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EPUB ISBN: 978-0-908327-75-1

PDF ISBN: 978-0-908330-71-3

The original publication details are as follows:

Title: Te Waimate : early station life in New Zealand

Author: Studholme, E. C. (Edgar Channon)

Published: Reed, Dunedin, N.Z., 1940

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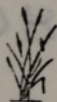
# TE WAIMATE

## EARLY STATION LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND

By  
E. C. STUDHOLME

With Foreword by  
A. E. WOODHOUSE  
Author of *George Rhodes of The Levels* and  
Joint-author of *Bidwill of Pihautea*

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33 Jetty Street, Dunedin, and 182 Wakefield Street, Wellington  
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Set up, printed and bound  
in Australia by  
Halstead Press Pty Limited,  
9-19 Nickson Street, Sydney  
1940

Published in New Zealand  
by A. H. & A. W. Reed,  
33 Jetty Street, Dunedin,  
and 182 Wakefield Street,  
Wellington

Obtainable in London from  
G. T. Foulis & Co. Ltd.

993.17  
47580

7 7 FEB 1941

These Reminiscences of the Early Days  
are Dedicated to the Memory of

MY MOTHER

EFFIE M. L. STUDHOLME

One of the Most Lovable and Loving Women  
Who ever Graced this Land





## FOREWORD

TE WAIMATE is one of the four stations in South Canterbury that have passed in unbroken succession from father to son since first taken up by white men. It has been described by L. G. D. Acland in "The Early Canterbury Runs" as being in his opinion "the most interesting station in the province." But it is not only "Length of time in the ownership of one family," "the grand scale on which operations were carried on," or "traditions of boundless hospitality and unlimited sport" that make a station important to a district; it is the spirit of the people who have lived on it.

The station was founded in a spirit of friendliness and honour by Michael Studholme, a young man of twenty, who, in the year 1854 came down from Christchurch with his bullock dray and called upon the Maori chief Te Huru Huru. These two men, of different race, but similar code of honour, agreed that Studholme should occupy the land that he had chosen for his run, subject to certain conditions.

The agreement thus made, and the friendship thus formed were never broken and were continued by succeeding generations, as was shown when in the year 1934 the residents of the district, both Maori and Pakeha, gathered together to erect a stone column to commemorate the arrival of the first white settler. One of the foundation stones was laid by a grandson of Te Huru Huru, Charles Thomas Huru Huru, who used a mallet handed to him by Michael Studholme's granddaughter, Janet. A second stone was laid by Michael Studholme's son, Edgar, the writer of this book, who used a similar mallet handed to him by a great-granddaughter of the chief who had welcomed the first white settler in peace.

Michael Studholme was more than the first settler: he was the father of Waimate. He was president of almost every

local public body, he was a sportsman in the true sense of the word, and in times when hospitality both to friends and unknown travellers was common custom, the hospitality of Michael and Effie Studholme was proverbial.

Te Waimate has a charm that clings to homes in the Old Country but is all too seldom found in this new land. When "The Homestead" was burnt to the ground in 1928, (other men might have homes, but to the people of Waimate this was "The Homestead"), a sadness was cast over the whole district—it seemed that a chapter had ended. But it was only the turning of a page, for Te Waimate continues and another generation has now reached manhood. The spacious days have passed, but the land surrounding The Homestead is still worked by Studholmes, David, Joseph, and Daniel, grandsons of the first owner. The Cuddy keeps its watch in the garden, flowers bloom in the ashes of the old house, and the traditions of Waimate: fair dealing, sportsmanship, and hospitality, are maintained not only by Edgar Studholme and his wife Nancy, but also by their three sons and two daughters, Janet and Carlisle.

During three generations and for a space of nearly ninety years the Studholme family and my family have been neighbours and friends, and I count it no small honour to write the foreword of *Te Waimate*, a book which tells of a station that has never changed hands except by inheritance and whose brand is still remembered as a hall-mark of quality. Only a little while ago a former shepherd asked me, "Did you ever see one of the Bell-brand horses? But you wouldn't have. You're too young. (Did I detect a note of pity in his voice?) Well, out in the old mustering camps we used to say 'A horse that carries the Bell brand will carry you till he drops.'"

