
of my stage. It will be noticed that in the first few chapters I have included Port Levy in my subject, and that although I have mentioned it a few times subsequently, for all practical purposes it is omitted after Chapter IV. The reason for its omission is that it has little history to write after Canterbury was founded; what it has is identical with that of the Lyttelton bays as far as a general account of the people is concerned. On the other hand the reason why I have included it in my first three chapters, is that it supplemented to a very useful degree the early history of Lyttelton. The excuses for making this arbitrary selection are two. First, because until the coming of the colonists in 1850, Lyttelton primarily belonged to Banks Peninsula rather than the Plains; it shares with Port Levy a common headland which so far recedes as to give the impression that their outward headlands form the entrance of a great harbour, arms of which they might well be; and, moreover for many years Lyttelton was completely cut off from the plains by mountain ridges. For my second justification I must quote from Fox of the New Zealand Land Company who reported Captain Thomas as saying "that for all practical purposes it is desirable that Port Levy, which is almost a branch of Port Cooper, should be also placed at his disposal.

A last difficulty lay in the choice of a name for so comprehensive a survey and to cover the inclusion of Port Levy. Besides this, Lyttelton had several names before she received her last - Whangaraupo, Cooks Bay, Port Cooper, Port Victoria and finally Port Lyttelton. True the town has always been known as Lyttelton but that does not enter history until 1849. For any deficiency in the title I must therefore make an apology, justify myself at the same time by pointing out the difficulty of choosing a better.
There are few minor points I should like to make. One is the omission of the apostrophe in many of the old topographical names. Where the apostrophe is in general use, I have retained it, but in such words as "Banks Peninsula", "Governors Bay", etc. where its presence has become a matter of option I have followed the suggestion of certain New Zealand historians and geographers who deplore the ungainliness and inconvenience of the apostrophe.

There may be a question as to the use of the word "native". Up to Chapter III. or thereabouts, I have suppressed the use of this objectionable word - objectionable, that is, in its application to coloured races. With the entry of the Europeans upon the stage, however, it has been necessary in places to distinguish between the social life of the pakeha and that of the Maori. Now no one can use the word "Maori" all through a thesis, and the only suitable synonym appears to be "native". Therefore, wherever it is used it bears the meaning of the original occupiers of the land, and in no circumstances whatever do I wish to imply any sense of inferiority that the word "native" seems to carry when used in connection with the Polynesians. I have the greatest possible respect for the Maori race and I admire its honourable past and hope for a renewed brilliance in its future.

I wish to give my sincerest thanks to all those both Maori and pakeha, who have by information, interest, encouragement, or generosity in lending books and other material, assisted me in the accumulation of social data. It is my sincere wish to give an interesting and vivid picture of the life of their ancestors in this nook of Ac-tea-roa, — the Long White Cloud.
Map for Chapters I & II.
Approximate situations of volcanoes marked.
CHAPTER 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

Half way down the east coast of New Zealand's South Island there is a large peninsula, well wooded and indented with lovely bays and inlets full of shadow and sunlight. But in the matter of harbours and anchorage Nature has been liberal to little purpose. On the southern side there is a sheltered harbour, but mountain-locked; on the east, several bays divided from the plains country by miles of precipitous ridges; and on the north lie two far-flung harbours with a common headland between them, the upper one much larger and running deeply into the land where the peninsula joins the mainland. These two harbours are alike in that they are bare of bush and woodland except for scattered remnants in little mountainous ravines or single patches clinging in odd places to the frowning rocks. They are alike, too, in the half rugged, half velvet appearance of the mountain-s that rise steeply from their waters, green in spring but mostly a tawny colour that holds the varying atmospheric transformations and takes on added hues with the sunrise and the sunset, with the mist or with the clouds. The lower harbour is not more than half the length of the other, and much narrower; it is studded with small bays, not as a rule of a very decisive character, and one small island about three quarters of the way down almost touches a small promontory. The harbour is roughly a long narrow gulf with little variation in width except a slight narrowing at the head and a corresponding widening at the mouth.

Of similar configuration on a larger scale is the western harbour, running in a south-east and north-west direction to meet the waters of its north-to-south-lying neighbour. It is
one and a quarter miles wide at the entrance and nearly eleven miles long. Its northern shore is fairly straight for the greater distance, with distinct but not profound inlets, usually of an arc design. The south side is marked by deep indentations, with sloping hillsides sweeping down, generally more gradual than those opposite. Two large bays at the upper end, with another lying on the curve of the north shore, form the head of the harbour. At the point of the angle of land separating the first two lies a tiny island, originally a continuation of the ridge and an acre large. A little farther to the front is a large island with a queer straggling line of trees like a sleepy caterpillar in the distance. It contains 150 acres and the highest point is 232 feet.

The two most easterly bays and part of the third are fairly low-lying in comparison with the rest, especially the centre one which comprises a considerable extent of level ground before rising in a gradual slope to the low ridge which separates the harbour from the plains on the north and west. Seen at a distance the peninsulas dividing the first two bays are like great flattish sprawling dragon's paws with the island for a head. The hills are lowest at this end and seem to dip a little at the skyline.

The shore line of this harbour is very varied and interesting. The eastern point between the harbours is a high cliff, bare of all vegetation except for a coarse grass on the very top; the cliffs which rise perpendicularly from the ceaseless whirl of the sea, have a layer-like appearance, sometimes faintly ridged, with horizontal strips of pinkish colour, or brown, or red, occasionally glimpsed in the usual buff sombreness.

The first half of the south shore is marked by three bays, about equal distances from one another, all with
fairly steep sides but a more sloping head that forms a sort of valley. The third of these is the longest and the most sloping and its valley lies fair and green and broad from the highest mountain in the harbour ranges. Off the eastern point of this bay there is a small island about two acres in extent, and separated from the mainland by a narrow rocky channel, and surrounded on every side by a peculiar block-like foundation of rocks. To the right of the mainland are two small bays, the larger with a pleasant sandy beach. Two other bays come to the left after leaving the island and its neighbouring valley-inlet, and then the three great bays previously mentioned. Continuing round the harbour, there are four fair-sized inlets on the north shore; the third and largest of them lies opposite the stretch of indented land between the highest mountain valley and the first of the three great bays. Here the width of the harbour is three miles and a little farther up there is a half-submerged reef. The fourth bay of considerable dimensions on the north side is recipitous and almost the shape of an obtuse angle. The north head is high and rocky but has a plateau-like crown swept by long waving grass. This point and the eastern headland of the neighbouring harbour lie in a straight line due east and west; the common peninsula between the two is somewhat receding.

The hills which frame the harbour are steeper and more immediate on the north side but on the whole higher on the south, though further back. The bays on this side are called "drowned valleys" — very picturesquely as well as very appropriately — with their lower reaches prolonged under sea-level; and though they have fairly low and gradual slopes the ridges intervening between the different bays are high and run right down to the water's edge.
The rock configuration is remarkable, the cliffs that rear above the water in some parts have often a corroded appearance spreading fan-wise to the top, and bare of vegetation. In others the layer appearance and block-like ridges predominate. The hills towards the east on the south side have, about three quarters of the way up, a peculiar knotted line of lichen-touched rock with big boulders here and there. These take the form of human-like upright stones on the low ridge at the head of the harbour. They resemble the rock figures found in the tors of Dartmoor. A direct contrast to these rocks is the stretch of mud flat on the shore below, particularly noticeable at low tide and covered in places with raupo.

The allure of the harbour owes little to its flora. Some centuries ago the hills were covered with the beautiful dense native bush, so tangled, so varied, so fresh and green, so haunted with honey-laden fragrance and starred with flowers. That has all disappeared. The hills are bare, except for tawny grass, green in spring and winter, and remnants of the bush glory in crevices and gullies and on some of the summits, more especially at the head of the harbour. The explanation may be that fires completed the work of destruction begun by the dry winds. In these frequent scattered survivors, however, most of the typical plants are present - ribbonwood, broadleaf, five-fingered Jack, lacebark, matipo, red matipo, New Zealand coffee, titoki or native ash, and the totara pine. They grow close together with branches interlacing, creepers covering the ground and the trunks of the trees. The glossy-leaved ngaio with its pink-spotted blossoms, the pea-flowered kowhai with its mass of yellow gold, the native fuchsia (an exile from South America), the revengeful bush-nettle—all bring colour and perfume to the bush.

Totara is not found on these hills though it is
fairly plentiful on the peninsula, as is the nikau-tree-palm, unknown on the hills of the port. There the trees are mostly stunted and small with no timber propensities whatever. Farns, of which the most beautiful and most rare is the crepe fern, grow equally happily in the shadowy russet earth of the sun-flecked bush, among the rocks, and on the bare wind-swept north-western slopes. This part is fully exposed to the parching summer winds and is mostly covered with tussock grass, studded with wild Spaniard and spear-grass, with its cruel bayonet leaves, and flowers borne in tall handsome spikes. It belongs to the carrot and parsnip order, but is indigenous to New Zealand. On these slopes, too, there are traces of the sweet-smelling ti-tree with tiny brown buds and little soft white flowers. There are patches of tu-tu in various places; the poisonous properties of this celebrated weed have proved so destructive to stock that the verb "tuted" - that is, poisoned by eating tu-tu - has been added to the Austral-English language. Tot-toi grass with graceful waving plumes, and bushes of raupo or bullrushes, are still found in considerable abundance. These had once a great economic value, toi-toi being used for bedding and that sort of thing, while raupo-reeds were used for roofing, for strewn upon floors and for forming the inside walls of native houses, and with flax interwoven for the outer walls. So plentiful and useful was it, that it gave its name to the harbour some few centuries ago. The north-western slopes hold clumps of New Zealand flax. This too was at one time more plentiful and was used in its rough state for all purposes of cord and pack thread and no little profit was gained by its export.

Other inhabitants of the wind-swept areas are the tree palms - especially the stately palm lily, known as the cabbage tree. It grows to a height of nine to fifteen feet and, flourishing in only moderately moist soil, it is fairly
plentiful in this harbour. Among the boulders the inquisitive
searcher may find the blue and white flowered native harebell,
and the white orchid or a tuft of native iris. Occasionally
the New Zealand equivalent of the English daffodil grows in the
shade of the tussocks. There, too, is the exotic-looking but
indigenous native flax-lily, poised on a tall stem among broad,
sword-shaped leaves. A true flax, with with beautiful white
flowers grows beside the usurper of its name. The bright yellow
rock daisy, and the veronica lavandiana with exquisite white
and pink flowers are rock-loving plants growing only on the
Peninsula and Port hills. Tree ferns used to be plentiful but
they have been extensively exported to England and hardly one
is to be seen on the hills now.

Such is the native flora of the hills. Many English
trees were introduced in the second half of the nineteenth
century and English flowers flourish in the gardens. Spring
comes with greater beauty now when the daffodils and violets
spring up and the trees are great masses of pink and white
blossom in the valleys, but if that is true, it is also true
that Winter comes with harsher aspect when the sere leaf falls
and the branches are bare. Three of these aliens in particular
have taken root - the Australian wattle, to be seen now in nearly
every bay, gorse in many a hedge and on many a stony crag, and
great fields of broom on the hillsides. The intense golden
of the broom especially is as charming and alluring to the eye
as it is offensive to the commercial instinct. Before the
time comes round every year for the broom to be burnt off, some
few of the hills simply blaze with this oriental yellow.

If at first sight the region seems singularly lacking
in native flowers and trees, yet on closer inspection there is
a considerable variety of smaller plants sometimes of a very
beautiful and interesting character, but possibly more sought
after and more admired by the naturalist than by the casual
flower-lover. The dearth of native animal life is yet more apparent. In olden times there were probably many animals but we have no records concerning them. English animals such as pigs, dogs, cattle, sheep etc. were acclimatised during the nineteenth century, sheep prospering particularly upon the hill slopes. There were, and still are, a variety of native birds but they are common to the rest of New Zealand and are seldom found outside the precincts of the bush remnants with the exception of the harrier, a relentless bird of prey. Flightless birds such as the kiwi and the kakapo do exist, but are too timid to be visible to the traveller. Wekas (or woodhens) are more familiar in the bush because of their greater numbers and amazing confidence. "They visit every camping ground, investigating the empty tins and sampling the cheese with their sharp beaks almost as tamely as barnyard fowls", says one writer.

The singing birds of the bush are represented by the musical tui, or parson bird with its white throat and harmonic song, the golden-throated bell-bird, wrens of a grey colour, and robins without red breasts. The yellow-headed native canary, and the grey warbler, and native representatives of the thrush and thrush tribe are among the other denizens of the bush. But most familiar about the gardens are the English sparrows which share the sunshine with bees and butterflies.

Native quail once settling in vast numbers on the island in the harbour during the breeding season have now been replaced by the English quail. A large fruit-eating pigeon is one of the handsomest birds in the bush. Other game birds are different varieties of duck, once plentiful but now rare. The most familiar harbour bird in these days is the sea-gull, circling over the water. The giant bird of New Zealand once roamed these hills. Moa bones have been found in caves over the other side of the north hills and in places.
on the Peninsula. Scientists believe that the moa has been extinct for many hundreds of years, and the story that a whaler told last century that he had seen one was universally disbelieved. "The moa, I should say, was about eight feet six inches or nine feet high", he reported, "and from the knee downward you would think he had a pair of officers' boots on, quite shiny and black. His feathers were a lightish grey colour, and his head seemed to be able to turn round any way, as it would first look at us with one eye and then turn round and look with the other." The description is accurate enough, possibly, but the story strains the imagination.

The climate is mild and on the whole very pleasant—"like the English climate with all the bad bits left out", one man said, and indeed the weather is usually less variable, and more mellow than in the northern hemisphere. The rainfall is moderate as a rule, the prevailing moisture-laden winds from the west being modified by the Alps lying on the west of the province. The winds, deprived of their moisture, are known as nor-westers and pass over the land in warm breezes, varying in strength, at their worst driving clouds of dust before them. This is specially unwelcome in summer and autumn and causes the air to be heavy, languid, and sultry. But in winter a nor'wester means a pleasantly warm spell, an Indian Summer, with a strange balmy atmosphere, redolent of the scent of flowers. The following verse treats very imaginatively of a realistic irritation. The author, an early pioneer, called it "A Howling Nor'wester":-

"Among the dreamy mountains, far up above the gorge,
There lives a potent demon, ever working at his forge;
A worker of the wind is he, a flatulent old buffer,
And he sends his manufactures down that man and beast may suffer."
The Prince of the Air is roused from the lair,
And howls in his bullying might;
The gravel and dust are now mixed with the gust,
And the demons shriek out with delight."

The most unmannerly wind comes from the south-west,
usually after a visitation by its northern compeer. It
blows gustily down the harbour and raises the waves mountain-
high. In the old days it constituted some menace to the ships
lying at anchor. It is cold and bitter and sometimes in
winter brings snow to the hilltops round the harbour. But
the prevailing wind is the nor'easter. Usually mild and
refreshing, when it is blowing a gale it is accompanied by
a heavy swell in the harbour and this is even more dangerous
to the shipping than the south-west ferocity.

It is not often that there is no wind at all. The
very best days are softened by a caressing, almost imperceptible
breeze, especially in summer. Heavy, languid, windless days
are fortunately rare. Sultriness usually means a nor'wester.

The summer months,—November, December, January —
vary from very dry to moderately wet. The best weather comes
in February with long, pleasant, sunny days and an energetic
atmosphere. March is a bad month for wind and rain; this
and September have the equinoctial gales, and the weather
gradually becomes colder. The coldest part of the winter is
usually July, but the typical winter weather has fine, cold,
glittering nights and bright crisp days. Frosts, although
they frequently cover the ground in the early morning, are
not severe and cause no damage. The sun is usually bright
but the duration of the sunlight is considerably contracted,
especially on the north side, by the contour of the hills.
There are generally two or three falls of snow on the uplands;
only very rarely does the snow come down to the water's edge,
but the peaks of the south side are sometimes to be seen all
white against the skyline, like giant wedding cakes. The winter rainfall is variable, but usually moderate.

The Spring months (August, September, October) are the most unsettled of all. From fresh, soft days, the place is plunged into a reaction of intense cold with snow for a day or two on the south range. By October the weather is more regulated and the coldness disappears.

The harbour is intensely sensitive to atmospheric changes. A dense fog is not common, but by no means unknown. It is white, rather than grey or yellow, and does not catch the throat. Layers of mist occasionally hang across the hills or bathe the valleys and upper peaks. In the evening the effect is very beautiful with the sun changing everything to rose. The mist has never long duration; it seems to come from the sea and quickly dissolves. A more frequent visitor is a faint haze that softens harsh outlines and through which the sun shines upon the hills as upon a Trossach loch. With this haze is a bright though silvery sky, and the usual deep colour goes from the sea which seems to be nothing but reflections. I cannot give this effect of hill and water in any other way than describing it as "transparency", the word seems to express the sense. The harbour has always depended for its fascination upon its colour effects. The normal colour is a Mediterranean blue sea with a slightly softer sky, separated by a very uneven line of tawny golden hills, but the variations are frequent. The ridges of the north side, for instance, are more often hazy blue, the south sometimes a golden green.

Sunrise and sunset come with a special glory, usually rosy and then changing to yellow and tangerine in the evening, and in the early morning deep blue and gold flushed with shell, and all this often accompanied by wonderful cloud effects. The ever shifting scene bring Prospero's pretty speech at once
to the mind:-

"These ........
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted in air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea! all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind."

The history of this harbour begins many millions of years ago when it was a volcanic mountain. Prior to this, but after the larger portion of New Zealand had been reclaimed from the sea by eruptions, it had formed part of a great tract of sedimentary rocks which stretched east from the present mountain region, and perhaps reached as far as the Chatham Islands. Evidence of this is found in the resemblance of the rock in those island to that in the locality of the central bay at the head of the harbour. When or why this range disappeared, if it had ever existed, leaving only the Peninsula in all probability a single ridge of hills, is beyond all powers of knowledge.

At some primitive period in history, a small volcano arose somewhere near the low ridge at the top of this middle bay. From the crater was poured out a pinkish-white rock, called rhyolite by geologists. The volcano was not large and the lava poured in a southerly direction towards the plains, and, to the north, they extended to where the largest island in the harbour now stands. This explains the broadening of the harbour at the upper end and the basin-like construction filled by the three great bays. The long sloping peninsulas between these bays are explained by the fact that they are the outward slopes of a volcano. Perhaps the island itself was
a continuation of the nearest spur - as seems to be suggested from the presence of the tiny island between it and the mainland and the comparative shallowness of the water between, but there is another explanation to which I shall refer later. The opening up of fissures at the same time in the rocks underlying the lava and the upward excretion through them of molten masses, which solidified, sometimes as rock, and sometimes as volcanic glass or pitchstone, formed dykes of harder material than the surrounding rocks and largely account for the horizontal wall-like ridges that mark the hills in places and for the peculiar rock figures upon the crest of the pass.

This eruption and a few other more extensive contemporaneous explosions in the mountains to the west, mark the commencement of the age of igneous activity in the south island, which, in the words of a distinguished geologist, Mr. R. Speight, "passed through all its various stages, from youth through vigorous maturity to decline and death, before the foundations of Ruapehu and Egmont were firmly established."

After a long period of inaction, activity began in two centres on the north and on the south of Banks Peninsula and two great volcanoes came into being through the usual volcanic processes until they were much bigger than any of the North Island volcanoes of today. The south cone had a base of twenty miles across and its height must have been about ten thousand feet. The northern one was smaller but it was also the earlier of the two. The extremely hilly aspect of the peninsula is accounted for in the overlapping of the lava streams from these two furnaces.

Their history is very similar. After a long period of formation, the eruptions became less frequent as their height grew, and as the vent funnel in each cone became clogged with solid lava, which gradually hardened further and further downwards. The inner pressure at last proving irresistible, the mountains yielded, and had their summits blown away in
an explosion mightier than any in New Zealand before or since, and similar to the Vesuvius eruption which buried the cities of Pompei and Herculaneum. The crater of the north one is located somewhere in the middle of the present harbour, further east than the largest island. The explosion carried away the top of the mountain and left a jagged ring of hills, but doing little to disturb the upper end where the first great explosion had taken place. The fact that the north side of the harbour was the inner circle of a crater is the explanation of the steep hills and lack of any considerable slope, and also for the arc shape instead of long indentation of the bays. The formation of dykes in the construction of the volcano accounts for the great rocky walls which radiate like spokes of a wheel from the explosion centre - best seen between high and low water mark. Sometimes they appear on the slopes of the hills and four such huge walls form familiar landscape features on the north-west hill-face and skyline.

Either a convulsive last flicker from this eruption or contemporary with a third and last explosion, a miniature eruption seems to have come from the large island in the upper harbour, for the remains of a small crater can still be seen here. The third outburst of subterranean activity occurred from a centre somewhere behind the outer slopes and towards the middle south. This formation built up further that portion of the crater ring which is immediately in front of it and which is now the highest peak in the porthills as well as in the Peninsula. The eruption of this centre brought the lava flows down into the old crater, the south side of which now became the outer and northern wall of another mountain, and that is the reason why many of the hills on the south side of the harbour have such gradual and undulating slopes; it is the reason, too, for the great, narrow, deep
inlets which literally are "drowned valleys". The explosion did not affect any other part but the centre of the south wall. Here the slopes are great fingers radiating in a north-easterly direction towards the sea coast.

It is probable that this last eruption which closed the history of the harbour as a volcano was the means of further weakening the western wall of the old volcano, already worn away to a considerable extent by the sea. At length the wall gave way in one place and the sea entered the floor of the crater which from time to time has experienced a gradual settling down through its own weight and the abstraction of volcanic matter from beneath. This meant that the sea has crept farther up the south valleys which were being steadily enlarged and defined by water action from streams and cataracts fed by the winter snows. The encroaching sea began to file away the spurs as they sloped into the water, a particularly extreme example being the cliff entrance to the harbour on either side. As time went on the sea made itself a wider passage in, but it has never quite enlarged this to the width of the crater zone in the central harbour. All the while the rocks were slowly wearing away and producing a rich fertile soil to which was added the fine rock-flour dust brought in the first place by the winds from the western glacial mountains to the plains and from the plains to the port hills.

The mixture was a soft loose yellow loam, varying in richness from a few inches to more than 24 feet, but, of course, not touching the more prominent rocks. The richness of the soil probably facilitated the growth of dense bush that at one time covered the hills in the days of the myths. At the time of the coming of the Maori, however, the bush was already in its decline and rapidly dwindled away.
CHAPTER 11.

THE MAORIS.

The Maoris of the South Island tell of a legendary people, living in the valleys of the Peninsula before the coming of the canoes from Hawaiki. These "Dim People" - giants and demi-gods, they say, had their dwellings in the fragrant valleys and strode from hill-top to hill-top, their heads among the clouds. Great, fine-limbed, keen-eyed men they were, said the Maoris, and their women were beautiful as Rona, the Moon.

This quaint legend has its basis in fact, for scientists agree that many years before the coming of the Maori a primitive race of men did roam the plains, a race of mighty hunters, co-existent with the moa. They were the discoverers and explorers of the South Island, coming at a time when the Peninsula was not a part of the mainland. The ground on which this theory rests is the discovery in several places, especially in caves, of kitchen middens many feet below surface level; here lie moa-bones together with ovens and cooking utensils, all covered over with a deposit which must have taken centuries to form, and over this deposit was the refuse of Maori encampments of a later date, where no moa bones were found, nor have there been any such bones discovered in encampments upon land of a more recent formation.

Nothing more is known. Whether this fine race emigrated, or died out, or were vanquished and destroyed by the advancing Maoris remains the secret of the wise old hills. "The Dim People" have now passed into vague legend.

Four centuries at least has the peninsula been occupied by the Maori, the handsome, sinuous, noble race of men who came across the seas in a fleet of canoes from
their forgotten home of Hawaiki. Existing records go back for half that time only, and begin, during the fifteenth century, with the occupation of the Waitaha, descendants of the crew of the "Arawa". Coming from the middle coast of the North Island, they settled in the Peninsula, and increased, and "Covered the face of the land like myriads of ants". Little is known of any earlier Maoris but the tradition goes that the Waitaha dispossessed the Hawera who, in turn, had been preceded by the Rapuna, the pioneers of the south, that the records of both these peoples had been destroyed by the Waitaha whose claim to the land might therefore not be disturbed. For about one hundred years they enjoyed their conquest in peace and traces of their regime can be seen in remains of old pahs at Parahakariki and Nga-toko-ono on the south of the peninsula, and they named the great plains "Nga Pakihii Whakate kateka a Waitaha" -- the deceptive plains of Waitaha, on account of the swamp and lack of water. This name was handed on through the ages. So prosperous had they become that through generosity, or else from a desire to display their wealth, they sent some of their superabundant stores to the Ngati-mamoe, a tribe living on the southernmost shores of the North Island. The Ngati-mamoe, forthwith about the year 1577, came to the south and shared in the prosperity; they lived at peace with the Waitaha, inter-married with them, the children of such unions being known as Fatae, but gradually their greed and jealousy were so much excited against the Waitaha that they fell upon them, possessed themselves of their strongholds and destroyed all records in the same way and for the same reasons as the traces of the Hawera and the Rapuna had vanished many years before. For many years the Ngati-mamoe lived in peace, and grew lax in the art of warfare, preferring to
spend the time in fishing, growing crops and hunting. Apart from the plains, most of the region they settled in was renamed. The first great bay of the peninsula became Whangaraupo, or "Harbour of Reeds" from the fact that raupo grew in great profusion at the water-edge in the upper reaches; and to the adjacent bay was given the name Koukourarata (or Kokorarata).

It so happened, somewhere near the beginning of the eighteenth century that a section of the powerful North Island tribe, the Ngai-tahu, had emigrated to the north shores of the south island. These Ngai-tuhaitara or as they were known, the Ngaitahu, from the collective name of the tribe, had their homes in Wairau, but from time to time some members of it ventured southwards.

Such was Tu-te-kawa, who had mortally offended the ruling family of the tribe while still living in the North Island. Tu-te-kawa fled to the Ngati-mamoe of the peninsula districts, married into their ranks and lived with them at the pa of Waikakahi on the shores of Waihora, a great lake which the Maori called "a basket of flat fish" or "Fish spread out".

Another emigrant from the Ngai-tahu was a warrior chieftain, Waitai, who, offended by the determination of his superior lord, Maru, to abstain from a war of conquest against the Ngati-mamoe, seceded from the Ngai-tahu confederacy and travelled overland to the far south, to the very limits of the island into Okatou, taking with him two young men, brothers-in-law of the great chieftain Moki, whose home was in Ote Kaue near the mouth of the Wairau river. On their southern journey they looked eagerly upon the vast extent of the plains of Waitaha, and saw with covetous eyes the wealth of ti-palms or cabbage trees, valued highly for the favourite kauru food prepared from the stems; they were astonished at the number
of wekas and rats in the long tussock grass, and at the
quantity of eels and lampreys and silveries in all the
streams and lakes, and at the abundance of flat fish in
Waihora.

After fighting for a time on behalf of the Waiataha
against the Ngati-mamo in the south, Moki’s young brothers-
in-law became aweary for the sight of their kinsmen and,
bidding Waitai an affectionate farewell they travelled
home by way of the Peninsula, noting the strongholds
of the Ngati-mamo, and the strength or weakness of their
positions. It so happened that they discovered the
whereabouts of the exiled Tu-te-kawa, now an old man
living peacefully enough among his adopted kinepeople.
After the peculiar fashion of the Maori, these young men
were seized with a passionate desire to vindicate the
honour of their tribe which Tu-te-kawa had so grievously
injured many years before. The actual offence was that
he had killed, in war, the two wives of the chief of
the ruling family. Moki’s young relations, who had
not been alive at that time, now felt a passionate urge,
so characteristic of the Maori to avenge their kinswomen.
It is probable that the flat fish of Waihora and the
eels and cabbage trees of the plains gave impetus to
their desire, but it is a remarkable fact that nothing
was to the Maori so important as his honour or the honour
of his tribe, which he made his own; he had no fear of
death and would cheerfully lay down his life and just as
cheerfully deprive another of his in the great cause.

Accordingly the young men sought Moki who, with
his chieftains received them cordially and listened
favourably to their suggestion. Te Rangi-Whakaputa,
head of the Ngati-Irakehu section, a great fighter and
notable in the tribal councils, asked whether they had
seen any good land towards the south. They replied
that they had. "What food is procurable there?" he asked.
"Tern root is one food," they answered, "Kauru is another
and there are wekas and rats and eels in abundance."

Honour and interest compelled them southwards,
and, under the leadership of Moki, they passed Whangaraupo
and entered the long bay of Kokorata, holding there a
council of war to decide whether to approach Tu-te-kawa
by land or by sea. The latter course being resolved
upon, they re-embarked and the destruction of the pa at
Parakariki was the first conflict in the long peninsula
struggle against the Ngati-mamoe and the Ngai-tahu. When
honour had been satisfied with the death of the poor
old man Tu-te-kawa, the conquerors made peace with his
sons and followers, and set about acquiring some portion
of the peninsula for themselves. Huikai (or Hukia) a
sub-chief, remembered the beauties of Kokorata and
hurried off to claim it, while Te Rangi-whakaputa
turned his canoes to Whangaraupo.

Huikai and his family and tribe lived very
pleasantly at the end of Kokorata in the village
beside a little stream of that name where earthworks
were set up against possible invasion and indeed not
long afterwards a war party did arrive. Maka, the
elder brother of Huikai wished to revenge the death of
a relation killed by an aged member of his brother's
hapu. (1) With Moki as the leader of the party, a fleet
of canoes came into Kokorata, Maka capturing his
own canoe Maka-whua. Moki, who wished to prevent
bloodshed, commanded the other canoes to stop at the
island while he sailed to the shore and landed at the
mouth of the creek. After warning Huikai's people that

(1) Family.
their foes were coming to kill them, he returned to the
island to inform the waiting canoes that the place was
deserted and Maka could do nothing but sail away again.
The thankful people of Kokorarata called the island
Horomaka which means "the fall of Maka".

As for Te Rangi Whakaputa, before he could
occupy Whangaraupo it was necessary to overcome the
Ngati-mamoe pas which lay scattered about the harbour.
There was one, Chinehou, at the western end of the
central bay of the north shore, and another, the name
of which is not known, at the most southerly point in
the bay which lies in the curve of the north shore towards
the south. There was another village on the slope of
the highest mountain on the south side -- Te-ahu-patiki.
A tradition of the Chatham Islands, lying to the east of
New Zealand, says that their ancestors came from the foot
of this mountain and probably refer to the time when
the peninsula was connected with the islands by a
mountain range. Another village stood on the side of
Tauhinu-Korokio, the highest peak on the north side, so
called from two plants which grew in abundance in the
neighbourhood, one a heath-like flower, and the other a
black-branched parasite. A fresh-water spring sparkled
nearby. A small pa defended by a wooden barricade
stood on the flat rocky island towards the harbour mouth.

Te Rangi-Whakaputa is a restless, spectacular,
Homerian figure in the legends of the Ngai-tahu; he was
bold to the point of audacity, fearless, and well-born,
extremely skilful and cunning, but he has not left behind
him sympathetic memories as many of the great chiefs have
done, for he loved quarrelling and sought wars, and there
is no doubt but that he sometimes used unscrupulous
means to provoke the desired conflict. He had no pity
or mercy, and little care for the sufferings he caused
otheré. He ruled by force of character and the prestige of success rather than by personal magnetism. He was however, fine to look upon; a great, picturesque, tall handsome, athletic man, nearer seven feet high than six; his name suited him well for it meant "the Day of Daring" or the "Day of Energy". The Maoris called him a great "tona" or brave; his enormous strength and extreme skill with the use of the taiaha, the spear and the stone mere,(1) mark him out as the Hector of Whangeraupo. He was, too, a notable navigator, combining in his person the strategy of Drake and the rapacity of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main.

He had an able supporter in his son Wheke, whose name "the Octopus" apparently became him well enough. These two with their fleet of canoes and their brown warriors quickly set about the conquest, and sailing up the harbour they attacked the chief fortified pa on the spur, Kai-tangata between the central and northern bay at the harbour-head. It was defended with a palisade of split tree-trunks, a ditch and a parapet near the shore. After a terrible conflict the pa fell into the hands of the besieger who christened it Chinetahi -- "the place of the one daughter"; his love for this child is the one really tender part of his character. Leaving his son Manuwhiri in charge of the conquest, he crossed the bay with the greater part of his canoe-fleet and sent his advance guard into the bush. At the foot of the hill they heard the voices of Ngati-mamoe who had come over the range from their pa Manuka on the plains side. Whereupon Te Rangi-whakaputa, led by the scouts, fell upon them, killing some and driving the rest back over the hills, whither he followed them and captured the strong fortified pa of Manuka. The place where the scouts heard the Ngati-

(1) "Taiaha" is a Maori broadsword and a mere is a short flat club, usually made of greenstone
Te Moenga o Wheke.
mamoe first was then called "Orongmai", which means "Place where voices are heard", or, literally, "Place of Sounding hitherward".

Te Rangi's next exploit was the taking of the pa Chinehou, beside the golden beach of the same name. The unfortunate victims had their heads struck off; those of the chief men were carried in a flax basket to the heights above Chinehou, where they were set down upon a craggy pinnacle as an offering to his battle-god. They were left "he kai mo te ra, mo te manu" -- "food for the sun, and for the birds", and Te Rangi called the crests,"O-kete-upoko" which means "the Place of the Basket of Heads". That a cannibal feast should follow was a matter of course. Te Rangi-Whakaputa preserved the pa of Chinehou as a Ngai-tahu village. For some years it was a busy little place, containing two small bays watered by three little creeks and containing a bathing place called "Ana-o-hu-kai".

Whake led war parties to scour the hills at the same time as his father was harrying the pas. On one of his journeys he slept for a night in the shelter of a great wall-like crag, which he called "Te Moenga O Whake" or "Whake's Sleeping Place". Meanwhile the chief Waitai, who had rejoined the Ngai-tahu since his tribe had adopted a war-policy, ascended the ridge a few miles to the north of Chinetahi, taking with him Manuwhiri and other of the children of Te Rangi-Whakaputa in order to point out to them the good things of the Waitaha plains. He had, of course, already explored the country and knew its value to the Ngai-tahu. The saddle, where they emerged from the bush was afterwards called "Otu-Tohu-Kai"- "The Place where the Food was Pointed Out." He stretched his arms towards the silent stretch of country beneath with its streams, its flax clumps, and its ti-trees.
He spoke to them: "Yonder the waters are thick with eels and lampreys, and their margins with ducks and other birds; and in the plains beyond there are wekas for the catching". Then turning to face the south, he pointed to the harbour and praised its fish-teeming waters where kai-matai-tai, "food of the salt sea" could be speared — flounders, shark and others. So good did the land seem to the conquisadors, standing like Drake, upon the threshold of a new world, and so good did it seem to Te Rangi-Whakaputa, that he decided to remain in the place. However, there were still scattered remnants of the Ngati-mamoe tribe to overcome; and in a bush encounter in the hills to the south-west of Chinestahi, the Ngati-mamoe chief, Ma-wete, and most of his followers were killed and eaten. The wild jagged crest where the chieftain met his death was called by the victors Omawete which is to say, the place where Mawete fell. The last skirmish was at the island pa which was soon taken and demolished. Te Rangi-Whakaputa bestowed upon the island the name of Aipapa which means either "the screen laid flat" with reference to its shape, or else rope (ri) and flat stone (papa) with reference to the securing of the besieging canoes.

After this there remained no place of any importance in the hands of the Ngati-mamoe and Te Rangi-Whakaputa decided to select the place for his home. He chose a little bay about two miles as the crow flies eastwards of Chinehou. This he called "Te Rapaki a te Rangi-whakaputa" — "the waistmat of Te Rangi-whakaputa" from the action in throwing down some article of personal wear, as one method of laying claim to a piece of land. Te Rangi thus flung his waist garment or "Rapaki" upon the beach in order to "tapu" or render sacred the bay for his
own possession. (1). Here grew great masses of flowering "hakeke" the leaves of which when crushed in the hand give forth a lemon-like scent. The Maoris used to boil these leaves for "hinu kakara" or "fragrant oil." Here he built his village and fortified it, using it as his headquarters, but his nomadic nature would not allow him to remain in one place for long. His favourite journey was between Rapaki and Kokorarata, building himself a pa on the Maipum Saddle at the head of the Kokorarata harbour "so that he could look down upon Whangaraupo and his daughter", say the Maoris. And in this place he died and was buried according to Maori custom, secretly in a cave nearby.

Whangaraupo was now no longer a Ngai-tahu acquisition; it was a Ngai-tahu home, and the tribal dialect changed the name of the harbour to Whakaraupo. Waitai's prophecy was fulfilled. The remnant of the Ngati-mamoe who had escaped destruction lived miserably enough. Some fled to the south; but for many years scattered families existed in caves or bush round Whangaraupo. One such cave in which was found writing on the walls was "Te Ana-o-ngati-mamoe", immediately west of Waitata, the first bay on the south shore, just inside the harbour mouth, and another, called Urumau lay a few miles west of Chinehou. The fugitives were mercilessly hunted down by the Ngai-tahu when they ventured into the open, and killed or enslaved; but for many years they eked out a precarious existence, fleeing from cave to cave before their foes or on the approach of strangers. The old deserted pa on Tauhimu-Korokio was shunned by the Ngai-tahu, for it was a place of gentle

(1) Tāpu: sacred; to render sacred, therefore forbidden.
noises and ghostly rustling; the flax-clumps and the 
Tauhinu still murmured the name of Ngati-mamoe.

The harbour was exceedingly beautiful then; 
bush in many places came right down from the top-most 
crag to the water's edge and in some bays, notably 
Rapaki, forest trees suitable for building purposes 
were found in great numbers. In other bays grew the 
fire-making kaikomako, the small tree into which 
Mahuika, "a Polynesian Prometheus" threw fire from his 
finger-tips, that the great and prized gift of fire-
making might not be quenched by Maui's deluge. This 
myth was the Maoris' explanation for the facility of 
producing fire by rubbing a groove in a dry block of 
kaikomako with a stick of hard wood. The kaikomako 
block is used as the kanate, that is, the piece which 
is rubbed. Hence the names of two adjacent bays lying 
between Rapaki and Ohinehou became, through Te Rangi's 
designation, respectively known as "Motu-kauati-rahi" 
or "Great Fire-making Tree Grove" and "Motu-kauati-itī" 
meaning "Little Fire-making Tree-grove".

This sacred gift of fire, say the Maoris, was 
first given to Whakaraupō by the legendary figure 
Tamatea who, possessed of a "wander-hunger" roamed over 
the country. In the course of his travels he came to 
Whakaraupō with a number of companions and food-bearers, 
after crossing rivers on rafts made of flax-stalks or 
dried raupo. He travelled along the hill-top until 
he approached the dip in the range at the back of Rapaki. 
Tamatea carried in a hollow "Rata" log, in the custom 
of the Maori, a smouldering fire for his camp at night. 
This, however, was a sacred fire, kindled at Hawaiki 
and tended by the gods. But it seems that this fire -- 
in a land where the Kaikomama was not yet grown --
went out as he travelled towards Whakaraupō, and while he
and his companions rested above Rapi ki, a great storm of
wind and rain came upon them. In his great need he stood
upon the crag afterwards called Te Pohe a Tamatea, which
means "the Breast of Tamatea" and called aloud for the
sacred fire to be sent from the North Island to save their
lives. His prayer was answered and the fire came to
Whakaraupō and the Maori explorers warmed themselves at
night at its bright flame. Next day, before continuing
his journey he said, "Let this place be called The Place
where Tamatea's fire-ashes lie, that is, "Te Whaka-
takanga-o-te-Karehu-a-Tamatea". And that is how, say
the Maoris, the sacred fire of the volcano - "Te ahi-a-
Tamatea" -- came to Whakaraupō.

From an island near the three great bays at the
head of the harbour, birds and birds' eggs were obtained
by the Ngāi-tahu, and for that reason it won its name --
Otamahua. Seabirds, such as gulls, puffins and ducks
bred in the crannies of its stony shores, and Maoris
from the mainland canoed across on fowling expeditions.
Children especially delighted in this novel form of
birds' nesting. Manu-huahua -- birds cooked and preserved
in their own fat and kept in receptacles of seaweed or
raupo, formed a large part of the winter diet in these
parts. Many of these birds were of the quail variety and
gave a later name to it.

The tribe was exceedingly energetic. They wove great
flax nets or "Kupenga" about a quarter of a mile in length,
for shark-catching in the harbour. Six or eight feet
deep, they were worked by canoes taking one end in mid-
harbour, after the other end had been secured to the land,
and swept into the net the great fish which came up-harbour
with the flood tide. Such undertakings could be carried out
only when the whole communal strength of the hapu was
Te Tiri o Kahurangi lies towards the west.
available.

Maori ritual and worship gave the names to some of the prominent landscape features. In the embattlemented rocks of a high peak just to the east of Motu-kaauti-rahi, the Ngai-tahu imagined the home of Kahukura, the Rainbow God; the rock they called "Te Tihi o Kahukura" which means "The Citadel of Kahukura, the Pinnacle of the Rainbow". Kahukura was the principal deity for ordinary use; the spirit guardian could be appealed to by the tohungas (1) for auguries in time of war. Each family had its image of Kahukura, usually a small wooden carving and this it kept in a secret and far-removed place. Kahukura's heavenly form was the rainbow -- "the Red Garment", and the position of the phenomenon in the sky during war was the omen of good or evil, whichever way the arc was lying.

Another point towards the west was known as "Te Irika o Kahukura" which means "The Uplifting of the Rainbow God"; and farther eastward again is "Te Heru o Kahukura" or Kahukura's Head Comb, suggested by a resemblance of the crested hill to the arch of the rainbow. It is very evident that the Ngai-tahu both feared and respected the powerful rainbow-god.

Besides their gods, the belief of the old Maoris lay in fairies and goblins, the "People of the Mist" as they called them. The Ngai-tahu people believed in fairies and goblins. The fairies -- "patu paiahe" -- were small, fair folk who lived on the misty mountains and their soft plaintive fluting was thought far sweeter than the Whakatangitangi -- the making of sound upon sound -- of the ordinary Maori flute-players. Te-Pohueki, a peak on the south ridge

(1) Tohunga: priest.
was one of their dwellings. The other was Poho-o-
Tamatea. "There the fairy hapu of those parts had their
pa, and there they would gather at night for their fairy
meetings, and gather by day also in the foggy weather when
no Maori eye could see them; and then would be heard
their sweet fairy songs, their waiatas and the tunes they
played upon their flutes, calling softly to one another,
faintly from the cloudy mountain! The goblins, the
Maeroero, were wild hairy giants of the wood, who
sometimes carried off Ngai-tahu women to be their
bushland wives. They had long sharp finger nails like
great claws, so it was said, with which they speared
the flat fish and caught forest birds. On dark nights
the villagers could see light from torches moving about
in the bays across Whakaraupō where there was no
settlement of their tribe. They said to one another,
"See! the Maeroero are out, spearing patiki."

Perhaps these little people of the mist,
both the fair-skinned Patu-paiarehe and the fierce
Maeroero were remnants of the Ngati-manoe or the
Waitahi or even their predecessors, driven away into
the mountains and forests.