This book is written by the son of the first "taker-up" of the land and he writes of what he loves and knows. From boyhood he has taken his share of station work: he has ridden the boundaries before the days of fences; he has mustered the ranges in sunshine and in fog; he has drafted the station cattle and is an expert with a stock-whip—I have myself seen him flick the cork from a bottle with an eighteen-foot whip. He has taken part in almost every available form of sport. He helped his father to flag out the course for the



first Grand National and is probably the only man who has seen both the 1875 and 1940 Nationals. He hunted everything there was to hunt, starting, as a very small boy with wekas, hunted with a pack of terriers, rats which he hunted with a catapult or a knife tied to a stick, and following on to pigs, wild dogs, wallabies, wild cattle, and more orthodox hunting with the Waimate harriers of which he was master for several years. He is a careful observer who has noted the changes that have taken place in the countryside during his lifetime, particularly the disappearance of many of our native plants and birds, and the spread of the introduced species; and from his verandah he still studies the flight of the birds and foretells the weather from the position of the clouds lying on the face of the Hunters Hills.

Of all these things and much more he has written in this book, though he has not told of the many public and private services rendered to the community by himself and his wife. By recording his memories he deserves the gratitude of future generations; few men have so great a knowledge of station lore, few men are so competent to tell of the great days of the early stations—days that cannot return.

A. E. WOODHOUSE.

*Blue Cliffs Station.*  
1940.





## PREFACE

WHILST writing this account of early station life in New Zealand, I fully realise that there are many who could give a much better description of it than I, if they would only make the effort.

Most of the pioneers have crossed the river many years ago, and taken with them, unfortunately, many stirring tales of the first years of settlement, and I, who am of the second generation, find it extremely hard to cast my mind back for fifty years and more, in order to write an accurate account of the conditions of life during my boyhood.

Luckily some of the Te Waimate station books were stored in an out-house, and were thus saved from the fire that destroyed the homestead in 1928, and they have enabled me to give a number of exact dates, figures, and names, which would otherwise have been unobtainable.

The history of the station is closely allied to that of the town of Waimate, for many of the station hands lived in or around the town, and station supplies were largely drawn from the local storekeepers.

The changes and chances of life are well exemplified in the story of Te Waimate, for the ups and downs of this station were tremendous. At one period the Studholme brothers were practically millionaires; a few years later they found themselves in anything but a good financial position, since booms and slumps alternated then as they do at the present time. Fortunes were sunk in stations like Waimate, because the cost of development was very great. Improvements such as buildings, clearing off scrub and flax, digging out cabbage-trees, making roads and tracks, building bridges and culverts, draining, fencing, ploughing up the land and sowing it out in English grasses, scooping out dams, and also the purchase of stock and implements, required an enormous

outlay, which was not always exceeded or even equalled by the prices received for the produce.

Young people often ask me why I talk about the "Good Old Days," and my reply is that they were better in many ways than those of the present time. The life we led, though hard in some ways, was more natural and healthy than that of to-day; people did not rush about so much; they could not do so when horses were the only means of transport. Another advantage was that every one knew his or her neighbour, and the whole district joined in and celebrated when occasion arose. As the population increased this friendly feeling gradually disappeared, and people became more exclusive and reserved.

Of course station life in the early days was not altogether a bed of roses, but the settlers managed to get a lot of fun out of it—they made the best of things, worked hard and played hard.

Looking back over the years, it is easy to see many mistakes that were made. Things had to be done on the spur of the moment that might afterwards turn out to be wrong. There were no Government experts to refer to, and the settlers had to find out for themselves the proper methods of handling stock, and of tilling the ground under conditions of which few of them had had any previous experience.

Just imagine how a man would feel when he arrived at the place where he proposed to make his home. He had probably arrived in a bullock dray, or with pack horses carrying only a tent and a few stores. Round him there was nothing but flax, cabbage-trees, scrub, and tussock to be seen, and he had to set to work to clear off the roughage before he could even pitch his tent. As soon as possible he would build a small house of cob, or of slabs cut from the bush—if there was any in the vicinity, and enclose a paddock with a fence of posts and rails. The horses, if left loose, even though hobbled, would often stray away for a considerable distance, and sometimes be extremely difficult to find.

Water was one of the chief considerations in deciding on the site for a house, and this was the reason many of the old homesteads were built in hollows or close to a creek. Nowadays people often exclaim, "What a site to



choose for a home, when there is such a magnificent view from the adjoining hill!" They forget that there were no wind pumps or hydraulic rams in the pioneering days, and that all water had to be carried from the creek, or drawn from a well which had been sunk where water was close to the surface of the ground.

As time went on, more land would be cleared, and a patch of oats sown for the horses, and so forth, until gradually the place developed into a station with, perhaps, a good dwelling house, stables, wool-shed, sheep-yards, and other improvements necessary for the proper running of a large place.

Lack of money was a great difficulty with the early settlers, for few of them arrived in the colony with much in their pockets, and they could not purchase stock and plant until they had accumulated a little cash, though promissory notes were freely used when possible. One system of stocking up a run was to borrow sheep, for, say, five years, and agree to return the same number of equal quality at the end of the period. The natural increase belonged to the owner of the land, and the lender received so much per head per annum for the wool. This arrangement enabled a number of impecunious colonists to make a start in life.

Some people might say that the early settlers were simply adventurers; some might call them optimists; and more might call them fools for not pulling out when the going was good; yet, whatever they were, the country was first colonised by them, and benefited enormously by their enterprise, hard work, and foresight, and we must take off our hats in acknowledgment of what they did under the most difficult and trying conditions.

Glimpsing backward through the mists of bygone years,  
One scarce can realize the hardships of the early pioneers,  
How they crossed the flooded rivers, how they struggled through  
the swamp  
With their bullock teams and waggons, ever searching for the  
camp  
On which to found a station, where they might build a home  
For their wives who'd follow later in the happy days to come.



choice for a house, when there is such a neighbourhood view from the adjoining hill. They forget that there were no wind pumps or hydraulic cranes in the past, and that all water had to be carried from the creek or drawn from a well which had been sunk where water was close to the surface of the ground.

As time went on, more land would be cleared and a patch of oak sown for the horses, and so forth, until probably the place developed into a station with perhaps a good dwelling house, stables, woodshed, sheep pen, and other improvements necessary for the proper running of a large place.

Lack of money was a great difficulty with the early settlers, for few of them arrived in the colony with much in their pockets, and they could not purchase stock and plant until they had accumulated a little cash through produce sales or other means. One of the first things they did was to stock up a pen with a few sheep, for, say, five years, and after to retain the same number of equal quality at the end of the period. The natural increase belonged to the owner of the land, and the farmer received so much per head per annum for the wool. This arrangement enabled a number of enterprising colonists to make a start in life. Some people might say that the early settlers were mainly adventurers, some might call them speculators; and more might call them fools for not pulling out when the going was good; yet, whatever they were, the country was first colonised by them, and benefited enormously by their enterprise, hard work, and foresight, and we must take all our share in acknowledgment of what they did under the most difficult and trying conditions.

Of course, looking back through the mists of bygone years, one can see the hardships of the early pioneers. How they crossed the flooded rivers, how they struggled through the swampy land, how they found their way for the first time to the banks of the great river.

On which to build a station, where they might build a house. The first settlers who followed later in the happy days to come, found the country as it was, and they found it was a good one. It was a good one, and they found it was a good one. It was a good one, and they found it was a good one. It was a good one, and they found it was a good one.

## THANKS

FIRST, I wish to express my deep sense of gratitude to Mrs. Woodhouse of Blue Cliffs Station, daughter of my old friend, R. H. Rhodes, of Blue Cliffs, for the large amount of time and thought that she has devoted to this book. She has been "a true guide, philosopher and friend" to me, for without her advice and direction it would have been quite impossible to bring out these notes in book form. Doing the work of several persons, as I know she does, she yet finds time to help people like myself.

My cousin, W. P. Studholme of Devonshire, son of John Studholme of Merivale and Coldstream, supplied much information about the various stations owned by the Studholme brothers, and also helped in various other ways.

My niece, Esther Hope of The Grampians (a granddaughter of Michael Studholme), C. E. Bremner, Lower Hutt, and O. S. Bremner of Hastings, supplied the sketches, about which I agree with the candid friend who remarked: "These sketches are delightful; they will keep this book from being as dull as most of its kind."

David Middleton of Northburn, Cromwell, son of Middleton who managed Benmore for many years, let me have photographs of bullock and horse teams. Fred Newton of Timaru, at one time book-keeper on Morven Hills Station, gave particulars of early bullock drivers and their teams. Mrs. Kane, Timaru, lent photographs of the Station Peak shearers; W. Smith with his bullocks and waggon; and Jim Keane, stockman on Te Waimate for many years. W. Goldstone, a former Pentland Hills employee, sent his quota, "The Man from Kaiwaroo," a poem about his friend Maurice Ferriter. T. Prue, who has been connected with Te Waimate for about fifty-five years, has refreshed my memory on many points. J. Hendry, Waimate, supplied many interesting details of the early times. Cecil Teschemaker, formerly of Kauroo Hill, Oamaru, and my brother Paul

Studholme of Waitangi, have reminded me of many matters that might otherwise have been forgotten. J. H. Mitchell of Kenwyn has supplied a deal of information, particularly regarding agriculture. Mrs. Selwyn, Morven, was good enough to tell me many interesting facts about the Maoris of the early times. The Sevicke-Jones brothers (F. W., A. W., and Arthur) gave tales of the old days in Waimate, and lent the photograph of the shorthorn bullock, and the moa bones excavated at Kapua. J. Herries Beattie of Waimate has supplied many accurate details of the runs in which my father and uncles were interested. George Dash, Mayor of Waimate, has given me considerable assistance by allowing me to use blocks of illustrations from *The Jubilee Book of Waimate*, and has made helpful suggestions.