In the meantime the Ngai-tahu had grown very
wealthy and had built many strongly-fortified pas to
protect themselves against possible foes. Their
wealth was enormous, say the Maoris, for they knew the
way to the west coast, and made valuable trade for green-
stone which they made into spears and meres. Now it
came to pass that a bold adventurer, Taununui, a man
who never permitted moral scruples to stand in the way
of his desires, growing tired of Kaikoura (1) whither
he had gone after the invasion of the South Island by

(1) Kaikoura was a Ngai-tahu pa to the north
of the Peninsula; it subsequently gave its
name to the mountains.
his tribe, and seeing that many of his powerful and
wealthy relations were comfortably settled round the
Peninsula and in the new pa of Kepapohia on the plains,
he now resolved to journey south in the hope of
securing some good land and adding glory to his name.
Various sites for a pa were generously offered to him
by his relations, and, selecting Ripapa in Whakaraupo
he immediately began preparations for the building of
his fortifications. He was a great fighter, well-versed
in military art, and his choice of Ripapa was a happy
one. Its highest point was 45 feet, but for the most
part it was of plateau-like area, rising steeply in
sheer cliffs from a narrow rocky beach. The landing
of hostile canoes would be difficult, and, more than that,
useless. The rocky channel separating island from
mainland was thirty feet wide at its narrowest point
and fordable at low tide only; even so, there was only
one point, in the north-east, where the cliffs were
naturally broken down, and here Taununu cut away the
rocks and clay to make an artificial barrier. Then he
built his pa; it was a well-constructed place, strongly
fortified. Along the perimeter of the island were dug
deep straight trenches, from which a bastion projected
at different points in order to give observation and
for flanking the fire along the outside of the trenches.

Timber was plentiful on Banks Peninsula and
on the slopes of Whakaraupo. From the neighbouring
valleys, especially that of the gem-like bay of Te
Wharau up towards the great bays at the head of the harbour,
grew the trees which Taununu ordered to be cut down and
prepared into stakes, which, firmly lashed together,
formed a palisade crowning the parapet of the encircling
trench. In the enclosure were erected the usual houses --
the communal hall, the homes of the various families,
the whata-rua or food house, set high on a pole, the
The entrance he placed on a little split towards the south-west corner and access to it was had by canoe, or, at low tide, by foot.

There appears to have sprung up a little village in the neighbouring valley-bay to the west, now called Purau, watered by three small streams, Te Wairou, Waitutu and Purau; here fishing was carried on in the bay, and crops of kumera (1) were grown up the valley slopes; but when the alarm was given, the villagers would hasten to the fortifications at Nipapa and remain there until all danger had gone.

Taununu had not long been living in his finished pa, when a dreadful inter-tribal feud broke out among the Ngai-tahu. The cause was the apparently trivial offence that a woman donned a mat belonging to the supreme chieftain, Te-mai-hara-mui, whose person was so noble and so tapu, however, that this action constituted an insult and demanded that it should be wiped out in blood. In ever-widening circles the feud spread, until at last the antagonists faced each other in battle, Kaiapohia and Taumutu (11) against the Peninsula Maoris led by Te-mai-hara-hui. At the siege of the pa Wairewa on the plains, the Whakaraupo Maoris under the warlike Taununu entered the conflict. At Wairewa, too, were first used the European muskets, such fear of which prevailed that the

(1) *Kumera*: sweet potato.

(11) A village some miles south of the Peninsula, and lying on the sea coast.
besieged took advantage of a warning given to them, "Fly! Guns are our weapons!" to abandon the pa in fortunate haste. This warning had been given by Taiaroa, the great and noble chieftain, who had come from the south, Okatou, with a band of warriors in response to a request for help from Taumutu. Taiaroa, though a southern Maori, was really a Taumutu chief, whose parents had migrated south some years before. He was, therefore, closely related to all the Peninsula people and hoped, by joining the war and on the side opposed to the fierce and cruel Te-mai-hara-mui to put an end to the disgraceful feud.

Disappointed in the lack of success at Wairewa, the Taumutu Maoris returned home but the Kaisapoi band, anticipating scorn if they returned empty-handed, turned back as far as Hattangata where they met and killed Iritoro. This brought Whakaraupo more directly into the vendetta for the mother of Iritoro was the sister of the bold and daring Taumunu who was at Hipapa when the news of his nephew's death reached him. Taumunu thought swiftly of such revenge as his honour dictated and almost before the Kaisapoi warriors had returned home, with great promptness and secrecy he set out upon the warpath. He surprised and put to death the Maori inhabitants of Whakaepa, a well-populated branch of Kaisapohia.

Furious at this, the Kaisapohia Maoris collaborated with Taiaroa and his southerners to attack Wairewa whose defeated inhabitants were killed and eaten. So near was the relationship of the opposing forces that the cannibal feast shocked most of the Maoris, especially Taiaroa whose warning to escape this time did not profit the unfortunate besieged. The terrible feast was known afterwards as Kai-huanga -- that is "Eat Relations" and
is the most disgraceful episode in a disgraceful conflict. The conduct and personality of Taiaaroa is the only pleasing part of the whole campaign. He was still inclined to continue with the Kaiapohia people, however, against Te-mai-hara-nui, since he believed that the death of that cruel, perfidious and vindictive chieftain alone could bring peace to the weary tribe. They, then, marched against Ripapa and Purau by way of Kororaraka where the advance guards found Te-ha-nui-orangi, an old chief, and cruelly murdered him before his young companions, asleep under the trees, could come to his assistance. Once aroused, they caught the leader Te Whaka-mos-mos and killed him, whereupon the rest of the scouts rejoined their force which, hearing of the Kokorarata incident, pushed into Purau at once in case further delay would enable Taununu to be warned of their coming.

All who had muskets embarked in canoes and paddled down the bay and up Whangaraupo as far as Ripapa. The rest with Taiaaroa went by land, and Taiaaroa as usual called out when near the pa: "Fly! Escape! Guns are our weapons!" Taununu, however, expecting an attack, had crossed the harbour some days before. Many of the inhabitants of the island availed themselves of Taiaaroa's warning and launched their canoes, but the arrival of their enemies by water cut off their flight and opened up a destructive fire upon them. Why the strong pah did not hold out, or why the high, projecting bastions did not give the inhabitants earlier notice of the enemy's approach, remains rather a mystery. Probably they were demoralised by their abandonnent by Taununu.

Few escaped by water, but many were helped by Taiaaroa to pass through his ranks on the mainland and once they gained the hill at the back of the pa,
they rolled down great stones upon all who tried to pursue them. Both the fortifications on Hikapa and the village on the shores of Purau were completely destroyed and their inhabitants never returned to them. The Maori history of the southern side of Whakaraupo was for the time at an end.

Another result of Kai Huanga was to drive all who could escape from the destroyed pass to take refuge in the bays on the north-east side of the Peninsula. In the course of a few years several populous settlements sprang up -- most important Panau and Okaruru. But Kokorarata was also of fair importance, the chief family there being the Tikao, Taupor - Tikao had been invited by the Ngatata sub-tribe to leave Kaiapoi and settle in Kokorarata in order to shield them from the Akaroa people with whom they were on bad terms.

The coming of the famous North Island chief Te Rauparaha put an end to the terrible Kai Huanga, and before his marauding march, the Ngai-terahu drew together. Whakaraupo and Kokorarata have no direct part in the story of Te Rauparaha and his conquest of the Ngai-terahu; Panau, Okaruru and Kokorarata had been chosen particularly for their difficulty of access. Accordingly, when the enslaved Ngai-terahu from other parts were allowed to return home after the conversion of the northerners to Christianity, they went mostly to Port Levy which became the principal peninsula settlement, and continued so until Kaiapohia (1) was rebuilt and again occupied.

The returning Maoris were accompanied by the son and the nephew of Te Rauparaha, wishing to repair the wrongs of the southerners by instructing them in the doctrines of Christianity, and by teaching them

(1) Kaiapohia afterwards became Kaiapoi.
to read and write in their own language. A few northern warriors accompanied the returning Ngai-tahu in order to protect them against any who might have usurped their lands during their absence.

Gradually the Maoris accepted the new doctrines but there were not wanting sceptics and conservatives old renegades like Mahuraki, chief of Rapaki, who exclaimed -- "Hu! what is your Karaiti? Who was He? My god is Kahukura, the god whose sign is the Rainbow"; such, too, was the regretful old warrior who years afterwards fondly hoped once again to indulge his youthful taste in cannibalism.
CHAPTER III.

THE PIONEERS.

Until the second or third decade of the nineteenth century, the lovely bays of the Peninsula were known only to the Maoris. In 1642, Abel Jansen Tasman had discovered New Zealand believing it to be part of the mythical Staaten Landt, but he did not touch the South Island.

In 1769 Captain James Cook circumnavigated the South Island and not recognising the promontory as a peninsula gave it the name of Bank's Island. In 1809 Captain Chase of the "Pegasus" corrected the geographical mistake.

But no white man came to these shores and the Maori, less warlike and gentler and alas! less numerous, since the ravages of Te Huaparaha continued to drag the bays for fish, and plant their kumeras and live and marry and die without much knowledge of the changing world in the north where since 1794 whalers and sealers were introducing a kind of rough civilisation, and in their wake the missionaries were taking steps to further the benefits and counteract the disadvantages in the new state of affairs.

At first the whales caught were sperm or ocean whales and the whaler ships were mostly from Sydney firms. New Zealand ports were used as ports of call for provisions and water, but since the ocean whales were getting fewer, the practice generally was formed of waiting until the right whales visited the New Zealand bays in their breeding season - May to October - and of killing them close to the shore. This meant that more or less permanent whaling stations were established at different places. In the early years of the nineteenth century, Cloudy Bay in the north of the South Island became headquarters and the trade gradually spread southwards.
The first recorded whaling ship to visit Banks Peninsula was the schooner "Atlantic" in January 1830. Her captain, Benjamin Morell, anchored her in Whanga-raupo or, as it was then known, Cook's Harbour. There were only a few natives living in the bay and they appeared to eke out a precarious existence on shellfish.

That year or the year afterwards, the notorious "Elizabeth" visited the Peninsula waters with Te Rauparaha hidden on board but that had no direct influence on Whangaraupo or Kokorarata. Between this event and Te Rauparaha's capture of Kaiapohia, Whangaraupo was visited by the "Victoria", whose captain, Joseph Price, had already touched here in 1830 in the "William Stoveld" which was returning to Sydney from a season's whaling in Kapiti, a North Island station. The "Victoria" came to Whangaraupo for a cargo of flax and Price and Williams, the trading-master, went over the hills to Kaiapohia for pigs and flax which they received in exchange for powder, muskets, tobacco, and blankets. The pigs and flax were sent to Ropuki and thence to Purau where the barque lay. A week later she left for a native settlement in Otago, taking as passengers some Maoris, amongst others a certain powerful chieftain called "Momo", and afterwards returning with him. Momo was expecting Te Rauparaha from Kaiapoi—news which shows that the siege was imminent.

In 1834 there were four boats at Whangaraupo. During these years a Sydney firm called "Cooper and Levy" had whaling ships engaged in the New Zealand trade. At what date this firm gave their names to the two close-lying bays it is not certain. In 1830 Whangaraupo was locally known as Cook's Harbour, but by 1838 in a deed of sale come the words "At Port Cooper or Tokoteka" (French spelling of Whangaraupo) and Kokorarata became Port Levy. At any rate, some time in the early thirties Cooper and
Levy claimed to have acquired from the natives certain blocks of land at Whangaraupo and Akaroa. In order to exploit these holdings they dispatched a ship under a certain Captain Underwood with men, stores, and appliances to take possession and to work the different properties.

In the thirties among the ships visiting Port Cooper, as we must now call it, was the "Bee". The "Bee's" first recorded visit was in 1835 under Captain Parkinson. The other vessels in harbour were "The Sisters", "Elizabeth" "Harriot", "Australian", "Caroline", and the American vessels, "Mile" and "Friendship". Her next recorded visit was on the 17th. February 1836, when cruising for whales, establishing a whaling station at Port Cooper. She beached for repairs and then sent round a whaleboat to Akaroa and Pigeon Bay. (1) for spars and flax. Several other ships came to anchor in Port Cooper while the "Bee" was there, and it is recorded that whales were plentiful. The first little bay inside the heads on the left-hand side, called Waitata by the Maoris, and the site of a former pah, now known as Little Port Cooper, thus became a noted rendez-vous for whalers. It was here that the whales were towed when captured, to be "tried out", (2) on shore, a more convenient and efficient method than on board ship. Nest iron pots were fixed on tripod arrangements to melt down the whale fat; sheds and temporary dwellings were built for the use of the men.

It is not probable that Port Cooper ever had a permanent whaling station where men were left all the year round, cultivating the land and trading with the Maoris during the off season when their ship had sailed away. But it

(1) Pigeon Bay lies to the east of Port Levy and is about the same size.

(2) To "try out" is to melt down the whales' blubber.
is certainly true that some men remained in the bay during the season even when the ship was temporarily absent on the outlook for whales. A decade later, the crew of a ship sailing up the harbour noticed a number of tents in Little Port Cooper. A man sculled ashore to reconnoitre and discovered that the "tents" were large piles of whales' bones whitening in the sun.

On the "Bee" in a voyage she made in 1836 was a certain George Hempleman. He built a temporary house of timber and raupo in Port Cooper, we are told, and established a whaling station there. But in 1837 he concluded with the Maoris the purchase of a wide extent of peninsula land including Akaroa for "the payment of one big boat, by the name of "Mary Ann" including two sails and jibs." Hempleman claimed that it was signed by Tuhawaiki and Taeroa among others, and apparently believed his purchase genuine. He selected a bay, Peraki on the southern side of Banks Peninsula and there started the first permanent whaling station in the Peninsula; it gradually developing into a farm, agricultural, dairy and pastoral as well as maintaining its original purpose.

Hempleman subsequently kept a log, and records the doings of some of the whalers. "The 'Bee' came to anchor in Port Cooper as she was in a very leaky state, a great deal of attention had to be paid to her to fit her for further voyaging. On the 27th. March two boats were sent to Akaroa and they returned on 1st. April. The same port was again visited on 7th. and 8th. April. Potatoes for the gang were purchased from natives who resided in the upper part of the harbour. Spars for the shore house were procured from Pigeon Bay."
Other ships arrived and on the 2nd. of the following month the first whale was captured. On 23rd. July the shore party left the brig with their try-pots and the "Bee" sailed on the 24th December."

In August the "Bee" returned to her gang at Port Cooper from Sydney per Kapiti and Cloudy Bay with "stores and necessaries for whaling". The owner of the "Bee" informed Hempleman that in future "we do not allow the "Bee" to sail away from you with so few hands; in case of a loss our policy of insurance would be useless - eight men or seven men and one boy are as small a number of hands as you can well furnish her with."

Spare, flags for floor and pathways, flax and oil were the cargoes the "Bee" carried to Australia, as well as potatoes, and logs for firewood. The trade was comparatively successful - a London agent on the "Elizabeth" wrote from Little Port Cooper that "the ships at Port Cooper have not done much, but better than the Cloudy Bay ships. The 'Elizabeth' had taken 150 tons and she was late on the ground. There are three other Australian ships here, one deserted by her crew ...... The season is nearly over in the bays and I consider the whale and shore parties to have taken this season twenty thousand barrels in American, French, and English ships - in all forty ships and six shore parties." That year, owing to bad weather and repairings, most of the ships had to stay for the next season and the oil was not put on the market for eighteen months. The three Sydney vessels he mentioned were the "Harriett", the "Australia" and the "Caroline". The "Australia" was the deserted one - she lost fifteen of her crew by desertion at Port Cooper. We do not know, but it is interesting to speculate upon the destination of these men. They can hardly have
deserted for the better pay and easier life of the shore gang in such a small place, as in Cloudy Bay where a town had grown up. They may have gone to the Maoris, probably in Port Levy, though sailors were not always welcome and it is recorded of one that the natives stole all his clothes away from him.

There was a whaling station and settlement at Whalers' Bay, a small indentation some way down the right-hand side of Port Levy and opposite the pa. Selwyn in 1843-4 says there were about twenty Europeans, chiefly whalers living in and near Whalers' Bay, cultivating small gardens in summer and returning to the fisheries as the whaling season drew nigh. There the Maoris and whalers lived on much the same terms as in the North Island. Some of them married Maori women or had wives provided by the natives for the season. Their houses were usually native-built of reeds and rushes woven over a wooden frame, or a wattled hurdle of supplejack, covered inside and outside with clay, and the roof of thatch. A huge chimney generally filled one end and was occupied most by the sailors' Maori relations, iron pots, kettles, and dogs. Joints of whalebone made stools; hams, bacon, and fish were smoked in the chimney roof; neatly curtained bunks lined the sides of the walls; the floor was earthen, and the furniture rough wooden stuff. Two square holes, shuttered at night, served as windows. On the rafters, spare coils of rope, oars, masts, sails, lances, harpoons and blubber spades gave a nautical flavour, while a tin oil lamp carefully burnished hung in the centre. Casks for meat, flour, and water, a dresser with tin dishes, glasses and crockery made the rest of the furniture.

Outside, sleeping natives would be rolled up in mats against the sunny side of the house; half-caste
children, goats, fowls and pigeons mingled in happy abandon on the beach.

Fort Levy was the principal Maori settlement in the Peninsula during these years, and was often visited by the Southerners, Tuhawaiki and Taiaroa. Tuhawaiki, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Bloody Jack", was a famous whaler himself and a very fine ariki. Indeed, in spite of his unprepossessing nickname. Although the history books credit the majority of the whaling class with being "courageous but cunning, dissipated but strong and manly, ferocious yet kindly and generous, combining in strange ways the vices of the European and the virtues of the savage", and claim that they set good examples to the Maoris by their tidiness and their home life, the Maoris themselves do not care to remember those days. A very clever and learned daughter of the Tikao tribe said to me the other day - "I have learnt from my father nothing concerning the whaling men. I did not want to know. I did not want to think of them. They did not treat our women well - no! they treated our women very wrongly indeed." Some of the whalers married their faithful wahines (1) on the advent of Bishop Selwyn in the late forties, and though the Port Levy Maoris today are in general a handsome race, they cannot forget that they are no longer true-blooded, that many of them are half white, and that however much the white race is to be congratulated on the addition to their ranks it is a sad thing for the Maoris.

Another class of men now came about New Zealand shores - ex-convicts and ticket of leave men from Australia, but they came in no great numbers to the south.

(1) Wife. Woman.
(2) Ariki: nobleman, leader.
The whalers 'per se' came at first from Australia but gradually included men and ships of all nations. Americans particularly are mentioned. Captain Parkinson of the "Bee" states in 1835 that the coast of New Zealand was covered with American whalers. The "Nile" and the "Friendship" came into Port Cooper while the "Bee" was there. In 1836 the "Nile" the "Friendship", the "Warren", the "Sarah Lee", cruised about Port Cooper and Akaroa. They were compelled to make the bays their headquarters since they were further from home than the Australians. Port Levy was one of these stations. The Maoris supplied them with provisions during their stay and for their return journey after a few years' work in New Zealand. The American whalers were generally a fine type. The Maoris admired them and worked for them in the busy seasons. One man whose name was Grennell was allowed two wives, Maori fashion, and was treated with as much respect as a chieftain. His house was built near the pah and his descendants became fine and upright of stature with Teutonic features and Maori colouring.

Another was a celebrated American whaler, Tom White, who married a Maori wahine in Port Levy and lived there for many years with a growing family. Tragedy and drama were never very far from the life of the whaler. One day a Dutch whaling ship put into the Port and the carpenter and several others deserted — as many others had done, apparently lured by the beauties or attractions of the bay. The third mate succeeded in capturing two men and returned them to the ship. The carpenter went to Tom White's house, whither he was followed by the mate. White was on the verandah with his baby, Harry, in his arms; the carpenter and two other runaways were sitting at table within the house. The seaman ordered to the ship the carpenter, who instead of obeying drew a pistol and shot him through the
heart. Justice walked with a lagging step in those days and the carpenter was never apprehended.

Probably there was the usual rum shop ashore, as in most of the American stations, and life was certainly easier on the shore gangs than on the whaling ships. The number of deserters appears to be considerable. Maori treatment of these men seemed in cases to have been drastic. Shortland, the Government protector of aboriginals at Akaroa, observed that "At Port Levy the natives had adopted the practice of plundering all runaway sailors, excusing themselves on the grounds that if they took them to the police magistrate or to their ships they would receive a payment. It is probable too that the old Maori custom of "muru", whereby the victim of misfortune was despoiled of his goods as a duty by the community, still obtained in some force."

Shortland continues his story:- "I was applied to this morning by an American sailor, who had run from his ship, to obtain restitution of some clothes taken from him by the natives. On inquiry, I learnt that to deal thus with all runaway sailors had become a common practice; which appeared to have been brought about in the following way. The natives had formerly been offered, by captains of ships, or by the police magistrate at Hakaroa, a reward for capturing these persons. As it often took much time and trouble to obtain the reward, the next step was that they concealed them if they could gain more thus than they expected to gain otherwise. And lastly, emboldened by success, and having no reason to fear that these poor fellows would complain of the treatment they received, they seized, without ceremony, the greater part of their clothes, and then let them go about their business, or allowed them to hang about the place in a state of demi-
slavery, assisting in any work going on, and eating from
the same basket as themselves.

Similar examples, proving how little scruple the
New Zealander has to turn to his own profit any circumstance
in his power, led me to form an opinion that it would be
a dangerous experiment in the present generation, to
instruct him in the execution of duties of this
responsible nature*. Shortland told them it was not
the act of a Christian to deprive a fellow-creature of his
clothes and warned them that their evil deeds would be
remembered when the white settlers came in greater numbers.
The warning took effect - "In a short time the sailor's kit
began to appear; and as shirts, shoes, coat etc. were
brought back they were placed in a heap before us till the
sailor was satisfied that his property was all there.

Seeing that he had lived at the expense of the
natives for some time, and must still be dependent on
them for food, I advised him to take the present
opportunity to make his hosts a present for past favours,
and to ensure their good will for the future. Not feeling
certain that, when I had left the place, the spirit of
covertness might not return in force too powerful to be
withstood, and lead to a second spoliation, the clothes
were accordingly divided into two heaps - one for himself,
the other for his "kaiwhangai", or hosts".

In 1837, two other American boats whaled at
Banks Peninsula - the "Mechanic" and the "Crázimbo",
and Independence Day was kept by giving a salute of guns.
The "Jasper" simply called in for refreshments.

Port Levy was sometimes used as a port for repairs.
In 1837, the "Caroline" and the "Denmark Hill" both repaired
their weather-beaten hulls there.

The Peninsula whaling flourished. Cloudy Bay
was disappointing - too crowded and too much rivalry. If a whale was sighted eighty ships rushed in pursuit, whereas those ships which visited in the early part of the season "the very excellent harbours situated in Banks Peninsula speedily obtained full cargoes". Each bay had its own laws, and the ship whose boat first harpooned the whale received the treasure. Desertion was strictly dealt with, as was a harpooner who missed his aim and was "thrown down by a water-kag flung in the face by an enraged headsman who spares no bad French in explaining matters".

It was during 1836 that a French whaler, the "Mississippi", visited Cloudy Bay and sent reports to the French whalers who began to arrive in the bays of Banks Peninsula in 1836. Dumas fils was one of the crew of a whaling ship that visited Banks Peninsula. The French and Americans both carried on the whaling in couples - "le pêche par association", or mating, as it was called. Dumas describes it in a book, "Les Baleines", as it was practised in Port Cooper. "Each associated vessel in turn remained at anchorage while the other went to tack about in Pegasus Bay (1) and the crew of the vessel in action was recruited by twelve men borrowed from the stationary vessel. Then at the end of the season, they counted the barrels of oil obtained and made a division of them."

The French gave names to some of the points of local landscape. The northern headland of Port Cooper became Cachelot Head, the eastern headland of Port Levy was known as Baleine Point.

Among the French whaling ships in Port Cooper were the "Asia", the "Souvenir", the "Dunkerquoise" and

(1) Pegasus Bay lies north of Port Cooper.
the "Cachelot". Of these the most celebrated was the
"Cachelot" from Havre in France. For some years it gave
its name to one of the rocky headlands of the entrance to
Port Cooper - the Maoris had called it Awaroa. While in
Port Cooper, her master, Captain Langlors, taken with the
idea that the locality would be eminently suitable for a
French settlement, after some discussion, purchased, or
imagined he purchased, the entire Peninsula for the sum
of 1,000 francs, 150 of which were paid immediately in
six pairs of linen trousers, one woollen overcoat, twelve
tarpaulin hats, two pairs of shoes, two red flannel shirts,
and a tarpaulin cloak. The second instalment was to be
paid on taking possession. This remarkable document was
signed at Port Cooper on August 2nd, 1838 by some of the
chief Maoris.

The validity of the sale is doubtful. It is
quite certain that Captain Hempleman believed that he had
bought the greater part of the Peninsula some time before.
He stirred up a great agitation for his own claim later on,
but did not take much notice of the fifty-nine French and
six German colonists who came out to Akaroa in 1840, sent by
the Lente-Bordelaise Company as a result of Langlors'
representations and a resale by him in July 1840. The
Peninsula was saved from becoming a French possession by
the Act of Sovereignty proclaimed by Governor Hobson over
the South Island at Cloudy Bay two months before their
arrival, and a British warship, the "Britomart" was sent
to Akaroa to hold court and to discourage any French
attempts at sovereignty.

It will be remembered that in the early thirties,
the firm of Cooper and Levy purchased some property in Port
Cooper and thereabouts from the Maoris.

In the meantime Messrs. Cooper and Levy had
not prospered in their land purchase. Levy had died and
in 1836 a Mr. William Barnard Rhodes became connected with the reconstructed firm, Cooper and Holt. The purchase was still evidently thought genuine for the firm wrote to Rhodes in 1840 that "Johnny Jones states that he with Messrs. Wentworth and Campbell have purchased the Middle Island excepting Akaroa, and Ports Cooper and Levy which belong to us". Unfortunately for the firm a vessel under Captain Wiseman, who is credited with being the first to give the names of Cooper and Levy to their respective harbours, was lost at sea and the credentials and title deeds perished. As the native chiefs concerned in the purchase had been destroyed by their enemies from the north, the Cooper and Levy claim could not be verified.

Other claimants were not lacking, such as a Captain Clayton from the Bay of Islands and the Rhodes brothers who declared that the Cooper and Levy purchase had come to them, but no such claim was ever established.

In 1842 came new arrivals from Wellington which had been settled in 1840 by emigrants coming from England in the ship "Tory". Certain colonists there, Sinclair and Hay, disappointed with the Wellington district and apprehensive of the Maoris, built themselves a boat, the "Richmond", and sailed to the much lauded Peninsula in the South Island. Entering Port Cooper, they sailed to the head of the harbour where they dropped anchor, furled their sails and rowed their boat as near shore as possible. They climbed the hills and saw the great lake of Waikato which they believed to be the ocean, and the formation of the hills at the point where they had ascended, hid from their view the great plains. This fact - or rather the missing of it - and the annoying discovery that in their absence their boat was separated from the water by a long mud flat, decided them that neither Port Cooper nor the immediate environment was their goal. They continued
their journey and discovered Pigeon Bay further south than Fort Levy, and finding nothing to equal it in beauty and shelter, they returned to Wellington to tranship their families.

Here they found that two brothers, W. and J. Deans, had also exchanged their land orders for property in the south plains and the Richmond's second voyage took them and two families, the Mansons and the Gubbies, to Fort Levy, whence they rowed round to the plains in a whaleboat, returning in 1843 to Wellington for their own families. With the exception of Captain Hempleman these people were the first permanent settlers in the district. Shortly afterwards the Gubbies and the Mansons removed to places of their own at the head of Fort Cooper. The Gubbies occupied the valley which Sinclair and Hay had ascended in 1842 and known then as Maori Gully, but subsequently called Gubbies Valley. The Mansons occupied land by the eastern stream Waiake. There they built pretty, old-fashioned houses, planted English trees, and became well-known for their Fort Cooper cheese which Bishop Selwyn admired so much, and also for their open-handed hospitality to all travellers. It was no unusual thing for either family to sit down to dinner with twenty or thirty guests, probably uninvited. Sometimes they entertained the Bishop and his companions on one of his southern journeys, sometimes rough-looking Van Dagonians who frightened the women and children.

In 1843, too, by the "Richmond" came three brothers, the Greenwoods, who took possession of Purau, once a Maori village, and built a house, outsheds and stockyards, planted a garden, and imported cattle and sheep. The Greenwoods and the Maoris fell foul of each other, apparently the fault of the white men. The Maoris
did not consider that the Greenwoods had any right to their land and caused so much stir that Shortland, residing in "Hakaroa", made a visit to Port Levy to settle the rights of the case. Arrived at the pah, Puari, the largest on the mainland, Shortland was received by Iwikau, Taiaroa, who had come specially from the south, and the local chieftain, Apera Pukenui. The woods came down almost to the water's edge in the "spacious harbour of Kokorarata" as he calls it. While the food was cooking, the men sat down in front of Iwikau's house and "everyone who had anything to say, made a speech". Taiaroa was fiercely indignant about the French claim and advised them to beware not to urge him to do as Te Hauparaha had done at Wairau. He next complained of the way the Europeans were spreading themselves over the country with their stock, "especially Mr. G.- recently arrived"; he had refused payment for permission to land cattle or to cut timber for ship-building. The land Greenwood occupied belonged to Nohomutu who himself lived in Purau and, in a lesser degree, to many of the South Island sub-tribes as well as those who habitually resided in Whangaraupo.

So Shortland sailed into Whangaraupo in Nohomutu's boat and met the eldest Mr. Greenwood at a hut not far from the beach. In common with many newcomers, Greenwood "thought it illegal to pay Maoris anything for living on their land" which he considered waste and unclaimed land. However, on Shortland's persuasion, an agreement was concluded with the the natives for a yearly rent of six blankets and some printed calico - about £3 or £4 worth. In return Mr. Greenwood could reside on and cultivate the ground at Purau and pasture his cattle over the neighbouring hills. By adding an extra blanket to the rent, he received permission to cultivate also the next bay, and he agreed to pay damages
if his stock strayed into the Port Levy cultivations. Shortland knew there was no law to authorise holding of land by lease from the Maoris, and that it would be a bad precedent regarding the possible future settlement of Whangaraupo, but he was forced to this expediency to avoid an eviction of the Greenwoods by the Maoris. The notable men concerned in this sale were the chieftain Tikao, who then lived at Rapaki and afterwards went round the world, was a great fighter, just and noble, affectionately called "John Love by the Europeans; Taiaoa the great war chief; Tuhawalki the whaler; Patuki the southern king; Iwikau, another southern chief; Mohomutu, who lived on the disputed land, and Pukenui, the Kokorarata tribal head. All these men had interests in the land and all habitually gathered at Port Levy from various parts especially to debate upon any alienation of land in the vicinity. There is no doubt about it that the Greenwoods were much to blame in wantonly provoking the ill-feeling of the Maoris. Shortland was of this opinion and did not hesitate to say so.

In other ways the white settlers became apprehensive of the Maoris. In June 1843 the Wairau massacre occurred (1) over much the same quarrel as that between the natives and the Greenwoods. The Port Cooper and Pigeon Bay people were warned that a detachment of natives from Wairau were within two days march, and killing all the white people as they went along. The pioneers who could muster about thirty fighting men, made up their minds to fight to the last, as there was no way of escape; they

(1) Colonel Wakefield, agent for the New Zealand Company, purchased from the widow of a whaler certain claims to the Wairau district in the north of the South Island. But when settlers from the Nelson colony began to migrate to the Wairau district, Te Rauparaha objected, claimed the lands as his own by right of conquest, and a massacre ensued.
cleaned their guns, made bullets, barricaded their houses, and determined to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Nothing happened, however. The marauders returned to the North Island instead of continuing southwards and the settlers breathed more freely. But not for long. They received warning from the Maori wife of the whaler, Tom White, at Port Levy, that the Peninsula natives, emulating the victorious men under Te Rauparaha, were conspiring to massacre all the southern settlers. One party was to come from Port Levy and despatch the Sinclairs and Hays on their march to Akaroa; another band was to murder the Deans, Mansons and Gebbies. The mode of attack was to set fire to the houses on the appointed night and club the settlers as they rushed out. Preparations for defence were at once made, and on the night of the expected attack the settlers grimly awaited the coming of the Maoris. But they did not come. Whether, knowing that their plans had been divulged they feared for success and abandoned their attempt, or whether the conspiracy had its existence only in the fears of the settlers about the agitated condition of the Maoris, it is uncertain and probably will never be found out.

Gradually the fears occasioned by the rumours of conspiracy died away and friendly relations sprang up between the two races. The settlers frequently employed Maoris in clearing and fencing their land, planting and digging potatoes. They were good workers but required watching and management. The Maori dogs and pigs and cattle were rather a nuisance in the way they strayed over their neighbour's property, destroying the crops and disturbing the stock.

The nearest town for obtaining clothes and provisions was Wellington, and voyages between the Peninsula were usually stormy, lengthy and very unpleasant. Indeed one trip usually took much longer than from Wellington to Sydney. The boats, too, were small and unseaworthy; the
lack of lighthouses and the dangerous nature of the coast made the voyage rather perilous. In times of need, the settlers obtained pork, kumeras etc. from the Maoris. Fortunately the bays were frequently visited by the whaling ships who brought fresh beef or potatoes for barter. In time the settlers became self-supporting and dispensed hospitality with open hands. They formed a noble link in the progress of the South Island and prepared the way for those who came afterwards both by the supplying of food and lodging and also by their courage and endurance in the realms of colonial pioneership.

The winter of 1846 was very severe, with storms, rain, frost and snow instead of the usual crisp bright cold days. In August, three men, wearing blue caps, and representing themselves as ship-wrecked sailors visited the Deans brothers on the Plain. They retailed news and obtained local gossip about the settlers in return, and set out the next morning with food hospitably supplied by the Deans. The next night they spent at Mansons and left for Purau in the morning. They had been timber-cutting for the three Greenwood brothers in the June before and were again engaged in making a saw pit as well as cutting timber. Mr. Manson was at Purau assisting in the building of a house, and upon his departure early on Saturday evening, the three men suddenly turned on the brothers whilst still at table. One presented a pistol and the others bound two of their unfortunate victims, ordering the youngest, Edward, a mere lad, to accompany them upstairs in search of valuables. He had no choice but to give up to them the strong box, and any available watches, chains, and coins, guns etc. With the pistol at his back, he and the cowboy William Prebble were compelled to carry the plunder from the house to the boat kept by the Greenwoods on the beach. They were told to stay on the beach for twenty minutes
before going back to the house to release the others. The
two had nothing to do but watch helplessly the relentless
pistol until the boat turned the eastern corner of the bay
and disappeared.

The Greenwoods suspecting from remarks dropped by
their visitors that their next plundering visit was to the
Deans' farm where their previous call had been of a reconnoit-
ring character, hastened over the hills to the whalers at
Fort Levy. Next morning a party set out in whaleboats
round the Heads and up the river to the Deans' farm,
anticipating the robbers by some hours. The farm hands
were then armed and otherwise prepared for the thieves, who,
however, had seen the whalers and had turned on their tracks
to make for Dunedin, one being drowned on the way and the
other two captured on their arrival and brought to trial.
The men were George Langlands, Joseph Davis, and Joseph
Price and formed the "Blue-cap Gang", rather celebrated at
the time as a kind of bush-ranging brotherhood. Purau and
the Peninsula long remembered the visit of the Blue Caps
and the little excursion the hardworking settlers had taken
into the realms of adventure and romance.

But the episode disgusted the Purau people and
when Joseph Greenwood was accidentally drowned a short time
after, the two remaining brothers left the place, which had
been so unlucky, selling out in 1847 to the Rhodes brothers
the whole property - house, stock, sheds and yards for the
absurdly inadequate sum of £1710. The purchasers were the
Rhodes brothers, the eldest of whom, William Barnard, had
been associated in the firm of Cooper and Levy, and on the
dissolution of the firm claimed the land which they had
bought. In view of its potential importance of possible
connection with the plains, he was willing to give up the
claim and retain Purau with 500 acres and an acre on the
south of the Peninsula where he had whaling buildings.
Though the title deeds of the purchase were lost, he petitioned for the land and for the same treatment as regards squatting licences as the other settlers in the neighbourhood. So, with his two brothers, he took over the Greenwoods' buildings and stock, and Purau, so unlucky for the former occupants, began to "blossom like the rose". This was not William Rhodes's first connection with Fort Cooper. In 1834 he first visited these shores and, climbing the hills overlooking the great plains, he described the scene before him as a vast swamp with two patches of native bush. In 1836 and again in 1839 he had visited various places on the Peninsula to re-stock the trading stations of the Cooper and Holt firm. A decade after the purchase from the Greenwoods, the youngest brother, Robert Heaton, became the manager of the Purau block and imported many fine breeds of sheep and cattle into Banks' Peninsula.

In 1848 the South Island Maoris experienced a change which shook their world to its depths. This change is secondary only in importance to the physical and mental disturbance caused by the first contact with the white race. That contact had taught the Maori useful as well as evil habits, had turned his attentions from war, had revolutionised his religion, and had sadly diminished the ranks of his fellow-countrymen. Shortland believed this alarming decrease was due to Te Rauparaha's raids, the sale of young women to European whalers, the former wide use of rum obtainable at the whaling stations, the alternate adoption and discarding of unsuitable European clothing which tended to develop lung disease, and the consumption of more unwholesome food than is habitual in the north. Rapaki and Kokorarata in the forties had gradually settled down to the new state of affairs. Port Levy was visited twice yearly by a
magistrate in a small armed vessel. The whalers and Macoris paid more attention to his authority than to the resident magistrate's at Akaroa. Religious instruction was at a low ebb though the Wesleyans provided an excellent native minister at Kapaki. Native teachers did their best - which wasn't a great deal in those days - and a priest from the Church of Rome had called at Port Levy but had not remained long. The Bishop of New Zealand, George Selwyn, paid periodical visits and records that one Sunday in February 1844 a half-caste child from Whalers Bay was brought to him to be baptised. He sailed to Wellington on the maiden voyage of a small schooner, the "Eliza", lately built in Port Levy. The passage cost £5 each and the boat was slow and leaky. There was one cabin, very small, fitted with three standing beds, a table and two benches. There was no variation in the diet - for every meal the Bishop was treated to tea and biscuits, fried pork and potatoes, and the cook looked as though he had not been washed for a month.

In 1848-9 the mental earthquake began. In view of the future settlement of the plains and the Peninsula by the white race, the New Zealand Company in 1848 sent Mr. Kemp to purchase the land lying between Kaipopia and Port Chalmers. Banks Peninsula was excepted, as it was reckoned to have been purchased by the French. This first bargain is known as "Kemp's Purchase" and included Government reservations to the Maoris. But, because the natives held parts of the Peninsula irrespective of the French claims, and since Hempleman, Rhodes and others claimed parts in addition to the French, great confusion existed. Moreover, since Captain Thomas had chosen Port Cooper as the site for a new settlement, in 1849 Mr. Mantell
was sent to extinguish the remainder of the Maori claims to that locality. In August and September, by the "Mantell Purchase" he succeeded in buying the larger portion of the Peninsula for £500, while the Manto-Bordelaise claim to the block of 30,000 acres was purchased by the New Zealand Company for £4,500.

The Port Cooper purchase was concluded for £200; ten acres (more or less) were reserved at Purau and 856 acres at Kapaki. Mantell wrote - "As this would at first sight appear excessive, I may state that Mr. Carrington estimates the extent of arable land in it at less than 60 acres. At Purau: the right of firewood was reserved for them in an isolated bush called Motuhikarehu. This was signed at Port Cooper on 10th. August 1849. Mantell described the scene - "The distribution of the payment passed off quietly and was most satisfactory; the natives expressing themselves highly pleased at the fairness of the partition of the money. The previous negotiations were most protracted and tedious, and frequently interrupted by the inclemency of the weather, which has been unusually severe." The deed of purchase began - "Hearken all people" - and was signed as usual by a long list of influential names. The actual signing took place at Okete-upoko - rather significant considering that it was the ultimate choice of the surveyors for the site of the new settlement.

Similar proceedings were carried out at Port Levy. The petition beginning - "Hearken, all ye tribes" was read aloud to the assembled natives who then signed it and received £300 in return. Mantell says there were divisions of Maoris then at Port Levy. One occupying one bay were the owners of the land; the other, chiefly from Kaiapoa were allowed to remain on sufferance in the
next bay as Maoris are great travellers and rarely have a fixed dwelling place. A policeman was sent over from Akaroa to assist Mantell in the safe custody of the large quantity of specie he had in his possession. The practice had been to give the sum to the chiefs respectively, and to allow them to distribute it to the members of the tribe. One day the Rapaki Maoris came armed; led by the chief John Tikao for the purpose of intimidation, the result of this show of hostility and force being that the Kaiapoia natives were excluded from the Port Levy purchase altogether. The native reserve was to consist of 1,561 acres on the left side and head of the harbour. Mantell also promised that a small grave in the next bay (Pigeon Bay) where was buried an infant child of Tikao, John Love, would be undisturbed until a cemetery should be consecrated there.

Lines for roads in both purchases were left to the Governor. The Maoris agreed not to sell any part of the reserves nor to allow Europeans to settle there without the consent of the Governor. The reserves were to be marked out with posts smeared over with red ochre or kokowai and by 1851 all cultivations and settlements outside the reserves had to be abandoned. Port Levy was then the headquarters of the Ngaitahu tribe and the population was about 250. All the great chiefs from the South Island who had any connection with the land sold, gathered as usual to discuss and dispute and bargain and caused Mantell to write that the negotiations were "most protracted and tedious". However the headquarters of the Ngai-tahu were subsequently fixed at Kaiapoia on the Plains, the ancient headquarters in the days before Te Rauparaha.

For a time the Maoris tried to assimilate themselves to their new positions - it was difficult. Always inclined
to a migratory if not exactly nomadic existence, the limitations of their boundaries naturally filled them with a little resentment. They were not agriculturally inclined and never made a success of farming. As the years went on their fishing grounds were largely absorbed by the settlers. Added to this sense of desolation and sometimes their actual poverty, the "miserable condition of the Maoris" as a report had it, came an echo of the North Island land trouble. Agitators from the north told them that they sold their land too cheaply, that it was being resold for far more than they had been given. The agitators informed them that "the land had gone at the value of a few pigs, when they should have received a million," and when some of the plains-dwelling natives claimed land north of Kaiapoia, the Port Levy Maoris informed the Government that if it was not prepared to adjust the grievance, they would use all their influence to prevent a settlement of the question on Banks Peninsula. However, by 1856 the Maoris decided to recognise the status quo and surrendered to the Crown their remaining possessions on the Peninsula.

Head of the harbour.
CHAPTER LV.

THE CANTERBURY SCHEME.

"I will only repeat the expression of my confident trust that you have sacrifed everything else to the one essential thing -- the survey, the survey, the survey."  (Wakefield)

CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

It was on the hills where Piers Plowman saw his vision that six centuries later another man saw in his day dreams, "a fair field full of folk". This man was Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his vision was of a colony in New Zealand -- a colony which was to represent a slice out through English society. Such a scheme had been tried before but had failed, partly because his theories had not been carried out completely, and partly because of government and clerical opposition. But now the prospect of success seemed more rosy. Government opposition was largely gone, public opinion had veered round in favour of colonial questions, and last but not least, Wakefield had overcome the antagonisms of the Church of England, not only to withdraw their hostility but more than that, to help actively in the new undertaking.

It was this religious element and the comprehensive social types that primarily distinguished the new project from the others in New Zealand and South Australia. The main lines of his policy was this -- Crown lands should not be given away, but sold at a price sufficiently low to enable assisted immigrants to buy
land for themselves within a few years of their arrival and yet high enough to keep them from becoming land owners for the first years. This sufficient price was fixed by Wakefield at £3 an acre.