C. S. Fraser of Timaru, formerly secretary of many South Canterbury societies, placed at my disposal records of the first meetings of sports clubs, and thus enabled me to date many early sporting events. C. E. Hassall of the *Timaru Herald* gave considerable sporting information. Alick Potter and Horrie Lunn told me tales of racing in the old days.

I am indebted to A. B. (Banjo) Paterson for permission to quote from his poems.

L. G. D. Acland's book, *The Early Canterbury Runs*, has assisted me greatly. H. M. McFarlane, Waikora; R. E. Todhunter, Blackford; and H. B. S. Johnstone, Springbank, have supplied me with books of reference.

Dr. Oliver of the Dominion Museum, Wellington; Professor Speight, Christchurch; Dr. R. A. Falla, Canterbury Museum, Christchurch; Dr. Skinner, Otago Museum; and Mr. F. Hall-Jones of the *Southland Times*, have given me the benefit of their specialised knowledge.

To these, and to all others who have helped me to compile this book, I wish to record my very grateful thanks.

E. C. STUDHOLME.

*Te Waimate,*  
October, 1940.



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## PART I



## CHAPTER I

### THE STUDHOLME BROTHERS ARRIVE IN NEW ZEALAND

THE Studholme brothers—Joseph, John, Michael and Paul—were sons of John Studholme of Kingsmore and later of Morton, near Carlisle, in the border district of Cumberland. John had recently come down from Oxford, Paul was not yet twenty, and Michael, a lad of seventeen, had just left school, when, with the restlessness common to so many north countrymen, they decided to try their fortunes in the new and only partly explored colony of New Zealand. Joseph, the eldest brother, had less wanderlust, and remained at home. The three younger brothers arrived in Lyttelton in the ship *Labuan* in 1852, and selected at Governor's Bay a small block of country which they had purchased from the Canterbury Association before leaving home.

The Canterbury Association had been formed in England with the object of founding a settlement in New Zealand; Canterbury had been chosen as the site, and the "First Four Ships," carrying the settlers or "Pilgrims," had arrived in Lyttelton at the close of the year 1850.

The Studholmes found their property too small, so they sold it, and set out for Australia, accompanied by their friend and fellow north-countryman, George Brayshaw. They sailed in a small schooner, whose captain was quite ignorant of seamanship. \*"However, he had a working mate who took them in safety to the coast, where, after several days' search, they eventually reached Melbourne. After a tedious journey on foot, and with pack horses, they reached their destination, the Ovens Goldfields in Victoria, where they had many adventures. The brothers Paul and John worked as mates, as did Michael and George Brayshaw. They found a little gold, which was afterwards stolen from them. The diggers were very lawless, and two

---

\* From *Reminiscences of 1860*. By my mother, E. M. L. Studholme.



men always kept the camp. Notwithstanding this precaution, they twice had their horses stolen, and their tent was also attacked, but fortunately without loss."

After a year of hard work, but little luck, Brayshaw and the Studholmes returned to New Zealand, having just enough money to pay their passages. Fortunately, before going to Australia they had left most of their money in New Zealand, safely deposited in the Union Bank.

The Studholme brothers resolved to take up land in New Zealand, and spent some time riding and walking about, examining various localities, before deciding upon the most promising country.

In 1852 they took up a run of 10,000 acres situated on the north bank of the Rakaia River, below the gorge. This run, The Point, was held in the name of John Studholme. The following year the brothers took over from Sanderson and Brayshaw a further 10,000 acres on the Rakaia, which bounded with The Point on the seaward side. They built a homestead on the eastern end of this run, which was known as Hororata in their day; John lived there and managed both stations. About 1857 Hororata was sold to John (afterwards Sir John) Hall, owner of the adjoining station, The Terrace, or Rakaia Terrace, and the two runs were amalgamated, the name Hororata falling into disuse until it was later revived for a neighbouring run. The Studholmes retained The Point until 1862.

John Studholme was a keen explorer, always searching for good land to take up. In 1854, with several other men all looking for suitable run country, he accompanied W. Mantell, Commissioner of Crown Lands, when he walked to the Bluff with the money to pay the Maoris for Murihiku (Stewart Island). Studholme is believed to have gone on alone, crossed Jacob's River, which flows into the sea at the present town of Riverton, and proceeded west along the Waiau River. He then returned to Dunedin, and on his way north again travelled through Central Otago, at that time unexplored and unknown country.

"1854. January 26th: The party formed up here; Capt'n Bellairs, Messrs. Studholme and Lemon, mounted, a corporal of the Armed Police and six Maoris attending Mr. M. carrying necessities, etc.



February 6th: Mr. Studholme and I with Stewart and Hugh made preparations for crossing the plain directly to The Oreti; feet getting hardened.

1854. February 10th: Started 9, after going on two or three miles finding the wood hemmed in and extended East a long way into the plain; we put back five miles to an opening in this wood, which brought us 9 miles through a kind of defile in the forest to the estuary near the entrance.

At this opening we saw a herd of wild cattle. All ran into the wood but one old bull who started to compare notes with us, a ball in the arch of his ribs brought him to his senses, and away he scampered, his fat sides shaking as he ran. After this I shot Paradise Duck and we (four of us) supped on it in a whare by the estuary, which McDonald had constructed when bringing north McCoy's cattle.

11th: Breakfasted on a Teal (provisions had run short). Seeing fires on the Bluff we lighted fires in return as we went down the banks, saw the *Eliza* at anchor loading with timber for Sydney. Crossed two tidal creeks with great difficulty, in the first killed 10 ducks with three shots (the last of the powder); the brown Teal were very numerous. After cooking those we saw a Maori boat, which was attracted by our fires, had come for us and brought us to the village of Omaui; here we stayed all night, sleeping on the floor cheek by jowl with the Maoris, of whom a great number lay around us, one end being occupied solely by the women. The village is situated on the Oreti neck, its mouth at the Western extremity of the Bluff Peninsula, and contains about a dozen of Maori houses. It is a 'Kaika.'

12th, Sunday: Walked over to Bluff Harbour six miles off, found Mr. Mantell had arrived on Thursday, and now awaited the assembling of the natives from Aparima, Stewart Island, Ruapuki etc. My shoes injured my feet and the sea water on the 11th and 12th made matters worse; quartered at Jack Tiger's house with Studh. and Hugh.

14th: Studholme started to see the country about Aparima.

15th: Assisting Mr. M. in paying the natives their due proportion of the £1,000 at present paid to them; some weeks previously a similar sum was paid in Port Chalmers. Stewart returned north.

16th: Mr. M. went to Aparima, McCoy and Whybrow going there too; the *Stately* and *Clutha* being in harbour: feet still ulcerated and excoriated.

21st: Mr. M. and Stud. returned from Aparima; the latter went up the Aparima about thirty miles and described the country as being superior to that on the Orete. He did not select a run.”\*

It was no doubt on the the excursion to the Waiau that John Studholme found the country lying to the north of that river, Run 166. We know very little about this run, but apparently Studholme had it for only a short time. It lay immediately to the south of Blackmount Station, which I owned many years later.

“1857. December 4th: We drove the cattle to a river called the Makarewa, but which was the Wairaki, the boundary between Runs 165 (Taylor’s) and 166 (Studholmes’). . . . J. C. McKay had a few sheep on the country up the Waiau next to Studholmes’ who had not yet stocked his run.”†

“When travelling through South Canterbury to Otago, the brothers were much struck by the appearance of the country between the Makikihi and the Waihao rivers. This they finally decided to take up and it was arranged that two of them, John and Paul, should remain at Rakaia, and that Michael should go to Waimate to settle on the new run. This he did, arriving there in July 1854. He made the journey from Christchurch in a bullock dray loaded with necessaries, and driven by a man named Saul Shrides, M. himself riding, and walking his horse by the dray. At that time the dray track ceased at Timaru, and there was only a Maori track on to Waimate. After some years this track

\* From Mrs. Watson’s copy of the Diary of I. A. R. Menzies, M.D., M.L.C., 1853-57.

† From *Southland in 1856-57*, by W. H. S. Roberts.



became well defined by bullock drays, which brought goods for the stations, and took material from the Waimate bush for building purposes. From this timber many of the houses in Timaru were afterwards built.

"The Rhodes brothers were already at 'The Levels' and beyond this, as far as the Waitaki, no country was taken up, excepting perhaps Pareora, to which Messrs. Harris and Innes came about this time, and Waikakahi which had been taken up by Bailly Pyke.

"M's journey from Christchurch was beset with many difficulties. As it was winter, the rivers and creeks were flooded, and much delay was caused by unloading the dray to lighten it, and carrying goods over creeks and swampy places.