The disposal of the land fund thus formed was a secondary though important consideration. One third was to be expended in assisting emigrants of good character, especially farm labourers and an adequate proportion of women; another third upon religious and educational institutions in the colony; the remainder upon survey, public works and road making to take place before the arrival of the emigrants. Assisted emigrants were to be vouched for by the rector of their respective parishes and, by securing the twin advantages of sufficient labour and provision for religion and education, it was hoped to attract a better class of colonist, those with capital and social standing, and thus form a colony in the new land that would be a slice cut, like a segment of birthday cake, from English society. As early as 1844, Wakefield had considered the possibility of such a colony but ill-health, the hostile attitude of the Maoris after the Wairau massacre, the opposition of the Colonial Office and the missionary societies all conspired to delay Wakefield's schemes. The idea had again been in Wakefield's mind when he met John Robert Godley, who had already made his mark as a writer on colonisation and whose thoughts were turned overseas as a result of Irish famine. This meeting, like that of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, was a landmark in history. Wakefield was impressed by his earnest personality, and his air of ability. He knew the value of a good leader and had written in 1845 that leadership was greatly to be desired in the founding of a colony.
On returning to the Malvern Hills he asked Godley to visit him and to discuss "a very pleasant colonizing project, which I fancy that you are likely to embrace."

The extent to which this project interested Godley may be gathered from a letter by Wakefield to a friend, Nov. 30th. 1847. "I find that my notion ... stands a good chance of being realised sooner than we expected. The subject has been fully considered and at length something like practical conclusions have been reached.... the place (is) to be, if possible, the valley of the Ruamahanga, near Wellington .... Now comes the all-important practical question. By whose exertions in particular is the whole scheme to be realised? I have succeeded in persuading Godley to think of devoting himself to the work." The settlement was to be called Canterbury and the capital Lyttelton after Lord Lyttelton, an enthusiastic member of the circle. In December 1847 a committee was appointed and in May 1848 Lord Lyttelton, the Chairman, informed the government of the formation of the Canterbury Association, and of the negotiations into which it had entered with the New Zealand Company for acquiring three million acres of land and obtaining an advance of funds for its preliminary operations.

The Association formed consisted of some celebrated colonial sympathisers including Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Simeon etc. and while pamphlets were issued, meetings held, and emigrants gathered in England, Captain Joseph Thomas, one of the New Zealand Company's surveyors in the employment of the Otago District, was authorised to be Surveyor-General for the Canterbury Association and given freedom of choice as to the locality of the settlement, in which he was to make necessary arrangements for the reception of the settlers on arrival. In
particular the survey was to be given great attention. As Wakefield wrote "Every other defect could be remedied when the colonists arrived, save only that of a deficient survey".

Thomas sailed for Wellington and in November 1848 arrived at Nelson by the "Bernicia", seeking a site for settlement in Tasman Bay. For some reason the Wairarapa was not found suitable by the surveyors, and sailing south, they came to the mountainous bay of Port Cooper, with the great plains on the north, and to the south the virgin beauty of the sloping wooded valleys of the Peninsula. These had been admired and considered by other surveyors before Capt. Thomas and his staff. Celebrated by stories from whalers about good anchorage and level plains, the Port Cooper district had almost become the site of the Nelson settlement before Governor Hobson insisted upon the more northern locality; and in 1845, to the infinite disappointment of the Presbyterian pioneers, the Mansons, Deans, Gubbins and Hays, Capt. William Cargill was only deterred from founding Dunedin there by the apparent isolation of the harbour, inaccessibility of the Plains, and the overflooding of Waihora.

Captain Thomas applied to the Governor and Bishop Selwyn for confirmation of his selection; it was given, although the Rangitikei or the Manawatu districts in the North Island would have pleased the Governor better, while Selwyn favoured the Wairarapa. But for various reasons Capt. Thomas clung to the Port Cooper land. It contained a splendid port, he wrote home, was not dangerous, perfectly secure for ships, easy of access and well placed for commerce. Banks Peninsula and the Port hills would form landmarks for the guidance of approaching vessels. The water was deep and available for wharves and quays. Behind were the plains, well-watered, and rich of soil. The difficulty of access would disappear with the making of
a good road over the hills. He had received a letter from
the Deans telling him of great masses of stone resembling
freestone found in the Port hills. Moreover, in the
South Island there were few natives, and those of a
passive disposition, unlikely to disturb the settlers as had
been the custom of the North Island Maoris. The absence of
this danger would, Capt. Thomas was sure, attract more
colonists than would otherwise be the case. He was
supported in his decision by one of the New Zealand Land
Company's surveyors, Mr. H.J. Cridland, who wrote to a friend
in London - "I think it will prove more satisfactory to have
it there, than in any other part of New Zealand I have seen
or heard of, from a variety of causes that combine in a
peculiar manner every essential for such an established
undertaking."

The Government surveying ship, H.M.S. "Acheron", was
sent south in 1849 to make a careful survey of the coast
lines. After completing this survey she lay at anchor in
Purau Bay, once the site of a Ngai-tahu village, while Capt.
Stokes and Mr. Hamilton, chief Surveying Officer, explored the
Canterbury Plains. Their verdicts were distinctly favourable
to the Port Cooper district as the site of the new settlement;
the harbour they judged to be the best in New Zealand, and it
was a matter of wonder to them why it had not been chosen
before. They emphasised particularly the fact that the
mountains of Banks Peninsula rendered it easily distinguish-
able by approaching vessels; they commended the uniqueness of
the gradual shoaling of water, the facility of access,
the entire absence of hidden dangers, the great depth --
"a fleet could manoeuvre in the entrance."

The only apparent shortcomings were the
scarcity of wood and water; but the former was procurable
from the Peninsula and, as for the latter, wells could be
sunk. Having decided upon Port Cooper as the port; Captain Thomas was in some hesitation as to the exact location of the town. It was to be called Lyttelton after the Chairman of the Association and it was to be the capital; another town, Christchurch, was to be founded, preferable on the plains. At first he was inclined to select the bay which the Maoris had called Motu-kaueti-rahi as the site for Lyttelton, and to place his inland town on Gebbie's Flat (1). But on his return from Auckland whence he had gone to procure his staff and labourers, Motu-kaueti-rahi, because of its shallowness of anchorage, was abandoned for the largest bay on the north shore, lying almost opposite Purau — formed by the two little bays commonly called Chinehou and O-kete-upoko. At the same time the site of Christchurch was moved from Gebbie's Flat to the more extensive levels on the banks of the River Avon.(11)

Captain Thomas returned from Auckland with his staff workers on 3rd. July 1849 in the "Bee" and began in earnest the survey. He had previously made only cursory examinations. One of his first acts was to alter the nomenclature of Port Cooper. Ever since the establishment of the Canterbury Association the harbour had been officially known as Port Victoria, and Port Levy as Port Albert in royal compliment. Upon Capt. Thomas's recommendation, and under these names, they were placed on the survey chart. "I am afraid we shall have some difficulty in changing the name of the harbour", he wrote to Godley, "unless all your colonists in England adopt it from the first." Most of the port hills were renamed from Awaroa or Cachelot Head, which became Godley

(1) Gebbie's Flat lies over the hills from Gebbie's Valley.
(11) Name given by the Maoris to the river which runs through that part of the plains.
Head, to Toloa, now called Adderley Head after a member of the Association. The triangular C-toki-toki became Collan's Bay, after a surveyor on Capt. Thomas's staff. The bay containing the site of Lyttelton was now known sometimes as Erakine Bay, sometimes Cavendish Bay, the names of two Association members. It was flanked on either side by Officer's Point and Naval Point, two ridges that sloped inwards to form the basin of the harbour; Motu-kauati-rahi lost its musical lilt in the inartistic name of Cass Bay in honour of one of the surveyors. Chinetahi, Pukeharoro, Otromiro and Te Pauhaka-taka retained the collective name of Chinetahi until 1854. Te Rapu, Moepuku, Tau-whare-paka, which during the pioneer period was more usually spoken of as Manson's, or Head of the Bay, retained the latter title for a short time, but the sapphire and emerald beauty of Te Wharau took its new name, Charteris Bay from another member of the Canterbury Association.

Kai-o-ruru became Church Bay and was used as a dumping ground for ballast until the seventies. Purau was known indiscriminately as Rhodes Bay or Acheron Bay, but in the end the Maori name triumphed; Inaia-tu which the whalers had christened Shelly Bay became Pile Bay from the fact that piles were now erected to which ocean-going vessels might be attached in order to set their compasses.

Ripapa dropped a syllable and was marked out for a quarantine station, while Te Pohue was given the name of Camp Bay and arrangements were made to establish a hospital and camp there for the immigrants; Little Port Cooper retained its whaling sobriquet.

Many of the hills too lost dignity in the change of names. Tauhimu-Korokio, renamed Mount Pleasant
became the initial station of the foundation surveys of Canterbury. "Castle Rock" replaced "Te Tihi o Kahukura" which means the Pinnacle of the Rainbow; Te Poho o Tamatea rejoiced in "Witch Hill". The charmingly beautiful name of Orongomai became Cass Peak. "Te Heru o Kahu-kura", with all its mythical suggestion was designated by the unimaginative title of the Sugarloaf.

Both Maori and English names were in general suggested by fancied resemblances. It is a matter of some regret that the beauty and significance of the old names were not appreciated by the Europeans who proved themselves far behind the Maoris in imagination and happy expression. The stately double crests of Te Ahu-patiki became now Mount Herbert and Castle Peak and, last but not least, the Plains of Waitaha were renamed the Canterbury Plains.

Capt. Thomas's staff consisted of surveyors like Cass, Forlesse, Cridland, Jollie and Boys, some of whom were New Zealand Company's Officers, paid off when the Company found itself in financial difficulties in 1845. Jollie had been at Nelson during Capt. Thomas's preliminary survey. There were also carpenters, sawyers, a blacksmith and a few mechanics as well as from a hundred to one hundred and twenty North Island Maoris for navvy work. The survey and laying out of the town of Lyttelton was given to Cass, Capt. Thomas's second-in-command, a light-hearted genial man who by the end of September 1849 had completed his survey and had already fixed the standard stones in the street lines.

Captain Thomas received as encouragement from Bishop Selwyn a little well-meant advice not to allow land near anchorage at Port Cooper to fall into the hands of a few men "who will have it in their power to put the public to the greatest inconvenience." The
Bishop advocated a good road over the hills and a few public stores on the beach "where goods can be warehoused by the Association at paid charges and a small quantity of land let to retail shop-keepers will enable the settlers to begin their operations." Capt. Thomas began to make headway with his public works. A "splendid jetty" as it was proudly styled, was built by Robert and Magnus Allan with John Grubb who had come to Lyttelton in 1847 and owned the first ship ever built in the harbour.

Files from Tasmania were floated ashore and the wharf built immediately. This wharf, when it was finished, was the admiration of all and sundry who came to Lyttelton. It was 150 feet by 16 - T-shaped with a hand crane at the end. There was a depth of twelve feet at high water and of six feet at low. From Akaroa came the planks, for with the arrival of the survey party, a flourishing timber trade arose in the Peninsula, not only among the pioneers but also among the Maoris, whose well-wooded reservations under Mantell's purchase supplied them thus with a lucrative means of livelihood. Captain Thomas ordered from England heavy moorings for ocean vessels, the strong winds necessitating some sort of sheltered anchorage.

Before 1850 had half elapsed a number of public works ordered by the Association or commenced by Captain Thomas on his own initiative were in the final stages of construction. The carpenters, most of whom came from Van Diemen's Land, were paid 7/- a day. Captain Thomas considered that these sixteen carpenters were good workmen and well-behaved — "A passable lot" he called them; but the rest of the Australian labourers, he feared, were rough characters from the Australian diggings. The greater proportion of the timber used in the making of the first houses in
Lyttelton and Christchurch came from the Peninsula, although some was imported from Australia and some from the province of Nelson in the north of the island.

On the arrival of Captain Thomas Cavendish Bay presented an attractive appearance. It consisted of two small bays; the beach of the eastern one, a little the larger, was known to the Maoris as Chinehou, from the stream that ran down the deep valley in a north-west direction just east of the spur dividing the two little bays. Another stream, the Oketeupoko that took its name from the hills at the back of Lyttelton -- celebrated in Maori legend -- had its source in the eastern hills and ran down to the shore more or less in a straight line. These streams dried up in summer but when Captain Thomas first arrived they were in their spring flow. The waters of Lyttelton harbour are naturally very blue and the usual sky is a soft but deep azure flecked here and there with golden clouds. Spring brings out the greenest tints of the hills. Bush did not, as is popularly supposed, come down to the waters' edge, but in 1849 there were great patches of bush in the innumerable little valleys round the water-front and the bare crags were softened by scattered ngaio and ferns. The Peninsula side of the harbour was always less wooded than the rest of the Peninsula, largely owing to winds blowing up from the heads and in 1849 it could not have been much less bare than its outer faces are today. The upper half of the hills above Cavendish Bay were thickly wooded, the tangled undergrowth stretching away almost to the summit crags, but the lower slopes were covered only with short grass. The shells of the little beach, Chinehou, glittered in the sunlight but the shores on which the Okete-upoko looked down were little but rock. The
slopes of O-kete-upoko, though rising fairly rapidly and in many places very uneven and indented, were not at all precipitous.

As soon as Jollie had completed the map of the Lyttelton survey, he took it to Captain Thomas, who "putting on his gold spectacles and opening his "Peeage", would read out a bishop's name to hear if it sounded well", and if Jollie agreed with him that it did, that name was given to one of the streets "requiring baptism". Lyttelton, being the first-born town, received the best names for its streets.

"Oxford" was bestowed upon the streetway that ran directly up from the half-completed jetty, and "Norwich Quay" upon the road which, beginning at Oxford Street, extended along the waterfront. "Canterbury" became the name of the street lying parallel to Oxford Street, a block to the west, and "Dublin", parallel to these, lay still further to the left. Cutting them at right angles, parallel to Norwich Quay, was London Street, with Winchester Street yet another block up the hill. These were the main roadways and were subsequently provided with bridges over the gullies.

Meanwhile Captain Thomas was preparing for the reception of the immigrants. The block of land lying east along Oxford Street and stretching from Norwich Quay upwards as far as the junction of London Street and Oxford Street, was reserved, for the time being, as Association land, and upon it Thomas employed his carpenters in constructing "four excellent houses, commodious and neat," intended for immigration barracks and calculated to hold from two to three hundred people. They were furnished with a cook-house in the centre, a wash-house and two stables. Next this square of buildings, there was a small house, temporarily occupied
by Captain Thomas, but destined to be the office of the Association Agent. Behind this and divided from it by a plot of ground intended for a garden stood what Godley afterwards described as "a stately edifice -- our house". It was weather-boarded, with six fair-sized rooms and a verandah, a quaint gabled affair in a style which one of the surveyors thought "very Elizabethan".

Near the shore, to the right of the jetty, were a boat shed, a boathouse for the crew, a few other buildings and storehouses of a temporary character, and a convenient yard for timber. All buildings were enclosed by fences, often of oak-palings. A sea-wall or breastwork was in the course of construction along the beach eastwards from the jetty. It had the triple advantage of reclaiming a good deal of land, of providing a berthing place for small vessels at high tide, and, upon its extension westwards, of ultimately forming with Godley Quay a fine esplanade for the future colonists.

One of the most important, perhaps the most difficult, and certainly the most discussed of all Captain Thomas's undertakings was the construction of communication-routes between the Port and the Plains. The pressing need of a road, capable of heavy traffic, will at once be seen; it would be an absolute necessity when the colonists arrived, with baggage and building materials to be carried to the plains.

On the first arrival of the surveying party, Captain Thomas had decided upon a road sidling up the Okete-upoko ridges, and crossing the hills a little to the left of the spur which divided the two bays of Lyttelton. But Lieutenant Swans of the surveying ship "Acheron" declared there was a better route, and not so precipitous, round the ridges of the harbour to the east, crossing at the lowest point (about 640 feet)
where the headland runs out to the sea, and makes, with
the north-eastern slope of Mount Pleasant a delightful
valley and a dangerous sand-barred harbour. Thomas,
Cridland, Torlesse, and Gollan examined the route and
found it favourable; therefore in September Mr. Jollie
was instructed to mark out the road which was to start
from the junction of Oxford and London Streets and
turning eastwards rise gradually, at a gradient of one
in twenty, to the lowest point, called Evans Pass in
honour of the Lieutenant, thence round the head of the
valley to the west side on the same grade and down that
side of the valley until it ended on a cliff 40 feet
high. A township called Sumner--after the Archbishop
of Canterbury--was marked out on the seafront of the
valley and a road was to connect it with the site of
the Plains town of Christchurch, making the distance
from Port to Christchurch about 10½ miles in all. The
gradient was easy and the road would have been a great
asset but for an almost insurmountable difficulty
presented by great masses of rock. For about two
and a half miles from its commencement in Oxford Street
the preliminary marking out went smoothly enough, but
after that, whenever the great rocks intervened, they
were left untouched, what earth there was alone being
removed, and a narrow track thus formed. This road,
blocked by great boulders, was utterly useless until
blasting could remove the obstacles, and most communication
with the Plains was for a time by way of a spur over
Mount Pleasant. Several high stone retaining walls
however were built on the Sumner line, the work going
on intermittently and at no great pace. About 150
Maori workmen had been brought from the North Island
by the "Bee" for the special task of road-building.
They had already had some experience in Wellington and
were on the whole good workers -- when they did work. They were each paid half a crown a day, but very probably the daily wage of four shillings and sixpence demanded by white labourers was cheaper in the end. The Maoris shovelled together keeping time to a song, like sailors to a sea-chanty. But they lacked the power of steady, continuous work, did everything by fits and starts, and had to be coaxed like children by someone who would talk or sing to them. The Maoris were not the only ones who worked to music. Captain Thomas used to sing to himself over and over again an improvised tune and the words

"The Governor's dwelling, all others excelling;
A door and two windows in front, in front!
A door and two windows in front!

He gave any Maori who was ill one shilling a week, but this policy turned out to be a "great mistake" -- he found that the members of his labour party were frequently ill! They were a fine, big-bodied, supple race of men, providing a contrast in physique to the Lyttelton Maoris who were less massively built. The North Islanders proved attractive company round the camp-fires at night, their beautiful voices raised in age-old Maori melodies. This experiment of bringing down natives from one part of New Zealand to another proved reasonably successful and Captain Thomas believed it was the only method he could adopt in the absence of police and protection.

Meanwhile as a temporary expedient a bridle-path was cut winding about the spur that divides Cavendish Bay, and crossing the peaks at the point where Captain Thomas had first wished to construct the main road. Both the Bridge-path and the Sumner Road
were to become celebrated in the course of the next few years.

Besides Captain Thomas's party there were by this time other people in Lyttelton, among them being a certain William Pratt, a grocer who had come from Wellington by way of Nelson, to set up a general store. He arrived in December and described the scene — "It was not till Officer's Point was rounded that any sign of life or settlement appeared, and then a bustling, busy scene was disclosed. Just as we dropped anchor ashore I observed a piece of white calico, an apology for a flag, run up to the top of a tall pole; since all hammering and work ceased I concluded from the signal it was 12 o'clock dinner." Mr. Pratt concluded correctly; it was. Captain Thomas gave permission for the store to be opened; whereupon the enterprising William Pratt set up his frame-work in Canterbury Street and had the distinction of opening the first general store in the settlement. Several other private individuals obtained leave to build on various sections in the town, with the understanding that they, including Pratt, would have to abide by the decisions of the purchasers of the respective sections upon the arrival of the colonists.

Everyone was busy; the whole scene presented a picture of pleasant energy, and in the harbour, boats plied to and fro from the large ships lying at anchor — usually a barque or two from Hobart town with Australian timber.

Lyttelton now possessed two hotels, the most celebrated being the "Mitre" on the corner of Norwich Quay and Canterbury Street. It was kept, as a speculation, by Major Hornbrook, a genial fellow who had been a field officer of engineers in the Spanish
Legion. The Mitre combined the offices of public-house, board or lodgings, restaurant and general store. Until Pratt's advent, it had been the only place where general goods could be procured.

Lyttelton of those days was a thirsty place but the almost entire lack of small change was something of an inconvenience. However, old-fashioned, round wooden boxes of matches were used as a medium of exchange, or sometimes sticks of tobacco at the price of threepence could buy a glass of ale. It was an easy matter to judge the depth or frequency of a thirst from the distension of trouser pockets by bulky packets of matches and tobacco -- "itinerant match depots" Mr. William Pratt calls them. When the sawyers and Maoris from Banks Peninsula came into port, the custom of the landlord might be estimated by the pile of timber at his door.

Another inconvenience was the inadequate supply of water; there was only one well, sunk in the neighbourhood of the immigration barracks while they were in the course of construction. Down on the beach, at the bottom of a high bank opposite the Mitre there was a little trickle of fresh water and later on a spring was found in the western bay.

Justice was administered all through the year 1850 by Mr. Watson, the amusing Irish Resident Magistrate of Akaroa. He held a court bi-weekly at Lyttelton, walking from Akaroa to Pigeon Bay and thence by boat to Lyttelton, or if the water was too rough, walking to Purau and then across the harbour by boat. All prisoners that year were sent to Akaroa and lodged in the block-houses there. They were well looked after, had three good meals a day and "as much tea as they liked." Their sentences were mostly of a trifling
character -- drunken brawls or petty theft. Such was
the way of things when the "Lady Nugent" arrived in
April of 1850 bringing the Canterbury Association Agent,
John Robert Godley. Godley had been thus early
despatched from England for two reasons; first, to
hasten his recovery from an illness; secondly to satisfy
himself as to the efficiency of the work going on and
to make himself acquainted with the colony and his
duties there; and also, to stop any further expenditure
in receiving colonists. The advance loan of £20,000
given on security of the land fund by the New Zealand
Company had long since been expended and Captain Thomas
had borrowed an extra £4,000 from Mr. Fox, the New
Zealand Land Company's representative at Wellington.
When Mr. Godley left England, it was extremely doubtful
whether the Association would be able to carry out its
programme in consequence of the meagre enquiry for and
slow sale of its sections.

Godley, on his arrival, was pleased and
surprised, or as he himself said, "perfectly astounded"
at the progress which had been made. He observed that
"one might suppose that the country had been colonised
for years, so settled and busy was the look of its port",
and he agreed with Mr. Jollie that it "had begun to look
like a colonial town". It was he who first bestowed
the epithet "splendid" upon the jetty; he admired the
wide, beaten-looking road leading up the hill and
turning off through a deep cutting to the eastward. He
saw twenty-five houses scattered on either side of
Oxford Street, including the barracks and a small weather-
boarded hut called the Custom House. He was especially
pleased with his own new dwelling and says "we could not
help laughing at our own anticipations of a shed on the
bare beach with a fire at the door." Indeed, it was
true that visitors from other places were always astonished at their first sight of Lyttelton in 1850; such preparations had never before been made for the earliest batch of colonists to a settlement.

Within a few days Godley had made the acquaintance of market prices, Major Hornbrook and the Summer Road. He had found that most agricultural produce except flour was already cheaper than at Otago. Meat was plentiful at fivepence halfpenny a pound; fresh butter only one shilling a pound, as was "native cheese" — mostly Peninsula and Head of the Bay delicacies, celebrated by Selwyn as "the best cheese in the world next to Stilton". "Have you ever tasted the Port Cooper cheese?" was a favourite question of his. Eggs and milk varied in price, but were usually fairly reasonable. Potatoes cost four and sixpence a hundredweight and were chiefly supplied by Mr. Rhodes in Pisanu. Godley mentions that he dined with Captain Thomas, and that there was also "A great dinner at the grog-shop, dignified by the name of the Mitre Hotel (strictly in accordance with the general ecclesiastical nomenclature of the town) and kept by the gallant officer whose cookery and accommodations are very well reported of".

Wakefield had instructed Godley to make welcome any settlers arriving prior to the first colonists, since they would be valuable in providing for the early wants of the main body upon their arrival. Such instructions included the recognition of the land titles of some of the pioneers — notably Mr. Rhodes and the Deane brothers and those who had bought land from the French at Akaroa. On May 18th Captain Thomas officially reported to the Agent as to the buildings erected. Mr.
Godley expressed himself satisfied as to these and commended him on the good choice and sense shown. Godley certainly gave Captain Thomas credit for the good work he had done; unfortunately he had occasion to find fault with the incomplete state of communications to the plain and perhaps spoke his mind a little brusquely. Thomas, always sensitive of blame, felt some resentment and the two men were of such dissimilar character and temperament that they ultimately began to pull different ways. Jollie thought that Thomas had experienced so many losses from putting his trust in other people that he had become suspicious of everyone. It ended that in the next year, he sent in his resignation to the regret of Godley who seldom lost an occasion of praising those parts of his work where praise was due. It was Edward Jollie who gave him his best credentials—

"He was ..... a very honest and hard-working man in the administration of affairs for the Association. He knew better than any other man I ever met how to get work out of those under him and I am sure that everything done in Canterbury under his orders and supervision was well done."

As I have said, Godley found the communication and transport service far from good. The Sumner Road was not nearly finished, the work went on half-heartedly and only about two and a half miles were really fit for traffic. The money hitherto expended on it seemed absolutely wasted, and the only other route to the Plains, the Bridle Path, was dangerous to all but foot passengers. Godley decided for stringent economy and forbade any further work on the Sumner Road. Instead, the Bridle Path was to be made more passable and some of the rocks to be avoided by detours so that pack horses might be used over the hills with less risk of danger. Ferry
service was also encouraged by way of Sumner and up the river. But the unfinished Summer Road remained as a reproach. It had been beyond the means and the strength of the colony. Years before, a New Zealand Land Company surveyor had reported that such as undertaking along the eastern ridges "appears to me a work that might be executed by a Napoleon or a King of Egypt, but hardly by the New Zealand Company." The whole trouble was that the surveying staff did not include an engineer. Captain Thomas's nautical experience was of capital value in the general survey work but of little practical use in the making of roads. An easier road at the time could have been made eastwards and over the Hapaki saddle; it would have entailed hardly any rock-cutting besides being only five miles in length. As a matter of fact, Thomas's line was the better as time proved, though little suited to the state of affairs in 1850.

Godley regretfully ordered the cessation of all the other work before he left in the "Lady Nugent" to await events in Wellington. Of course Captain Thomas was profoundly concerned at the unexpected change of the busy scene of industry. However, he made arrangements for the return of the Maori navvies and then called together the various workers. He told them of the faith he had in the new settlement and his ardent belief in its continuance, and offered to distribute stores of various kinds in lieu of cash to any who would remain with him until some of the half-finished work was completed. The majority accepted, receiving payment in coal tar, paint oil, spike nails, and things of that description. "How the men managed to digest the nails and eke out a precarious existence upon coal tar and paint oil, deponent sayeth not" William Pratt facetiously remarked. Some departed for Wellington during the next four or five
months things were very dull and monotonous. Despite Captain Thomas's cheery outlook and the noble optimism of Mr. Pratt in commencing an enlargement of his store, depression was settling down on the colony, until the arrival of the ship "Mariner" with stores from the Canterbury Association comforted the residents with the assurance that they were not going to be abandoned.

Hearts in Lyttelton were all uplifted at last by the news from England that Wakefield had arranged for a guarantee by Lords Lyttelton and Cavendish, Sir J. Simeon and himself of £15,000 to be paid to the New Zealand Company to meet deficiencies in the sale of land. This transaction saved the Canterbury scheme. In November the "Phoebe Dunbar" brought word that the first four ships had sailed from England in September. Mr. Godley hurried back to Lyttelton, pleased and surprised at the work that had been done under the new public works policy. Numbers of small boats loaded with stores and passengers arrived during the next few weeks and all was ready for the reception of the voyagers. The Elizabethan adventure had started on its way!

Looking towards Head of the harbours and Godbee's Valley.
CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST FOUR SHIPS.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

The news brought by the "Phoebe Dunbar" was that the First Four Ships were on their way and it is at this point that the "Charlotte Jane", the "Randolph", the "Cressy", and the "Sir George Seymour" enter into history. The phrase "First Four Ships" has subsequently become more than a proverbial expression; to New Zealanders it is synonymous with "The Mayflower" and to the England of September 1650 it was a gallant adventure, hallowed by the blessing of the Church and coloured by romance and optimism.

These ships carried 791 colonists - "the first batch" of the Canterbury people who, Wakefield had confidently expected, would leave England almost immediately after Godley. That was the main reason why Wakefield showed impatience with Thomas and had written the "thought of Thomas's roads and buildings drives me wild". It was, however, not until September that the colonists who applied for land, or for assistance to New Zealand as labourers, reached the required number. The reason for this slowness was due to the character of the colonists desired. Designed especially to appeal to the better type of Englishman, it was just this type which was, as Wakefield expressed it, "circumspect, cautious, and slow to decide." Numbers of the upper class and the small capitalists, whom he hoped to secure as colonists, were naturally the most conservative and home-clinging of all, and the steady industrious parish labourers would be almost equally doubtful of exchanging a present situation however meagre, for the problematical
opulence of lands unknown.

Wakefield wrote to Godley that it was hard work and facilitated by nothing but the religious element. Yet that very element was really another cause of the fewness of intending colonists. "The plan somehow repels desperate and bad people such as commonly form a large proportion of the materials of a new settlement," he told Godley. In fact, speculators were discouraged by the high price of land, and vagabonds and doubtful characters were virtually excluded since assisted emigrants had to be vouched for by the parish priest, doctor, magistrate, or a purchaser of land. Land purchasers were carefully selected too and character and Church membership inquired into.

It was in the nature of things that progress would be slow, but the insufficiency of the demand for land orders gave, as we have seen, serious difficulty to the carrying out of Capt. Thomas's works, and at one time it almost seemed as though the whole project would be abandoned. The guaranteed loan of £15,000 to the New Zealand Company, however, saved the Canterbury Scheme and the land sales slowly progressed. Publicity was given by a huge public meeting on April 17th, with Lord Lyttelton, the Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, and Mr. Adderly as principal speakers and also by the publication of the Canterbury papers containing information of the colony.

Wakefield was proud of his Company of colonists.
"Assuredly nothing in modern times is to be compared to our own first body of colonists, actual and probable. In spite of all impediments and drawbacks, this part of the work will prosper.... All depends on the number and quality of the colonists."

Wakefield looked with satisfaction on the gradually increasing land sales, for in June he had written:— "At present there is certainly too large a proportion of people who, however estimable, are deficient in respect of manners—
good and satisfactory, but not refined and polished people;" however he has hopes of "a larger proportion of the most agreeable sort of people than one generally finds in a country neighbourhood here. The best are the most hesitating and need the tenderest handling." The greatest boon he offered for their inducement was the educational and religious provision for them and for their children.

He goes on to say that when he thinks much about it he feels ill as usual and grows afraid of not living to see the plant firmly rooted. Canterbury was "the great fact of the day in emigration matters"; "all depends on the number and quality of the colonists", he kept on insisting.

The Canterbury Association rooms were in No. 1 Adelphi Terrace near the Strand. (1) They contained the embryo of a museum and a library for the edification of emigration and details about Canterbury, and began to make one another's acquaintance. Gradually they began to organise their own body, probably with the intention of communicating more conveniently and more uniformly with the Committee of the Association. As Wakefield informed Godley, "the colonists have attempted a kind of self-organisation. It is not very real, but on the contrary partakes largely of the character of make-believe 11....It is the very beginning of the formation of a new society."

(1) There are to be seen there living specimens of New Zealand shrubs and plants, articles of furniture manufactured of the beautiful New Zealand woods, a variety of stuffed birds, the wool, the flax, and the green marble of the country, views of all the New Zealand Company's settlements, correct maps of the islands, and plans, charts, and models of the Canterbury district.
This society of land-purchasers was called the "Society of Canterbury Colonists" and held its first meeting on 25th. of April 1850 and nearly one hundred members were enrolled. Meetings were held once a week on Thursdays at 2 o'clock at the Association rooms and were attended both by members desiring to meet their fellow-colonists and by strangers who wished to acquire information. Papers were read of topical interest and information given about New Zealand or colonial life generally.

As time went on, however, it became apparent to the colonists that their society was on a basis too narrow to represent the land purchasers in general and, as the Association intimated its desire to leave as much control as possible in the hands of the colonists upon their arrival in Canterbury, it seemed necessary to reconstruct the society on a more representative and wider basis. The Association Committee intended that the communication between Association and colonists after their arrival should be through the chief agent and the Bishop. But the Society felt that "such an arrangement would be incomplete and that an undue responsibility will be thrown upon the Association, upon Mr. Godley and upon the Bishop, unless some provision is made by the colonists themselves, for a proper channel through which may be conveyed the legitimate expression of their own opinions. When the Association proposes to consult the opinion of the colonists, the latter are bound to provide some organ through which their collective opinion may be ascertained".

The Society, therefore, were of opinion that "in their own body exists the best machinery for providing such an organ but that with this view, an end must be put to the election of members by ballot; and that, after the 15th. of July, all purchasers of land in the Canterbury Settlement should be enrolled as members, and should enjoy
the privilege of taking a share in the proceedings of the Society.

As the most important duties of the Council would devolve upon them immediately after the arrival of the first body of colonists in Canterbury, it was essential that no one was to be elected a member of it who was not setting sail in the first ships.

The new council, elected by the whole body of land purchasers, consisted of William Guise Brittan, Lieut.-Col. Campbell, James Edward Fitzgerald, George Lee, Charles Maunsell, Henry Phillips, John Watts Russell, Henry Sewell, Henry John Tancred, James Townsend, Felix Wakefield, and E.R. Ward. Mr. Brittan was elected Chairman. It was decided to adjourn meetings of the Council from 29th August until the arrival of the first ships at Canterbury; and, further, that the Council should meet for the transaction of business, as soon as two-thirds of its number should arrive in the colony; and, also, that a general assembly of the colonists should be called as soon as the first ships should all cast anchor in Port Victoria.

Henceforth all negotiations, whether with the Association, or with the Government were to be entrusted to the Council of the colonists.

The matters discussed at No. 1, Adelphi Terrace and drawn up by the Council were many and various. They ranged from subscriptions for importing birds and English wild animals into Canterbury, to a petition to Parliament in favour of the speedy establishment of steam communication with Australia and New Zealand.

Very interesting were their debates on their capital town. Wakefield wanted the chief town to be the Port. He instanced Lisbon, Naples, and Constantinople as "cliff-capitals", observing that otherwise the capital would be "an uninhabited Washington for years to come". The
colonists, while not so particular as to the site of the principal town were quite firm on the question of the name. "'Lyttelton' had it hollow as the choice of name for the capital among this little association" he said. They objected to the name of Christchurch as sounding too church-y and religious for every day use and on June 6th. Mr. Brittan moved that "the capital of the settlement may be called by the name of Lyttelton".

One of Wakefield's most cherished ideas was destined to come to naught - a leader for the colonists. Early in the scheme he had written glowingly about the requisites for such a person and his choice fell upon a younger scion of the House of Bellairs. The selection would have been fortunate but private disagreement deprived the colonists of Bellairs and his services and it did not appear to Wakefield that any of the other gentlemen had the attributes necessary to the position. Yet the possession of chairmanship by William Guise Brittan gave this one colonist a temporary prominence over the rest. As Wakefield wrote to Godley, "Recurring to what was said in my letter by the "Phoebe Dunbar" about the unreality of the organisation of the departing colonists, yet you will find Mr. Brittan possessed of a kind of leadership and one that will not be unreal for some time after his landing. The elevation and the sudden prosperity has been too much for him. His head is very much turned."

It was Wakefield's opinion that Mr. William Guise Brittan was all for self, and that he would soon earn the sobriquet of "Great Brittain".

James Edward Fitzgerald was probably the most remarkable man who went out, his abilities being so far recognised as to win him the appointment to the position of Emigration Agent of Canterbury.

Among the colonists, Wakefield thought a Mr.
Townsend, sixty-four years of age, and taking with him eleven children, was the most trustworthy and called him "The Vicar of Wakefield". His next observation was that the children were all good.

Another colonist was mostly remarkable for a valuable stallion he was taking out to Canterbury.

Another type was represented by James Stuart Wortley, son of Lord Wharncliffe - a reversion to the old practice of younger sons of English nobility and gentry seeking fortune and gratification of ambition in colonial fields.

There were also "two or three downright scamps", who were to be "frowned at and cut out of the colony". But, out of every six colonists, five were really religious people to whom the following verse, printed in the Canterbury papers, may fitly apply.

The Canterbury Deal.

I.

Triple blessings on the plough,
Triple blessings on the fleece!
Heaven's Angel send you now
To be fruitful and increase.
"So your country shall remain"
And all happiness be pour'd
Upon Canterbury Plain,
From the Lord!

II.

Triple blessings on the fleece,
Triple blessings on the plough!
For beneath the Cross of Peace
All your toil is hallowed now;
While the Church, in sacred robe,
Is your help on either hand,
As the pillars of the globe
Ye shall stand!

The Bishop, who, in a way, was the very keystone of the new Colonial arch was to accompany "the first batch". Unkind commentators in adverse periodicals, wittily criticised the "slice cut from English Society, from a bishop to a domestic fowl", but the colonists were very much in earnest over their Bishop and it was a very real disappointment for
them to learn that he would not be accompanying them,
The Rev. Thomas Jackson of Battersea Training College was
the designate. He was to have been consecrated before the
departure, for the first colonists set forth with all the
eclat of episcopal pomp. But a point of minor technique
prevented it. Permission to create a new bishopric had
to be obtained from the Bishop of New Zealand, George
Selwyn, and although this was readily granted, it came too
late for the first four ships.

The choice of Jackson seems to have been altogether
unfortunate. Wakefield considered that he was not and
ever could be a gentleman. "Not merely has he not enough
of elevation and refinement of thought and manners, but he
has none at all of either refinement or elevation in either
manners or mind", he explained in a neatly involved sentence.
It was, indeed, rather optimistic to expect much from a man
who, when introduced to his diocesans at a mass gathering
in May, spoke cheerfully to the effect that "some present
it would probably be his office to commit to the silent
tomb; some would probably attend their first Bishop's
funeral."

The 29th. of August 1850 was the date given as the
time of sailing of "the first batch" from London, with
Plymouth as the last port of call. The regulation lists
make interesting reading. Cabin passages were £42, Fore-
Cabin, £25, Steerage £15 and children under fourteen half
price. The maximum weight of baggage freight free was to
be not more than half a ton. Emigrants' baggage was to
contain no gunpowder nor was any unvaccinated emigrant to
set sail.

One sheep, one pig, and a dozen head of poultry
were ordered for each ship in addition to the usual rations
of meat, butter, sugar etc, together with an assortment of
spices, curry powder, salad oil, herba, celery seed, sauces,
preserved fruits, tamarinds, apples when in season, macaroni,
and dried yeast for making bread. A milch cow was for the use of the Chief Cabin and of such invalids as the Surgeon should direct. The Commander of the vessel would be allowed to supply the Chief and Cabin passengers with "moderate supplies" of Port and Sherry wine at 3/- a bottle, and of Ale and Porter at 10d. a bottle, but not "spirituous liquors" were permitted to be sold on board.

Cabin passengers were reminded that they were considered as the captain's guests and in deportment and dress they were expected to govern themselves accordingly. And assisted emigrants were given a list of the minimum with which they must be provided. The list was printed as follows:

- Two blankets
- Six towels
- A tin or pewter plate
- Six sheets
- Three pounds of soap
- A spoon
- A Coverlet
- A knife and fork
- A mug.

Clothing was to consist of no less than:

**Males.**
- Six shirts
- Six pairs of stockings
- Two pairs of shoes
- Two complete suits of outside clothing.

**Females.**
- Six shifts
- Two flannel petticoats
- Six pairs of stockings
- Two pairs of shoes
- Two gowns.

As all chests and trunks would be inaccessible in the hold; each family was recommended to have two large canvas bags. All luggage was to be alongside and cleared previous to the day fixed for leaving the dock.

Preference and assistance were given to farm servants, shepherds, domestic servants, country mechanics and artisans. Young married couples were always preferred to single persons and the number of unmarried men on each ship was not to exceed the number of single women in each ship. The emigrants must not be more than forty years nor less than fourteen, except those emigrating under the protection of their families. Preference was given to
persons from 20 to 30 years of age. A colonial pamphlet contained this advice: "I would strongly advise any emigrating bachelor to try hard before his departure to induce some kind creature to take pity on his miserable condition and become his wife. A good wife will be found to be infinitely the most valuable part of his outfit and will go far to ensure success from the commencement.

Meanwhile the time of departure was rapidly drawing near and on Tuesday July 30th at 3 o'clock a public breakfast was given by the Canterbury Association to the departing colonists. The breakfast (dejeuner a la fourchette)(1) took place on the "Randolph" with the "Sir George Seymour", the "Cressy", the "Charlotte Jane" lying close together in the East India docks, Blackwall.

Flags fluttered everywhere and on the lower deck of the "Randolph" four long tables were laid along the whole length of the ship. Out of the 340 present about 160 were colonists - cabin passengers, men, women and children. The assisted emigrants were still scattered all over the country and were to be entertained shortly before their departure in September, on roast beef, plum pudding and John Barleycorn.(2)

Toasts were proposed, the Queen and the Royal Family, the Church and the Bishop Designate, the Army and Navy, John Robert Godley, and Lord Lyttelton. There was a good deal of cheering and a few pretty phrases made, as when the colonists were referred to as "the cherished children of England in the Antipodes", and the hope of good-fellowship with Church and Bishop as "a golden chain" to bind them together. Lord Wharncliffe, in a Gertrude Page attitude, said he had done the "next best thing" to being a colonist himself - he had contributed a son; Mr. Simeon M.P. praised Robert Godley with fervour enough to have made that gentleman's ears tingle in New Zealand.

The American Ambassador sent an apology for his absence.

(1) Catered for by the London Tavern.

(2) Ale.
"a kindly encouragement to the colony" who carried with them the principles of civil liberty which is the Bible in one hand and the British Constitution in the other". He made the inevitable reference to the "Mayflower" and New England and wished the colonists the same success without the endurance of the sufferings. Lord John Manners ended proceedings by a comparison with Maryland to which had gone forth "twenty gentlemen of good estate, and 300 labourers of good character", then gave the toast "Success to Canterbury".

Luncheon ended, the guests went up on deck to join in the "mazy dance" to the music of the Coldstream Band which had punctuated the breakfast with national and patriotic airs. The "Times" commented that it was not often a public breakfast associated one hemisphere with another, a new world with an old one, and the "Spectator" was at a loss to distinguish colonists from non-colonists.

Wakefield pregnantly remarked that there had been no quarrelling yet and the illustrated newspapers produced pictures of fully-rigged ships, and whole pages of valedictory poems.

Sunday, Sept. 1st, saw the last meeting of the colonists; it was in St. Paul's to take their last communion before setting out on the great adventure. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sumner, gave the text "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all" and with the blessing of the Church, the well-wishes of England, and the newspaper versions of the enterprise the "Charlotte Jane" carrying 151 passengers, weighed anchor and stole from Plymouth Sound at midnight on Saturday, the 7th. of September. She was followed immediately by the "Cressey" with 216 passengers, and a few hours after by the "Randolph" with 211. The "Sir George Seymour" left Plymouth about 11 a.m. on Sunday, September 8th.
The most exciting voyages were those of the "Randolph" and the "Sir George Seymour". The "Randolph" was becalmed for two days in company with a French barque which had on board an operatic company, bound for Mauritius. The passengers of the two becalmed boats exchanged dinner parties and concerts and the "Randolph" people heard a great deal of good Italian music. On the 6th, November there was a genuine mutiny which was crushed by "the mercy of God" and the prompt action of the Captain, his officers and his passengers. After this agitation had died away some of the male passengers gave a performance of Sheridan's "Rivals", Lydia Languist played by a man. However, it was a great success apparently and had to be repeated.

On the "Sir George Seymour" the alarm of fire was raised one Wednesday morning, but the conflagration was quickly extinguished. On the 4th. of October, the "Randolph" and the "Sir George Seymour" met and a certain Mr. Davie who had missed his passage by the "Randolph" and who was, after some difficulty and contrary to the rules, allowed to take his passage in the "Sir George Seymour", succeeded in getting himself transferred in mid-ocean from the one vessel to the other. Thus he had the distinction of accomplishing his voyage in two different ships.

The "Charlotte Jane" had a pleasant journey with locally-made newspapers, "The Cockroach" and "sea-Fie", music, dancing, designing model Colonial houses, but the cold weather south of Stewart Island killed their game birds, partridges and pheasants, and dampened their beds, their clothes and their spirits.

The most depressing voyage was that of the "Cressy" - the tears of the departure had scarcely dried away than a fatality by drowning was barely averted and one unfortunate man completely lost his reason during the voyage.

But in general there was cause enough to be thankful. Not one adult had died in any one of the four
ships and except for the cold in the south, the long
adventure had been accomplished with little discomfort.
The southern route, too, even if it added to the cold
and dampness, gave the water-weary colonists their first
view of the southern shores of Banks Peninsula with its
lovely inlets and bush-covered promontories.

The "Charlotte Jane", first in the race, reached
Port Victoria on Monday, the 16th. of December and cast
anchor in the stream about a quarter of a mile below the
town. (1)

"How gladly then,
Sick of the uncomfortable ocean,
The impatient passengers approached the shore,
Escaping from the sense of endless motion,
To feel firm earth beneath their feet once more.
To breathe again the air,
With taint of bilge and cordage undefiled,
And drink of living springs - if there they may,
And with fresh fruits and wholesome food repair
Their spirits, weary of the watery way.
And oh! how beautiful
The things of earth appear
To eyes that far and near
For many a week have seen
Only the circle of the restless sea!
With what a fresh delight
They gaze again on fields and forests green,
Novel or whate'er
May wear the trace of man's industrious hand!
How grateful to their sight
The shore of shelving sand,
As the light boat moves joyfully to land! (2)

(1) Technical name for the approach up the
harbour toakeine Bay.
(2) Southey.
From thenceforward the age of the colony was dated from the arrival of the "Charlotte Jane".
APPENDIX. VALEDICTORY VERSE BY "MARTIN TUPPER".

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

1.
Heaven speed you, noble band!
Link'd together, heart and hand,
Sworn to seek that far-off land,
       Canterbury Pilgrims.
Heaven speed you! brothers brave,
Waft you well by wind and wave,
Heaven shield you; Heaven save
       Canterbury Pilgrims.

11.
Like a queen of swarming bees,
England, hived amid the seas,
Sends you by a favouring breeze
       Canterbury Pilgrims.
With a mother's tender care
To her southern sister there,
Her young sister, fresh and fair,
       Canterbury Pilgrims.

111.
Fresh the soil and fair the clime,
Lightly touch'd by toil or time,
Scarcely tinged with care or crime,
       Canterbury Pilgrims.
Go then, cheerfully go forth
Hasten to replenish earth
With Old England's honest worth,
       Canterbury Pilgrims.

IV.
Ay - with industry for gold,
Godliness - for wealth untold,
Go, in Christian duty bold,
       Canterbury Pilgrims.
Glad New Zealand bide you share
Each man plenty and to spare,
God be with you then and there,
       Canterbury Pilgrims.
CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST FOUR SHIPS.

Wednesday, December the 16th, was a wonderful summer day, with a blue sea, a blue, cloudless sky, and a faint breeze like a soft fragrant breath. Early in the morning young James Hay and his brother, sitting on the top rail of the stockyard fence at Amundale (1) watching the breaking in of the first four bullocks ever used as beasts of burden on the Peninsula, excitedly pointed out a big ship with the morning sun on her spread sails as she passed the eastern head.

It was the "Charlotte Jane", after nearly a week of beating up the south-east coast in the teeth of adverse winds. By taking a course too close to the land, she spent a whole day in passing the Peninsula. As soon as the promontory was fairly rounded, the distant snowy peaks of the Southern Alps and the Kaikouras came into view; the scene has been put into words by Dr. Barker, the surgeon of the "Charlotte Jane". "In front, as we approached the mouth of the harbour, we readily distinguished Mount Pleasant. We were now not a little annoyed to see the masts of two large vessels lying at anchor, but our fears were shortly dispelled for one was the man-of-war "Fly", with Governor Gray on board, the other the "Barbara Gideon", a merchant boat that had sailed two months before us. The entrance to Port Cooper is very grand. The wood that had clothed the hills on the Peninsula, here in great part leaves us, and the mountains that wall the harbour on three sides have an air of almost savage grandeur. As we sailed slowly up towards the port we saw high up on the cliffs to our right the workmen making the road to the plains, an undertaking, alas, much too great for the resources of our infant colony. After we had passed the "Fly", the Captain gave orders to let

(1) Name of the farm at Pigeon Bay. See Chap. 111.
go the anchor just as we passed a little headland, and there snugly ensconced at the bottom of a shallow bay, lay the pretty town of Lyttelton. You can scarcely imagine a more picturesque spot for a town. Its beauty caused an involuntary shout of delight from all the passengers. Erskine Bay (now Port Lyttelton) is a shallow indentation on the north side of Port Cooper, and on the hillside, at the bottom of the bay, the town is built. Two streets running straight up the hill from the beach are crossed by several others at right angles. The jetty is considered the best in New Zealand and would do credit to an English watering place. On the right, surrounded by palings are a number of neat-looking buildings which are the immigration barracks, and close by is Mr. Godley's house. All these are roofed with shingles of split wood, about the size of slates. When we landed we found several shops ready and two inns, but no houses that we could hire."

The "Charlotte Jane" came to anchor at ten o'clock just opposite the town at a point afterwards deemed only safe for small coasters to lie. She had not been observed coming up the harbour and great was the excitement of the whole community. Work was stopped and all the Lytteltonians (about 300) rushed down to the "splendid jetty" or put off in dinghies and rowboats, or ranged themselves in Norwich Quay to watch proceedings.

The Governor was conveyed by the man-of-war's boat to the "Charlotte Jane" and ushered in the colony with a vice-regal gesture. Then a difficulty arose and to the sea-weary colonists it appeared as though the long arm of red-tape officialdom had preceded them into their new paradise. They found there a custom house; they also found a customs officer awaiting them with an important-looking book and a polite smile. Great apprehension
seized the newcomers. Members of the Colonists' Council who were on board hurriedly addressed a petition to the Governor begging that he might intercede on their behalf with the officials who had already boarded the vessel. They received in reply a letter to say that the most favourable construction would be placed upon the customs laws of the colony as regards all the goods brought by the first settlers for their own use and not intended for sale. The colonists cheerfully signed papers to declare their belongings were for their own private and personal use and landed with their baggage duty free at the wharf steps.

The "Charlotte Jane" was still discharging her cargo when a second big ship appeared around Officer's Point about three o'clock in the afternoon. This caused a second exodus to the waters' edge, only a little less excitable than the first and the passengers of the "Charlotte Jane" and the "Randolph" saw the protecting hand of God in their safe arrival, after many weary months, and in the reaching of the haven, as in the setting out, divided from each other by a few hours only. Most of the Charlotte Janers and all of the "Randolph's" passengers slept on board that night. Governor Grey and his lady arrived on board the "Charlotte Jane" for evening prayers which were very fervent. A lady colonist observes in a style reminiscent of Jane Austen that the vice-regal pair were "very amiable" and that Sir George was of opinion "that this will decidedly be the best colony in New Zealand".

That evening the new arrivals witnessed a typical Lyttelton sunset and thought it very beautiful. One said it bathed the hills and harbour with a soft golden light, and it made them think of England and the hand of God.

About ten o'clock the next day, the "Sir George Seymour" appeared. As she sailed with her great fluttering
wings up the harbour to drop anchor a short distance from
the "Randolph", great cheering broke out on both vessels,
as a recognition to Mr. Davie whom the one had lost and the
other had gained 'somewhere at sea'.

About this time the colonists had their first
introduction to the Maoris. Either curiosity or a desire
for trade attracted a number of them from Rapeki, Kaiapoi
and the Peninsula. The settlers were divided between
interest and apprehension as they watched a partially naked
mob, armed with sticks and leg-bones of cattle instead of
ordinary native weapons, welcoming them with a war-dance.
The performance took place at the meeting of Oxford and
London Streets. It was rather spectacular. The dance
leader advanced before the rest and, walking agitatedly
to and fro, gave one of those excitable, rhythmic harangues,
half song, half address, concerning the brave deeds of their
ancestors, their own prowess, and ending up with the
traditional but now purely metaphorical promise of easy
victory and a cannibal feast to follow. With truly
terrifying grimaces and gestures, they made a rush along
London Street to its junction with Canterbury Street where
another orator advanced before the rest and the tribal
history was further related.

Although this demonstration rather alarmed the
spectators, it is impossible to deny that there must have
been an element of unrealism and theatrical effect which
would render it faintly ridiculous. There is a very
great difference between a formal Maori ceremonial, held
in the ages past before equally ceremonious, matted and
befeathered visitors, and an imitation of the same thing
before a shrinking company of unappreciative English
colonists in civilised times. It loses dignity, meaning
and character. It may even be that the demonstration
at Lyttelton appeared in the light of opera bouffe. But
at any rate it was meant for a friendly act; and the Maoris welcomed the newcomers in the only convincing way they knew. It is beyond hope to suppose that the Canterbury pilgrims had forgotten the stories of the first Maori war and the appearance of the Maoris, however friendly, must have seemed something like a vague menace to them. However, they returned civilities. A supply of flour and sugar, ordered it was said by Sir George Grey, was distributed among the warriors who wrapped up their portions in the whitish-brown blankets they wore, the sugar in one corner and the flour in another. One Maori who did a fairly good trade in vegetables with the white settlers wore a blue cloth frock coat, black trousers, Wellington boots, and a tall hat. He apparently performed the haka successfully but had less luck with the disposal of his flour and sugar. He took off his headgear to consider the possibility of utilising that as a flour-carrier but inspiration came to him after a moment and to the amusement of the onlookers he took off his Wellington boots and carried his sugar and flour home in them.

However much the close arrival of the three emigrant ships was a matter for congratulation, it certainly created a population problem. Godley indeed had written to the Association that it would be a good thing to postpone their departure from England until such time as communication was improved and more houses built, but his suggestion came too late; the ships had already put to sea. He was at Lyttelton to receive them and the colonists, really, had a great deal for which to thank him. He was, as one of them wrote, in all but name, the governor of the settlement; and his was a position of great difficulty and responsibility, calling as it did for personal decisions of judgment and a general supervision over the entire management of the colony. The fact that he was faced with an organised society of colonists - if with somewhat vague legality, yet with obvious independence -
did nothing to lessen his difficulties.

The first and most pressing question was the board and lodging problem. The barracks had been intended to hold about 250 or 300 at most, and, considering the erratic and irregular duration of the voyage, Capt. Thomas cannot be blamed for supposing that he had provided adequate temporary shelter. But in two days the population of Lyttelton had sprung from 300 odd to over 1,100. The Charlotte Janers and some of the "Randolph" passengers - about 500 altogether including some cabin passengers - were in possession of the immigration barracks, and taxed the resources there to the utmost. The rest of the immigrants still slept on the ships but this hampered the unloading and reloading. Luckily, the warehouse that had been built for the colonists' luggage seemed to be large enough for its purpose.

Godley and Fitzgerald who had been appointed Emigration Agent by the Association, had to deal with the problem in a stringent manner.

Mr. Godley undoubtedly believed in his Shakespeare and agreed that desperate diseases need desperate remedies. The colonists in possession were informed that they could stay in the barracks for a fortnight only; then they must go to make way for others. The immigrants were solemnly given a fortnight's rations and exhorted by an earnest Emigration Agent to set about building homes for themselves within that time.

There was one serious drawback to this plan. No one had the least idea what land he was to occupy. He was bound to choose his land after two months from landing but it was thought how much more convenient it would be if a choice could be made right away. Thanks to Wakefield's insistence and Thomas's naval experience and good judgment, the survey of the Plains was largely and satisfactorily completed. The survey charts were intelligible to the
immigrant most ignorant of survey, and every section was
connected with road or river - as yet mostly on paper.

On Friday the 20th., the first meeting of the
Land Purchasers was called in accordance with the agreement,
as soon as two-thirds had arrived in the settlement. The
meeting was held in one of the large rooms of the Immigration
Barracks and Mr. Brittan presided. Two matters were to
be dealt with, the determination of a proper site for the
capital town, and, more directly important, the immediate
selection of land. It was decided that each purchaser
should choose his land as soon as possible, or if he were
unable to do so, to appoint an agent in his stead. Of
course there was bound to be an occasional change when the
choices were formally ratified, but this solution did a
great deal to settle the population problem. The colonists
immediately set about with more purpose the business of
providing themselves with habitation. Those who chose
their sections in Lyttelton began excavating and building
without delay, working themselves and employing some of
the assisted labourers who had come out and were not under
contract to any of the land purchasers. In the most cases,
however, these people were themselves engaged in building
their own shelters and because of this, since the demand
for labour was great and the Association had bound itself
to put no restrictions upon whatever wage they might get,
the cost of labour was fairly high. Timber also realised
a high price - about 16/- to 18/- a 100 feet; it came
from Tasmania or Banks Peninsula and was in short supply.
Fortunately about this time it was discovered that the
quarry stone which the Deans brothers had informed Capt.
Thomas made excellent material for building houses, sheds,
and even fences. It was found in considerable quantities
on Quail Island and in various parts of the Port hills.

Many of those who were to dwell on the Plains
also started to build temporary shelter for themselves in
Lyttelton until such time as they could have their belongings
or their timber conveyed over the hills. There was
considerable difficulty in this since the Bridle Path, until
the arrival of the colonists, was not believed wide enough
even for a pack-horse. Work was immediately begun to
improve it. Horses were soon used between Port and Plains,
but no heavy goods could be taken that way. Godley himself
said that "it can hardly be called a track at all, and it
requires some habit and nerve to keep the saddle". As a
matter of fact, horses were very scarce when the colonists
arrived.

Capt. Thomas had made use of the water route to
Summer for conveying his timber to Christchurch but adverse
winds at the time of the arrival of the first four ships
had made the Summer Bar almost impassable and the crossing
dangerous to a degree. The cost of freight, too, was
rather high - 25/-, when the entire journey from England
cost 30/- only in freight. However, it was expected that
the price would be lowered shortly when more boats and boat-
men arrived.

So there was nothing to do but for the Plains
settlers to find themselves temporary quarters. The two
hotels, the "Mitre" and the "Lyttelton Arms" were full to
overflowing and a third one - a family hotel - was quickly
being built opposite the jetty. There is rather an
amusing account from the pen of an energetic emigrant
concerning the building of a temporary structure:-
"About three days after we arrived we set to, all hands, to
build the house (for living in until the land was allotted).
We first found out a convenient spot, and then on the side
of a steep hill, began to excavate. The sub-soil was sandy
clay, quite soft to work, but hardened soon after exposure
to the air, so that it became a perfectly dry floor - to
the men's great delight, the very same substance of which their floors at home were made. After working hard all day, we went for the first few days back to the ship at night. We sent down generally for a sixpenny loaf, a quart of milk, and a bit of cheese for our dinner, for we had no means of cooking. Most delicious food it was, too. The heat was very great all day, and we found the evenings by far the best time for hard work. The house was finished in six days from the time we began it. We got some scantling for rafters and some planks to weather-board the roof and H- put up the rafters and the whole roof himself. We had got the iron box up first and used the tools and nails, which were a great comfort. ..... Now we are exceedingly comfortable only that the weather-boards (that is, planks overlapped) are not quite weather proof, and whenever it rains - which fortunately at present it does but seldom - we get a little series of shower baths, but we console ourselves by thinking it is fresh water and can do no harm - we had been too long used to the salt-water drip over all our things in the cabin to mind mere harmless wet. In fact, so far from roughing it, we are living in the lap of luxury."

On the first Sunday, the colonists put on their best clothes and the ladies their "blue and pink bonnet strings" to attend church. The church was the warehouse on Norwich Quay, near the water side. It was a great barn of a place, two-storied in the lean-to style of architecture which then predominated. But the minister who took the service cheerfully observed that it was better than the Catacombs. Both floors of the warehouse were full of sugar barrels, flour barrels and tar barrels, tarpaulins and coils of rope. The upper story was to be the church, and a few preparations were made before Sunday arrived. The chaos was somewhat reduced to order by placing rough
planks upon the barrels to form seats. Two casks, one upon the other, served for the lectern. The place had no windows. There was a wide opening at the seaward end, where a windlass was erected for lifting barrels and heavy goods, so though airy the room was rather dim. This opening was the only means on ingress. A permanent ladder with a back to it was substituted for the ordinary steep one and the church was ready for divine worship.

When Sunday arrived the sun was shining and the little town lay under a benign peacefulness. Three services were held - early morning Communion, Matins and Evensong. Owing to the fact that the majority of the colonists were still sleeping on board their respective vessels, the first service was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Godley and a few others only.

Several boat-loads of colonists arrived for the 10.30 service and in spite of the dingy and cob-webbed walls, the service was very hearty and sincere. The Rev. Mr. Jacobs took the service as he was the first pilgrim chaplain to leave the ship to dwell on shore. The text of his sermon was from the 22nd Psalm - "And there He setteth the hungry that they may find them a city to dwell in; that they may plant their fruits of increase. He blesseth them so that they may multiply exceedingly and suffereth not their cattle to decrease." This simple service was distinguished by very excellent singing and chanting with really beautiful effect. The credit must go to the four ministers and the three schoolmasters who arrived in the first three ships and, understanding church singing, had found willing and enthusiastic material in the congregation.

Canterbury's first service was finished with the gentle noise of the water lapping on the beach. We may take it that there were very fervent Amens. Daily services
as well as four on Sundays were held thence forth with very few exceptions. Godley was anxious to give them a room in the barracks as soon as the emigrants left. Every Wednesday and Friday night after Evening Service there were choir practices in the store for anyone who cared to take part but for some time the warehouse was all the church they possessed. The colonists could not help being disappointed in Church matters. First, their Bishop was delayed; now, they found no building for religious worship.

I am afraid I have been rather late in introducing the settlers to the Bridle Path. In actual fact, I suppose the Bridle Path was better known than almost anything else in Lyttelton. Almost as soon as the colonist set foot on shore, he set up the steep track to the hill top (about 2½ miles in straight line) to look down on either side like a second Robinson Crusoe on the vast expanse beneath. Some it entranced, others it disappointed. Godley had written months before:— "There is an amphitheatre of mountains, not snow-covered, but snow-sprinkled, and a vast grassy plain, without the smallest apparent inequality on its surface, stretching between them and the sea; absolutely no other feature whatever, except a large lake close to the sea, on the south-west corner of Banks Peninsula and several streams which, flowing in very deep channels, make a small show at a distance. The promontory itself must contain exceedingly beautiful scenery, as its whole surface consists of hills covered with forest, broken and diversified in outline and indented by bays, reminding me of the "fields and fiords" of Norway. The hills immediately around Port Cooper alone appear comparatively bare; their character resembles very much that of the mountains which form the Agwen Pass near Bangor, or perhaps still more, that of the "Bosom of Fann" on Lough Swilly; for while the Welsh mountains is higher and grander than ours, it would, on the other
hand, be very unjust to compare our beautiful dark blue bay
so such a paltry lake as Ogwen. The first view of these
plains, as of all others that I have seen in New Zealand,
is rather disappointing to an English eye; that is, one
misses the greenness and luxuriousness which the growth of
grass in a country long cultivated and grazed over exhibits."
The plains themselves were covered with flax plant, which,
although denoting soundness of soil gave an appearance of
barren swamps, hardly distinguishable from the actual
patches of swamp itself, which was covered with bull-rushes
or flags. Nine miles from the top of the Bridle Track
lay Jeans' farm with an exceedingly valuable piece of bush
behind it.

The Bridle Track was not a pleasure to climb; rocks
jutted out here and there and little lizards crawled in
numbers over the ground and at the top the air was usually
so transparent that distances could not be guessed at by an
eye accustomed to English or Irish scenery.

Another interesting observation on the Bridle Path
comes from the pen of Dr. Jackson, the Bishop Designate.
"Instead of winding like a road, many miles, in order that
no portion of the ascent may be greater than one in twenty,
the Bridle Path rises boldly up the mountain side, being in
one part almost as steep as the roof of a house. It is
at present the principal thoroughfare for travellers on
foot. Horses can be used on it for the greater part of
the way, but it requires some habit and nerve to keep the
saddle. Near the summit, riders must dismount and scramble
over the rocks leading the horses. It is confessedly a
makeshift, but a most valuable one."

At the back of the town was a dense straggling
patch of bush. The undergrowth with its aromatic and
sweet-smelling flowers and convolvulus blossoms "as large
as cheese cakes" aroused the admiration of the settlers.
One writes "To these sights and smells were added the sounds of singing birds - especially the tui or parson bird. There were little birds too, like linnets, gold-finches and robins. The shape is the same as of the English varieties but the colours are different. The little wren, too, is grey. I don't know what we shall do when we have to teach our children the pretty stories about Robin Red-Breast and Jenny Wren's brown gown."

There were many difficulties to be faced by the new-comers. Fortunately the weather continued fine, but minor inconveniences cropped up. There was a lack of water; horses were very scarce; out of the five cows brought out from England three had died, Mr. Brittan's by falling over a cliff and those of Fitzgerald and Mr. Phillips by eating tu-tu, the poisonous grass. The animals were valuable for themselves alone, but doubly precious owing to the extreme fewness of cattle in Canterbury. There were none except those belonging to the Association or the pioneer farmers. Furniture was almost impossible to procure except what the colonists themselves had brought out. There were a few trifling accidents in the harbour; once a carriage being conveyed ashore capsized into the water and had to be towed ashore; another time, on a Sunday, one of the "Sir George Seymour's" boats returning with the passengers who had been attending morning service upset in a sudden squall. The "Randolph" boats pulled to the rescue and no one was any the worse. One man strudged out towards the ship with his bell-topper firmly fixed on his head, bobbing comically in the water.

Death was not absent from the little settlement. The unfortunate bank manager who had lost his reason on the "Cressy" died not long after landing, and a well-respected immigrant was found dead from heart-failure on the Bridle Path about a week after his arrival in the promised land.
Sorrow for these calamities and sympathy for their families cast a sombre light and a certain seriousness over the minds of the colonists for a little while.

On the whole, however, there was a good deal of optimism and cheerfulness in the way they shouldered their difficulties, and their water-buckets when they went to the springs. As ill luck would have it, the streams were dry as it was in the middle of summer, but the two springs, one in either bay proved adequate though rather inconvenient.

Nearly every letter written at the time remarks that the price of food was high though not unreasonably so considering the newness of the colony. In fact, it was lower than in Otago. The arrival of three ships in two days was alone enough to cause a shortness in supply, but Australian vessels loaded with provisions were expected before long.

Mr. Pratt whose praiseworthy optimism now received its reward, had the only oven in the Port. He was assisted by a journeyman baker from Wellington and he had to supply the whole settlement with bread. Every morning and evening about the time for drawing the batch, a hungry crowd collected about the door and those nearest were the lucky possessors of the loaves. This daily scramble for bread went on for about a fortnight until other ovens were built and bakehouses set up be enterprising colonists. Apart from the Association store and Mr. Pratt's, there were none of any considerable size.

One settler writes cheerfully about the bread shortage - "One barrel of meal gives us stirabout and oaten bread daily; we hardly eat any other bread as bakers' bread is very dear (Mr. Pratt was evidently a business man). Sometimes I luxuriate in fresh bread from the bakers. Milk is fourpence a quart. We use bacon or red herring, instead of butter."
The service of the pioneer Canterbury settlers can hardly be over-estimated just now. Besides the lavish hospitality extended to visitors by the Deans, the Gebbies, the Mansons and others, they supplied many provisions to the Lyttelton storekeepers. The chief market supplier was William Rhodes at Purau who used to ferry potatoes, poultry and vegetables across the harbour. Fruit - cherries, strawberries, and apricots - came now and again from Akaroa and other places on the Peninsula. There was a good variety for those who could buy, even if the price was somewhat exorbitant for those days.

The settlers determined to do justice to Christmas and their menu was fairly creditable - roast turkey, beef, peas, potatoes, plum pudding, cherries, strawberries, apricots and other fruit. The only things missing were mince pies, snow and a little holly. There were three church services at the store on Christmas Day. Godley looked forward to the time when the pressure of demand for habitation would relax, and a room in the barracks could be given to divine worship. The rest of Christmas Day was spent Colonial style. One family at least rowed to Quail Island and picnicked there.

At length the first fortnight had gone by and the time had come for the families still living in the barracks to find themselves new shelter in order that the rest of the immigrants might leave the ships. Some already had provided themselves with temporary shelter and some had gone their way over the hills. Mr. Fitzgerald in company with Mr. Deans, the collector of customs, and the resident Magistrate at Akaroa, had been appointed Inspector of Police by Governor Grey who had also conferred the position of Resident Magistrate at Lyttelton upon Godley. This lent added dignity and authority to Fitzgerald as Immigration Officer and it is possible
that he needed all the authority he could assume. Life in the barracks was somewhat congested. One small room about 10 by 12 had to serve as bedroom, sitting room and kitchen to a family of three. The immigrants could either do their own cooking in the galley or cookhouse at the back of the barracks or pay the professional cook there to do it for them. For the first fortnight their rations were provided by the Association from the store.

When Fitzgerald ordered the first removal some went cheerfully, tired of living with pots and kettles, but others taxed the patience of the harassed officer to the nth degree. One old lady had repeatedly refused to leave. Mr. Fitzgerald called for the last time with some asperity. But the newcomer showed admirable ingenuity. She sent him a message to say that she had let down her back hair and had gone to bed and that she did not mean to get up again. Mr. Fitzgerald was routed, bag and baggage. Another woman who landed with her husband and family as their ship was leaving for England asked Mr. Fitzgerald for a room, to be regretfully but firmly informed that there was no such thing to be had. The lady had every argument on her side since her ship had left, but Mr. Fitzgerald was adamant. At last she said, being a woman of resource, "I know what I'll do: we'll get a spade and dig a hole in the side of the hill and camp out all night, and I will write a letter to the "Canterbury Papers" and say we were obliged to sleep on the side of the hill." Mr. Fitzgerald managed to find them a room.

Most of the immigrants, then, lived in tents which they erected anywhere, but more particularly in the block of land just above the meeting of Oxford Street and Canterbury Street on the upper right-hand side. This was known as "Charlotte Jane Square", from the fact that the
Charlotte Janes were the first to pitch their tents there. Other forms of temporary shelter were many and varied - the Maori "whare" (1) was made of flax leaves and toi-toi or raupo strongly woven in and out of a framework of poles and saplings; an improvement on this, known as "wattle and daub", was made by covering the walls with a clay mixture; the Irish sod cabin was there too and one is to be seen at the estuary to this very day. All cooking was done outside; cords of boxes did for clotheslines and most people washed every day though they complained that the water was hard and the dust in the wind settled on the drying garments. Toi-toi grass from the plains was used for pillows and mattresses, tool cases for tables and chairs, while their proper furniture remained in storage.

Another enterprising family utilised their Brussels carpet as a tent, but one night it rained and the carpet was spoilt. Wooden houses in comparison were things to be proud of:-

"A wooden house with shingle roof,
A ceiling almost waterproof,
An open hearth, a crazy door,
A chimney, and mud-trampled floor,
And - luxury unheard before!
Three real four-post bedsteads."

The permanent houses were of the lean-to variety. Mr. Jacobs, chaplain and school teacher, observed that the lean-to style of architecture predominated, "so much so that many buildings were lean-to's pure and simple, having nothing whereto to lean." The houses were covered with shingle (pieces of a particular sort of wood cut like slates), and some had a thatch of toi-toi over weatherboarding. A good many of the houses arrived "in frame", some brought out from England, others imported from Australia

(1) House.
or Wellington by the firm of Le Cren, established in the
Port since the days of Capt. Thomas. Lodging-houses were
springing up and a new family hotel, "The Canterbury" at
the eastern corner of the meeting of Oxford Street and
Norwich Quay and exactly opposite the jetty was now
completed.

Canterbury was a financial paradise to those
assisted immigrants who were not under contract to any of
the land purchasers. The independent labourers often
obtained very high wages for those days and a labour exchange
bureau was set up at the Immigration Barracks. Roadmen
obtained 4/- a day; carpenters' assistants received 5/-,
since the demand for houses was large. A married couple
with farm or dairy experience could expect £40 to £45 a
year or more with board and lodging. Laundresses were
paid 4/- per dozen articles; one woman colonist observes
that there was not a mangle in the place and, had anyone
possessed a mangle she might have let it out at great
profit. Another observer of current history notes the
demand for women servants, especially women who understand
the management of cheese, children or clothes; she thinks
there is good opening for groom, gardeners with useful
wives, wheelwrights, boat-builders, carpenters, tailors,
and blacksmiths. There were two blacksmiths only in
Lyttelton; subsequently one, Mr. John Anderson, though
living on the Plains, still maintained his family in
Lyttelton and walked over the hills and back every day,
sometimes carrying a load of iron. Above all, the
opportunity of the agriculture labour was the surest.
Some of the emigrants quickly took advantage of the
situation. We read of one who made from 10/- to 12/-
a day carpentering, making and mending boats - a most
profitable undertaking then - and building wooden houses.
He had a cart and added a little carrier's work (22 a
day for this) to his multifarious duties. The kindly critic remarks of him that "his fortune is made, even though the wages should come down from their prodigious height."

Money was fairly tight, and anyone with a little surplus capital, in letter of credit to the Union Bank of Australia which had started a branch in Lyttelton, could lend money on fairly high interest "with good prospect of getting it back again". Finally, the observer remarks very firmly that the class which is to be warned against coming are "those young men who have no capital but a good education and no means whatever. There is positively no opening for them here." But in spite of this, there is the rather pleasing spectacle of at least one "regular West-End style of gentleman" who was, the day after landing, wheeling his truck about, hard at work.

On December 27th. with as good a grace as the last in a race can show to his competitors, the "Cressy" glided into harbour and lowered her sails. The last of the first four ships had reached its haven. There is something a little solemn in the thought, just as there is something solemn in every difficult and great undertaking which comes to a successful conclusion. A brilliant wit of the succeeding decade wrote that "the first batch of emigrants arrived in Port Cooper in December 1850, consisting of 799 souls, one cow, five pigs, seventeen cocks and hens, and a Bishop". There is always a funny side to everything of course and rightly so. The "London Times" voiced the serious side:- "Half a century hence, some of that company may be dwelling in the midst of thickly peopled countries, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, and venerated as the founders of cities and the sacred links between England and her Colonial offspring."
Godley said that Lyttelton was already like a busy bustling sea-port town. Its population of eleven hundred was "as quiet at night as an English village" and one of the immigrants wrote, "Speaking for myself, I never pine at all for home, seldom, indeed, thinking of it except on Sundays." Nevertheless, when, shortly afterwards, they watched the pioneer ships depart for England, the sun glistening on the white sails, they felt themselves to be indeed in a strange land, with the last link between the old and the new vanishing into the horizon.
CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST YEAR - 1851.

The New Year opened with every sign of vigour, cheerfulness and prosperity. Coming up the harbour, the eye was entranced by the sight of Lyttelton, suddenly revealed as Officer's Point was rounded. One colonist compared the hundreds of tents upon the slopes to snow — "they add so much to the picturesque appearance of the hill-side", and another spoke of the climate as "the English climate with all the bad parts taken out." It was popularly believed that Canterbury was a second valley of Avilloon, "where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly."

However they were soon to be undeceived. Early in January it was agreed that though there was "a brilliant sun which neither scorches nor oppresses, Lyttelton itself ... is too hot and too dusty for a pleasant abode." The branch Manager of the Union Bank of Australia, with his eyes full of grit penned an irritable letter to his superior in Sydney, that the dust was intolerable in the office in Oxford Street and that it had been necessary to nail up calico there and in his sleeping compartments. Even Godley, in a rare moment of irascibility, called it "a detestable hole - hot, choky, intolerable from dust". With the laments of the women over their washing we are already familiar.

Nor was this all. Shortly after the middle of the month, a boisterous sou'wester with a deluge of rain tornadoed through the unprepared colony and left it gasping. A few houses of fern and wattle were blown away, some tents overset and a V-hut ended a wreck in a neighbour's garden. Mr. Pratt, our old friend, narrated the scene rather vividly — "Tents were seen in every stage of collapse, blankets, toi-toi,
and fern careering madly through the air, the houseless seeking and finding shelter wherever a good Samaritan could take them in. A local artist of a humorous turn, executed a spirited sketch of these fugitives while undergoing the process of disintegration - a sketch which greatly amused his friends, and caused them to believe he must have executed it whilst taking shelter under the great church bell (1) which had been erected nearby."

After that the colonists showed a preference for V-huts as temporary habitation, permanent houses of course being built in a more conventional and durable design. These V-huts were usually weather-boarded wheats, shaped like an inverted V. One that was advertised a few months later as "a desirable V-hut to be sold" was large enough to contain three or more people; it had three sleeping compartments and a sitting room. This hut had sheltered the family of Watts Russell of the Committee of the Land Purchasers Society. Colonists of every rank of life cheerfully did the cooking outside their front doors - when they were lucky enough to have doors at all - or took a meal of herrings and brown bread from packing cases and tool boxes.

The January gale blew itself out but not before some damage had been done and some merriment occasioned. A number of the Charlotte Jane Square dwellers awoke in the morning to find a cheerful sun and a crowd of amused friends laughing down on their tentless sleep.

At the edge of the bush on the upper edge of the town an alarming fire broke out; it was caused by the high wind blowing sparks from an open fire to one of the huts of dried fern and wattle that dotted the bush. Three cottages were ablaze within as many minutes; everything was

(1) Afterwards belonging to St. Michael's of Christchurch.
completely destroyed, the women and children escaping just in time. There was considerable danger of the whole bush catching fire and burning the row of cottages built along the fringe, but the zeal and willingness of the town people, armed with buckets, blankets and axes, arrested the flames and put an end to the danger. It had sadly frightened the colonists in their utter lack of all fire appliances and henceforth the family cooking was done with great care and prompt action against adventurous sparks.

January saw also the appearance of Bishop Selwyn and of the "Lyttelton Times". On the first Friday of the month, Selwyn came into Port in his little schooner, "The Undine". Standing at the helm, with the westering sun on his fine stern face, he seemed to the newcomers a second St. Paul. His tall athletic figure in the long bishop's coat, and his encouraging smile, "like a gleam of sunshine" they said, were remembered in Lyttelton long after he had continued on his southward journey. He preached twice on Sunday at the Temporary Church, and did much to win the colonists from their disappointment in the non-arrival of their own bishop. He spoke excellent Maori, too, and was much beloved by the natives, a large gathering of whom he addressed in the Church before he went South.

On the eleventh day of January the first number of the "Lyttelton Times" appeared. It was Canterbury's first newspaper, commenced within a month of the settling of the colony. It has been said that, if an Englishman were to be cast ashore on a desert island, the first thing he would do would be to attempt the establishment of a newspaper. Canterbury was not a desert island, but the establishment of the "Lyttelton Times" upon its shores was almost as daring and certainly as optimistic. It must be true that the god's favour the brave, since from the very first number the "Lyttelton Times" achieved success. Its
importance to Lyttelton lies chiefly in the history, deliberate or incidental, which it gave; but to the colonists of the fifties, its value was in the foreign news and the link it forged between Canterbury and her fellow settlements, between New Zealand and the world.

The January meeting of the Council of the Society of Land Purchasers distinguished itself for the sincere and generous recognition of the pioneer services of Captain Thomas. A resolution was carried "that the Council be requested to communicate the cordial thanks of the colonists to Captain Thomas, the chief surveyor of the Association for his conduct of the undertaking until the arrival of Mr. Godley in the colony, and the warm admiration with which they have seen the various works which he had accomplished under circumstances of great and peculiar difficulty." Captain Thomas deserved well of the Canterbury settlement. His position, especially since Godley had taken over the management of affairs, had been difficult and sometimes unenviable; yet he had never faltered and his courage and enthusiasm had carried the Canterbury adventure through the uncertain days of early 1851. Upon receiving his resignation Godley praised him with generous warmth; "I told him that the Association will lose a most zealous, efficient, and single-minded servant."

Indeed January saw the beginning of most of the activities that continued with greater or lesser insistence for the whole of the year. It saw the first flicker of an agitation for administrative independence in a suggestion that the Land Purchasers Society might be enlarged into a political organisation - a suggestion attacked by the militant "Times" on grounds of class, and by Godley from a legal standpoint; it saw the conversion of one of the barracks into a Church and school
until such time as proper buildings could be erected; it saw the firm hand of justice descending Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at eleven o’clock over misdoers, like Armstrong, the master of the “Katherine Johnston, convicted of illegal shipment of spirits from a French whaling-boat in Akaroa”; it saw the importation of stock into Canterbury, mostly from Australia, one of the first ships the “Lady Clarke” discharging at the wharf in Collan’s Bay where, since the depth of water was greater than at Erskine Bay, permanent stockyards were built and thus the old Maori bay of O-toki-toki, newly christened in honour of one of the surveying party, became the depot for the landing of stock. Another ship, the “Gazelle” brought “six horses, good strong cart horses most valuable to Canterbury, and 700 sheep from Launceston”. As the horses were £50 each, the advertisement continued in the paper for some weeks.

January saw, also, the cessation of work on the Sumner Road. About two and a half miles along the ridge had been finished when Godley definitely forbade the continuance and transferred the working gang (60 white men and 40 Maoris) to the road between Christchurch and the Christchurch ferry. Doubtless it was the wiser plan at the time and the more expedient, but the Sumner Road became to the Lyttelton people a burden as embarrassing and as irritating as the knapsack equipment of Bunyan’s friend. The point which the road had reached at the time of Godley’s ultimatum became popularly known as Sticking Point - as the “Lyttelton Times” put it - “the place is now a sticking point in every sense of the word.”

February witnessed several events of importance. The first social gathering in Canterbury was celebrated in the form of a ball, given by Mr. and Mrs. Godley to one hundred or more Lyttelton and Christchurch people in a set of large rooms in the Immigration Barracks, emptied of all
occupants in readiness for the long-expected "Castle Eden". Flags, evergreens and coloured lights screened the rough contours of the barrack walls. Dancing began at 10 o'clock and was kept up until three. The colonists, once they had cast aside their cares and donned their frills, furbelows and patent shoes, entered with the same zest and enthusiasm upon their pleasures as they attacked their difficulties. Remember that, on the whole, the community was young. It was the age of young men and women. Even Godley, the brain and driving force of the settlement, was only 36, Moorhouse, Fitzgerald, Brittan and Tancred all younger. The guests belonged to the land-purchasing class and appeared in all the brave array of Early Victorian costume. The music supplied a rapid succession of the newest quadrilles, polkas and waltzes, the first these valleys and rocks had ever heard. At intervals between the dances, glees were sung by amateurs among the party - "Mark, Mark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings", "See the Chariot at Hand", "Oh Happy Fair", "Glorious Apollo" and Calcott's well-known trio "Poor Insect". In one of the four rooms, refreshments were laid out, as well as a more substantial repast for the latter part of the evening in order to fortify the guests for their homeward journey.

During the first weeks of February business was slack owing to the disinclination of colonists to spend money until they were settled on their land. The harbour was fairly empty, favourable winds having tempted most of the ships into leaving. However, on the 7th., the "Castle of Eden" at length arrived with about 200 immigrants. On board were the Bishop Designate, his wife and family. His diocesans welcomed him with open arms. They wished that he had been consecrated before his departure from England. But however the concreteness of his presence in Canterbury gave them a feeling of security and of hope
that their disappointments would be shortly at an end. A sense of expectation hung over the colony - as Mr. Pratt put it, "There was a great blowing of trumpets over this affair." At all events he added dignity to the Day of Thanksgiving "to Almighty God for his great mercy in bringing the first body of colonists of this settlement in safety to their new colony and for the blessing which has hitherto attended their undertaking". Sunday the 23rd. was set apart for thanksgiving. Holy Communion was administered at Christchurch and Lyttelton at the midday service; the proceeds of the offertory were given to the cause of Missions to the native inhabitants of the Canterbury settlement.

The dust problem was being solved too - workmen were employed in macadamizing the streets. The surface of the roads was composed of sandy clay, intolerably dusty in summer, with the prospect of being cut up by the heavy rains which might be expected in winter. Oxford Street, at that time the most important thoroughfare, was the first to be improved, but the good work came too late for the vagaries of the climate. The illusion of a rainless Utopia, fed only by mountain streams and gentle showers, was dashed to pieces in the fury of the March rains. The first outburst began on the evening of Saturday, the 1st, and continued until Monday morning. In a few hours, gullies which had been dry for months became rushing streams. There was a good deal of discomfort and inconvenience experienced by the settlers owing to the temporary character of most of the buildings, but no serious damage was done. The unmacadamized parts of the roads suffered most. A barrel, which had been left in the gully and was washed down by the rain, blocked for a time the principal culvert, and caused the water to rise over the road on Norwich Quay and to rush into the store. A
few chimneys of the mud-and-mortar type were washed down and the colonists were taught to prepare for winter by choosing a more solid style of architecture, four-square to the winds and rain. A week later more violent rain fell; a small house on the edge of a gully was washed down the hill and the new gaol-buildings, the walls of which had been almost completed, seemed to have sustained considerable damage. Norwich Quay became a regular nuisance. It was the business street, where most of the warehouses and some of the hotels were situated but it lacked a foot-path and town-dwellers complained of the filthy refuse from temporary beach houses, stagnating in the roadway and advocated some system of underground drainage to the sea. The rain added to the discomfort, and Norwich Quay was "nothing but an accumulation of mud and water". A correspondent to the "Lyttelton Times", signing himself "A Beach Man", advocated its immediate macadamising by prison labour as in Auckland and Wellington. The only expense, he pointed out, would be the hire of horse and cart to bring down stones from the Summer Road where they were found of a species and abundance suitable to the purpose. The disgruntled correspondent in the calico-lined Union Bank Office in Oxford Street tried to cheer his spirits by telling himself that the rain had much refreshed the earth - as indeed it had - but he could not forget that "the streets are in the most disagreeable state", and he observed sardonically that "the newcomers who are living in tents and rush houses are beginning to see a little of the bad weather and feel the inconvenience of a colonial life."

Later on in March the weather changed and the sun shone again; but the evenings were cold now, instead of cool, and it was only during three or four hours of the midday, that the settlers were reminded of the strength of the New Zealand sun. An epidemic resembling influenza
spread among the community, and the hospital was crowded with the more serious cases. Fortunately, the epidemic was not really of an alarming or enduring nature. With the approach of winter came those wonderful crisp days, with mornings and evenings cold and bright and vigorous. The Canterbury atmosphere is, at that time of the year, habitually so calm and so clear that perspective is thrown out of balance. The early colonist found that if he rose early in Lyttelton, he could almost distinguish the forms of vegetation on the hills across the harbour, while the snow on the Kaikouras seemed to bring them from their real position in the distance to the close neighbourhood of the town.

By this time the majority of the first settlers had been put into possession of their land and some had already started building on their rural sections. This meant that the houses of Lyttelton took on a more permanent appearance and gradually the number of tents lessened and wooden houses increased; those who remained in Lyttelton did so because their destiny lay there and because they were to be the real inhabitants of the sea-port town. Every little while, of course, the population expanded rapidly when an immigrant ship like the "Isabella Herous" put into port; but the immigrants came at intervals and the barracks provided ample habitation, and they were quickly scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canterbury.