"The bullock driver was of a somewhat despondent nature, ignorant and superstitious; he frequently sat down and declared that it was impossible to cross a river or creek, and on several occasions he wept and refused to move until M. began to unload. He argued at each crossing, and predicted death for his bullocks; but Saul Shrides was a good driver, with Australian experience, and although he could neither read nor write, he was a good, honest workman, with a boundless admiration for his master, which lasted during his life.



Michael Studholme and Saul Shrides crossing Rangitata River.

"This journey, beginning at Christchurch, must have lasted some weeks. M. thought that he arrived at Waimate on the 18th of July 1854, when he crossed the river near the Maori Pah, and camped at the Point Bush. The Maori Pah stood on a corner of the Bush, about half a mile off. There were not many Maoris in it—about fifty resident—but many visitors used to come from Arowhenua and the South during the fishing and game season. After one or two removals, M. established a camp at the Point Bush, with a good tent and some necessaries which he had brought with him. He had also his gun, a single barrelled one, that he had brought with him from England, and ammunition. At this period there were in the bush pigeons and kakas without number, and excellent eating. He had brought salt beef, flour, sugar and tea in the dray.

"Wood was, of course, plentiful. Saul Shrives cut the fire-wood, and some posts for a little enclosure.

"M. made damper; this was made of flour and water, well kneaded, and baked in the hot ashes; very good for hungry men, and with great staying power. On the morning after his arrival M. went to the Pah to see the Chief Uru-Uru or Hure-Hure, probably the former, and made a compact with him to observe the boundary etc., and not to interfere with any of the rights of the Pah. This compact was faithfully kept by the two, who seemed to understand each other, and who worked in harmony until the death of Uru Uru in 1861. The Chief was a fine looking man as regards features. He was deeply tattooed, the whole face being covered. He had a broad, high brow, and bright, piercing eyes. His body below the waist was paralysed; he could only move his arms, but he ruled the Pah and was very clear headed. M. and Saul Shrives camped at the Point Bush for some time. Later John Studholme and George Brayshaw came, and the three walked about a good deal, looking for a spot on which to build permanently. At last they chose a spot where the old Waimate Hut now stands, near the present Homestead, and built thereon.

"Most of the Totara slabs were cut from a large tree which stood near the Camp at the Point Bush. The stump of the tree remained at the bush until a few years ago,



thus showing the lasting power of Totara. In fact, in the year of which I write, 1854, there were large burnt portions of Totara trees lying all over the ground, which were evidently the relics of some large fire of many years ago, possibly a hundred years."\*

## THE EPIC OF THE PIONEER

### THE REQUEST

Speak, O Whare, old and hoary;

Tell to us who ask the story

Of thy building.

Gone are now the hands that brought thee

From the forest, whence they wrought thee

For their dwelling.

Grateful to the weary traveller,

Journeying far o'er plain and river,

Was the gleaming

Of thy window through the darkness,

And thy Master's voice, and warmth

Of his greeting.

Kindly greeting gave he ever

Unto friend and unto stranger,

Nor was wanting,

Door that ever opened wider,

Feed for horse and cheer for rider—

In the gloaming.

Then o'er pipe and glass, with laughter

Each would tell of some disaster

Safely ended.

Bucking colt, or broken tether,

Charging steer or flooded river,

Ford untended.

Latest comer from the city

Told his tale of mirth or pity,

Then responding,

Laid they plans to help and succour

Some distressed and friendless brother

Sad, desponding.

Then deep slumber—and with morning,

Each unto his work returning

Lightsome hearted—

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\* *Reminiscences of 1860.* By E. M. L. Studholme.

Happy days of honest labour,  
 Giving unto life a savour  
 Long departed.

Wherefore, Whare, old and hoary  
 We would listen to the story  
 Of thy building.

We, the sons of him who brought thee  
 From the forest, where he wrought thee  
 For his dwelling.

E. M. L. S.



The Cuddy. The first house at Waimate.

### THE ANSWER

Here as a sentinel I stand and see  
 The season wax and wane. Now over me  
 Spring, with a lavish hand, strews wattle's gold,  
 Summer gives place to Autumn. Sere and old  
 Now are the leaves that winds upon me cast,  
 To rise in swirling clouds on wintry blast.  
 Only the faithful Ivy, ever green  
 Through all the seasons, forms a leafy screen—  
 As the beloved memory of a friend  
 Clings to the faithful heart unto its end.