After a stay of about five weeks the Bishop Designate, the Reverend Jackson and his family left the settlement by the "William and Alfred" one Saturday afternoon in March. He said that he would probably return about the end of the following year, but he never came back. And by all accounts, regret for his departure was more ecclesiastical than personal. There appears to have
been a strong opinion that his brief visit was only intended to give éclat to the enterprise or to attract land-purchasers. There was not, of course, a shred of truth in these surmises, but the colonists were bitterly disappointed and suspicious. It transpired, too, that the settlement had been forced to borrow the £10,000 allocated to the Bishopric's Endowment Fund so that, until this was restored to its original purpose, it was vain to hope much for a consecration. The money was ultimately paid from the proceeds of the sale of town reserves, and thereby the municipality was deprived of a future endowment of considerable value.

Dr. Jackson's visit had not been a social success; he had no tact, no sense of proportion, no adaptability to circumstances. Wakefield even accused him of lack of common courtesy. His wife, no doubt a charming lady, was the daughter of a fashionable London tailor, and during her short stay in Lyttleton she insisted upon directing feminine fashion. With conspicuous want of a sense of fitness, she dressed in silk and ostrich feathers and required the Port ladies to wear the like at her receptions. Most of them were at the time living in tents, and wares and Y-huts, and had neither leisure nor inclination for Mrs. Jackson's social amenities.

Nor was the disappointment wholly on the part of the colonists, not confined to Mrs. Jackson's silks and ostrich feathers. The reverend gentleman was, rather naturally, disappointed at the poor realisation of the much-talked-of church settlement. With more intensity than accuracy he wrote to a friend on the Association Committee that "Here I find neither church, nor school, nor parsonage. Money enough has been spent but not in civil engineering. Last Sunday I administered the Holy Communion in a crowded loft over a store. I do not object to these things if they are unavoidable: but where it has been
part of the whole plan from the first to put religion in its right place, I do object to spacious and costly offices, long lines of wharves, roads, piers etc., and not one sixpence of expenditure in any form for the glory of God, or for the comfort of the clergy. Mr. Godley is doing all he can to remedy the defect, and I shall of course make the best of the matter."

Clearly the spirit counted little with Mr. Jackson; he did not realise that more faith and hope and sincerity met together in that crowded loft than generally enters the noblest cathedral or finds shelter in the decorated abbey.

The simple faith existed, too, in the little valley of Rapaki. It is always rather problematical how far the Maori has accepted and absorbed Christian doctrines. Personally, I consider that his own picturesque creed, shorn perhaps of its less spiritual elaborations and identified with the broader lines of Christian brotherhood and love, would be a far fitter clothing for his soul than the teaching of the white men. He finds it difficult to adjust the relationship between the love and purity of the New Testament and the battle storms and moral lapses of the Old. The Maori too, is always quick to take advantage of a bargain, and a Fort Levy chief once said, "Methodist blanket better than Church blanket" - referring to the much-prized red blankets given to them by visiting Methodist ministers.

The Maoris occasionally attended the services in the temporary church; sometimes, when the Bishop of New Zealand visited the place, they had a special service, and at regular intervals the offertory at Christchurch and Lyttelton was dedicated to the Mission for natives of Canterbury. So much for their spiritual side! but in 1951 they appeared a waning race. One settled wrote that "The race is rapidly wearing out and will in a few years become extinct." He found them rather spectacular, eking
out their language with an abundance of gesture and "notwithstanding their intercourse with white men, their honesty is still proverbial." I doubt if sarcasm is meant here.

Another colonist - this time a lady - wrote home to her family a description of the native inhabitants. "I have just come from church; it was very crowded and there were about two dozen natives present. This evening we took a walk along the beach, clambering over the rocks, and came upon a party of natives, one or two of whom were beautifully tattooed. They were playing at draughts of which game they are very fond. They were so very amiable" - (Jane Austen again; sensibilité among the Polynesians) - "as to get some oysters off the rocks and opening them, offered them to us. I begin to see that some of the men are very handsome, the women are hideous. They have dark sort of Spanish and Italian faces like Murillo's pictures."

Those among the newcomers who had already seen the warlike Maori of the North Island, were not impressed by his southern brother. They described him as lacking the splendid physique, the muscular energy, the mental fire, the consummate enterprise, and the noble hauteur of the North. This bears out the official record that "the South Island standard is below that of the North Island. There is greater lack of fine stature, more general prevalence of ill-favoured features, and the women have, as a rule, a smaller measure of comeliness." But it is possible that they did not allow for the natural difference between a people risen in arms and a race that had been accustomed to peace for more than a quarter of a century. There is no doubt whatever that the trappings of war are very much more spectacular than the ploughshare and all the other symbols that stand for peace.

The pa at Rapaki, for instance, was very
dirty and smelt of fish - naturally since the Maoris dry their fish in the sun before their doors. Their whares were generally built low, of mud or reeds, and often thatched with toi-toi. The only house of considerable dimensions belonged to the Chief. It was about 20 feet square, with a verandah round the outside; the roof of large reeds, being stained and brightly polished by the smoke of the wood fire in the centre, had a very pretty effect.

At first there was a little discontent among the Maoris over Quail Island - Te Kawakawa as they called it. It had been marked out in rural sections by the surveyors and had been chosen by two brothers of the name of Ward who had purchased land orders in England. The Maoris insisted that the island belonged to them. They said it had not been mentioned in the Mentell Purchase bond as sold - the wording had been "the surrender of land on this side and on the other side also". Tameria Petera, the chieftain, composed an appealing remonstrance against the Association's interpretation. "That island was separated from it (the land on either side) because a space of water lies between. What I think is, that I should still keep possession of that island as grazing land for my cattle, since it is not right that they should remain on the mainland, because if they trespass on the Europeans' land they will require payment, and where is the money to come from?" The Government considered this petition but took the Association's part since, although no mention had been made of Quail Island in the purchase bond, yet the native preserves had been carefully defined and Quail Island was not among them. The natives had to acquiesce. Mr. Hamilton Ward had built a good house and had cultivated some acres. It was prophesied that the Wards would find it valuable for supplying the towns with
vegetables and fruit or as a summer residence for men of business. But towards the middle of June the two brothers were unaccountably drowned in the harbour. There was a strong suspicion that they had been attacked and killed by a party of natives whilst on a boating excursion - even a current witticism savours of the suspicion. The island should be called Staffa, one man said; another pointed out that the Maori might call it Iona; a third drily agreed they might call it Ikolmkhill. There is, however, not a shred of evidence to suppose the Maoris responsible for the death of the Wards nor is there any historical precedent for such a thing in the history of Ngai-tahu. No one today credits the story and it is regarded as an unjust attack on the good name of the Maori who was extremely cordial to the Lyttelton settler, rubbed noses in an engagingly friendly way, took part in his water sports and came to his church.

There was habitation at some of the other bays too. Gollan's Bay with its deep water and excellent anchorage for large ships continued as the landing place for stock; it had a jetty and stockyards owned by a Mr. Parkinson, and it appeared to be rivalling Lyttelton as a shipping centre. The emerald bay of Te Wharau, now known as Charteris Bay, was divided into sections bought by Rowe, Kingden and Moore, and became a sheep station. Te Pohue, lying midway between Purau and Little Fort Cooper, was all through the fifties the quarantine station for ships coming from England. Any ship with disease on board had to approach the heads flying a yellow flag and, after being boarded by Dr. Donald, anchored in the bay. All the passengers were transferred to barracks on the slopes above the cliff fronting the western bay; a hospital had been built and the grassy swell of a spur
running out into the sea was set aside as the cemetery for those who died - a few rough headstones with an initial, and a date, mark the resting place of those who tried the sea-adventure and who passed away on the shores of the promised land.

An event something in the nature of a calamity befell the new settlement and raised the price of provisions during the whole difficult period of the winter and spring months - I mean the first Australian gold-rush. The situation was noted by the "Lyttelton Times" in a reminiscent vein: - "So the drama of California is to be played again, and that upon the stage of the British colonies - that strange drama of real life with all its stirring incidents, its varied comedy, its reckless farce, its deep and terrible tragedy."

Wholesale flour soared up to £40 and £50 a ton, and a four pound loaf of bread cost one and eight pence. Even so there was not flour enough to provide bread for the whole community. As for the other results of the gold rush on Canterbury, the Union Bank official noted that "about thirty steerage passengers went to Melbourne by the 'Will o' the Wisp'", and that it was no loss to the colony. There was no speculation and Canterbury was less affected than the other New Zealand settlements, presumably owing to the different character of the immigrants. The few who did go appear to have been rather undesirable flotsam and jetsam, but there is no doubt that Canterbury was seriously alarmed and feared for the stability and enduring qualities of her elaborately planned and expensively organised labour system. That was one reason why Lyttelton became such a hotbed of anti-transportation discussion, why the police rooms and the walls of the Association offices were placarded with anti-convict literature, why the hotels had similar notices in striking headlines in the bare and drawing rooms, and why next year a shipload of ticket-of-leave men were
indignantly refused admittance to the settlement, while all
the machinery of the law was started upon its ponderous way
to drive the undesirables back to the ocean. The most
serious result of the gold rush, however, was that it
impeded the importation of stock of which at one time there
seemed almost a total cessation. The "Tory", the "Pauline",
and the "Runford" carried away the gold seekers, but by
November 1852 the emigration had totally fallen off, owing
to reports of high prices and unfavourable conditions in
Australia. One Lyttelton merchant put an a propos
advertisement in the paper - "Gold! Gold! Persons about
to proceed to the Gold Region at Port Philip would do well
to call at the 'Colonial Store' where they can be supplied
with every article for a bush life at 200% less than at the
Gold Fields." The mental effect of the gold rush was
rather amusing. Everybody caught the fever and every now
and then some ardent discoverer would announce that he had
found gold on the Sumner Road or at Quail Island.

In May, the opportunity was taken of the Queen's
thirty-second birthday to celebrate Canterbury's first real
holiday. For a week or more beforehand, the "Mitre" and
other taverns had been placarded with notices concerning the
regatta which was to be held - first was to come the Grand
Lyttelton Stakes, open to vessels of eight to fifteen tons,
engaged in the carrying trade of the port; second, a rowing
match for five-oared whale-boats; third, the Godley Stakes
for open sailing boats under eight tons; and fourth, a
sculling dinghy race. On shore there were to be other
attractions.

For a fortnight before, the harbour had seen all
sorts of vessels practising for the event. But alas! though
on the eve of the gala a stiff breeze sprung up, the day
of festivity was a dead calm. The five-oared race was the
only considerable event to take place. Five whaleboats
competed, four of them manned by Maoris; the course lay
from the jetty, round the reef to a buoy moored off Quail Island, then down the harbour and round the emigrant ship "Travatore", some distance below the town, and thence to the jetty. The Maoris rowed magnificently, their fine physique showing to excellent advantage in the strenuous yet skilful manipulation of the heavy boats. The spectators who paddled round the jetty in dinghies and skiffs remarked that they came in absolutely undistressed.

There was great disappointment at the postponement of the other notable events and the rest of the day was spent in shore sports - except for a duck-hunt between a whaleboat and a dinghy. They had sack-racing, climbing a greased pole, chasing a soaped pig, racing blind-folded with wheelbarrows. The crowning event was a Maori war dance on the level ground in London Street; the "Lyttelton Times" said that it had lost all the reality of the war-dance and that it was well that it should be so. The yachting took place a few days later, and so was ended the first Lyttelton Regatta. As it was considered a social success, means were taken to ensure its repetition. A more immediately practical result was in the improvement and increase of rowing boats and ferries, built as a kind of challenge to the Maoris and proving of great value to the shipping of the port. In June, winter gales and rain made sad havoc; they raged for three weeks or so, from the south west. The snow lay thickly on the hills, more especially on the south side, and the wind blew wild wreaths of misty powder from them. The sea dashed and foamed along the sea-wall and the beaches, sending sprays over Norwich Quay, and the wooden houses looked disconsolate in the pelting rain. The wrecks of broken boats lay upon the shore; large ships strained at their cables with the top-gallant masts struck, and extra anchors out. The "Pauline" was cast ashore and small boats moored to the
jetty were dashed to pieces. Two emigrant ships, the "Steadfast" and the "Duke of Bronte" were in harbour, but for two stormy days they were unable to land their passengers. Although they remained undamaged and the "Steadfast" thoroughly justified her name, there was some need for alarm in the unsheltered condition of the harbour. The brig "Torrington" which had been anchored near the shore became a total wreck on the beach. The owner, who boasted that he had everything on board from an anchor to a needle authorised the sale of the damaged goods a short time afterwards. Our old friend Mr. Pratt tells how the women of Lyttelton went bargain-shopping that week.

A public meeting upon the harbour question was convoked in the long room of the "Mitre Tavern". There was an urgent need for moorings, not essentially for the large ships, the holding ground in the middle of the harbour being adequate, but for vessels at anchor in front of the town. The alternate was for them to get under weigh before a south-west gale came on, and to bring to under the opposite shore, where they could ride in perfect safety. A motion was also brought forward that an officer should be appointed without delay to combine the duties of Harbour-Master and Pilot. Hitherto, boats had ventured in by themselves or had picked up an old whaling-men from Port Levy. Both resolutions were shortly carried out. Captain Parsons was appointed by Godley as the first Harbour-Master, and we are told that his salary was not excessive. He was, however, shortly after succeeded by Captain Greaves of whom the "Lyttelton Times" said - "If we have lost Alexander, we have gained Diogenes."

Two more adversities the colonists were to experience that winter. The first, following immediately upon the gales, was an earthquake in July, a novel experience for the most of them and certainly a most distasteful one.
The second was the saddening news that their old ship "Randolph", second in the race to Canterbury, had been lost at sea on June 25 by wrecking on a reef off Amber Island (Mapou).

With the spring, however, the buoyancy of life again sprang up in the hearts of the colonists. The birds sang, the sun grew warm, and the flowers they had planted began to blossom. They found that not only was spring not far behind but that it was actually here. Joyousness and zest for their great adventure found vent in a period of construction and establishment. First, a building society was in course of formation; then a Reading Room was opened with about forty members and about 500 catalogued volumes. This was a step onward in the social life of the community, which was still further advanced by the foundation of fellowship societies. The Lodge of Instruction to Free Masons began to hold meetings at the Canterbury Association Office; The Independent Order of the Oddfellows met in the Canterbury Hotel; and the Ancient Order of Foresters assembled a few months later.

As a result of agitation to procure means of combating a possible fire, the Liverpool and London Fire and Life Insurance opened a branch in Lyttelton. About the same time a branch was established by the London Mutual Marine Insurance Company, mostly on account of accidents on Summer Ber. Lyttelton, you see, is progressing! By September 1st., it began more definitely to assume the aspect of a typical small sea-port town. By that date Godley had ordered all people squatting on town reserves or unappropriated town sections at Lyttelton and Christchurch to leave the land, allowance being made for the removal of the materials of any buildings they had erected, or for their sale to the Canterbury Association. And so the tents finally disappeared and the real life of the town
began. This, with the fact that for some considerable
time Godley had been charging sixpence a ton on all goods
and baggage left in the Association storehouse, hastened
people over the plains. Immigration of course still
went on at irregular intervals. In February came the
"Castle Eden" and in March the "Isabella Hercus", both
really belonging to the main body of the year before.
The first carried 130 persons and the second 120, including
agricultural labourers, gardeners, shepherds, iron and
wood manufacturers, domestic servants, sempstresses and
laundresses, a tailor, a furrier, a baker, a butcher,
a maltster, a tanner and gardener, a clerk and book-keeper,
school-teachers (a man and a woman) and a governess.
Three more arrived by the time the half-year was up —
the "Travancore" with 161 souls, the "Duke of Bronte" with 150, and the "Steadfast" with 135. It was at this
time that another expedition to be called the June Main
Body was promulgated in England and the "Lyttelton Times"
took the opportunity to exhort the Canterbury settlers
that they should cultivate their farms for the selling of
provisions on the arrival of the main body. The "Times"
leader deprecated the present system whereby even corn
and potatoes and vegetables were imported from Wellington,
Nelson and New Plymouth. "Surely it will be a disgrace
to us, if, when we ask our friends to dinner at the end of
the year, we can only offer them Nelson potatoes, Wellington
onions and bread made of Sydney and Van Diemen's Land flour."
It warns them that 5,000 will arrive needing shelter and as
it is more necessary to spend money on roads than on increased
temporary habitation, a sound speculation therefore would be
to build a row of cottages for a weekly rent, thus providing
work for artisan carpenters, builders, and agricultural
labourers, as well as lodgings for those who were to arrive.
By the end of the year ten more emigrant ships had arrived from time to time, making nineteen in all from the time of the coming of the "Charlotte Jane". The others were the "Fabian" with 137 emigrants, the "Bangalore" with 159, the "Dominion" with 120, the "Lady Nugent" with 150, The "Duke of Portland" with 161, the "Midlothian" with 128, the "Canterbury" with 135 (including Samuel Butler), the "Sir George Pollack" with 150, the "Cornwall" with 154, and the "Fatima" carrying 140. These ships brought out more than colonists alone --- there was an advertisement in the "Times" for the sale "ex 'Duke of Bronte' of four casks of Wedderburn's fine old Jamaica rum"; the "Steadfast" carried, besides immigrants, "six hogsheads of superior gold sherry and six ditto superior pale ditto"; and a sale from the "Duke of Portland" and the "Lady Nugent" consisted of flour and surplus immigrants' stores and two patent fire annihilators. The passengers were always very polite, and habitually sent a message of thanks to the captain of their special ship through the medium of the "Lyttelton Times", to which he invariably replied renouncing his claims to gratitude and casting the success of the voyage into Superior Hands. It was a pleasant little exchange of courtesies and a mutual guarantee of good fellowship.

The question of the capital was solved this year. Lyttelton was obviously unfitted for the position for several reasons; first, because the acreage, 341 quarter acres, lay mostly high up on the steep side whereas the Plains gave ample opportunity of extension in all directions; second, the difficulty of procuring water; third, the apparently insurmountable obstacle of the lack of a road as Godley put it, "without any ingress or egress save by mounting almost perpendicular hills". At the first
Uppes Oxford st.
meeting of the colonists on December 20th 1850 it was resolved "that of the two sites offered to their selection by the Association for the Capital, the colonists are of the opinion that that marked on the map as Christchurch is the more eligible and that Mr. Godley be requested to declare immediately that the capital of the settlement will be fixed at that site." Following on this there was no little confusion in the land sales when it became apparent that, owing to the dislike held by the colonists for Christchurch as the name of the capital town, there were two towns each bearing the name of Lyttelton. However, the Society of Colonists recommended on June 30th, 1851 the retention of the name of Christchurch for the chief town, as fixed by Captain Thomas on the Plains, whilst the Port town should be called Lyttelton. Godley, who had always been anxious for the capital to bear the name of his old Oxford college, readily consented and thus it has been ever since.

And so it came about that by the end of the first year, Lyttelton was set upon her path. Her destiny, it appeared, was not to be so great as it had been intended since she was shorn of the honour of being the capital of Canterbury. Nevertheless everything was progressing, the township was growing, stretching into the western bay where already "a few little wooden boxes, called houses" dotted the hills and a boat shed nestled on the beach below the cliff. The houses were better and more enduringly built; the place had lost the look of a gathering depot, of temporary mushroom growth, artificially bolstered up by a mobile population. Above all, civilisation was creeping in. During the early months, an old colonist remembers his family occupying for a weekly rent of £1, a lean-to room, ten by ten, with an earth floor excavated
to make standing room, the married couple who acted as
their servants living luxuriously in the box in which the
cow had been brought from England. Subsequently, they
bought two houses originally made in Auckland for the
California diggings, but in the course of their erection
a gale sprang up with pelting rain, which invaded the
place and the lady of the family with her children were
obliged to camp on the iron bedstead until the water was
drained off. By the end of the year this sort of thing
was a rare occurrence. Instead, we hear of the
decorations and furnishings of houses and we remember
that twelve months before there was not a stick of
furniture to be seen. Here is a December list for
sale:— "Imitation rosewood -- folding camp chairs,
cane seats, French polished. Birch do. Garden chairs
with chintz cushions, Chesterfield sliding chairs,
French polished Birch folding sofas with cushions and
pillows." Raupo if properly prepared was especially
valuable for stuffing mattresses and cushions. Pianos
were brought ashore. The colonist who had the
unfortunate experience of camping on the iron bedstead
remembers, how, as a little boy, he watched the arrival
of his parents’ piano, the first in Canterbury, with the
Maoris crowding round intensely interested in the "box."
As early as February an advertisement had appeared to
the effect that pianofortes were tuned, regulated and
repaired by Mr. W. Giblin, late Tuner to Professor
Talesmley of Cambridge and later on in the year it was
advertised "that John Bilton gives private tuition on
the pianoforte and vocal music for moderate terms."

Many of the gentlemen were "possessed of
handsome and well-furnished gun and dressing cases", notes
an observer, " and some of the ladies had not forgotten
a full supply of gloves and evening dresses". Another
remarks that it was a quaint sight to see fashionably attired ladies emerging from all sorts of queer Novels for Church service on Sunday -- ladies who would go back to their serviceable gowns on Monday and who vexed the soul of Mrs. Jackson with their obstinacy. However by November, dress has assumed a more important place. Thus runs an advertisement -- "Ladies in Lyttelton may be well dressed when Mrs. Salmen from a long experience in some of the most fashionable houses in London, combined with punctuality and moderate charge wishes to merit their kind support and patronage". There is another notice to the effect that "Hutchinson is a maker of Gents Wellington boots". Something can be learnt from the following comprehensive list of the "Settlers' Warehouse" in London Street. There is a Baconesque touch about the unstudied but euphemistic flow of phrases, reminiscent of the Essay on Gardens:-- "Paisley Shawls; Cashmere Barage and Plaid ditto; Oregon checks and Galla Plaids; bonnet ribbons and bonnet shapes; white and coloured stays; huckaback towelling and Velvet Jackets; Gaiters worsted; Boots and Boas; a few gold wedding rings and a number of other goods too numerous to mention".

As for provisions, there was plenty of variety and, with the exception of fresh meat, bacon and ham, and perhaps butter, there was really no want although the prices were still fairly high. Mention is made that there is great need of dairy produce, milk being sold at sixpence a quart, and that fresh butter is a thing unknown. Although there were several cows, that did nothing to solve the problem of supply. Nevertheless, we hear that fresh sausages were a common luxury on the breakfast table and that few were without hot-cross buns on Good Friday.

Approaching Christmas-tide called forth
gentle hints from shopkeepers that "families at this joyous season of the year should lay in a little stock of merry-making comforts --

Fine old Port Wine
Old Tom Gin
Pale Brandy
Whiskey and Rum."

The "Cornwall" arrived with Christmas fruits -- "Two barrels of currants, ten boxes of pudding raisins, ten boxes of dessert raisins; a few quarter drums of new figs, spices, almonds, nuts, candied lemon and orange peel." The coming of Christmas was also heralded by placards for bargain sales:--

"Great Attractions
Christmas Holidays
Clearing out Sale!"

Just before Christmas, Bishop Selwyn returned to Canterbury to give ecclesiastical control to the Reverend Messrs. Mathias and Paul. Early on Sunday he held a Maori service in the temporary church when nineteen Maoris were baptised and took new Christianised names. The Bishop performed this interesting ceremony "gladly, yet with fear and trembling" as he himself said, and he followed it by an extempore address in the Maori language with much expression and fervour. The mission ship remained in harbour while the Bishop laid his hands in confirmation upon eighteen young people among the colonists.

One more momentous occasion remained for the colonists to celebrate before they ended the year in the pleasure of a New Zealand Christmas. The "Lyttelton Times" of December 20th in a memorable leader says of it that "Our first birthday is past and we have
celebrated the event as a public festival with every manifestation of public rejoicing. This is the best comment upon the events of the past year: notwithstanding the disappointment which many have experienced, for disappointment is an inevitable companion in all the undertakings of mortal men, it has been recognised by the great mass of the population of this settlement that it is good for them to be here."
CHAPTER VIII.

"THE LYTTELTON TIMES."

In the list from a bishop to a domestic fowl that composed the slice of English society transported to New Zealand came the newspaper. There has been already a brief mention of the paper in order to preserve continuity and chronological order, but the subject is worthier of a larger place than could be given in a chapter of the activities of a whole year. Moreover, until 1863, the paper was printed in Lyttelton and up to that date it remains an intensely real part of the history of the Lyttelton people.

Before the sailing of the first four ships the Committee of the Canterbury Association contracted with Ingram Shrimpton of the Crown Yard Printing Office, Oxford, for the establishment of the "fourth estate" in Canterbury; his son, Mr. John Shrimpton, together with printers, plant, and material for publication arrived in Port Victoria by the "Charlotte Jane". He set up his office in a little room on the right hand side of Oxford Street, just above the Immigration Barracks. Fitzgerald was the first editor, and Francis Knowles (later Canon) was sub-editor. Godley was a frequent contributor in the early days, as well as Brittan, Tancred, and others. Shrimpton, who was the manager, did the canvassing work and attended to the financial side.

On Saturday, January 11th, 1851, less than a month after the founding of the colony, the first edition of the first newspaper appeared; it was looked upon with tender pride by writers and readers alike. There were eight pages of solid matter, for the price of sixpence
a copy or £1.1.0 per year — payable in advance. The first page, headed by the title in Old English type, was devoted to advertisements, the second and third to a description of the voyages of the first four ships. Next comes a leader four columns long, while a journal of the week, shipping news and an accident notice fill the fifth page; seven and a half columns record the first meeting of the Land Purchasers' Society, while the police report, the Lyttelton markets, and a little general information conclude the eighth page — not forgetting of course, the Poets' Corner and its contribution upon "Our First New Zealand Sun-set."

"Sett'1st as thou wert wont to do,
Old fount of light?

Bathing with familiar hue
Tree and dale and height?

Casting old England's shades,
Thou art the same;
If on a land the vision fades,
Then be ours the blame.

Great old friend! thou shinest still,
Guiding to the work;
To the steadfast mind and will
Never dim or murk.

Glorious type! of old fond ties
Date may have bereft us;
Paint then with unfading dyes —
"God hath not left us."

The first editorial, from the pen of the downright and versatile Mr. Fitzgerald, stated the aims and objects of the new periodical at some length. Great pains were taken to point out that, although the arrangements for its establishment had been made by the Committee of the Association, the paper was entirely independent of the Association and would criticise the policy and proceedings of the London Committee with impartial justice. This was a promise of participation in party politics which though left "to develop themselves in the course of time" soon became realistic enough; for following the declaration that "a public journal represents the opinions not of its writer, only but of its
readers", the paper during the fifties waged many an ink-stained battle. At the time of its first appearance the questions of colonial constitutions and self-government were agitating the old world as well as the new; it was the eve of the grant of Constitutional Government to New Zealand, under the Provincial system whereby each province had a council and a representative Assembly sat in Auckland. The "Lyttelton Times" flung itself ardently into the battle on the side of the Colonial Reformers, of whom, Wakefield and Godley, both so intimately connected with Canterbury, are after Durham, their protagonists. The paper had, too, a lively duel with the Governor, Sir George Grey, who allowed himself to be sarcastical about the way in which Canterbury had been founded and to cast aspersions upon the settlement as a whole. The rapier-play consisted on the part of the "Times" in appeals to the brotherhood of the Empire and on the part of the Governor in polite, regretful and obstinate replies per secretary.

The Times seized upon his arbitrary appointments to Canterbury positions of men from other parts of the country. The first of these was that of Howard, from Nelson, to the position of Postmaster. While denying any personal animus against Mr. Howard, they attacked what he stood for with scarcely veiled reference to American separation, and declared with some eloquence and more heat that "the most unfailing source of discontent, fretfulness and hostility to government has been this; that the colonists whose enterprise, energy, skill and capital have been devoted to rearing up their new community, have been deprived of the privilege of working their own system in their own way." In his zeal for self-government the excitable editor saw the
thin edge of the governmental wedge. It was a popular suspicion. Following upon the declaration of the first edition that a "public journal represents the opinions not of its writers only, but of its readers, this came.

A second vice-regal appointment, even more distasteful to the colonists, was that of a Colonel Campbell to the position of Crown Surveyor of Lands in Canterbury. This man had been a sort of hanger-on at the Assembly Rooms of the Association in London, had enrolled for land-purchase and had finally thrown up the whole thing, coming out to New Zealand independently though he assured the Governor that he was an original Canterbury land-purchaser. He was held in much aversion by the Canterbury people and his appointment gave great offence. The "Lyttelton Times" opened hostilities in the ironic vein, by ridiculing the Crown Surveyor on every possible occasion. "Colonel Campbell's appointment", said the leader of Nov. 1st."ought to be and we earnestly hope soon will be cancelled." The upshot of all this was that when the Governor and his party arrived in March 1852 to discuss Port and Plain Communications, "the representative of majesty arrived, remained and departed amid a sad and ominous silence."

In 1853, too, the Times voiced the growing agitation against the Canterbury Association, whose function was "to found a colony, not to govern it."

In the later fifties the duel between Fitzgerald and Moorhouse -- Sumner Road versus Lyttelton Tunnel -- was fought out in the columns of the "Lyttelton Times" as well as on the floor of the Provincial Council Chambers. Ten years earlier the editor had admitted that "parties and party distinctions are among the products which the Canterbury colonists must raise by their own industry." He had continued cheerfully --
"No doubt various objects of local interest will spring up calling forth discussion and creating diversion and parties will form themselves clustering round the apple of discord which Time will throw among them." The "London Times", on criticising this "masterly leader" had observed that material for a telling leader was cut short by Grey's generous action over the Customs Duties (1) Subsequent contrepas with the Governor grew a very fine "apple of discord" indeed.

The comments of the "London Times" on the first number show both amusement and appreciation. It is especially pleased with the advertisement columns. "There is a three year old filly unbroken for sale in one corner, a 'card from Richard Beamish, general commission merchant' in another; here the well-known 'undersigned' who has been 'fortunate enough to secure the co-operation' etc; there the announcement of Mr. Alport 'who has had the honour to receive instructions to sell by auction' etc; ..... and now the intimation (for what British advertisement list either at home or abroad would be complete without it?) that 'the subscription set on foot for the widow and children of an unfortunate brother is still open waiting for donations which will be thankfully received on behalf of the bereaved ones' ".

It is true that the advertisement columns are by no means the least entertaining reading. The early shop-keepers had a quaint, original and downright way of expressing themselves. Perhaps the most ingenious contribution is this:

"Raupo! Raupo! Raupo!"

(1) Vide Chapter VI.
"This invaluable article can be warranted free from maggots. etc. etc. A bed made from this article will be found a colonial substitute for goose's down.

N.B. A bed of this article if not well prepared will in a short time become a bed of maggots."

There is the same frankness and unconscious humour in the more personal advertisements -- "So and So wishes to caution all persons against giving credit to his wife as she has gone to Okain's Bay with another man." Or again in the advertisement for "two respectable young women between the ages of 18 and 22, as partners for life, to share the profits and losses of two young men whose incomes average £100 per annum. All communications will be kept secret." In fact everything in the paper had a naive character. I suppose it was partly because the settlement was so young; the fact of its having a newspaper at all seems at first rather ludicrous, and on a toy scale: but things were perfectly serious to the settlers themselves -- the Lost and Found columns, the Breach of Promise cases, the auction sales, the notices of houses for rent or sale.

The "Lost and Found" column provided the following: "£2 reward. Lost from Mount Pleasant. A white flea-bitten Arab horse, with long switch tail, may be known at once from a bad cut between the eye and ear. Whoever will bring the same to Gollan's Bay will receive the above reward." Auction sales ranged from sales of stock to auctions of ships' stores and salvage from wrecks. Messrs. Longden and Le Cren advertised for sale "one case of Carpenters' tools, more or less damaged," and the "William Hyde" brought "a fine Devon cow, two Muscovy ducks, some lop-eared rabbits, two fawn and a goat." These advertisements are of incalculable value in studying the social history of the times. They throw clear light on the minds and manners and mode of living of the Lyttelton people. There is a wealth of knowledge to
be gained by reading that Gilbert Pickett has three engravings for sale — "Gloria Patri", "O Death", and "Ye must be born again" by the celebrated Mrs Barrand! What a still greater wealth of knowledge is gained by finding that notice appearing in the paper for many months without a purchaser for any of them. One can see the happy-go-lucky yet solemn atmosphere of the place in the delightful blendings of the ingredients. "For Sale -- 10 kegs of Yarmouth bloaters; 4 dozen braces." But I am sure the earnest-minded colonists would not have seen the humour. The drapery advertisements were conducted with early Victorian modesty:—

"Children's Printed Cambric Frock, Mousseline de laine do.

Gents' Black and Coloured Silk Byron Ties.

Berlin Gloves and Riding Belts."

The progress and development of the colony can largely be read in the advertisement columns. Advertisements about patent fire extinguishers, patent shower baths, notices of French polishers and piano tuners and of "Mr. Smeaton, who is prepared to make steam engines" point to an advance step in development. But the "Lyttelton Times" has done more than that. In order "to acquaint the English public with the progress of the settlement", a "Journal of the Week" appearing in every number contained a brief summary of advance made and notice of any outstanding social events. These journals were not exhaustive, and were but brief; yet their interest is extreme. Even the report that "this week there is nothing of importance to relate" tells its own story.

The "London Times" complimented its new brother upon the multiplicity of its interests. "It is difficult to glance at the first number of the "Lyttelton Times" now before us and to associate its existence with
a community not quite a month old. So far from being ashamed of our namesakes, we are positively proud of his acquaintance and envious of his power. If the editor of the "Lyttelton Times" can create so much out of nothing, what could he make out of such a breeding heap as this of London?" This versatility continued in the following numbers. Such instances are: the description of the harbour accident, 'when a squally breeze from the north-east' upset a boatful of returning Church-goers; the report of the police case against Joseph Bennett who "gets drunk and is accordingly fined 5/-"; the correspondence from Paterfamilies, Mother of Ten, and Beach Dweller and the notice that advertisements cost 3d per line for the first insertion. Last but not least came the Poets' Corner, and such literary items as might interest "John Bull at the Antipodes, (who) with his day's work done, could be shown with a pipe in his mouth and his feet under a table, deliciously absorbed in the latest news and the exciting conflict of his local politics" -- says the "London Times".

As time went on the paper increased its columns and its interests and reflected all the questions and problems of the day. During the fifties, the matter of transportation occurred again and again and incurred deep and bitter opprobrium from the editor who fulminated against the convict system, drew attention to the notice headed "Return of Escaped Convicts" which graced the walls of the Police Office and the Land Office; and described with detail and deductions the evil effects of allowing of boatloads of Fenian ticket-of-leave men to be put ashore in Lyttelton. Willy-nilly they were returned to Australia.

The Maoris came in for a share of the paper's
attention. This is a specimen of the child-like beauty of the nates' speech:

"Rapaki, August 3, 1851.

"This is the death of the people, whose two great names have been rubbed out from the book of light during the month which has passed away. The first of these deceased is Maria Magdelan (Maria Makarena) Queen Kekehi, the Queen of Pukiakä Tuahiwi and Kaispoi; after her died Tumere Mahitihi on the 27th of July.

"They are both gone before us with the sign of the true Creed, these two great chieftainesses of the Ngatitahuriri, Ngaitetaumarewa, and Ngatikarawiri tribes.

"My friends, all ye white people! This is my letter of love for my aunt and my wife. This is from your loving friend

George William Metehau."

The "Lyttelton Times" became a labour exchange bureau almost as much as the office at the Immigration Barracks. There was almost always a few situations wanted or vacant. It became in some sorts a kind of index for the immigrants of every ship and it started an agitation campaign for increased female immigration -- an appeal which never wavered all through the fifties. Not only the need for female settlers was indicated but the scarcity of ham and bacon in Lyttelton was also observed. With some complacency the editor remarked that the paper served a truly social need by drawing attention to the lack of certain provisions with the consequent automatical readjustment of supply to demand.

The correspondents whom the first number had warned that "no communication will receive any attention unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender, at least three days before publication, flourished and increased in the years that followed. Letters were sometimes political, sometimes provincial, and sometimes social.
"Dear Sir,

I wish you would call the attention of the magistrates to the number of pigs roaming about the town, breaking into gardens and doing much injury. I say nothing of fowls and goats as they are not so easily confined. I am aware that damages can be recovered in the Magistrates' Court but it is not every person who has the ambition of appearing in your columns as the prosecutor of his neighbour for the trespass of a pig, and he goes on to hint gently that he will not wait "for the tardy proceedings of the law", but will look to the priming of his gun. With this advertisement in mind a letter appearing the week after has a sinister if slightly ungrammatical "notice to pig-hunters!". If the parties that were at my shop on Saturday night do not return a Butcher's Shop Knife, within a week from this date, proceedings will be forthwith taken."

The columns of English and foreign news were naturally of more interest to the Canterbury Settlers than they are to those who read the early numbers today. Yet they show that the colonist took an intense interest in the world and its doings. He was mildly pleased to hear that "the Queen had visited the principal places in Lancashire on her return from Scotland and had been everywhere enthusiastically received"; he was given a thrill of doubt and fear to read about

"The Revolution in France.

Paris is in a state of siege.

The President re-establishes universal suffrage and appeals to the people"

and again:-

"The President of the Republic accomplished a coup d'etat this morning."

Such was the "Lyttelton Times"!
CHAPTER IX.

COMMUNION AND COMMUNICATION.

The two great questions which were exercising the minds of the settlers in the fifties were first, the religious and educational problem, and second, the establishment of satisfactory communication between Port and Plain.

Sufficient mention has been made concerning the temporary church and the Bishop Designate for the realisation that religious matters were not so prosperous as had been confidently expected. As a matter of fact the departure of Dr. Jackson (venit, vidit, abit) was a fortunate thing both for himself and for the "See of Lyttelton" as the new diocese was then called. As the Rev. Jacobs said -- he was "a very talented and admirable man unquestionably, but one whom his best friends would probably not consider by nature qualified for the work of a colonial bishop. The failure, for failure it was, should not be attributed so much to himself as to those who placed him in a false position."

After Dr. Jackson's return to England, he was appointed Rector of the parish of Stoke Newington, near London, and there, I believe, he found his sphere of usefulness and was a profound success.

In February of 1851 an indignation meeting was held at Lyttelton by land purchasers because the promised Churches and schools were still lacking. Godley determined to improve the occasion and, to use William Pratt's slight adaptation of Dryden "those who came to censure remained to pay". He established a fund to
provide the wherewithal for the building of a church and himself contributed £100 and £500 on behalf of the Canterbury Association. A new arrival by the ship "Canterbury" complained that scarcely had he been twenty-four hours in the colony when he was requested to give a donation towards the fund. When £300 had been collected, the building, designed by a Mr. Montfort and called "Holy Trinity" was begun almost on the lower right hand corner of the junction of Canterbury and Winchester Streets on a spur commanding the harbour. On April 24th, 1852, Godley laid the foundation stone with great ceremony. He was escorted by a procession including clergy, schoolmasters and school children, the architect with the plans, the builder with the trowel, the secretary with a flask, the committee two by two, and the congregation in order. This procession began after the eleven o'clock service at the barracks and, winding its way up the hill, halted on the site of the new building. Here there were Psalms chanted, and a service read, after which an inscription was written upon vellum "in token that we are not forgetful that it was Almighty God who brought us safely across two oceans ...... seeking a new country" and this was placed in a bottle beneath the stone. The "Lyttelton Times" noted with approval that "the scene which occurred on Saturday last in Lyttelton was one which affords matter of congratulation to all friends of the Church, for in so far as the Association may have fallen short of its engagement, whether arising from the limited sale of land or from an injudicious expenditure of the funds, which that sale placed in its hands, the settlers have themselves stepped in to supply the deficiency, and a church is really commenced."
Built of totara and rimu woodwork on the outside filled in by bricks of local manufacture, the church represented one of the "ancient types of ecclesiastical architecture because they were akin to, and have ever been esteemed to awake those solemn and devotional thoughts which a sacred edifice should suggest".

But however much the colonists might pride themselves on the fact that the building was especially designed to comply with a knowledge of local conditions and that it had seating accommodation for 1,000 people, though only a third of it was ever finished, the first church in Canterbury was not a success. The timber warped badly before the church had been open for six months. After a severe hail storm which broke all the windows facing the harbour, it became dangerous when a strong wind was blowing and by the end of 1853 it was definitely abandoned except for an occasional funeral service, the congregation returning to the temporary church at the barracks for Public Worship.

For two or three years the unfortunate "Holy Trinity" remained a conspicuous and dilapidated object, "conveying the impression to strangers that it had sustained a severe siege."

But divine worship in the barracks was still less pleasant than it had been. A whole host of letters to the "Lyttelton Times" complained that evening service on Sundays was disturbed by harsh sounds caused by the working of the Oxford Street well, by shouts from children playing in the barrack-yard, and once by the ravings of a drunken man outside the Canterbury Hotel, and the screams of the frightened individuals nearby. Another indignant writer called attention to the misbehaviour of children in church; but that was hardly
the fault of the barracks. "To get to the front seats, these little ones make their appearance very early -- hence the rush that takes place every Sunday morning, and which must certainly incline strangers to believe that an opera, and not church, is the goal to which we are running."

In 1854 things began to improve with the arrival of the Bishop of Christchurch, Bishop Harper, consecrated at St. Paul's, and his family. Selwyn met him and it is said that "they gazed at each other silently for a few seconds, Mrs. Harper and the family all smiles, standing closely around." The new Bishop proved to be the right man in the right place and henceforth the colony had no reason whatever for anything but congratulations upon its spiritual lord.

Three years afterwards the church was pulled down, and such enthusiasm for rebuilding prevailed that by the end of the year about £1,000 was collected including a gift from a sympathiser in England and supplemented by a Government grant. On a new design, drawn up by George Mallinson, a Canterbury architect, in 1859 was laid the foundation stone, under which was placed a flask containing a sketch plan of the church, a copy of the "Lyttelton Times" and coins of the realm, as well as the old flask from the original building. Bishop Harper conducted the consecration ceremony early in the next year. It was a low, red, pretty stone building in an English style, with facings of white freestone, quarried in Queil Island. It was gradually provided with five stained-glass windows representing "The Story of the Good Samaritan", St. Peter etc. Many valuable gifts were made to the Church -- curious wooden candlesticks for the altar, brought out from England by Dr. Jackson; a chalice and patten stamped with the arms of the Association, brass vases for the altar presented by parishioners, also the Corona, probably the only
The Church, Governors Bay

The Approach to the church and the lich-gate.

The Church and Belfry, Governor's Bay.
one of its kind in New Zealand. The organ, of a beautifully mellow tone, was first used in 1865.

The first vicarage was a stern but handsome stone building erected in 1864 in Ripon Street to the west, but it was eventually sold and the present vicarage, a large eleven-roomed wooden house is situated next to the church and on the corner.

In 1860 Governor's Bay was provided with the foundation stone of a wonderfully charming little church built in grey stone, designed and built by the same men who triumphed in the second Holy Trinity Church. Owing to bad weather the turret and two gables gave way before its consecration and it was not until 1875 that it was finally open for public worship.

St. Cuthbert's is a low walled church with a high pointed roof, quaint mullioned windows and a wooden belfry separated from the main building and standing to one side. An avenue of trees serves as the approach from the lych-gate and the head-stones of the old colonists who died in the latter part of the century nestle among low yew trees, and grass and wild flowers. Behind it, the hills rise in a long slope, and English trees, especially willows, bend over the church and caress it in the wind. St. Peter's in Teddington as the Head of the Bay began to be called, was erected in 1865. It was a small plain wooden building in a grassy plot. Three years later St. Paul's in the English part of Port Levy was consecrated. It, too, is a small wooden building, with native trees dotted about its grassy sward, whereon the graves clustered in English fashion. In 1885 a church, called St. Saviour's, was built in Dampier's Bay, which was thereupon separated from the parish of Holy Trinity.
St. Saviour's, a plain wooden building, was also the church for the shipping of Lyttelton.

It was inevitable and also fortunate that Canterbury did not remain purely an English Church settlement as the Association had intended. Many of the original settlers were Presbyterians as were the pioneers of the Plains and Banks Peninsula; the Wesleyans proved their capacity for separate church establishment by their courage and endurance, for many years holding their services in private houses, or stores, or in the Oddfellows Hall before they finally received a church in 1860 in Norwich Quay, shifting because of greater convenience to Winchester Street in the next few years. It is a remarkable fact -- though understandable enough when it is remembered that this street was the first central thoroughfare not already absorbed by business premises -- that the English, the Presbyterian, the Wesleyan and the Roman Catholic churches are all situated in the same street. The harmony of the various bells pealing on Sunday mornings can be appreciated more fully by those who live some distance from the "Street of Churches".

Closely connected with the religious establishment of the colony, was the educational question, since the schools were intended to be and were in fact for some time on the denominational system. Any detailed survey of the school system is hardly within my province; it differed but slightly from the general educational system of the settlement. There were however several points of social interest as distinct from the merely educational. Lyttelton was chosen, as the proposed capital, to contain the elaborate College and Grammar
School system of the Canterbury Scheme. Practically the farthest that the College advanced in Lyttelton was in purchasing some land which has hitherto served to provide scholarships for the College subsequently erected in Christchurch. The Grammar School, however, as a preparatory for the College, a Commercial School and an Infants' or Preparatory school did actually begin in the early months of 1851.

The Collegiate Grammar School was opened by Bishop Selwyn in January and about the same time the Commercial School was held. Both were in the same room as the Temporary Church in the Immigration Barracks and at either end. The attendance at the Grammar School was six in the children's department and four in the senior. Jacobs was the headmaster and Classical Professor while Mr. Toomath was master. Boys from 7 to 15 were admitted and the prospectus said "It will be necessary that they should at least be able to read with ease previous to their admission". The terms were two guineas a quarter for Day Pupils (boarders were not taken until the school was removed to Christchurch in 1852) to be paid in advance and "to commence on Lady Day", An ample supply of books was provided, for which each scholar made an additional payment of 2/6 a quarter in the lower forms, and 5/- in the upper. Here they were taught Greek and Latin, ancient and modern history, ecclesiastical history, geography, arithmetic, algebra and Euclid. Vocal music, drawing and French added a certain levity to the solidarity of the first list; and "above all" was put the doctrines of the Christian religion as expounded by Jacobs according to the united Church of England and Ireland.

In connection with this school a class of
little boys and girls was formed, paying a fee of 1/- each every week. It was preparatory for the Grammar School where the boys were concerned, and as for the girls, for an intended sister institution. This class gathered in another part of the Immigration Barracks, but it was a cold and draughty room through the cracks of which the rain beat in. It was often incommodeed, too, by the drying clothes of the new arrivals.

The Lyttelton Church Commercial School at that time temporarily sharing the same room as the Grammar School, consisted of 51 pupils in March of the year 1851, when it was advertised that "this school has now been in operation for nearly two months. It is a mixed school, for the present, of boys and girls above the age of six and under fourteen. Terms for first and second classes are sixpence each per week, for under classes threepence, to be paid to the Master of the School every Monday morning in advance." The school was under general clerical superintendence and inspection; and the clergy, besides taking classes for a part of each day, held periodical examinations, especially in the religious classes. Scholars were taught the history and geography of the Old and New Testaments, the Church Catechism, reading, writing, and arithmetic, modern geography and vocal music. Girls were given instruction in needlework and for the payment of an extra sixpence per week; boys or girls could learn the rudiments of the elements of mechanics, natural philosophy, land surveying, mensuration, linear and figure drawing. The Rev. Dudley, M.A. presided over this school.

Education, though comparatively comprehensive, was by no means perfect under conditions so far from ideal as prevailed at the time. Incoming immigrants
disarranged the classes and distracted attention. The schoolroom, 35 by 22, was badly lighted and had little ventilation, and the sanitary arrangements were bad. The fact that there was no mistress probably accounts for the fewness of girls attending. The hours were from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 4.30 or 5 o'clock, but since clocks were few and watchmaker there was none at all, punctuality was a virtue more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Roads were often impassable in bad weather; servants were few and far between and the exigencies of colonial life sometimes necessitated absence from school. The headmaster himself found mitigating circumstances. "It was impossible" he said, "not to accept the excuse for lateness or non-attendance when it was argued that the farm-servant had gone off to the Victoria diggings, and that there was no-one to milk the cow, or chop the wood, or keep the cattle from trespassing on a neighbour's land, or -- direst necessity of all -- when a new baby put in its appearance, making it absolutely necessary that a brother should stay at home to guard the ex-baby from indulging its infantile vagaries at the perpetual risk of being burnt, drowned in a swamp, or lost in the fern or tutu."

When the first attempts at a College were commenced at Lyttelton, the College and the Grammar School moved into a white-washed wooden building containing three or so rooms. One man remembers his boyhood at the Grammar school when the only incident of his school life he could remember was the swallowing of a pin, "but luckily it went down head first, and has not bothered me since." He had a half-holiday class of Maoris, some of them grey-headed men to
whom he taught arithmetic. They were quick to assimilate the lessons, many of them being able to do sums in long
division within a few weeks.

The schools had Saturday as a whole holiday and
two vacations of five weeks each year, together with one
week at Easter. Occasionally, however, they were
given a special half-holiday, as for instance the first
school holiday in Lyttelton on Tuesday 11th. of March,
given by the Bishop Designate previous to his intended
departure, to the scholars of the Commercial school.
At 3.30 p.m. fifty children assembled in procession
two by two, first girls, then boys, accompanied by the
Bishop Designate and clergy in academic robes, the
master and assistant master. Banners were carried
representing "the holy doctrine of Trinity", and the
"Atonement", and the Pelican tearing its breast to
nourish its young with its blood and having the words
"Christ so loved us". The procession went round the
town and finally halted on the lawn in front of
Godley's house. A demonstration with a fire balloon
unfortunately failed because of the wind. Then the
children proceeded to church and chanted hymns. The
service over, they reassembled on the lawn where they
were relegated on tea, bread and butter and cake.
Dr. Jackson gave grace before meat and the "Lyttelton
Times" says that the children showed "good appetites
and strength of lung and spirits". A magic lantern
display in the schoolroom ended the day. Such was a
school holiday in 1851.

In 1852 the Collegiate Grammar School was
removed to Christchurch and the Commercial School
became known as the Church of England School.

Other denominational schools were those of
the Presbyterians and the Wesleyans, of which the
first contained a primary as well as a secondary
department and was the only school to provide anything approaching the modern secondary education; the Wesleyan School, held in the building called the Town Hall in Oxford Street above the Sumner Road, suffered similar disadvantages as the Grammar School— the mistress had sometimes to dismiss the children for half a day if the room was required for the purposes of cooking.

All these schools were under committees representing their respective churches who laid it down as a rule that "every case of corporal punishment inflicted by any master or mistress shall be entered in a book to be kept for that purpose." In the late fifties a school was established at Governor's Bay under the Church of England. An elaborate system of inspection for them all was instituted and the various reports made interesting reading. In 1869 for instance we read that the questions for the Junior Scholarship examinations included these --

What was the end of King Saul?
Why was Elymas struck blind?
Name the grandsons of King Egbert?
Who was the father of Queen Victoria?

It also reported that the children of the Lyttelton Church School seem habitually talkative and disorderly, that William Watson aged eight, John Beasley also aged eight, and Mary Snowell aged seven could not read words of two letters without difficulty -- "In fact the best in the same class were those who had been less time in school"; that a newer map of New Zealand was needed; that the military drill was only desultory.

The observant inspector noted the room had been cleaned preparatory to his arrival, but it was not warm, and the children were half frozen through lack of a fire.
In the same year the Wesleyan school children of the ages of seven and eight were praised for their expression and fluency in reading, and their tolerably good punctuation but "the handwriting is not so good." The scholars of the Governor's Bay school were reported to be studying Greek, Latin and French; there was "good accuracy in Latin accent and parsing among advanced students". In Governor's Bay North there was provided accommodation for boarders and the whole thing was a useful experiment of a country school.

The next official report was no more favourable to the unfortunate Lyttelton Church School -- the clock was at a standstill, the floor was wet, desks and table only half-dusted, and a shocking display of listless irreverence at prayers. Talking and sprawling in prayer time was due to imperfect organisation and defective discipline, thought the inspector, remarking that the intelligence shown is far less than that of the Wesleyan school. "This is the third consecutive time that it has been my duty to report unfavourably on the Lyttelton Church School." However, the next report recorded amendments. "The improvement since the last examination is considerable. The clock has been set going, but does not yet keep good time. It gains an hour a day. The school opened punctually at nine." The behaviour was much better, but the lower classes disgraced themselves by not knowing the earlier part of the Multiplication Table. There were not enough books and what there were were badly kept. By 1871 the school "was considerably improved, although it is far from being a model of discipline and efficiency."

There were little country schools set up in Port Levy, Teddington, Charteris Bay, Purau etc. during these years; in some places, like Pigeon Bay and Purau, school teachers were specially solicited by the
inhabitants who offered to build the schoolhouses and pay something towards the salaries of the teachers.

There were in Lyttelton a number of small private schools; such were Miss Taylor's Seminary in Winchester Street, Mr. Lauder's Boarding and Day School for boys and girls in London Street, while Mrs. Gundry gave private tuition to young ladies between the ages of six and twelve—music if required—in the Steadfast cottage Section No. 98. Another was Taloroy House School in Dampier's Bay which was attended by at least one child from the other side of the hills.

In 1871 or 1872 these three church schools in Lyttelton were replaced by a Borough High School. Until new buildings were ready, it was held in the Presbyterian Sunday School and complaints were made that accommodation was far from sufficient. The new buildings were opened in 1874, at which time the numbers had increased to five hundred odd—that is, on the rolls; the average attendance still fell short of the nominal attendance. About the same time Dampier's Bay was given a separate public school, known as the Bay School, and with a church, school, and store of its own, the west end developed space, never however acquiring the commercial atmosphere of the town.

The other great question in the fifties was the problem of communication between the port and the plains. Colonists, with their lighter luggage went by the Bridle Path, and the heavy goods and building materials were carried round to Summer by boat, a proceeding which was not at all satisfactory for many small boats were wrecked on the bar, and boxes of clothes or provisions would be found washed up on the beach, miles to the north, while the Bridle Path, though now provided with a resthouse at the top where Mrs.
O'Hare dispensed lemonade and ginger beer to thirsty climbers, was steep and uneven and narrow. In 1852 a Christchurch man succeeded in bringing over an empty dray drawn by two horses— that was the first conveyance that had ever come over the hills. But the experiment, though successful was too dangerous to be of practical use.

Godley had been the first to interfere in the progress of the Summer Road, and to this he was impelled through force of circumstance: he had attempted to provide temporary means of transit by improving the track over the hills and by encouraging ferry service to Summer. In 1852, however, new men were entering the scene— Fitzgerald and Moorhouse principally, between whom the road duel was fought at the entrance. Both won, strange to say, but one victory, though later, was by far the more important.

In the meantime, Godley, the champion of Constitutionalism against Sir George Grey had left the colony at the time when New Zealand was granted Constitutional Government under the provincial system. He was asked to stand for the position of the first Superintendent of Canterbury; but he refused, possibly through ill-health, possibly because he recognised that his work, his real work, was done. He had made the colony what it was. Wakefield the creator and Godley the executor of the Canterbury Scheme! Through dark days and in spite of all obstacles Godley had driven onwards; whether it was interference of circumstance, or the opposition of his fellow-men that threatened against him now and then he at no time allowed himself to be deterred. It was for this that he gained the title of the "Iron Man". Steadfast, invincible, honourable, impecable he was probably the finest man that the colony has ever known; but his
fineness was that of sparkling granite, hard and
unyielding when he considered the interests of the
colonies were at stake. It is not difficult to see why
he and Captain Thomas found nothing in common. He was,
in fact, the dictator. How he would have shaped as
constitutional monarch in the little world of the
province he never allowed to be discovered. With a
Nelson-like gesture, leaving a flavour of Trafalgar,
or like Wolfe at Quebec, Godley withdrew from the
limelight while still in the zenith of his powers, or
as our philosophical friend Pratt put it -- "invaluable
as his presence and assistance had been to the settlement,
... in his brief career of usefulness, his wisdom
and judgment were never more conspicuously displayed
than in choosing the appropriate time of retiring from
a position he had filled with much advantage to the
settlement. His commanding intellect, his winning
elocution and administrative ability conferred upon
him such a proud pre-eminence and removed him so far
above his contemporaries, that unconsciously it may have
been to himself, his was a personal government of the
most pronounced type; a kind of intellectual despotism
that unintentionally repressed and stilled all free
discussion, because no-one felt sufficient confidence or
ability in himself to enter the arena.... What appeared
to be wanting at this time was the old British privilege
of grumbling; there was a general suspicion that the
"Captain" was sitting on it."

In England, whither he returned, Godley held
several high appointments in public service and when
he died in 1862, he was assistant Under Secretary of
State. He did not cease to be strongly attached to
Canterbury, however, being in 1854 appointed English
agent for the province but he resigned two years later
owing to his connection with the public service. In 1866 a statue to his memory was erected in Christchurch, representing a man with a hat in his hand, looking out, as over the plains.

James Edward Fitzgerald was elected to the Superintendency in 1852, and in 1854 a commission was appointed to make inquiries into the means of communication between port and plains. Among other routes the commission proposed a railway from Collan's Bay through the hills below Evans Pass and then to Christchurch via Sumner, a more direct railway through the hills at the back of Lyttelton, or the original route laid out by Thomas. This last was thought would be the most suitable at the time, but the cost was too high. However, under Fitzgerald's direction, Edward Dobson, the Provincial Engineer, prepared a plan for a slightly altered road, which would forsake Thomas's route and rise but slightly in order to avoid rock-cutting, passing through the hills by means of a tunnel 270 feet below Evans Pass, and, by continuing down to Sumner on the east side, instead of by Captain Thomas's line of demarcation, would enable the road to reach sea-level without constructing the artificial bank necessary for the foot of Thomas's road. The road from Christchurch to Sumner having already been constructed as a temporary expedient, Evans Pass and the Sumner Road on the Lyttelton side were to be connected by means of a zig-zag. Great agitation was stirred up over the affair, and a clever parodist found ample scope for his genius in ridiculing the possibility.

"Believe me, if all those tremendous big holes Which I view on thy causeway today Were tomorrow bridged over with soil and with clay, Thou would'rt still be no use, as this moment thou art, Let the Government say as they will; For thy precious zig-zags are too steep for a cart, And we hope less of holes in thy hill." (1)

(1) Crobie Ward, "Road Lines"
Unhappily the Council were just as sceptical concerning the success of Fitzgerald's tunnel and zig-zag and once the Executive resigned on the question. Some were in favour of improving the Bridle Path as a temporary solution of difficulties. A correspondent to the paper signing himself "Scottus" voiced this suggestion "Set a stout heart to a stee briel Climb the hill and send your baggage round by steam." At the opening of the 1855 session of the Provincial Council, however, Fitzgerald addressed an eloquent plea for the trial of his experiment.

In the imagination of the versifier he said --

"One work more we'll undertake,
With one huge obstacle we'll wrestle;
Help me, gentlemen, to make
A road between the road and vessel",

while the public were supposed to be saying in tones of resigned hopelessness:

"Mount Pleasant looks on Summer Bay
And Summer Bay looks out to sea,
And musing there an hour away
I dreamt that all might yet agree."

In 1856, however, the Provincial Council passed an Ordinance authorising Fitzgerald to do as he thought good. Accordingly work was begun on the Summer Road in the next year mainly by prison labour, one convict, by name Bonnage, especially distinguishing himself by making several unsuccessful attempts at escape. A few adverse circumstances conspired to keep the work from being completed in scheduled time; one of these was the promotion of the idea of a road to the west coast. This provoked from the rhymester the question,

"Of two such roads why do without
The shorter and more useful one?"

Even up to 1857 the council had spent only £7,000 on the work. However patience and perseverance
won the day and on the 24th. August 1857 Fitzgerald had the honour of opening the new road. The tunnel was to come later, possibly in connection with a railway scheme.

Fitzgerald was an energetic, obstinate man, very versatile and brilliant. He was celebrated as the first of the colonists to jump ashore from the "Charlotte Jane's" boat, and that by leap-frogging over a rival. This quickness at grasping opportunities and making the most of them, carried through the Summer Road. However misguided that might subsequently appear, Fitzgerald believed in it with his whole heart. It is a significant coincidence that the three men who were most remarkable among the early settlers, Godley, Fitzgerald and Moorhouse, were all men of inflexible will and steadfast sincerity of purpose in matters affecting the development and well-being of the colony.

The new road was in no part narrower than seven feet; the most dangerous portion was the zig-zag. Fitzgerald set off merrily at 10.30 a.m. from Christchurch, driving a dog-cart, tandem fashion. With him were three others and they were escorted for a part of the way by the city band. The road was not quite finished and Fitzgerald could persuade no-one but the Provincial Secretary to remain in the dog cart while he drove his four horses over the zig-zag. The Provincial Secretary, by the way, is believed to have made his will the day before. However, with grooms hanging on behind, the zig-zag was successfully negotiated and the triumphant party arrived in Lyttelton about two o'clock in the afternoon, tea-ing in Heaphy's Coffee House in London Street, where suitable speeches were made and loyal toasts honoured. Music was supplied by a Lyttelton Band, and flags were waved joyfully, while Fitzgerald's versatile genius seemed as happy in manipulating prancing horses over a zig-zag as in writing satirical leaders on the
policy of Sir George Grey.

The Sumner Road was not finished for some time afterwards and inspired the following satire from Crosbie Ward:

"The Sumner Road! the Sumner Road!
Which burlly Thomas first began.
Where Lobson all his skill bestowed,
Fitzgerald drove and Ronnage ran;
Eternal talking still goes on,
But nothing, save the work, is done."
CHAPTER X.

THE MOORHOUSE TUNNEL.

"Crest - a locomotive with steam up.
Motto - 'Holus bolus let us a loan'".

New Zealand Punch.

Great as was the satisfaction at the opening of the Sumner Road and the anticipation of increased commerce that was to follow, it speedily became apparent that the road was not such an unmixed success as had first appeared. For the amount of trade between Christchurch and Lyttelton, one narrow road, considering the length of it, was inadequate. Besides the zigzag was rather dangerous and effectually prevented any heavy traffic. The condition of affairs was expressed in verse, headed from a quotation from Euclid that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points."

"Morn on the waters, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
Bright in the beam it has caught from afar,
Sparkles the surge on the Sumner Bar.
Struggling through mists with a mimic wrath,
Gleam the steep slopes of the Bridle Path,
Dropping his eyes, and wringing his hands,
On Lyttelton jetty a colonist stands.

What shall he do with his household gods -
His chairs and tables, his curtains and rods?
Greener than Erin's most verduous turf,
Shall he trust them to Sumner's treacherous surf,
Or wearily drag them, box or bag,
By Evans' Pass or Gollan's Crag,
Over the slippery, steep zigzag?

.......

But hark! the voice of cheerful bode,
Fitzgerald has opened the Sumner Road!
Cheerfully starts he with heart elate,
Case and package, bag, bundle and crate,
Till he finds as he nears the sticking point
That the times and the road are out of joint.
See those carts of cruel stone;
Mark to a blaster's warning moan -
'Back from the path, ye ill-starred man,
For the Sumner Road is closed again!'"

The Zigzag was of course intended as a temporary expedient in the solution of the traffic problem. However
time went on and nothing more was done about the proposed
tunnel through Evan's Pass. The zig-zag became a bogey.
The Sumner Road was little used, almost not at all; the
colonists' allegiance returned to the Bridle Path or the
Sumner ferry service; the road remained a white elephant.

Obviously something had to be done and done
quickly, and the Provincial Council was divided in its
opinions on the matter. Fitzgerald still looked forward to
the day when sufficient money could be voted to complete
his road scheme. But another solution came into prominence
with the election to the Superintendency of William Sefton
Moorhouse. The 1887 election was long remembered as "the
stirring function" and Canterbury has good reason to
remember it. Moorhouse was a lawyer and when he arrived
in Lyttelton he found the legal profession rather crowded.
However he commenced to practise and had a house in the
Port. From the first he developed an intense interest in
the progress of Canterbury, and, on his election to office,
he gave his attention to ways and means of providing the
settlement with outlets for their trade, and channels for
further development. His plan for the solution of the
Christchurch-Lyttelton communication problem was part of
his general scheme for opening up the province. The
method he proposed to use was the railway and he aimed at
making the communication between Lyttelton and Christchurch
a part of his dream of a network of railways. It was a
bold game. Something absolutely novel. Nothing of the
sort had yet been introduced into New Zealand and it was the
opinion of most men that the Canterbury settlement was too
young a community and too inexperienced a one to assume the
burden of such responsibility. As has been seen the idea
of a railway had been mooted more than once in the fifties;
sometimes a direct route with a tunnel through the hills
below Salt's Gully or therabouts, sometimes from Collan's
Bay. The expense of the undertaking as well as the
enforced inconvenience during the long years of construction made practical men prefer the road scheme. The expensive dream of a tunnel and a railway lay only with a few enthusiast. As early as 1849 a tunnel road was considered and discussed by Captain Thomas, but lack of money and reluctance to have his road interfered with by any other scheme, deterred him from the undertaking. In 1851, the auctioneer Tulloch approached Jollie wanting information on the approximate length of a tunnel at a low level so that it would do for a railway. He employed Boys and Jollie to make a survey, the report of which was sent to England and exhibited in the Canterbury Rooms but it produced no result. The various suggestions for railway or tunnel had been already discussed in the reports on Communication between Port and Plains, discussions in which Fitzgerald had the last word - "I have no doubt but in a few years the province will be in a position to undertake such a work. At present it possesses neither means nor credit, public or private for so large an undertaking. On the other hand the formation of a cart road into the interior from the port will only hasten the time when the Province will be able to undertake a railroad."

He was, too, anxious that some means of communication should be formed before beginning a railway scheme with the knowledge that years would pass before its completion. By August 1857, that communication had been provided. In October 1859 Moorhouse addressed the Council in these words:- "The want of a more perfect means of communication between our principal port and the plains has long been a source of great embarrassment in the conduct of the commercial operations of the province. Having the advantage of a safe and commodious harbour, perfectly adapted to a very large commerce, the germs of which are now starting into vigorous growth, it has become a matter
of the very highest importance that you should consider the very best method of securing the safe and expeditious transit of our marketable productions to the place of export. To this end I shall transmit for your consideration a proposal to construct a line of railway from Christchurch to Lyttelton direct. This line would involve a tunnel through the heights beyond Lyttelton, and would, from the nature of the work, require a very large outlay of money. It will remain with you to consider whether the ultimate advantage to be realised to the province by the completion of the undertaking in question, would or would not justify the required disbursement."

After much discussion the Provincial Council at length appointed a railway commission under the chairmanship of Edward Dobson, the Provincial Engineer, and including Jollie and Bray to consider and report on feasible schemes and to select a suitable route. The Committee were favourable, after examination, to two routes - one through the hills behind Lyttelton necessitating increased wharfage and reclamation for a railway yard, and the other via Sumner to Gollan's Bay with a branch line to Lyttelton, because the greater depth of water at Gollan's Bay would not require such an extensive wharfage improvement. Bray sponsored the first scheme, Jollie approved of the second but two reasons persuaded the council upon the direct route. The first was that it was shorter and quicker, the second that the Gollan's Bay scheme would tend to cripple Lyttelton by depriving her of the greater part of her trade and her shipping.

The Council had also appointed a commission of three in London, Edward Fitzgerald, H. Selfe-Selife (the agent for Canterbury), and Cummins (of the Union Bank of Australia). This Commission was to submit the report to George Stephenson, railway engineer, for consideration.
Fitzgerald had been the Sumner Road champion; he now favoured the Gollan’s Bay scheme to connect with the road and use with it his beloved tunnel below Evan’s Pass, to the good intention of which, and the memory, the zig-zag now stood. This route necessitated a high level of railway, steep gradients, several small tunnels and sharp curves, and a large outlay. On the score of these Stephenson decided upon the direct route.

Empowered by the Provincial Council, the commissioners in England contracted with the firm of Smith and Knight of London to send out a competent engineering staff. The Council advanced £3,000 or £4,000 for initial expenses, including trial shafts. The contract agreed upon a price of £235,000 and a duration of five years. If after examination, the firm thought the road too hard and the price too low, they were at liberty to withdraw from the contract.

The agents, Messrs. McCandlish and Baine, arrived in Canterbury on December 24th. 1859 and immediately proceeded to sink the trial shafts which were to test the work to be done and the nature of the rock to be cut through, but the first setback now occurred when Governor Gore-Browne made himself unpopular by disallowing the Provincial Council’s Empowering Act authorising the raising of a loan, the raising of railway stock, and the obtaining of land. Gore-Browne considered that the Provincial Council of Canterbury was taking too much upon itself and he evidently expected the matter to fall through. The Council itself was divided in opinion. Fitzgerald had returned from England and set up a newspaper, the "Press", to carry on outside the Council Chamber the same steady opposition that he did so effectively within, against the "mad idea" of the Tunnel scheme.

But the Superintendent showed no retraction, and
by his energy, his enthusiasm, his dogged determination to overcome the hill difficulty, he succeeded in carrying a majority with him.

A special session of the Council was held after the reception of the Governor's disallowance in April 1860. Moorhouse's whole attitude and his character showed itself in his words of encouragement at that session - "I may state that I do not apprehend any serious difficulty in the accomplishment of your work".

Accordingly he carried with him to the meeting of the General Assembly at Auckland in 1860 Mr. Carleton Baynes, the agent of the English firm, to lay technical information before a committee of the House if summoned, and Mr. Jollie to move for and chair a committee upon the bill. The committee appointed was in favour of the scheme and Moorhouse passed his ordinances through the House as the "Lyttelton and Christchurch Railway Bill", giving the Superintendent of Canterbury power to take all steps necessary for the construction of the railway and to take all lands required, compensation for such lands being awarded out of the public revenue of the Province. Railway stock was put on the market. Pending the first issue of £50,000 the Bank of Australia undertook to make such advance as the Council might require upon the security of debentures and Mr. Selfe Selfe, the agent in England for Canterbury, supervised the sale of stock there for several years.

No sooner had the Governor been vanquished and the difficulties of the loan overcome, than a delay of another kind put the patience of the Superintendent to the test. The firm of Smith and Knight through their agents declined to ratify the contract on the grounds that the rock was much harder than had been anticipated. They offered to continue at a higher cost, but Moorhouse would not agree and the agents returned to England. Moorhouse advised that
the plant, labourers and miners should be taken over from the engineering firm by the Canterbury Government and that Dobson, the Provincial Engineer, should proceed with the work as far as the trial shafts. So much opposition arose that Moorhouse threatened a dissolution, and ultimately his wish was approved. Very appropriately the railway works were opened in the Heathcote Valley on Monday, 17th day of December, 1860 - the day appointed for celebrating the Anniversary of the Foundation of the Canterbury settlement. It is good that two such notable events should be celebrated on the same day. Only his strong determination made it possible to continue the work. To seek another contractor he went to Melbourne and secured in May 1861 the services of the firm of Holmes and Richardson at the original price, the six mile undertaking to be finished in five years. Of this money the tunnel was to cost £195,000.

Moorhouse, returning with Mr. Holmes, was received with the greatest of enthusiasm for the opposition to him was on the wane, and each tangled knot seemed to straighten out under his skilful fingers. From the balcony of the Christchurch Town Hall he addressed a cheering crowd; he had been accused, he said, of being mad and a gambler .... but he now again promised them that he would make a railway to the North and another to the South. (1)

Moorhouse had won through. Fitzgerald, his private friend and public enemy, might fulminate, but with no effect. There is a story that while the Tunnel campaign was at its height Moorhouse was playing billiards in the Christchurch Club in the manner of Drake playing bowls at Plymouth. But one of his political opponents, Sir Thomas Tancred, saw a

(1) Lyttelton Times, April 28th. 1861.
different historical simile. "Ah yes!" he said, "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning."

On July 17th, 1861, the first sod was cut at Heathcote in the presence of a large gathering, to whom Mr. Richardson said in a serious manner but resembling that of the Walrus and the Carpenter that "the time has now arrived for the commencement of the Lyttelton and Christchurch railway and I think there is no one so fitted as His Honour to commence the work. I have much pleasure in asking him to cut the first sod". (Deafening cheers). Moorhouse hoped it would be only the dawning of a great future for Canterbury.

On 29th. September 1862, Mrs. Moorhouse laid the first stone at the north end of the tunnel and in April 1864 John Hall laid that of the Lyttelton end. The reason why one was ready sooner than the other is that the north end trial shaft found much softer rock than on the Lyttelton side.

Geological circles were immensely interested in the tunnel as it was the first instance where a complete section of an extinct volcano had been opened out. The rocks consisted of horizontal beds of lava of all colours passing from pink through grey, purple and blue into hard, black rock, and these were intersected by vertical dykes. The rock was lightest and softest nearer the top, the level of the tunnel was of the hard black stone. Boring was commenced at both ends and worked towards a central point marked on the top of the hill ridge by a tower. The usual method by transit instrument, batten on the tower and candle inside of the tunnel were used. The work went on steadily. The mining was carried on day and night, sometimes by twenty or thirty men, but when the works were in full operation about 170 were employed. Business stopped on Sundays. The public were allowed to inspect the work only on Christmas and New Year's Days.

Lyttelton people became used to the shock of dull
explosions and vibrations of the earth under their feet; they were immensely proud of their "hole in the hill", and visitors from Christchurch looked for the growing heap of rocky earth thrown up out of the hillside. The actual site of the Lyttelton opening was some yards in front of and below Salts Gully and the Union Bank of Australia. The earth from it was at the same time used to prepare the reclaimed ground, which by the addition of a breastwork was intended to form the connection between the tunnel and Oxford street, and also the necessary shunting yard. These were logical results of the tunnel; they would probably have come to pass anyway but they completely altered the appearance of the eastern bay, and the Lyttelton of the fifties - as far as the water-front went - disappeared.

The progress, though continual, was at times slow, for the interferences were many and uncontrollable. First of all the Otago gold fever and then the West Coast gold rush enticed many of the men away from the tunnel mining, and the profitable nature of the Melbourne-Sydney trade with those parts made it for a time difficult to induce ship-owners to take freight to Canterbury from Melbourne whence all the plant and material for the work had to be procured. The wreck of a mail steamer deranged postal communication and the amount of water in the hillside all combined against the tunnel. Here Fitzgerald's predictions were fulfilled and the inner boring had to be abandoned until the completion of the drive from the beach gave a natural drainage for the work. The principal spring tapped in the Port side was of 70 degrees temperature and until the roof and the sides ran dry the miners' work was necessarily retarded and the use of water-tight cartridges for blasting introduced; even then misfires continually occurred. At times, too, the water extinguished all the lights. On the port side the people were greatly interested in the large numbers of eels and whitebait brought down by the water from
the drains far up in the tunnel. These largely disappeared through the smoke which formed part of the scheme of ventilation. Other animal life flourished and generated in the cavities of the tunnel, especially rats, who picked up an ample living from the workmen’s meals, the candles and the horse-feed. White rats had long been residents of the tunnel.

Though the health of the workers was generally good, accidents, of course, occurred now and then. There were two deaths from internal hemorrhage caused by a sudden ignition of a charge which missed fire and another by a powder explosion; one man lost his sight and another broke his leg. Other accidents were not of a calamitous nature, being mainly cuts and bruises. A Lyttelton medical man, Dr. House, who also assisted Dr. Donald as quarantine doctor among the shipping, was in charge of the miners and attended all the casualties.

The comparative fewness of such accidents in a difficult work is due partly to the preventative measures taken by the well-liked foremen, Walker and Smith, and partly to the good type of labourer employed. There were no strikes and no disturbances although a few left for the goldfields. A pleasant understanding animated both men and employers. The engineers and contractors took an interest in the railway men and in their amusements and encouraged them to enrol themselves as a Volunteer Company - No. 8 Company, Canterbury Rifle Volunteers - which became eminent for its band and its good shooting.

Moorhouse was popular among the men. Essentially the workman’s friend all through his life, he had supported the low price of land in the first election with the view, possibly mistaken, that herein lay the best opportunity for the assisted emigrant. This sympathy with and understanding for the working classes he had learnt mainly through his
experience in Australian lumber camps, whether he had been
enticed by his love of adventure and desire for knowledge.
Often, now, he went to see the work of the tunnel, enquiring
with obvious interest into technicalities in his gruff good-
humoured way with workmen who called him "Railway Bill".

Another intensely interested individual was Edward
Dobson who resigned his post of Provincial Engineer in 1863
to concentrate upon that of Railway Engineer. In the
Jubilee number of the Lyttelton Times he received a fitting
eulogy - "Of Mr. Dobson it may be fairly said that, latterly,
his whole energies - his very being - have merged themselves
into the tunnel. Whatever the most unwearied care and the
closest supervision could effect for the benefit of the great
work has been done by him. His name deserves to be, and
doubtless will be, brought prominently before his professional
brethren in the Old World as soon as the successful result of
this great experiment becomes known".

The tunnel was illuminated and thrown open to the
inquiring public on Christmas and New Year's Day only. On
January 1st of the year 1864, 2,000 people visited the
tunnel, the arches and immediate approaches of which were of
hard, grey, block stones and the softer parts near the
Heathcote opening lined with bricks locally manufactured. On
this gala day the tunnel mouth was decorated with evergreens
and 3,000 candles were disposed at intervals on the walls
and from the roof in all designs known to geometrical art.

The sightseers walked along in Indian file. There
was great expectation over the promise of a limelight display
but the result was not very satisfactory. It was a bluish
dazzling light confined in a camera-like box but its
illuminating powers seemed very slight. The ground was
rough and uneven and the passage varied in width, the idea
being to join the breach as soon as possible without waiting
to widen the space to the stipulated measure. A red light
marked the end of the work and plunged in lurid glare the
water that lay about in considerable quantities. At that
time 1012 yards had been bored on the Heathcote side and
about 958 at the Lyttelton end.

Meanwhile the railway lines had been laid and
stations and goods sheds constructed at Christchurch and
various places down the line, as far as Ferrymead near the
estuary of the Heathcote. The opening of the railway took
place in December 1863 amid acclamations, flags, flowers,
evergreens, dust and gales. The engine was brightly
burnished, two first class carriages and two second class
carriages and about 30 waggons awaited the visitors' admira-
tion. About 3,500 people travelled to and from
Ferrymead that day - free, gratis and for nothing. Moorhouse
was chaired and cheered by the people. As one spectator
wrote - "Everyone seemed pleased, and it was conceded by all
that the engine was good, and the railway as a whole was good.
But a disconsolate-looking Cockney remarked - "Hit's hall werry
well, but the hengine don't schmeech henough". Prosperity, hope
and progress seemed to radiate from the mural decorations at
Ferrymead station - the legends "God save the Queen", "Advance
Canterbury", "Success to the Lyttelton and Christchurch Railway",
and "progress to Railways" glowed benignly above the arms of
England and Canterbury emblazoned on hanging shields.

By May 1867 when the drives were expected to
meet at any moment, the keenest anxiety was felt by all.
Moorhouse's family lived in an atmosphere of electricity
and tension for if the drives missed each other the
responsibility for the vast expense and the failure would
be heaped upon his head. All sorts of rumours were about -
that the miners had passed each other, or were working
parallel, or that one drive was twenty or thirty feet above
the other. But early on the morning of the Queen's birthday
May 24th, 1867, the miners on the Port side broke into a drill hole on the Christchurch drive. Mrs. Moorhouse was awakened by a messenger throwing gravel on the window to acquaint the Superintendent with the good news. The fact was announced in Lyttelton by a salute of twenty guns which had been in readiness for the occasion, and the Lyttelton Times came out with an extra edition. Meanwhile, after a few minutes spent in enlarging the opening and paying a visit of congratulation to Mr. Holmes, the miners on the Lyttelton side came through the breach made, and breakfasted with their fellow-workmen in Heathcote.

The most intense excitement prevailed and great was the relief in the heart of Moorhouse who had planned and carried through, in the face of so much opposition, the tunnel which was to be the "throat of the Province". The contractors invited him to a private luncheon in Lyttelton after a journey through the tunnel. He and a few others were met at the Heathcote mouth about 1 p.m. by the Railway Men's Band - better known as No. 5 C.R.V. They started through the tunnel on two trolleys and the journey, including stoppages and an exchange of trolleys at the breach, took exactly half an hour. Luncheon was provided in the Queen's Hotel at the corner of Oxford and London Streets. A little later the miners conducted through a party of ladies including Mrs. Moorhouse, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Richardson, and Mrs. Dobson. Not until May 29th. was the breach made large enough to allow a trolley to pass through.

The construction of the Mont Cenis Tunnel had been going on at the same time as the Lyttelton Tunnel and both were arousing interest in the scientific world. The Mont Cenis one was longer - 7½ miles to Lyttelton's 1½ - but in most other respects the New Zealand Tunnel was constructed under greater disadvantages. In the first place, the one was undertaken by the Governments of France and Italy,
with a gang of 1,600 men under a large engineering staff, the other by the government of a province whose population was 20,000 and with workers the number of which, never more than 170, usually 30, was often decimated by the gold rush; the direction consisted only of a contractor, a government engineer and a single inspector; in the second place the Mont Genis tunnel was carried through rock soft enough to allow of application of ordinary boring machinery whereas the Lyttelton Tunnel runs through the volcanic formation of a crater wall, where the rocks are of the hardest description imaginable. Richardson had gone to England to superintend the construction of special boring apparatus.

Another point of interest in the tunnel was that the Mont Genis undertaking adopted the same ventilation scheme. The upper portion of the tunnel was partitioned off about nine feet above rail level by a platform forming a smoke flue connected with one of the shafts, at the bottom of which was placed a furnace to rarify the air and thus cause a steady current up the shaft, drawing the smoke away from the face of the workings. The fresh air came along under the platform and the hot air escaped along the top.

According to the design drawn up in London, the tunnel would have entered Lyttelton at a slight curve. This was altered so as to give a straight run through the port, and anyone journeying through may feel the slight curve just inside the tunnel instead of without. The length was thirty feet beyond that estimated but the cost remained as by contract - £195,000.

On June 29th, Moorhouse was invited to a banquet or "dejeuner" as the papers put it, in the tunnel given by the workmen to whom he had made "a handsome present". For thirty yards in the centre the tunnel was fitted with banners and flags, "forcibly reminding the spectator of the old Moorish Halls of Alhambra". At one end a platform was
erected for the band of the No. 8 Co. C.R.V. who accompanied the feast with appropriate melody. That night, dinner was provided by the proprietor of the Queen's Hotel in London Street. After the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and duly honoured. The Superintendent expressed the hope that the tunnel would develop a large export trade and help to dispense the depression under which the province had hitherto laboured.

Two more prominent occasions occurred in the history of the tunnel. On the night of November 18th, the first engine drawing goods wagons passed through from Heathcote to Lyttelton, and on December 9th, the tunnel was completed and opened. A timetable and ticket list was issued; first class single 2/6, return 4/-, second class 1/6 and 2/6. But on the great day of the formal opening such materialistic thoughts were far from the cloud-touching Olympians of Canterbury. At 9 o'clock in the morning the first passenger train left Christchurch, conveying large numbers to the mouth of the Heathcote side, and "then entered silently and smoothly and gave a shrill signal". At an easy pace the journey was accomplished, taking exactly 6 minutes and 27 seconds.

And that is the story of the Moorhouse Tunnel. Today most people have forgotten the name it bears. They refer to it always as the Lyttelton Tunnel — appropriate in a way since Lyttelton regards it as her own special property. But we are forgetting the man. It was through the foresight, the energy and the courage of Moorhouse alone that the great work was accomplished. After the actual settling of the country the work of greatest magnitude that the colonists ever attempted was the undertaking of their tunnel — "the hole in the hill" as the phrase went. Its
importance was inestimable both from the standpoint of the country as a whole and from that of the province. The Lyttelton-Christchurch Railway was the first in New Zealand. The confidence it inspired made for emulation everywhere. It is the pioneer of the New Zealand railways and the predecessor of her tunnels.

As for the province, the trade and shipping benefits alone were enormous. (1) As the Lyttelton Times put it:- "Those grand old hills, towering in their massive majesty, their rugged outline standing out in bold relief against the sky, seem to frown in stern defiance as if triumphing at forming an insuperable barrier between the Port and the Plains; yet this obstacle... has been converted into a means of facilitating the intercourse it seemed at one time destined to obstruct. A railway in Canterbury! The words are quickly written; yet they are fraught with the most important results both to ourselves and to our successors."

(1) See Chapter Xlll
Lyttelton From Quail Island
— 1852 —
CHAPTER XI.

EARLY SOCIAL LIFE.

"A blade of grass is always a blade of grass; men and women are my subjects of inquiry."

(Johnson)

"I love anecdotes."

(Ibid.)
CHAPTER XI.

EARLY SOCIAL LIFE.

Probably the most important factor in social life in the very early days was the hotel. The hotel served in the town the same purpose as the pioneer's home in the country, and the Canterbury settlement is almost equally indebted to each of them. The Mitre, the first Lyttelton inn, was an old wooden building on the left corner of the junction of Norwich Quay and Canterbury Street. In the pre-pilgrim days it had been owned by the enterprising and genial Major Hornbrook whose food and entertainment were praised by Godley. It had served too for several months as the only general store in the settlement. During the early months of 1851 the Mitre, reinforced by the Lyttelton Arms in Canterbury Street and the Canterbury Family Hotel on the corner of Norwich Quay and Oxford Street, did yeoman's service in the housing problem.

By 1870 there had been about sixteen or seventeen hotels. Some of them had pleasing and romantic-sounding names reminiscent of the English inn - such were the Robin Hood Tavern in Norwich Quay and The Rising Sun in London Street. Some had a loyal flavour - the Queen's Hotel, for instance, until 1860 called the Universal, on the corner of Canterbury and Oxford Streets, and the Victoria Hotel in Oxford Street; some recalled the imperialistic tendencies of the mid-century -- the Albion in London Street, the Saxon in Norwich Quay, the Empire in London Street. Others owed their names to events of local importance. Thus the formation of the tunnel produced the "Railway Hotel", advertised as "Accommodation for Commercial Travellers. First Class Wine and Spirits.", in London Street; the establishment
of societies gave rise to the Oddfellows' Arms, and the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1869 called the Duke of Edinburgh to existence in Winchester Street. A third hotel in the same street was the Cambridge. Besides these were the Shades in London Street and the Royal Oak in Canterbury Street. A fairly comprehensive list for a small town! They were well scattered in those days, although the majority seemed to be in London Street, but towards the end of the century they became mostly located on the upper side of Norwich Quay taking the place of the warehouses and stores, while London Street became the retail shopping centre. Besides these hotels, there were boarding houses, and also tearooms and dining rooms with lodgings above. Such were the Steadfast Tea Rooms on Norwich Quay, and Neaphy's Coffee House in London Street where "good beds with every attention were guaranteed."