Time was when I on verge of forest stood  
 Head to the skies, my fellows far above.  
 Within my spreading and luxuriant crest  
 Birds wooed and won, and built them many a nest.  
 Upon my branches sat and sweetly sang,  
 Until the wood with answering echoes rang,

And to the west, a sea of richest green—  
 The virgin forest lay—where flowed between  
 High banks, the river—that from rocky source  
 At first a streamlet ran—but gathered force  
 In downward rush—fed by the many rills  
 That flowed 'twixt fern-clad banks adown the hills.  
 Then, where it left the forest for the sea,  
 I from my height beheld it quietly  
 Winding adown the plain—Or if in flood  
 A torrent, passing terraced flat, where stood  
 The bark-built Maori Pa—from whence there came  
 But peaceful sounds. For there no deed of shame  
 A record had. Content they lived and died,  
 By Nature's lavish hand with all supplied—  
 Fibre for raiment, fuel at the door,  
 With birds and fish to fill the winter store.  
 So passed the years away. The while my heart  
 Ever more solid grew, and every part,  
 Stem, branches, roots, tho' tried by wintry gale,  
 More firmly stood. Once only did the hail  
 Bear down my topmost branches to the ground,  
 Whilst thunder roared, and lightning flashed around.  
 And one swift bolt fell from the angry sky  
 Upon a tree that grew alone near by,  
 So blasting it that evermore it stood  
 Lifeless and gaunt against the living wood.  
 Yet unto me, that bare and lifeless tree  
 Brought him whose hands wrought out my destiny,  
 Whose voice I heard one cold midwinter day,  
 Call to his trusty man, "Saul, bring the dray  
 Nearer the river bank—here seems a way  
 By which to cross; the water is not deep.  
 What's that you say? The bank appears too steep?  
 Bring here the spade; in half an hour we'll take  
 The sharp edge off. What! still your head you shake:  
 The other side? Well, man, and have not we,  
 Crossed many a stream before? Nor will we be  
 Daunted by this one at our journey's end,  
 The Maoris' track leads upward to the Pa.  
 We will not follow it. It leads too far  
 From where I mean to camp. Look up and see  
 Where grows the bush into a point—a tree  
 Standing all white and dead against the green.  
 There will we pitch our tent. I have not seen  
 A place more suitable. For there we'll find  
 Wood for the fire, and shelter from the wind,  
 And food in plenty, from the birds that make  
 Their habitation in the bush and brake."



So on that winter's day it came to pass  
I from my height beheld, across the grass,  
An object strange approaching me, and heard  
Sharp sounds, that silenced every singing bird.  
And all my foliage shivered as drew near  
The labouring oxen. Yet 'twas not with fear,  
But rather expectation, that a thrill  
Ran through my frame, as on the air, now still,  
Sounded the Master's voice—not loud or stern,  
But even toned and clear—"The dray here turn,  
And back anear that dead and lonely tree.  
Unyoke the tired beasts and set them free;  
Well have they done their work. My horse I'll take  
And tether in the open—then we'll make  
A fire from this dry wood. Now we are come  
Unto the place where I will make a home."

Night fell. The Moon sank down behind the hill.  
The flickering fire died out, and all was still.  
Such was the Master's coming. With the dawn  
Came from their homes nearby the native born—  
With kindly summons from their chieftain old,  
Not with unfriendly greeting, stern and cold,  
But with cheerful mien, as who should say  
"This is a friend, we'll welcome him to-day."

'Twas only half a mile, and as they walked  
Along the narrow track, the Master talked  
To one who seemed interpreter, and said,  
"I know you, Tud-o-me; 'twas I who led  
The way across the swamp when first you came  
With your big brother, riding o'er the plain—  
That ends at Timaru. Listen to me—  
When the old chieftain speaks, you silent be—  
Let him first have his say, and then do you  
Speak to him as a friend, as he to you,  
Not as a master who comes here to take  
Possession of his land, or you will make  
An enemy so hard that you will rue  
The day you settled here. He knows that you  
Have bought the land, but he is old and ill,  
And cannot bear that aught should cross his will."

"Yes, yes," the Master said, "Have you no fear  
'Tis he shall speak. I quietly will hear."  
Reaching the Pa, they made their way along  
A narrow track that led the huts among.  
To where, up on the highest terrace stood  
The chieftain's, marked by posts of painted wood.  
Within the doorway, on a flaxen mat—  
Helpless to move, old Huru-Huru sat—  
Or rather lay. For little power had he



Save in his arms. Yet was there majesty  
 Upon his brow, and from his eye, still bright,  
 A keen glance shot showing an inner light  
 And fullest comprehension. Then he spoke,  
 And the interpreter the silence broke,  
 To tell the Master that his chieftain gave  
 To him a welcome. Then the Master laid  
 Upon his hand a gift of fragrant weed—  
 And so began their friendship.