Inn life in the early days was intensely interesting. There was an atmosphere of bustle, of country air, of Victorian furniture, of frills and flounces; all that remains now is the Victorian furniture and that is out of tune with the surroundings. At the time of the arrival of the colonists and immediately after, they had more the functions of lodgings than of public houses, although one colonist (1) remarks that the esplanade is the most finished street in the town, although subject to the annoyance of an ill-conducted public house at the corner, facing the jetty, where intoxicated men constantly congregate to the annoyance of passers-by and the serious interruption of the services at the temporary church." The narrator continues -- "Proceeding along the esplanade, several of the principal stores and public houses are passed until we reach the corner of Canterbury Street, on the opposite side of which stands the Mitre Hotel which has I. See Adam's "Spring in the Canterbury Settlement."
the reputation of being the best in New Zealand."

The same adventurer gave a detailed account of his lodgings above the Steadfast Dining Rooms. After a dinner costing 5/- per head, and consisting of "good pea soup", beef roast and stewed, with puddings, cheese and dessert, an hour or two was spent round a roaring wood fire, discussing the excellent sherry, and the difficulty in thinking, as an Irish member of the party said, that they were "on the other side of the world."

The following description is an interesting illumination on the times. "Our room was a small loft in the roof of the house, barely six feet high in the centre. Eight wooden beds were ranged along the sides of the room with the feet towards the outer wall and adorned with gay blankets of red and blue. At the head of each bedstead hung a towel for the private use of each occupant, whilst at each end of the room was a rickety wash-hand-stand and cracked looking glass for public accommodation. The narrow path along the middle of the room was filled with sleepers who had failed to secure the accommodation of beds. At one end of the apartment was a small window which refused to open. The room measured 20 by 12, and contained twelve or thirteen sleepers, but there was no want of ventilation. The roof was merely shingled and by no means air-tight, so that the wind blew in, in all directions." This is probably the explanation for the first half of the advertisement of the Steadfast Rooms in the "Lyttelton Times" — "well aired beds. Dinner every day at 3 o'clock." The advertisement for the Robin Hood Tavern, on the other hand, ran:—"N.B. A Good Dry Skittle Ground". Mrs. Woods, the proprietress of the "Lyttelton Arms" on her part "most respectfully informs Mechanics, Sawyers, Splitters and Country Settlers that every attention will be paid to their accommodation, and trusts by constantly keeping a
supply of good liquors, beds and stabling at their service, to merit the support and patronage of a generous public." The same lady had occasion to advertise later in a more indignant tone concerning "A barrel of beer maliciously destroyed in front of the "Lyttelton Arms". Information wanted."

I cannot refrain from quoting from the journal of a certain Mrs Muter who arrived in Lyttelton in 1864, and was evidently not vastly smitten with colonial hotel life:- "Though the wharf was covered with loungers there was no assistance to be got, while numbers leant against a public house, (the first, as in all colonies, to open its arms to a newcomer) with their hands in their pockets, sat smoking on the kerb of the pavement. We were considered fortunate in getting accommodation at an hotel. A raw Irish girl entered the sitting-room we had secured to ask if we wanted anything.

"Can we get fish for dinner?" "No you can't get fish."

'What soup can you give us?'

'The dinner hour is past and you cannot now get any soup.'

'Well, have you any veal?'

'Veal, ma'am!' -- Ma'am for the first time. 'Is it veal you mean? There is not such a thing in the town! Then

'Then, as you have neither fish, nor veal, nor soup, what can I have?'

'What would you like?' returned the imperturbable waiting-woman.

She had beef-steaks and mutton chops, and though I had never succeeded in getting anything else during my residence in Lyttelton, I was daily asked by the
smiling damsel what I would like. Yet even eggs and milk were not always to be procured. The partitions between the rooms of our hotel being of thin boards, covered with calico, on which paper was plastered, every move in the next room was heard. There were two chairs in the apartment allotted to us and when a third was asked for, a cripple with three legs was brought in, and well-nigh caused the death of a friend for whom it was sent. Steel forks and a battered lamp for the new paraffin-oil which I found to be in universal use, and tumblers that looked as if made by the yard and cut into the dozen, stained, too, a muddy hue from the drags of beer, though in keeping, surely ill-became one of the two best hotels of the port town and rising province like Canterbury." The disillusionment of Mrs. Muter was completed when she found that on departure, she and her husband had to carry their bags down to the wharf despite the men who "leant against the public house", and lost an umbrella in the process.

There were other sides to the Inn Life of Lyttelton — aspects that testify to the important position the taverns occupied. For instance, there were always stables and often stockyards attached to each inn. Here one could find "a good mule for hire" or "good safe saddle horses on moderate terms". As time went on there developed an atmosphere of English coaching days. A line of coaches started in 1864, by a firm called Cole, whose staff coachers arrived in Canterbury by steamer and whose horses came overland. Headquarters were at Christchurch and coaches were at once put on for Lyttelton, Kaiapoi and Leithfield. The splendid painted sign board showing a bishop's mitre would swing gently over the champing horses below; or the gay green figure on the Robin Hood's sign would look down benignly upon the Pickwickian coaching scene.
Certain inns were used as a kind of post office in the first years. All letters and small parcels could be left at the Mitre Inn -- the last port-of-call on the route by Bridle Path to the Plains -- and Messrs. Jago and Read's mounted postman would call for them at half-past nine in the morning on his strong bay horse and "wind a musical blast upon his bright bugle". He had "a very business-like appearance."

Many a sale took place in the stockyards by the various auctioneers. There is one advertisement to the effect that Mr. Alport would hold an auction sale in the stockyard of the Mitre Tavern of "two nearly thoroughbred mares, and forty well-bred heifers, more or less, and one superior Ayrshire bull." Other sales were carried on such as the auction of land by Tullock in the long room of the Mitre Hotel, or of "commodious dwelling houses situated near the Sumner Road" formed an equally prominent part of inn life.

Before Lyttelton possessed a hall of its own and as the barracks were usually otherwise occupied, the taverns providing meeting places for would-be politicians and for earnest discussions of ways and means. One meeting of the Independent Order of Oddfellows took place in the Canterbury Hotel in 1851, and the Mitre's long room was the scene of lively debates on fire-prevention, storm damages, provincial separation, constitutional reforms, besides being the usual meeting place of the Colonists Society.

The early settlers were always glad of an opportunity to give a banquet or a dinner and the completion of alterations and additions to the Mitre Hotel occasioned a truly regal feast whose prime constituency was "a magnificent baron of beef". The "Lyttelton Arms" was also enlarged at this time and no
doubt its proprietor too, gave a banquet to celebrate the occasion. A dinner was given in the Queen's Hotel in 1867 to celebrate the anniversary of the death of Robert Burns.

In 1851 there was a raffle held at the Commercial Dining rooms, No. 4, Esplanade, for "a splendid accordion" and in the same year a ball took place in the Mitre -- the first public ball in Canterbury. The bachelors of Canterbury received their friends in the decorated long room. The card-room had a snug appearance, with its English coal fire. Such a gathering one short year from the day of the arrival of the First Four Ships, speaks volumes for the progress and the changing appearance of the colony.

The more sordid and sad parts of human life, too, were played out in the Lyttelton inns. In 1872 came the trial of John Smyth of the Railway Hotel, "for the cruel use and murder of Georgina Fenton Smyth" -- Poor Georgina! And in the next year there is a notice in the paper that an inquest was held in the Lyttelton Hotel upon a man, Dugald McCormick, who was killed while on railway work!

Another familiar feature of social life were the harbour sports, chief of which were the regattas. The first of these took place on New Year's Day 1851, round the four ships as they lay at anchor, the participants being two gentlemen in waterproof cloak boats -- that is, cloaks made to blow out like large life-buoys. The first regatta of any importance, in May 1851, has been noticed. It was considered so much a success that the Lyttelton Regatta has become a permanent feature of New Year's Day celebrations ever since. Of a similar festivity in 1863 one colonist wrote that it was better than any preceding it. The day came to a conclusion with two balls, one on board
the "Shalimar" and the other on the "Mermaid".

Visiting the ships in Lyttelton has always been a favourite pastime with Canterbury people, so full advantage was usually taken when any distinguished person arrived in port -- such as Lord Lyttelton in 1868, Governor Gore-Browne and some North Island chiefs in January 1869, and in February of the same year the Duke of Edinburgh by the H.M.C. Galatea, accompanied by the H.M.C. Blanche. This was a red letter day. 

Soon after 10 o'clock in the morning the Duke stepped on shore at Lyttelton; on the second day thousands visited the battleships which were thrown open to the public; on the third day all the local steam craft were plying to and fro with passengers and sightseers and the Lyttelton-Christchurch Railway did good work. In 1870 came the "Flying Squadron" from the British fleet consisting of the "Liverpool", the "Liffey", the "Phoebe" the "Endymion" and the "Scylla" and for four days the people visited the ships in thousands.

There were many other amusements of an equally simple and unaffected nature -- cricket, horse-racing, and especially balls and parties to which, one lady remembers, "if the distance was not great we would walk, our dressae tucked up, well-shawled and well goloshed; otherwise, a bullock dray, bags filled with straw and red blankets and plenty of rugs!" Sometimes, too, they rode to and from the balls on horseback, with their ball dresses strapped on the side of the saddle, and on one occasion, when the horses ran away, they arrived in Christchurch from Lyttelton in broad daylight. The dances usually ended about 4 or 5 o'clock. Ladies were not plentiful, and therefore were much in demand; the music was supplied by piano and cornet, sometimes with the addition of a violin.
Public functions were many and varied and usually public holidays were celebrated at Christchurch and Lyttelton simultaneously with great elaboration. If there was one thing the early colonists appreciated more than a public dinner it was a public procession, and they indulged their fancy on every suitable occasion. For instance, the Lyttelton ceremonies in honour of the Prince of Wales's marriage in 1863 consisted of a procession of police, volunteers, watermen with boats and flags, Oddfellows, Forrester, children of the various schools, the fire brigade, members of the Provincial Municipal Councils, accompanied by music and the bearing of banners. The procession proceeded to a place previously selected, where two memorial trees were planted, and the whole affair was engineered with considerable eclat. In the afternoon there were boat races and rural sports on shore, and a general illumination, also dear to the hearts of the settlers, made glorious the night.

Amusements of a more intellectual character were given by the Lyttelton Choral Society which supplied music to the church and sometimes occasional concerts to the public. The first of these was in 1852, to farewell the Godsleys. We hear that Mr. Packer played two cornet solos. In 1853 the first public concert was given by this society in the large room of the Immigration barracks. In 1862 sixty members of the Canterbury Union walked over the hills to give a concert in Lyttelton. They encountered rain and snow on their journey and played to an audience numbering less than the performers. Lyttelton, however, can be called the "Cradle of Music in Canterbury", because I suppose the Port population was larger than that of Christchurch. A series of popular readings inaugurated in 1868, admission 3d., was very much appreciated, as was the
colonists' library, established by the contributions of books from various settlers. A boon of considerable utility had been conferred upon the community with the opening of the Colonists' Hall in the year 1863. This was the outcome of a decision among Lyttelton residents to form a society of colonists to include all those who had made their homes in Lyttelton up to this date. The club rooms -- known as the Colonists' Hall, erected at the corner of Oxford Street where it is met by the Sumner Road -- consisted of a ground floor containing a reading room and library, and above it a concert hall and ante-chambers. Library hours were from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Committee rooms occupied the remainder of the ground floor.

The hall was of great use to the community and served for school concerts, prize distributions, dances, socials and horticultural exhibitions. Even more important was its early function as theatre. Before its erection, an old wooden building facing Oxford Street, above the Sumner Road, was used for the purpose and was called the Town Hall. It was too small to be of much utility and the new Colonists' Hall usurped its functions. The opening of this building on Thursday November 21st. took the form of a concert announced as a "Grand Performance by the Lyttelton Amateur Christys", and it instituted a series of theatrical entertainments. It is a point to be noted that this opening was also celebrated by the publication of the first -- and, as it happened, the only -- edition of the "Colonists' Punch", a journal rather cleverly modelled upon the Englishman's "Bible", and written entirely by members of the society. Its cartoons, a la Tenniel, are alight with witty satire
on contemporary problems -- the Maori War, the Tunnel dispute, the southern railway, the constitutional questions.

Before the opening of the Colonists' Hall theatrical functions had taken place in the immigration barracks, or a storeroom, or latterly in the inadequate town hall. The first visiting company belonged to a certain Mr. Foley who in 1856 had already introduced Lyttelton to its first circus, in which the public were privileged to see "the clever little mare Lucy who did such wonderful things; the graceful riding of Miss Tourneaux, the sumoines of Mr. Merriman and the tumbling and riding of Master Bird". Growing more ambitious, Mr. Foley brought round his theatrical company in the following year. The Town Hall was specially decorated and renamed for the occasion. The announcement is worth reading:

"THEATRE ROYAL. LYTTELTON.

Mr. Foley has the honour to inform the public of Lyttelton that the above establishment will be open for a series of dramatic performances. He assures them that neither pains nor expense has been spared in the fittings and decorations, and with the assistance of several gentlemen amateurs, he feels assured that the performances will not fail to please those who may honour him by their presence. Mr. Foley will deliver an opening address written for the occasion.

OVERTURE BY THE ORCHESTRA.

The performance will commence (for the first time here) with the

MUSICAL BURLETTA
"THE LOAN OF A LOVER."

Gertrude, with songs ......... Mrs. Foley."
to be followed with

'Villikins and his Dinah' .......... W. H. Foley.

The whole to conclude with the screaming farce of

"BETSY BAKER."

ADMISSION: Reserved Seats 6/6.

Gallery 4/-, Children 2/6.

Good order will be observed. No smoking allowed.

Babies in arms not admitted.

The week after the company promised to play the "Lady of Lyons" and "Othello" with the assistance, as before, of local talent.

On the opening night the "Theatre Royal" was full to overflowing; about two hundred were present and all agreed that arrangements for seating and lighting were very good; the only rift in the lute was a wailing baby who cried lustily in the tender scene. There were cries of "Shame", "Turn it out", "Sit on it" -- with an Alice in Wonderland flavour, I should think -- and at last the manager stepped forward to say in an impressive manner -- "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the baby cannot go on." To this day people wonder whether this was a witticism or lapsus linguae. Another noteworthy theatrical visit was in 1864 from the Lyttelton Opera Company. Prices were 12/6 dress circle, 10/- stalls, and 5/- pit. "And yet", writes a lady colonist, "we went."

Social gatherings were sometimes inspired by philanthropical purposes, as when in 1865 the (Christchurch) St. Cecilia Harmonic Society gave a concert in Lyttelton in aid of the Indian Relief Fund, two favourite and not inappropriate solo numbers being
"Mind of the Brave" and "Hohenlinden". In 1860 the women of Lyttelton formed themselves into a working corps, and met daily in the Hall for some hours to make flannel shirts and underclothing for the Taranaki sufferers in the Maori war while bazaars were held in aid of similar objects.

In spite of the fact that one of the purposes of the Canterbury Organisation was to secure something like an equal proportion of sexes, there appears in these years a greater predominance of men, especially among the working classes. All the time, immigration was going on, a new system in the early sixties introducing a more satisfactory method whereby the arrivals were well-timed in order that each batch might be assimilated into the population, and the barracks empty before the arrival of the next ship. In 1865 came the first hint that it might be desirable for immigration to cease temporarily, with the exception of the importation of female labour. During the next year indeed, the immigration was almost totally confined to the introduction of female domestic servants for whom there was a steady demand. Many entered a different kind of domestic service on their arrival here. The Association did not organise a matrimonial bureau, but there was certainly an early Virginian appearance about the wharves when the emigrant ships with their feminine cargo cast anchor in Lyttelton. Men lined the jetties and watched with considerable interest their disembarkation, and before the day was out, the greater number of the new arrivals would be contracted to wed. This wife-hunt occurred regularly with the appearance of each emigrant ship.
The emigrant ships were eagerly awaited for the arrival of goods and merchandise ordered from the Old Country. In particular, when the long overdue "Star" came into Port sometime in 1852, almost every person in the town was urgently in need of the cargo she carried, and home news and letters:

"Who does not this fond sentence prize,
Where'er he rest, where'er he roam,
His soul will sparkle in his eyes
At this — — 'a letter from my home.' "(1)

The domestic service problem, however, remained unsolved and the majority of the Canterbury ladies kept their homes tidy with their own fair hands. An old Anglo-Indian officer described the colonists as "poor, proud, religious, and without servants". The supply of servant girls not being equal to the demand, such as remained unmarried were very independent, sometimes impudent, and usually inexperienced. However, in view of their scarcity, it was no wonder that the Canterbury ladies were as eager as the men to see the emigrant ship come sailing in. One would-be poet extolled —

"Oh the charms of a stroll in our nice little port
When the crowds of newcomers are thronging ashore;
As we gaze on the victims our Agent has caught,
We declare that we never can want any more."

He goes on to picture the chagrin of the servant-seekers when their prospective maids prefer marriage, and he advocates "Leave the ladies alone and be servants yourselves". This advice was usually taken and with good results. The labour problem was a slight inconvenience compared with what the colonists had already experienced. "Oh! it is nothing", one exclaimed,

(1) Verse in Lyttelton Times in March 1851.
"think of what we endured — not a house, not a cart, not a servant; burnt out, washed out, blown out!" Those had been the times when Mr. Stuart Wortley's temporary residence was famous for a chimney that did not smoke.

In 1862 Lyttelton was made a municipality, with Dr. Donald, (energetic man!) as chairman of the council and T. Merson as first Mayor. This in turn gave way to a Borough Council in 1868. Besides having control of the Fire Brigade and the public abattoirs, the council attacked the question of public nuisances with great zeal. An inspector of nuisances had already been appointed in 1854 by the Provincial Government, the notification of his appointment having special reference to the great need of suppressing errant pigs. Now bylaws were passed against negligent driving without "good and sufficient" reins, indiscriminate parking of carts and carriages in the main streets, dangerous cattle-driving, throwing of bottles or glass on the street (public houses indicated here!), depositing filth and refuse in thoroughfares, rolling casks or beating carpets in the street; allowing any "ferocious or mischievous dog without a muzzle", discharging of fireworks or firearms, and damaging public property.

A public pound for the impounding of wandering cattle etc., hitherto existing in Oxford Street, was now removed to the junction of London and St. David's Streets, and the regulations were tightened. The owner of the errant animal was charged according to the number of days he left it in the pound. Food was one shilling a day for horses, mules and cattle, and a penny for sheep, twopence for goats, sixpence for boars and pigs.

During the sixties, the eastern side of Dampier's
Bay was called "Monkey Town", a far from select neighbourhood, while Hawkhurst Road, better known as Salt's Gully, since Eli Salt was the first to build his house there, was considered one of the most aristocratic parts of the town. Dampier's Bay was then just a suburb, as it were. By a peculiar freak of fate, there lived in Salt's Gully, all within a few chains of each other, families bearing the collateral names of Mutton, Grubb, Tucker, Stout, Pepper, Salt, and Garlick. However, in 1856, the new Branch Manager of the Union Bank of Australia fenced in the section, the site of the permanent bank, on Norwich Quay at the east corner of Dublin Street, giving as his reason that the "whole neighbourhood was making the Gully a receptacle for all kinds of filth", and somewhere about the same time, Dampier's Bay was set upon its henceforth select career.

In 1856, a bridle track was finished, connecting Dampier's Bay with Governor's Bay; it was continued in 1857 as far as Gabbie's Flat and was mostly constructed by prison labour. Until then all communication was by boat and by foot tracks over the hills. In 1859, money was voted for jetties for the bays, and this increased their prosperity. Into Charteris Bay Mr. Moore imported the cattle which became so celebrated among the Peninsula stock -- Creamy, the Duchess, Dunny, Brother Phil, General Wolfe etc. Charteris Bay butter, cream, and cheese was well-known and very famous in those days. Most of the Lyttelton bays, as well as Port Levy, were following, though in a less celebrated way, the example of Charteris Bay. Sheep-breeding, too, especially on the southern hills, was increasing, every bay becoming possessed of a wool shed, stock-yards, sheep-pens and
the other apparatus of farm life. Motu-kauati-iti, however, became a kind of anchorage for small vessels. The trees which had given to it its name had totally disappeared and the colonists painstakingly planted Pinus insignis in their place. In 1861, The "Omeo", lying in this little sandy bay, dragged her anchor and fouled the brig "Corsair" which drifted on to the rocks. The "Corsair" had been purchased by a newly formed whaling company to carry on the trade off Banks Peninsula. She had made one successful voyage, killing a black whale about twelve or thirteen miles off the Kaiapoi district. From the date of that accident, Motu-kauati-iti became known as Corsair Bay, and on the reclamation of the sandy beach near Naval Point, speedily developed into a popular bathing place.

As for the name of the harbour, it was in 1862 officially recognised as Port Lyttelton. The Deans brothers had long before prophesied that the name Port Victoria would never become popular. "Port Cooper", indeed, clung to it for a long time, but gradually it has been supplanted. In 1862 an event of considerable social importance occurred — the opening of the first electric telegraph line in New Zealand. As in the case of the pioneer railway, the telegraph line lay between Christchurch and Lyttelton. As a settler remarked, "Of course, the opening of the telegraph was celebrated by a dinner, or rather two, one in Christchurch and one in Lyttelton." Proceedings of such importance in the history of the colony, however, deserved two dinners.

Lyttelton was thus brought into closer contact with her neighbours, and the range of hills, shutting her off from the plains, was once again flouted by the courage and enterprise of the early colonists. Such
independence and greatness of spirit did they show in all their undertakings, that it is with some slight feelings of regret that we watch the passing of the Provincial System in 1876. Yet it had to go. Connected by ship, railway and telegraph, the provinces of New Zealand were at last cemented by the central authority of Parliament. All the same, the Provincial System had carried through the great undertakings of Canterbury, and memories of that time are pleasant to look back to. Provincial elections, too, bring back a smile of amusement to the faces of old colonists, especially Lyttelton's first election when two or three hotels kept open houses on the great day. A band was improvised and so, says Mr. Pratt, "were some of the instruments", especially the tin kettles and covered oil drums. Processions were the order of the day. Various emblematic devices created for the occasion, and popular tunes with rousing choruses were sung through the streets. Things are quite as enthusiastic now but by no means so spectacular.

These years are noteworthy in the social life of the Maoris, especially in their relations with the white people, relations which have been uniformly good. In 1859, the total population of Hapaki, including Little Hapaki, a village of a few houses about a mile to the west, was given as twenty-seven. In Purau several natives resided permanently in a neat boarded house on the ten acre reserve of farm land. The Hapaki reserve of 256 acres included hill, fern, and bush country, about ten acres alone being under cultivation. But as the Maoris do not care for farming, they found a lucrative trade in selling firewood, which, from its general scarcity, realised
The Home of Mrs Tainui.

Barf Levy.

Barf Levy — showing the Government Wharf, Horomaka, and Te Pohue.

The Church.
a very high price. As the years went on they found themselves for this reason tolerably well off, but much less prosperous than they had been before the advent of the white man. In 1859 there were fifteen houses, mostly of wood and clay in the style of the whalers' cottages. These were fairly clean and neat in appearance, especially one which rejoiced in a thatched verandah, painted doors and white-washed walls. Most houses were provided with common kitchen utensils. Tea was generally used and those who kept cows had milk and butter. Kāpuki was a favourite halting place for Māoris on their frequent and much-loved journeyings between Kaiapoi and Banks Peninsula.

At Port Levy the native village containing about 84 inhabitants, consisted of two separate parts, one called Ngāwā, with the wharf, hall and church on a central bay on the left shore, and the other, Puari, lying along the beach at the head of the harbour, both connected by an infrequent cottage or farm. Their houses were reported by a Government official as "very decent". They cultivated over 100 acres on the lower-lying slopes, in wheat, oats and potatoes, the supply of which, with firewood, was ferried to the Lyttelton market in two fine locally-owned boats. These Kokorara Māoris were probably the wealthiest of the race, since Banks Peninsula had the only considerable wood land in Canterbury. In 1859 the timber value was reckoned at £50,000, increasing every year. They also kept on lucrative whale fisheries in different Peninsula bays until the seventies, and bred a fair amount of stock, chiefly horses, cattle and pigs.

The census of 1861 shows an increase of 61 in the Māori population of Canterbury, although Kokorara itself had lost about 14, and the increase is
suggestive of better conditions. The Maoris were gradually recovering from the abnormal state of affairs in which they found themselves after 1848. However, a Government report of 1863 remarks that they had not made so much progress from contact with settlers as might have been expected. Various reasons operated to frustrate this expectation. First, the disturbing influence of the gold rush on the west coast seemed to spread all over the island producing unrest; secondly, the repeal of a law enabling Maoris to buy back Crown land for 10/- an acre; third, a vague and undefined fear that the Europeans intended to massacre them.

This last idea was due to the insinuations of Kiuita, from Wellington, an itinerant agitator whose purpose was to carry the King movement into the south. The "King Mania", in a very mild form, may be said to have taken root here, but it was a sense of excitement and unsettlement more than anything else. Despite the eloquence of the emissary, they gave no help to the north, and were too far away from the scene of action to have their martial feelings disturbed. It is always important to remember that the North Island and the South Island Maoris, though coming from a common stock, had very little intercourse with each other. So loyal were the southerners that a contribution of £50 was raised by individual subscription for the Taranaki Relief Fund. Such feelings of unrest as the agitation did provoke were certainly not pro-war, but rather resulted from consciousness of the incomplete transition from primitive to modernised civilisation.

Religion, for one thing, was rather neglected. Until 1859, it was carried on by periodical visits of Bishop Selwyn and of the Wesleyan, Rev. Alfred of Christchurch, and by the inefficient
teaching of partially instructed native agents. After that, the Rev. Mr. Stack, to whose researches we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the southern Maori, was stationed by the Bishop of Christchurch at Kaipoi as native catechist. Outlying districts at regular intervals received visits which provided something towards their religious education. At Kokorarata a quaint church made of corrugated iron had already been given as a gift to the community by the chieftain Apere Pukenui in the days when Selwyn used to sail into the harbour. A small church was also erected at Rapaki — a pretty wooden building with an old ribbonwood tree bending over and towards it, bathing it in showers of falling leaves and blossoms. From a branch was hung the church bell which would ring softly when the wind blew, for all the world like the faint silvery voices of the "patu paia rehe" in the fairy days.

The Maoris had a very strong desire for education, and although educational advantages had been scanty, by 1859 most of them, except the very old people could read and write with great freedom. School houses were erected both at Kokorarata and Rapaki, and education progressed with fair diligence, but the Maori, though reverent of knowledge and intensely acquisitional of information, lacks application and is inclined to be dilatory. The country schools are taught by white men, more than often with little insight into the soul of the Maori.1 But the most

1. The educational privileges promised in the Mantell Purchase Bond have been given the loosest interpretation by the Government, but there seems some hope now that steps will be taken both in that question and in the question of additional payment for land sold by the Maoris in the last century.
lamentable feature is the disuse of the native tongue. Maori is not taught in the schools, and the race is growing up unable to speak the noble language of its forefathers. Not only this, but they will fail to realise the greatness and glory of their past. The best hope of the Maoris will be when a prophet shall come from their ranks, firing them with a desire to commemorate their heritage, to which no white man's researches, however valuable, can do full and impartial justice. When a greater number of them rise to responsible positions in the modernised version of their country, then will they enter into their heritage. This education of responsibility began when the runanga or council administered the law with occasional appeal to the white man's courts. In every village, this runanga with its appointed times of meeting, consisted of a few men elected as leaders(1); the resident Native Assessor, where such existed, assumed ex officio the direction of their proceedings. Much time was wasted in talk, the old custom of muru (ll) continued for the benefit of the court, and sometimes acts of unjust oppression were committed. But the system made for co-operation, invested the Native Assessor with considerable responsibility, and promoted the civilisation of the people. Some considerable part of their discussions revolved upon the problem of individualisation of land, a consummation very anxiously desired by the Banks Peninsula Maoris.

In 1860, Buller, of the Government Surveying staff, carried through the individualisation of the Kaiapoi reserve. Because the Maoris were great

(1) Maori: upoko.
(ll) muru: the old custom of pillaging the victim of misfortune.
travellers, especially before the arrival of the colonists, staying a long in kinsmen's villages as in their own, and because they held land in different parts through inter-marriage and relationship, the individualisation of any reserve held in the old communal custom was fraught with perplexing difficulties. In this case, the breaking up of the Kaiapoi land into individual ownership was complicated by the claim of certain Kokorarata and Rapaki Maoris. However, Buller carried through the transaction satisfactorily; the claims of four Maoris from Kokorarata and of eighteen from Rapaki were approved and each received fourteen acres apiece. When the time came that the Lyttelton Maoris desired to have their reserve parcellled out between the various inhabitants, those from Kaiapoi expected reciprocation, which their Rapaki comperees indignantly denied them. The "Rapaki Dispute", therefore, figured largely in the annals of the Native Land Court.

The plains dwellers put forward as a support to their claim the legend that Rapaki had been depopulated after Te Rauparaha had passed through, that to this empty village came six old men, possibly fugitives from Kaiapoi, that the descendants of these six went backwards and forwards between Kaiapoi and Rapaki in the years which followed, and did not surrender their right of cultivating land, even when the release of Te Rauparaha's prisoners once again populated Rapaki and the Peninsula.

Judgment, however, after a lengthy sifting of evidence, was passed against the claims of the Kaiapoi people on the grounds that land could not be claimed at Rapaki through the common descent of the Ngai-tahu; secondly, the Rapaki Maoris had shared in the Kaiapoi land in 1860 through the willingness of
Kaiapoi and there was no promise of reciprocity given or taken, such relatives only being admitted as might be agreed to by the owners of the reserve under division; Kaiapoi was to be a pattern (tauira) for individualisation, not for participation. Besides, it appears from a letter of Mr. Fox, principal Agent of the New Zealand Company in 1849, that a larger reserve had been set aside at Kaiapoi than was requisite for the resident natives, while the Banks Peninsula reserves, since part of that land had been sold to the French, were rather confined, if anything. There was no "Port Levy Dispute", since Mantell had taken the precaution in 1848, to put down in writing that the Kaiapoi Maoris were excluded from the Port Levy purchase.

This individualisation of land was another great mental and economic upheaval to the Maori. It was an advantage on the whole, we believe, but it meant another painful struggle to adapt himself to the new conditions. With it came a gradual movement towards that social separation of Maori and pakeha, so noticeable in Canterbury today. It is quite voluntary on the part of the Maori, and had some good points, but the ultimate significance is deplorable. Until that time the Maoris were frequently seen in Lyttelton; in fact, they lived there in so far as in 1860 they applied for and obtained Section 232 from a certain Thomas Hamner, for the erection of a Maori hostelry. The site cost £250, and the building £250 more. It stood on a piece of land since removed to form the entrance to the tunnel. Shortly afterwards the Maoris took a dislike to the place; they complained that its position was inconvenient, and, falling into disuse, was finally advertised for sale.

The settlers had two different opinions
about the natives. One man remarked that they were very annoying in Governor's Bay. "They walk without scruple into a house, squat, sans ceremonie, before the fire, and smoke, regardless of the domestic operations of the family or of the other inconveniences which their uncleanly habits may occasion." Whether or not this was so, it is certainly true that the Maoris allowed their pigs to wander at will over the gardens and fields of their pakeha neighbours, who very naturally became indignant. The other opinion of the settlers concerning the Maoris was expressed by a man who remembers in his childhood how a number of Maori women and children camped in his parents' kitchen during a period of torrential rain; they displayed the utmost gratitude, and for more than thirty years afterwards, his mother received little gifts from them. He continued: "The natives took a great fancy to my father, who was the only colonist who had been in battle; the Maoris were astonished that there were no others. They imagined that he was a 'big one Rangitira'."

Occasionally the Maoris gave considerable amusement apart from their ceremonial war-dances. On one occasion Selwyn performed a Maori wedding, where the bride's whole costume was a nightdress and the bridegroom's was a blanket fastened round his shoulders by a bone pin. The wedding breakfast consisted of doughboys boiled in pea soup, and washed down by ginger beer. As a rule, however, their clothes were less spectacular. The old native dress was reserved solely for fete occasions. A Government report in 1859 remembers that their clothing as a rule was not inferior to that worn by labouring classes; all wore
a covering for the head, and those who could not afford
to purchase boots or shoes, wore thick stockings with
stout sandals manufactured from the native flax.

There cannot be a description of the social
life of Lyttelton without some mention of the social
outcasts. Criminal and judicial history began in the
pre-colonial days, when the Akaroa Resident Magistrate,
Mr. Watson, held a bi-weekly court at Lyttelton all
through 1850. This humorous but earnest-minded
Irishman preferred cautioning to fining, and fining to
imprisoning. However, those whom his judgment did fall
upon were sent to Akaroa to be lodged in the block-
houses originally built as stockades against possible
Maori risings during the unquiet time of the Wairau
Massacre. At Akaroa the prisoners were well looked
after, having "three good meals a day and as much tea
as they liked." They were marched out at 8 a.m. to
commence road work, which, with an interval of an hour
for dinner, continued until five o'clock. After tea,
they could smoke or play whist or cribbage, and at six
o'clock they were locked up, but as they had their own
oil lamps, they might retire to bed whenever they pleased.
The sentences were generally short and the offences
mostly trifling — drunken brawls or petty theft. A
display of confidence in their sense of honour seemed
to work very well in Akaroa — a queer species of parole,
in fact, that these rough men always respected. For
instance, on Saturday afternoons, besides doing their
own washing, they might chop wood for any neighbour
who would pay for their services with tobacco, and if
they were longer at it than the gazer had patience to
postpone his tea, they were left to lock themselves up, after promising when they went in to "put the key in the little hole, where you will find it when you come down, honour bright".

Mr. Watson's predecessor found that a mistranslation of Maori idioms took away the serious side from judicial affairs connected with the natives. "I could not understand a word", he recorded of a trivial case, "the interpreters little more, and on my decision the Maoris indulged in a hearty laugh, rubbed noses, and after the whole of them had shaken hands with me, left in a great good humour at the verdict, 'Case dismissed'."

Upon the arrival of the first four ships Godley was appointed by Sir George Grey to the Resident Magistracy of Lyttelton. He held court in the Association offices at the lower end of his own green lawn. The Bishop Designate approvingly remembered that "Godley administered such simple justice as the present state of crime in Lyttelton requires. That is not very appalling. Cases brought before him arise chiefly out of quarrels between seamen and the captains of ships, assaults and small robberies committed by 'old hands' as they are termed. These are mostly runaway convicts whose term of office has expired." For those convicts there was used as a prison an old Maori ware shaped like a V-hut, so small and light in weight that one might a prisoner, it is reported, walked off with it. However, by January 1851, a new gaol to the north of Oxford Street and the Summer Road was in course of construction. It was cornered and faced with building stone found in the neighbourhood of Quail Island. Some damage was done to the unfinished gaol during the March rains in that year. When it was completed,
however, it was proclaimed a public gaol, and at the same time the auctioneer, Alport, advertised the sale of "the wooden building recently used as a lock-up. It is situated on the Police Reserve, and will have to be removed by the purchaser at his own expense within two days of the sale."

Godley was assisted in his duties by the Sub-Inspector of the Police Force, Mr. Fitzgerald, raised towards the end of 1851 to the position of co-equal magistrate. They still held court in a downstairs room of the Association offices, while prisoners were confined to an upper room until convicted and removed to the gaol. This room measured about 10 feet by eight and had a slanting ceiling, preventing a man of average height from standing upright anywhere except in the very centre. A little window with iron bars looked towards the Summer Road. Scraps of verse of an amatory description were carved upon the walls by patient criminals; but one offender, his soul filled with a sense of injustice recorded his wish that the Magistrate who had convicted him "might die the death of a rat, a shaking between a dog's teeth." (1)

Until the establishment of the Supreme Court in Christchurch, no differentiation was made between Criminal and Civil cases, both appearing on the same day and being tried before the same magistrate. The first Police Report — dated January 20th, 1850 — contained six charges, among them, John Russell, able seaman for assaulting the Captain of the "Randolph" was given the choice of £2 fine or fourteen days imprisonment; Samuel Bishop was sentenced to fourteen days detention for desertion from the "Cresby"; Eli Salt was charged with having stolen a door, the property

(1) Quoted from Miss M. Kennedy.
of the association, but he pleaded that it was lying
beside timber he had bought and that he believed it his;
Joseph Bennet was fined five shillings for being drunk.
Later in the month, the master of the "Katharine Johnston"
was convicted of illegal shipment of spirits from a
French whaling boat in Akaroa. At the same time came
the case of Ipiwea versus Kirkby, a summons for £2.10.0,
the balance of the price of a watch. The evidence
was taken in Maori and interpreted but it was not
satisfactory. The difficulty of such circumstances
was mitigated in 1855 by the appointment of Paora
Taki, a well known Rapaki Maori, as "Kai whaka va
Maori", that is, Native Assessor. He was especially
valuable in the frequent civil cases of the Maoris
in explaining customs and traditions which only too
often came into conflict with English law. "Old Paul"
as he was called, was a familiar figure in those days.
He claimed that he had narrowly escaped death at the
hands of Te Rauparaha, and is said to have lived until
113 years of age. He walked or rode into Port from
Rapaki, a distance of some 350 miles, and invariably
wore a grey bell-topper and a silk dust coat.

Finding that the gaol was too small for its
purpose, the Provincial Government decided to erect a
stone building on a large block of land with a frontage
on the east side of Oxford Street, between Winchester
and Canterbury Streets. It was built, partly by free
and partly by prison labour, of grey stone, and was
completed in 1861. It was a not unpleasing building
to behold; the facade presented an almost ecclesiastical
style of architecture, and the high wall of masonry,
enclosing the prisoners' quarters, had a less harsh
appearance than that of the majority of Canterbury gaols. The first gaoler was William Seager, in charge until 1864, when he was succeeded by James Reston whose wife acted as Matron and superintended the kitchen and attended to the food.

The prisoners formed a compact little community. First of all there were prisoners of the first class, who merited indulgence and were treated leniently. If they showed bad behaviour they were degraded to the second class, whose members could be made to work in irons if necessary. Bad behaviour in this class meant a period of solitary confinement not exceeding forty-eight hours and a diminution of rations. In 1872 there were about sixty adult prisoners altogether, superintended by a staff including a keeper, overseers of working gangs and armed guards.

The men's rations were fairly liberal. In the first class each man was entitled to receive daily 1 lb of fresh meat, 2 lbs of potatoes, 1 lb bread, ½ oz. soap, ½ oz tea, 2 oz. sugar, 6 oz. oatmeal etc. and two sticks of tobacco weekly. The second class did not do quite as well; they were, besides, forbidden to smoke. Solitary confinement meant 1½ lbs of bread, and water "ad libitum". In clothing each man was to have two cotton shirts, 2 pairs of trousers, one red serge shirt, 1 pair of boots, 1 hat or cap, 1 rug, 2 blankets—all marked and numbered, with the Government brand and the letter "L". Provision was made for the prisoners to have the luxury of a hair cut once a month and a shave once a week.

No idleness was tolerated in the prison community; everyone had to rise at daybreak, work was commenced at eight o'clock, and with an interval of one
hour for lunch, continued until five o'clock. Prayers
were read before labour every day and at least once on
Sunday when they were occasionally taken to church.
At prayer time, prisoners were expected to "behave in a
decent and orderly manner." The social outcasts were
locked up again before dark.

However doubtful the efficacy of this elaborate
system may have been to the spiritual and moral elevation
of the prisoners, it was of considerable material
value to the people of Lyttelton. In the first place,
the prison more than supported itself. All the food
was prepared by female prisoners, who also kept the
place scrupulously clean. The Lyttelton Gaol appears
to have been the only place in Canterbury for these
women, and in their portion of the building, washing
and mending was done for the immigration depot, the
hospital and the orphanage at so much per dozen articles.
They made, too, as much of the prison clothing as could
be sewn by hand. The male prisoners were assigned
various tasks. Some were engaged upon building
additional cells; some printed and bound Government
forms and books for the Provincial Council. Others
made boots for the prison staff and for prisoners
throughout the colony; while those of a capable
character were taught useful trades in the prison work-
shops.

But the most characteristic work was upon
the roads, the wharves, or the reclaimed land. A
gang of thirty three were engaged in the seventies
upon the initial stages of the moles forming the
breakwater. More familiar still was the sight of the
red-shirted gang upon the Summer Road, with their
overseer to direct the work, and the armed guard, who
locked very menacing with his store of musket, bayonet, pistols, and twelve rounds of ball cartridges. And sometimes they were needed; for though a guard could not leave the gang, he was authorised to fire at an escaping prisoner. One such adventurer, by the name of Ronnage, made several attempts at escape while working on the road, each one adding a term to his sentence. While on gang work, there was no talking allowed between them and the townspeople, who were not allowed within ten paces.

There is one outstanding incident which is an interesting commentary on this side of life. This was the MacKenzie Episode in 1855. The celebrated cattle thief, who gave his name to a tract of land in the plains — MacKenzie Country as it is always called — stole a mob of sheep belonging to Mr. George Rhodes of Purau, and drove them to this little-frequented district. They were recognised, however, and Rhodes reported the matter to the Police Court at Lyttelton, offering at the same time in the "Lyttelton Times" a reward of £100 for his capture. A Sydney ship, "Zingari" being almost ready to depart from Wellington, it was thought that MacKenzie might take advantage of the opportunity to attempt an escape. Mr. Seager, the chief gaoler, disguised himself as an up-country "shagroon" instead of wearing his usual "navy cap with a band, blue shirt with narrow red braid round the collar and cuffs, and white duck trousers". He searched the vessel but with no result. He then made enquiries at all the hotels.

(1) Squatter from Australia.

(1) See Chapter LX.
and boarding houses, thoroughly exploring the outskirts of the town. Now, at that time, a narrow lane lay between and parallel to London Street and Norwich Quay, running from Dublin Street and Salt's Gully.

The town, it must be remembered, was built on uneven ground, and though the straightness of the streets and the multitude of shops and houses somewhat disguised the unevenness, there were often little half-hidden houses and alley-ways at the bottom of small cliffs. In this particular lane, was a little shanty occupied by an old woman; it consisted of two small rooms downstairs, and an equally diminutive loft, access to which was gained by a flight of stairs outside.

By asking the woman if she had a Frenchman lodging with her — short, stout and black-bearded — Seager succeeded in drawing from the lady a description of her real lodger, MacKenzie, who had arrived that afternoon. Returning for reinforcements, Seager obtained a warrant to search the house. In his own words he tells the story:— "I ascended the stairs leading to the loft and entered. On looking round I found myself in a room six feet high in the centre, but the roof sloped down to within a foot of the floor at the sides. It was about eight feet in length and contained two bunks. On a shelf at the far end of the room a candle was burning. By its light I saw that one of the bunks was occupied. In it lay a man with the most remarkable eyes I have ever seen. They were ferret-like, and so keen and piercing as to give a character of cunning to the whole face. The man had red hair and uncommonly high cheek bones."

At his trial, after pretending that he could
understand no language but Gaelic, he broke down upon recognising his faithful dog, and pleaded guilty. He was then sentenced to work with other prisoners on Oxford Street; he managed to escape a few weeks later, but was recaptured the next day. Three months afterwards he succeeded in knocking the handle from his pick; he dropped his irons and rushed up the Sumner Road. The guard fired, but missed — nothing to be wondered at when it is remembered that the old pistol and the equally antique carbine were more dangerous to him who fired than to him who was fired at. This escape was not successful, nor was a third attempt, although he so far baffled the prison authorities that they were obliged to summon the Maoris to their aid. The Rapaki natives found him eventually in a clump of trees, and after a vigorous resistance he was captured, tied like a trussed fowl to a pole by flax cords, and carried by four men into Lyttelton.

The Maoris eagerly claimed the £10 reward and having delivered the half-dead man to the authorities, they celebrated their victory by a feast in the hostel grounds. The fare consisted of "lipi" — a blend of flour, sugar and water mixed in a canoe — dried shark and potatoes. Everyone sat round the canoe, helping themselves by means of pammikins, mussel shells, or their hands. "Lipi" was a great delicacy, much beloved by the natives, so that, when a too eager little brown fellow overbalanced and fell into the canoe head foremost, the women into whose hands he was surrendered, proceeded to scrape the food from his naked little body with their hands and shells, and very little was lost.

As for MacKenzie, the Government found it so
expensive to keep offering £10 rewards for his capture, and to repair the damage inflicted upon the shackles and handcuffs which he wore, that it was decided to petition the Governor for his release. Accordingly he was given a pardon, conditional upon his leaving the settlement for ever.

In 1862 the Lyttelton Gaol was appointed as a place of Criminal Execution, but not until 1868 was any prisoner ever executed there. This was a man called Swales who had set fire to a house and caused the death of a man. Only seven men have paid the supreme penalty but they were seven too many. Lyttelton is only a little place and the knowledge of an impending execution used to hang like a pall over the whole town. School children would sit awed at the thought that in the next building a man was being hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Another unpleasant aspect was that the gaol was also used as a debtors' prison. The portion of the building assigned to them was usually rather crowded, and when James Reston was chief gaoler, the friends of these impecunious ones referred to them as "lodging in Reston's Hotel". It became a good joke.

Less pleasant still was the fact that until the sixties, lunatics were also confined in the gaol and it was by no means an uncommon spectacle to see these unfortunate outcasts making a "Roman's Holiday", as it were, for the rest of the population, who were not unkind, but merely mis-understanding. In the words of a New Zealand poet:-
The Old Hospital - Rampion's Bay.

The old hospital from the side.
"Oh God! that men would see a little clearer, 
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see; 
Oh God! that men would draw a little nearer 
To one another; they'd be nearer Thee
And understood."  (1)

The reason, doubtless, lay in lack of means to provide a suitable institution. Money was always rather scarce in the old days, and the other public institutions, the hospital and the orphanage, absorbed what could be spared. The hospital, under the colonial surgeon, Dr. Donald, with the staff of a nurse and a boy to fetch wood and water, and an extra nurse in times of stress, was a quaint, old-fashioned gabled house like a purely private residence. It was charmingly situated in Dampier's Bay, or West Lyttelton, as it was now called. All quarantine cases were put in isolation in Ripe Island. Camp Bay had previously been the "lazaret", but as it had been marked out in rural sections, the quarantine station was transferred in the fifties to the island; later still, it was removed to Quail Island, and there the leper station for New Zealand was established at the same time.

Next door to the pretty hospital in West Lyttelton was the orphanage, originally the first Lyttelton Hospital. It was a long, low house, easily distinguishable from the water-front. Its big entrance gates gave on to a road, "Cressey Terrace", just above. Afterwards, however, the main road from Lyttelton to Governor's Bay passed in front of and below the orphanage, and bore at the point the name of Brittan Terrace*. The number of inmates averaged about 98 boys and girls in the familiar regulation

(1) Thomas Bracken,
grey uniform, and in 1872 it was reported that there were 41 destitute children outside its walls who were dependent on the government. The educational attainments of the orphans were below the standard of the district schools, but as a considerable portion of their time was spent in industrial work, the advantage of regular attendance due to constant residence was largely nullified.

The cost of the Hospital and Orphan Asylum were borne by the revenue of the colony until 1886. The gradual development of Christchurch, however, from the early sixties deprived Lyttelton of a greater part of her hospital patients; the maintaining of two separate hospitals seemed expensive and unnecessary, so in 1870, the Lyttelton one fell into disuse, to be assimilated by the Orphanage as a private infirmary.

As a part of Christchurch's growth, there was built in one of the suburbs, Addington, a provincial gaol which absorbed most of the colony's criminals; the Lyttelton building, after the propagation of the new reformatory doctrines, gradually became abandoned.

The last characteristic aspect of Lyttelton social life lay in the Volunteer movement. During the Maori Wars, most of the political districts had raised companies of volunteers. Lyttelton raised her company — the Lyttelton Artillery Battery — in 1860, at the time that the adoption of a defence policy carried the Provincial Government into establishing a powder magazine at a little bay to the west of Naval Point, henceforth styled Magazine Bay. The position was not good and was rectified by a more ambitious scheme in the eighties. (1)

The Volunteers themselves used an old house in front

(1) cf. Chapter XII.
of the hospital in West Lyttelton. It had been a Maori Hospital before the social separation of Maori and pakeha came to be such a definite thing.

Apart from this movement Canterbury was little disturbed by the Maori Wars. Defence practice and an occasional riot from Volunteers en route to Auckland were the only exciting incidents. Life on the whole was quiet; it was seldom spelt with a capital 'I'; such escapades as those of MacKenzie came as a not unpleasant thrill to the inhabitants of a town where

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Life, too, had changed from that of the early days of 1850 — good houses, good roads, theatres, shops, schools, churches, and all the symbols of modern civilisation. But in the midst of these signs of prosperity and progress, the mind of the settler went with some feelings of regret to the simple "good old days":-

Over.
"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

The good old days we bid them hail,
Long time before the flood, Sir,
Of tag and rag and eke bobtail,
Had covered us with mud, sir.
When 'Pilgrims' in romantic mood
Came trooping o'er the ocean,
And all things seemed so smooth and good,
We never felt the motion.

Few houses then were seen upon
The hills and up and down, sir,
And what is now a Lyttel-town
Was but a little town, sir.
Joint families in tents were pent,
When houses were not rented,
So if we were not quite content,
At least we were con-tented.

Then boxes did not let us stand,
However chairs might fail, Sir,
We milked the cows that came to hand,
In foot-pens for a pail, Sir.
Yet all were in a humble way,
Tho' some, alas! were boasters,
Who underneath the table lay,
And made them out four-posters.

This was the joke we used to hear
From many a merry wag, sir,
We'll pay for things which we call dear
With money by the "Stag" Sir. (1)
Oh! money then was very tight,
It could not well be tighter,
But still our hearts were always light,
Our purse alone was lighter.

Our fare was low in point of flesh,
Tub-pork and salted beef, Sir
With only now and then a fresh
Of mutton for relief, Sir.
Yet when by jovial rapture taught,
We ventured to be merry,
O! then Victoria was our — Port,
Marsala was our sherry.

The good old days before us rise,
A vision often near, Sir,
They win our smiles, or force our tears,
But still their memory's dear, Sir.
We trust an influence all their own
No change from us shall sever,
And may the seed that then was sown
Yield fruit to last for ever.

(1) The STAG was a vessel which was long overdue in Port Cooper, and everyone expected something by her.
Norwich Quay in the centre - Reclamation land on the left.
New Post Office buildings on the left hand corner.
Lyttelton waterfront when the wharves were built right round.
CHAPTER XII.

FIRE AND WATER.

During the fifties and early sixties the waterfront at Lyttelton preserved its quaint appearance. A sea wall stretched from the government jetty eastwards and westwards. To the right the hillside had been cut away to form a quay or landing place where heaps of bricks, coals, ploughs, timber, carpentry etc. lay for sale. Beyond this lay the boathouse, partly used for storing baggage; it had been once the property of the Association, but now belonged to a certain Drummond MacPherson. To the right of this was a little house, originally the Association offices, and, when Dr. Jackson was temporarily lodged in it, known as "the Palace". To the left of the jetty had been built another platform, or small quay supported by piles, bearing a few warehouses and commercial buildings; to the left of these the cliffs reappeared, shelving down from Norwich Quay into the water. In the western bend of the first bay was a little sandy beach below high cliffs, where a man called Peacock had built a wharf in 1857. In Dampier's Bay there were moorings for fishing smacks and little boat houses were dotted here and there on the rocky shore. A road set above the cliff followed right round the water's edge; but it was then known as the Esplanade and rivalled the Sumner Road in popularity for moonlight walks and dignified Sunday ambulations.

A few boats were usually lying at the government jetty or at Peacock's wharf; discharging on to the wharf from one side and into a lighter from the other. Smaller boats lay alongside the eastern quay but the biggest ships
preferred to anchor out in the harbour, discharging meanwhile into lighters and small craft, which were owned mostly by watermen from Deal — "the last and best thing in boatmen". Some of these men from Deal lived at Little Port Cooper and occupied themselves with the rescue of distressed vessels until the establishment of such aids to navigation as the lighthouse on Godley Head and the whistling buoy outside the harbour mouth rendered their services unnecessary.

Smaller and prettier boats were used for the conveying of passengers to and from vessels and to the various bays. From the jetty to the Ripa Island quarantine station the fare was 10/- a single passenger, to Rhodes Bay or Purau 3/3, to Gollan's Bay 2/-, and from any steamer to the wharf 1/-. But during stormy weather, a blue flag was hoisted half-mast from the Harbour Master's Office and between sunset and sunrise watermen were licensed to charge double fares. Water tank boats, ballast men and watermen's boats plied by licences in order to secure "civility and good service."

The little boats were pretty and neat and always kept in admirable repair. In 1867 there were about thirteen watermen's boats: the "Eushine", the "Nonpareil", two "Caribaldi", the "Telegraph", the "Florence Nightingale", the "Blue-tailed Fly", the "City of Canterbury", the "Express", the "Volunteer", the "Star of Victoria", the "Bluebell". Most of the names represent items of topical or local interest; the "Blue-tailed Fly", on the other hand, was called after the name of a popular song. These ships usually had a picture painted upon a wide board let into the thwarts, thus representing their names — a stern gentleman in a red shirt for instance, appeared above the name of one
boat; a lady with a lamp was portrayed upon another. These signs were painted by a certain William Tubb, an old "Blue-coat" School boy, who had on many a tavern signboard already his talents displayed.

Before 1870, the question of wharf extension had been raised by the increase in the tonnage of ships, and occasion was taken at the time of the tunnel construction, to use the excavated earth in forming reclamation land along the front of the town. At the same time the two wharves were lengthened. It was said of Peacock's wharf that it was "so much improved as to be scarcely recognisable by the older inhabitants." Lyttelton appeared to be making considerable progress when an earthquake and tidal wave in August 1869 terrified the inhabitants on the shore with visions of the destruction of their reclamation works. The water in the harbour rose suddenly to an alarming height and then just as suddenly receded for six or more feet, leaving the basin of the harbour with its mud floor revealed. A small vessel, the "John Knox", unloading at the jetty, heeled over and lay upon her side. For a few hours the water rose and fell with the motion of a whirlpool, but fortunately little damage was done. The tide continued to rise and fall rapidly, at short intervals, during that day and the two following days. Quantities of fish were left strewn along the beach. The cause of the disturbance, it appeared, was a submarine explosion off the coast of Chile; but most of the Lyttelton people had believed that the world was coming to an end.

The next pause given to the harbour improvements, indeed to all the Lyttelton commerce and
industry, was the Great Fire, which the inhabitants afterwards looked upon with the same tender pride and horrified thrill with which San Franciscans are supposed to regard their own holocaust.

For many years the settlement had recognised the danger of fire to their inflammable buildings, and as early as 1851 a Fire Committee had been established to collect funds, investigate possible sources of conflagration, and ascertain means of prevention. This resulted, within the next few months, in the passing of Provincial Ordinances against defective chimneys, thatched roofs, blind alleys and the like, and also in the establishment of a Volunteer Fire Brigade of thirty active members, together with a fire engine, all of which once a week turned out up the ringing of the firebell erected near the corner of Oxford Street and the Summer Road. However, by 1870 the fire engine and its apparatus had been allowed to grow antiquated, and in the crisis it was found wanting.

The fire broke out on the night of October 24th, in the liquor and store room of the Queen's Hotel. The hotel itself was on the upper left-hand corner of the junction of Oxford and Canterbury Streets. It was a popular tavern, especially in the matter of wedding breakfasts and newly-married couples; lack of space had compelled the proprietor to use for its cellarage the rear part of a building known as "The Dive", separated from it by a narrow alley. The front portion of the building was occupied by a bootmaker who gave the alarm when the flames were still not fierce enough to cause serious apprehension. Men playing billiards in the room above hastened to extinguish them, but to the great misfortune of Lyttelton, no buckets could be
found before the wine store was completely enveloped. The fire spread quickly to the Queen's Hotel, from which the children were rescued with some difficulty. The firebell was ringing wildly, and a willing crowd collected, anxious to help in the fighting of the flames, but a strong north-east wind was blowing at the time, and the old engine could not cope with the wind-blown flames among the closely built wooden houses of the commercial area of upper London Street. The sea was the only place from which any considerable quantities of water could be obtained as Lyttelton was always deficient in her water supply until reservoirs were built on the hills. The Queen's Hotel, however, was too far from the sea,—400 feet distant and at an elevation of 30 feet,—for any effective assistance.

The fire engine was never brought up into London Street to extinguish the flames there because, some people thought, the hose had been so neglected as to render it useless; but it seems more probable to suppose that the uselessness of the proceeding, considering the distance from water, had been apparent to all. Instead, the formation of a line of bucket men was attempted from the well in London Street to the Queen's Hotel, but it was obviously inadequate; another device, a hook and ladder plant was brought up in an attempt to save goods from the burning or threatened buildings; it was, however, abandoned in a sudden, unexpected outburst of flames, and left standing in the middle of London Street, ultimately to be overtaken by the fire and reduced to ashes.

In the meantime the wind had carried the fire across the street, threatening the town's chief block, consisting of about 17,500 square feet of closely
built shops and houses; the wind blew the flames towards the south and west. Great attempts were made to save the corner edifice, the Shades Hotel, but inadequate organisation and lack of water rendered all efforts useless. When the Shades caught fire, the rest of the block bounded by London Street, Canterbury Street, Norwich Quay and Oxford Street, was practically doomed. Attempts to check the spread of the flames on the upper side of Canterbury Street, by pulling down a few of the smaller buildings, were equally ineffective. Lyttelton people seemed to be so paralysed by the intensity and ferocity of the conflagration as to lose all powers of co-operation. No doubt the inadequacy of their fire appliances created a feeling of despair. Want of judgment and leadership caused the upper Canterbury Street houses on the left side to be pulled down so near the fire that their demolition had no effect upon the advance of the flames.

Where there had been little organisation before, there was now almost hopeless confusion. Goods removed from threatened buildings to the streets were burnt where they lay; scattered efforts alone could do little, and until the fire approached a man’s building very closely, it did not strike him to begin to remove his goods. From the Shades Hotel the fire worked steadily down the face of Oxford Street, and along the south side of London Street, gradually penetrating into the interior of the block. The force of the flames was not hindered by the presence of a few stone buildings, and as for the closely crowded wooden shops and the houses in the alley-ways, they burnt like matchwood.

Meanwhile, after destroying three quarters of the upper side of London Street, the flames had been arrested though the danger from the intense heat was
very great. Despite all the hanging up of wet blankets and the soaking of roofs with water, the houses on the side of Canterbury Street opposite the blazing block burst into flame. Nor were affairs much happier further east. After sweeping down Oxford Street, the fire sprang across Norwich Quay to the Post and Telegraph Office and the Custom House, which, although considerably damaged, were saved by the fire engine since the water supply was quite near at hand.

Before this, the Christchurch people had become aware of an ominous glare in the sky over the Port hills. Many dismissed it as a bush fire, but others, including Mr. Pratt, who now lived on the plains, were not so easily satisfied with this explanation. Pratt, indeed, roused the chief telegraphist from his bed and persuaded him to call up Lyttelton. After ten minutes of non-success, he was about to descend the stairs when a hurried answer was received to say that "all Lyttelton was on fire" and that the inhabitants were bewildered at the magnitude of the conflagration. The Lyttelton clerk had endeavoured for a whole hour to get in touch with Christchurch and was then about to remove the telegraph apparatus from the threatened offices.

Pratt immediately commandeered a cab to take him to the foot of the hills, and, climbing to the top of the Bridle Path, he stopped to survey the sight beneath. "The whole of the centre block had been consumed and its outline was plainly marked by glowing posts standing here and there amid a mass of burning debris; the fire was then raging chiefly about Canterbury Street, which it appeared to have only just reached." It was a night of terror.
Fortunately, the admirable organisation and despatch of the Christchurch people began to make an impression upon Lyttelton affairs. By 12.10 p.m., the Christchurch Fire Brigade and their apparatus, members of the City Council, police and representatives of the Press, had left by train for Lyttelton. Never had the work of William Sefton Moorhouse been so blessed as it was upon that mad journey to the stricken town. Their arrival seemed to galvanise the despairing Lytteltonians into more effective action, and to inspire them with new hope. Concentrating attention upon the block westward and windward of that in which the fire raged, and fixing the fire engine into position on the railway jetty, the Christchurch Brigade devoted themselves to the saving of the rest of Lyttelton.

At the end of one and a half hours they achieved success, Mr. Pratt's old store being the last building burnt. There is a good story too concerning the saving of the Mitre Hotel; it was told by an eye-witness, a certain Mr. Wilson. "The fire had closed round the building and it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to save it. However, Captain Julian, the landlord, a man of resource, was quite equal to the occasion. He assembled a crowd of sailors and formed a bucket brigade. The cellars were opened and some twelve hogsheads of beer hauled up and rolled into the middle of Norwich Quay. The Captain, armed with an axe, jumped on to the standing casks and 'stove in' the heads. The buckets were filled and the beer was carried up ladders, and passed up to sailors who were perched on the ridge board. These hardy sons of the sea threw the beer on to the dry shingles, damping them sufficiently to
The Fire of Lyttelton. Showing Oxford St in the foreground and Norwich Quay on the left.
extinguish flying fragments. To the credit of the sailormen, it is reported that only one was seen 'standing on his head in one of the barrels'. Apparently he was overcome by excitement." (1)

Just after two o'clock in the morning all danger was past, though the fire engine continued to play upon the smouldering buildings and the smoking heaps of "rescued" goods. The Lyttelton Artillery Volunteers assisted in the protection of property and succeeded in arresting six persons for pillaging the piles of goods in the streets. The night had been terrible. The scene was well described by the "Lyttelton Times" — "The sight from this point was indeed of a rare and exceptionally grand character. The amphitheatre of hills lighted up with lurid intensity, by some acres of raging conflagration, the reflection upon the water forming the harbour, the weird-like assemblage of people moving to and fro in the very midst, as it were, of the fire, and lastly, the stillness of the night, combined to form a picture as magnificent in effect as it was melancholy to contemplate."

But if the night-scene had been awe-inspiring and demoniac, the picture by day was most desolate, and charred remainings of buildings, dozens of blackened chimneys, piles of furniture and merchandise of all sorts. Lyttelton was terribly transformed. The unfortunate homeless were lodged in the gaol, the Colonists' Hall, the Orphanage, the Town Hall and any public buildings available. Most of the shops having been destroyed, forty sheep, a bullock, and a hundred odd loaves were sent from Christchurch by the first train. Later on blankets and more bread arrived, and Rolleston, the Superintendent at the time, granted such

(1) Retold by Miss M. Kennedy
measures and money as were necessary for the alleviation of distress.

The losses were considerable and rather disheartening to the town. £80,000 worth in all, it was estimated, had been lost through fire and water. Very few of the demolished shops were covered by insurance, and the fate of their owners was pitiable, since they had lost their all. However, the Lyttelton Council, with the help of the Provincial Council and aided by gifts of money and goods from residents of Christchurch and other parts of New Zealand, gradually won back the town to normal conditions. In the reconstruction, care was taken to guard against the crowded, wooden, undetached structures and dangerous blind alleys which had inevitably sprung up in the old part of the town, and, like the Great Fire of London, Lyttelton's Great Fire did good as well as evil. Unfortunately, old landmarks disappeared and many historical records were lost. The old Lyttelton, quaint, untidy, and picturesque seemed fast passing away. And for all that, the cause of the fire remained a mystery. The verdict returned was "that the fire broke out in the store-room of the Queen's Hotel, but how there was no evidence to shew".

When the excitement over the fire had died away, general interest returned to the water front, where an eastern mole, begun in 1864, was nearing completion. It was built to form a break-water to mitigate the effect of the south-east wind, which in summer pressed up the harbour in eddying swells against Dampier's Bay, and sometimes washed coal and timber off Peacock's wharf.
Much of the work was done by the prison "red-shirts", who, in time of serious and sudden subsidences of the parts constructed had to run for their lives, timber and tools being irretrievably lost. In 1873, the western mole from Naval Point was begun, to protect the eastern end of the harbour from the north-west winds, the "willie-was" which, by changing suddenly to the south-west, raised a choppy sea, and proved extremely dangerous to ships anywhere in the vicinity of the government jetty. The moles, finished in 1877, now formed a double break-water completely protecting the basin of the harbour and themselves providing extra wharfage room. The eastern mole, erected into a wharf called Gladstone Pier, in 1879, was used for coaling, as well as for a berthing place, and a reclamation at Officer's Point provided space for wool sheds. The western mole was used for the disembarking of stock, yards for which purpose were erected on the gradually reclaimed ground west of Naval Point.

Material for this reclamation was obtained from the floor of the inner harbour, which, since the building of the break-water, has been unable to provide an exit for the silt washed down from the hills above. Since then dredging has been carried on continuously both in the harbour and in the deep water channel from the Heads.

In the seventies, extra wharves were built on account of the increased shipping, and with the opening of the Graving Dock in 1883, and the completion of a Patent Slip in 1885, both situated in the western end of Dampier's Bay, Lyttelton began to assume an extremely important place in New Zealand's shipping system. Later on, indeed, the wharves became too narrow for the increased tonnage of the ocean-going vessels, and, as in
the case of the Kiel Canal upon the introduction of
Treadnoughts into the German Fleet, alterations became
necessary. Slight recasting in position and direction
was made. The water front was now completely changed,
while a wide wharf or quay, extending from Officer's
Point to Naval Point, now totally obscured the original
configuration of the bays.

As for outposts, most of them had been
already erected. In the early days, Major Hornbrook,
erewhile proprietor of the Mitre Hotel, had built
a house at Mount Pleasant, almost on the site of the
old Macri pa Tauhinu-Korokio. Here he watched the
approach of vessels and earned the gratitude of Lyttelton
by signalling their advent by means of flags run up
a pole. In 1852, in recognition of his service, a
public subscription was started to provide the genial
signaller with the complete set of flags necessary
for this work. Between 1875 and 1880 a Time Ball
Station like an old baronial castle in form was erected
on the cliff above the Sumner Road at Officer's Point;
this with a look-out station at Adderley Head, took
over the signalling of the port. In the sixties a
quaint, white-washed lighthouse had been placed at
Godley Head; it stands in the midst of a garden
full of sweet peas and other flowers. A Pilot Station
was established in 1874 at Little Port Cooper on the
site of the old whaling station.

You can see, thus, the changing aspect of
the harbour. Lyttelton of the seventies was very
different from the Lyttelton of the fifties. Still
another change came during the next decade, when,
after the visit of Governor Jervois in 1835 to
authorize a scheme of defence, Raka Island was chosen
to be Lyttelton's fortress for the second time in
her history. After the removal of the quarantine station to Quail Island, Ripe Island became a battery to survey the whole harbour. An elaborate system of guns erected on the island was masked on the north and east by earthworks. The island was girt by a wall rising from the cliffs, and encircled inside the wall by a trench, something in the same style as in the case of the Maori palisade. A heavy barred gate was connected with the wharf on the west by means of a drawbridge. At the north side of the cobbled courtyard, as the entrance to the gunnery, stood the facade of Fort Jervois, somewhat resembling a castle. The appearance, however, was deceptive, for the frontage alone was castle-like. The rest of the building ran to a tiny north-east plateau which served as earthworks. This building contained store-rooms for powder and explosives, as well as large round apartments for the heavy guns. On the south, inside the wall, lay long red barracks of corrugated iron for the use of the garrison.

Forty convicts had been employed on the fortress. They travelled to and fro every day by steam launch and were generally superintended by a company of Regular Artillery men. Here the celebrated Jonathan Roberts, convicted of horse-stealing, by the Supreme Court at Timaru, was sent in the prison gang in 1888, but he did not remain long in Lyttelton. A sheet of iron had been loosened at the back of the shed in which the prisoners had their meals, and on their entry for lunch one day he succeeded in slipping through without notice; he swam the narrow channel and hid in the hills. The failure of the police to find the fugitive was almost entirely due to the sympathy of the inhabitants for him. There was a feeling that his sentence was unmerited and
consequently he was regarded as something of a hero, as another Roberts had been, in Scotland more than a hundred years before. The police found on the roadside, a mile beyond Governor's Bay, a package of sandwiches with a card "To Jonathon Roberts, hoping the enclosed will assist his weary body — from a well-wisher."

The "lyttelton Times" remarks that it was the only subject of conversation.

"What about Roberts?"
"Any news of the escaped convict?"
"Hope he's got a dry shift."
"Wonder if he's had anything to eat?"

Ripa Island was the scene of much running up and down over the escape but the police never saw or heard of him again.

At other strategic places in the harbour batteries were raised. At Battery Point, east of Officer's Point, two guns were erected one below the other in cavities blasted out of solid rock, the ground being built right up to their muzzles, and connected by ramparts to powder magazines. There was also a redoubt at Evans Pass to command the harbour entrance, and at Collan's Bay barracks were constructed below the old Powder Magazine. Canterbury was fond of playing at war and having martial practices, which were done on a grand scale. The "enemy", half of them landing at Summer and half sailing up Lyttelton Harbour, were confronted by the "defenders" who swarmed the fort hills. Guns from the fort and the various isolated batteries thundered away in fine style. The defence arrangements gave to the harbour an appearance which was familiar enough in early colonial days, ever since in fact, the founding of Virginia. Fortunately, Lyttelton had never occasion to use her guns in anything but mock warfare.
CHAPTER XLII

THE ROMANCE OF LYTTELTON

What will the future of Lyttelton be? Is it a town with a thwarted destiny, once the chosen capital of a prospering county, now a little sea port. Is it in miniature another Carthage with a shorter and less noble glory? Can we say with apologies to Kipling that -

"To all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"

Or, on the other hand was it impossible for her to have been aught else? The growth of Christchurch has told adversely on the port, population of which shows a decrease of 107 in the last decade. "Lyttelton has stood still for a quarter of a century", said the President of the Port and City League, and indeed it seems to be the truth for during the last twenty five years the total tonnage of cargo, subject to wharfage dues, passing over the wharves in and out, has been stationary at about 500,000 tons, only 200,000 in excess of the tonnage in the year 1861. There are various schemes in the minds of men to counteract this tendency - such as the incorporation of Lyttelton into the Christchurch City Council district in the same way that Wellington has absorbed her suburbs one after another by means of tunneling. Alas! it seems a poor future if Canterbury's sometime capital - the first born of the colony - becomes the suburb of a younger sister.

Another and more acceptable solution has been offered in the suggestion that there should be free and better
access to the wharves - as in Auckland and Wellington and that the antiquated Controlling Act of 1877 should be abolished in order to allow motor trucks to draw up alongside the steamers; up to the present time access to the wharves has been the monopoly of the railway, and monopoly prices consequently result.

Christchurch is not the only menace. Timaru, the port of South Canterbury, has through improved wharfage, dredging and the construction of a breakwater created for itself a splendid artificial harbour, and is expected to deflect a large proportion of the grain and wool exports from the centre and south of the province, hitherto sending their goods by rail to Lyttelton. It is a moot question whether or not this contingency will come to pass and in the meantime feeling sometimes runs very high.

A third rival is the main trunk railway for the South Island to be extended within the next few months. This line will run direct from the south to Blenheim the capital of Marlborough in the north of the island, passing through Christchurch and the pioneer railway of New Zealand will possibly become only a branch line. "Sic transit gloria!" The results following upon this undertaking cannot now be gauged whether it will deprive Lyttelton of her excellent ferry service to Wellington and of a great deal of her shipping is a question the answer to which is hidden in the mists of the future. It is hoped those mists are going to prove rose coloured.

I am not, however, writing the history of the Lyttelton people, as one writes a biography - because the subject is dead; Lyttelton is not like a gold mining town of mushroom growth, once a prosperous city filled
with laughter and bright faces, now a place of ghosts
and empty houses, with doors and shutters hanging in the
wind, and spiders spinning cobwebs over broken window
panes. NO! Lyttelton town is very much alive; busy,
bustling, dirty, commercial. The stagnation I have
been speaking of is only comparative for there are
evidences in plenty that Lyttelton thrived in its own
particular way. The wharves with an up to date system
of electric travelling cranes, are usually filled with
big ocean going vessels from many parts of the world.
They come mostly from the British dominions but there
are many Americans and Scandanavians and sometimes a
Frenchman or a French warship like the "Jules Michelet".
Japanese merchant vessels occasionally arrive, but not
often, and in 1917 the Japanese warship "Chiku'ma"
visited these shores. Since the war there have been
no Russian or German vessels. The gentle whirr of the
great dinosaur-like crane machines and the shrill screams
of the sea gulls and the regulated ssh ssh of the steam
engines, go on unceasingly in the neighbourhood of the
wharves. In 1924 an 80 ton floating crane "The Rapaki"
arrived in Lyttelton from Glasgow and in 1926 there began
the erection of great oil tanks on the reclamation grounds
in Dampier's Bay and at Naval Point by the Vacuum Oil
Company and the British Imperial Oil Company respectively.
Another sign of stability lies in the fact which has be-
come increasingly plainer that the space enclosed by the
breakwater is now rather small for the present shipping
operations.

In the town itself there has been progress made, but not so
noticeable as that connected with the harbour. Lyttelton
boasts a cinema theatre, several handsome hotel buildings
standing beside old wooden relics of earlier days, solid
looking public offices of which the chief are the Post Office and the Harbour Board Buildings. The gaol has been demolished after a period of disuse owing to the propagation of reformatory rather than primitive ideals in penal theory; it now forms a children's playground in connection with the District High School. Dampiers Bay is well filled with houses, though the orphanage has gone—destroyed by fire in 1905. Roads have been improved as well as buildings and dwelling houses; the main highway connecting the town with Dampier's Bay has been altered and supported with great concrete pillars; a continuation of it circles the harbour as far round as Purau.

But perhaps the greatest event of this last year has been the electrification of the tunnel. For so long did this fatamorgana dance before the eyes of the Lyttelton people, that the electrification scheme had passed into myth and legend before it was ultimately undertaken in 1928 and completed on February 14th of the present year. It has fulfilled a long felt want. No longer does the smoke demon live in the hole in the hill and belch out smoke for electric engines now ply between Lyttelton and Christchurch. The opening day was a blend of glory and anti climax so characteristic of Lyttelton all through her history. The first electric engine, decorated with two union jacks, and drawing a long line of over twenty carriages, dashed madly over the seven and a half miles between Christchurch and Lyttelton in the period of ten and a half minutes. Its flying progress was a Roman triumph. At every railway crossing gesticulating people crowded, and on the roof of every shed or hen coop flags were madly waved. With a victorious whistle the train plunged into the tunnel. Emerging at Lyttelton it pro-
gressed through lines of cheering school children until the eastern breakwater was reached after a long graceful curve; whereupon in a great wool shed, afternoon tea was served to the assembled company, including a galaxy of cabinet ministers, mayors and municipal dignitaries. So much for the glory! Then came the anti-climax. The beautiful new engine refused to return and the guests were conveyed back to Christchurch by an extremely self-important looking steam engine.

It is this single narrow railway line through the hill which is at the present moment the breathing-pipe of the Canterbury plains; it is desired to render it permanently so, by the building of a tunnel road, which in connection with the establishment of free access to the wharves would destroy the railway monopoly. It is a matter of some regret or resentment, that the government should take advantage of its possession of the only direct route between port and plains with the result that New Zealand’s pioneer railway is more expensive to its passengers and its freight than any other line of equal distance in the country. The Sumner Road is now a good road. Some years ago Captain Thomas’s original marking on the Lyttelton side was at last followed, and the intervening rocks, so troublesome in Fitzgerald’s days, were blasted with little ceremony from the path. The zig zag has therefore been rendered useless and lies as an historical landmark only. Thus Fitzgerald’s elaborate tunnel scheme, with its ultimate connections to a railway from Gollan’s Bay has never come to pass; instead, time has only proved how wise and judicious the work of Captain Thomas was.

Another landmark lies over the hills, where the road descends by Fitzgerald’s line on the eastern side of the
valley, finally abandoning the old and better western marking on the score of expense and needlessness. This single track, still visible, together with the zig zag is in some sort a symbolism of the past. The one representing old ways that have served their turn and gone their way to make place for better things, and the other standing for the unfulfilment of once treasured dreams.

The new road has encouraged a good deal of motor traffic, and has proved its worth, and the final wisdom of the pilgrims of 1850. The traffic it carries only proves how necessary the tunnel road is going to be in the development of the Lyttelton of the future.

It is not my opinion that the glories and triumphs of the past lie only in the past. Besides, I am inclined to think that too much stress may be laid on the merely commercial and industrial point of view, the rigorously material advancement, for if Christchurch has absorbed the people of Lyttelton to a great extent in its offices and its secondary schools and its training colleges, it gives its own population to the port in holiday time. Charteris Bay and Diamond Harbour, an extensive suburb is growing up, mostly in charming week end bungalows set in gardens; and the bay is connected with Lyttelton by a regular launch ferry service.

The farming upon Lyttelton hills keeps at a steady competence. There is some dairying but the most of the hill land has proved excellent for rearing sheep. Port Levy is also devoted to sheep and dairy farming, with an occasional fruit and poultry farm.

The 1928 export from Lyttelton of wool clipped was worth £518,061, the next highest being that of Wellington
with £338638; wool greasy worth £1,752,979 but lower than Wellington, Auckland, Wairau and Dunedin in order of priority; wool scoured worth £392,016 well in advance of the other ports, frozen lamb worth £1,467,144, Wellington next £1,136,802; frozen mutton worth £196,040, third for New Zealand; butter worth £288,376 forth in New Zealand. These were exports of course from a great part of the Canterbury district but Lyttelton and Port Levy bore share in it and the statistics help to form an idea of the commerce of Lyttelton.

I am therefore inclined to think (from some stand-point)s that, though the supremacy of Lyttelton seems to be challenged, the port has every possibility of entering upon a career of steady, if unspectacular prosperity in the years to come. Its old time picturesqueness has disappeared it is true but the hills remain and the colour, and the beautiful bays to the west.

Besides from the social aspect, interest, like "the king", never dies. The dying Wolfe said he would have rather been the author of Gray's elegy, than the conqueror of Quebec. That short poem is the most perfect tribute ever written to the small towns and the country places of the world.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

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From far the maddening crowds ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh
With uncomph rhymes and shapeless sculpture
Decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Go to the old cemetery at Lyttelton, or better still
go to the churchyard at Governor's Bay and stand knee
depth in the tangled masses of wild pea blossom, among
the graves of those who passed away in every decade of
the century gone by. With the sloping red roof of the
church before you and the faint gingle of the bell as
the wind rustles against the bell tower, you may read on
any headstone the real history of the place and of its
people and it may be, that the "leaves of memory seem
to make a mournful rustling in the dark."

But it is also true that Lyttelton has touched
history and can say with Tennyson's Ulysses-

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world."

She has thus a part not only in the great modern
world and its countries whence come the great ocean
vessels but also in the southern exploration adventures;
and the receding boundaries of the great white unknown
places at the pole have become very real since the visits
of the "Discovery" in 1901 and 1910 and of the "Nimrod"
in 1908. Late in November 1901 Captain Robert Scott,
came into Lyttelton in his Antarctic ship the "Discovery"
and his relief ships the "Terra Nova" and the "Morning",
in order to dock and refit before the voyage south.
In May and June of 1904, these quaint relief ships half
steamer, half sailing vessels left Lyttelton finally for home. In 1908 Sir Ernest Shackleton made Lyttelton the last port of call for his "Nimrod" before his successful polar exploration journey.

Captain Scott went south again in 1910 and Lyttelton was the last port she touched in the journey which was to result in such tragedy. Christchurch and not Lyttelton, unfortunately, has a beautiful statue to the memory of those who "died like English gentlemen".

With the actual voyage of Captain Byrd, this port has had no part, except for the fact that his dogs were for some months kept on Quail Island, now a quarantine station and farm only.

Tragedy, glamour too, lie over the memories of Lyttelton in war time. At the beginning of the century the troopship "Knight Templar" with flags flying left port carrying the third New Zealand Contingent, Canterbury Royal Riders for the South African War. Before the Great War Lord Kitchener visited the port on the Empire voyage for ascertaining the strength of defence. Lyttelton was put under war conditions for a few hours while "K of K" as the paper put it, tested the efficacy of the defence works, and, continues the "Lyttelton Times," the tap tap of the picks of prisoners working upon the Summer Road, gave a realistic impression of machine gun fire. On the 23rd day of August 1914, the "Tahiti" and the "Athenic" carried away the Main Body Troops from Canterbury to the Great War. Inexpressible hope and sadness, enthusiasm and despair as the two boats, one behind the other, passed down the stream and out into the ocean, were written deep in the hearts of the watching ones who followed the course from the cliffs of Godley Head.
A romantic war episode was the short confinement in Ripa Island fortress of the German sea raider, Count Felix von Duckmer, and of Kircheiss his artillery and navigation officer. After bloodless buccaneering in the Pacific, their ship the "Seadler" was wrecked, and after a series of adventures they were imprisoned in New Zealand, one of their prisoners being at the fort. They did not find it very cheerful. Even the prison yard was a veritable cage screened, round and over the top with lines of barbed wire; they nearly died of boredom, shut in at night in little wooden semi-detached rooms with one small barred window, and in the day time in their caged yard. However, the drawbridge connecting the wharf with the heavy iron studded fort gates had been damaged by a hurricane and during its repair, the German prisoners were allowed to roam round the island. Happening to notice that a barrel accidently falling into the sea was picked up a little way down the shore by a small coastal steamer, Luckner threw in a second with a like result and it was decided to attempt an escape in barrels and to capture the boat, which they trusted would pick them up. However, before there was a chance of putting this plan into action they were removed from Fort Jervois. Kircheiss and Luckner used to while away their time by writing and drawing on the walls of their rooms. Luckner left behind him silhouettes of himself and of his friends, as well as little sketches of sailing vessels, but Kircheiss wrote the last entry into the diary on the wall - "For fourteen weary days we have been in this dreary hole; we are leaving tomorrow for Motuihi thank God!" 1.

1. Motuihi a small island of Auckland used during the war as an internment camp.
Fort Jervois and the batteries about the harbour were kept in some preparedness during the war, and an old sailing ship was stationed in Camp Bay to challenge every comer. What use the rather antiquated naval defences could possibly have been if a hostile fleet had arrived, was fortunately never put to the test. Everything, however, was prepared and the spirit of the times can be seen in the naming of the new jetty at Governor's Bay - Gallipoli. Since the war the batteries have been dismantled, and though Fort Jervois is kept in good order it is now another relic of the past. First pa, then quarantine station, then fortress, it remains now a storehouse for powder and explosives.

Such are the times when Lyttelton touched history and came to the borderlands of romance. There were a few other occasions when the gentle fingers of romance - gentle at least through the mellowing of time - have touched her. Once in 1852 there was a contretemple with a buccaneering opium clipper — "The Will of the Wisp". The trouble began when the captain attempted to return to the boat an insubordinate seaman who was thereupon rescued by his boon companions. The police intervened and were probably routed for the captain received a summons to court. The brigantine having already weighed anchor, the sub inspector and four armed constables followed in a boat and on reaching the side of the vessel found a row of men presenting a rather formidable display of muskets, cutlasses and boarding pikes all in excellent condition. The police could do nothing and in consideration for the anxious passengers on board, they pushed off again. Whereupon the captain returned his boat up the harbour and showed jib round Officer's Point as a little pleasantery or defiance, and then glided out.
to sea to boast in the ports of the world how the law had been derided at Lyttelton.

The most celebrated ship-wreck in or near Lyttelton was that of the "May Queen" in 1885 when she drove on to the reef - known as Red Rock - on the shore half way between Camp Bay and Little Port Cooper. A stiff south west wind was blowing at the time, and the ship loaded with gun powder, among other things, was tacking rather close to the south shore when a sudden squall blew her on to the rocks. It had so happened that the tug was engaged at the time in taking mails to Akaroa, and when it returned the unfortunate boat was firmly fixed with the rocks piercing her sides. For months she remained like a ghost-ship, upon Red Rock; then, after a night of storm and rain and thunder, when they looked in the morning, she was gone.

Perhaps the great strike of 1913, chastened by the onward march of years, has now assumed that romantic tinge which time alone can give. People remember, as in a kind of haze, the time when the wharves lay idle, and knots of aggressive men and more aggressive wives stood at the street corners; how an overwhelming force of special constables, mostly young farmers from the plains, were conveyed secretly into the port by closed-in trucks; how, upon their first arrival they were picketed in Oxford Street and had to suffer in silence the sarcastic witticism of the wharf labourers' wives; how they held the wharves and worked the loading of the ships, how women and children stayed indoors all through those troubled weeks and listened to the measured tramp tramp of the special constables on the bay road. Some little damage was done to property but generally speaking there was fairly good behaviour.
Ultimately the tension slackened and affairs returned to normal. Lyttelton, however, is still very democratic and with a few villages over the hills included in its electoral district, has for some years returned a Labour Member to Parliament. The Peninsula side of the harbour is conservative, or rather its interests are not identical with the northern part and it seems to be inevitable that while the south shore is included in the Lyttelton district, some considerable divergence will continue.

Apart from development and stirring incidents. The real romance of Lyttelton lies in the passing of the great white sails. For many years these great white fluttering birds glided up the stream and with sails furled rested at anchor as the "Charlotte Jane", "The Cressy" and the "Randolph" had done - out from the shore. Then when the wharves were built in the clipper days, the ships laying alongside presented a forest of masts with slender tracery of rigging and spars.

But the day of the windjammer has gone; gradually they have disappeared, one by one, giving way to the paddle steamer, and the trim ocean liners of the present day. The surveying ship "Acheron" was the first steam boat ever to sail into the harbour. She was followed in 1852 by the first commercial steamer the "Ann" to whose captain a public breakfast was given in honour of the occasion. After the "British Empire", the largest merchant vessel afloat, arrived in 1863 and in 1870 came the pioneer mail boat on the San Francisco - New Zealand run. The papers made much of the 1. Stream is a dredged channel in the leading up the harbour from the Heads.
"monster" boat.

These ships have wholly taken the place of the sailing vessels. At odd times — at very odd times, a white sail appears round Officer's Point, but they are the remnant, the last of their race. Their destiny will probably resemble that of an old clipper now rotting away on the north shore of Quail Island, first becoming degraded to the state of a coaling hulk, before ending her days in lonely anchorage like a pirate ship deserted by her buccaneers.

A few years ago, the "France" berthed in Lyttelton, lying gracefully at Gladstone Pier, silhouetted against the sea and hills and sky. She was a great white bird, the biggest sailing ship afloat, but she too is now gone, lost at sea a few months after her departure.

Today the slender insidious, gray iron-clad comes gliding into harbour to the faint music of her band from below decks, generally she belongs to our own fleet, but sometimes she is more important, as, for instance, in 1901 when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now their Majesties, the King and Queen, arrived in the H.M.S. "New Zealand" and again in 1920, when the "Renoum" brought the Prince of Wales to the mountain girt harbour that used to be Wanganarapo.

When the American fleet arrived in 1925, the rare spectacle was afforded of snow on the hills right down to the water's edge.

So things pass, and so other things take their place. There is no ceasing, only change — the change in continuity, and continuity in change, of which Burke speaks.
"For we still, through old affection
Hear the old years dying sigh,
Through the sad sweet recollection
Of the years that are gone by.
While through all future gleaming
A bright golden promise runs,
And its happy light is streaming
On the greatness of our sons.
Pray we then, what e'er betide them—
Howsoever great they're grown—
That the past of England guide them,
While the present is their own."

Charles G. Bowen,

"The Old Year and the New."