Many a deed of kindness in the few short years  
 (Before that rugged spirit passed to the far shore  
 Where all must go) between these two was done.  
 For on that day, they, sitting in the sun,  
 Laid down a few wise rules. By shake and nod  
 The Master signed agreement. Near him stood  
 The head men of the Pa, well pleased to see  
 The old chief and the stranger thus agree.  
 A few brief words their satisfaction told.  
 Then rose the Master, for the day was cold—  
 Made his farewell, and passed upon his way,  
 Through groups of children shouting at their play.  
 Backed by the trees, the smoke uprose in air  
 From many a bark-built whare; while aloof  
 Stood the tall Futtah with its quaint thatched roof,  
 And underneath it hung, with odour strong,  
 Kits filled with birds, and eels in bundles long—  
 Well dried in Autumn for the Winter store.  
 These things the Master saw, and many more,  
 As with brisk step he gained the narrow track  
 That ran all round the bush, and so came back  
 Into the camp. Here Saul awaited him,  
 Anxious to hear the news, tall, gaunt and thin—  
 Away from all his kindred and alone.  
 He made the Master's interests his own;  
 Was ever ready with his strength, his all,  
 A type now passed away beyond recall;  
 Cared for his teams, and kept them well in hand—  
 No better bullock driver in the land.  
 Small education his, but truth he spoke,  
 And broke in many a young steer to yoke;  
 And he and others like him helped to make  
 New Zealand what it is. The Master spake—  
 "Well, Saul, 'tis settled and arranged that we  
 Shall careful be to keep the boundary,  
 Nor let our stock infringe the Maoris' rights,  
 Nor interfere with them by day or night.  
 They pledge themselves to help us and to sell  
 Potatoes and dried fish (but if it smell  
 Like that beneath their storehouse, you and I  
 Will seldom need it) but instead will try,

The creek within the Gorge, where, so they say,  
 Kukupara and eels abound. And they  
 Will show us where they lie. But I foresee  
 Some trouble in the future; there will be  
 Dogs by the dozen all around the Pa,  
 Wander at will, and much, I fear, will mar  
 The peace between us when the sheep are here."  
 Thus spake the Master to his man, who stood  
 Leaning upon his axe. A heap of wood  
 Fresh split lay near it, fragments of the tree  
 That made, tho' lifeless, all my history.  
 Nearby, midst sheltering stones, the fireplace glowed,  
 All ready for the baking. From the load  
 Still heaped upon the dray, the Master took  
 Flour in a pannikin, for he was cook.  
 'Twas he who made the damper and prepared  
 The simple meal on which they daily fared.  
 Damper, with fish or bird, content they ate,  
 With tea and sugar brown, their thirst to slake.  
 Or failing these they had, for teeth a task,  
 Beef of the toughest from the "Harness Cask."  
 "Now," quoth the Master, "We in luxury  
 Will live, with fish in creek and bird on tree;  
 The bush is full of pigeons, easy prey;  
 The Maoris snare them, but short grows the day;  
 I must be off to have a look around.  
 You keep the camp." Then came to me the sound  
 Of hasty footsteps and anon the rush  
 Of horse among flax and so the bush  
 Resumed its wonted quiet. For so near  
 I stood that every word to me was clear.  
 Thus my true life began— A sentient thing  
 Now was I. Tho' unto me still would cling  
 Old woodland memories, the Master's voice  
 Would ever scatter them. And I rejoice  
 Much more in the remembrance of the day,  
 When at my feet he stood and said, "This way,  
 Here is the tree—how thick and straight and tall  
 It stands above the rest, yet must it fall."

E. M. L. S.

### THE WHARE

As from a dream awakening, I heard  
 The Master's voice, so near me that each word  
 Resounded on my heart. But where was I?  
 No longer standing 'neath the sun and sky,  
 But firmly built into four walls I stood,  
 And heard the Master say, "No better wood  
 In all the forest grew than this good tree;

So sound its heart that it will last when we  
 Are dead and turned to dust." This to his friend,  
 Whose heart was ever faithful to the end.  
 Who with the Master and his man did build  
 My timber into walls and deftly filled  
 Each crack and cranny with fine-tempered clay,  
 And made all firm to keep the wind away.  
 These words struck at the heart of me that stood  
 As corner post secure—"No better wood;  
 'Twill last when we are gone." 'Tis even so,  
 For while I stand his honoured head lies low.

But on that summer day, a happy one,  
 When softly waved the flax, and shone the sun,  
 Upon the new built Whare, upon me,  
 For it was I, and I, from trammels free  
 Of bark and useless branches, made a home  
 And welcome shelter, to which all might come.  
 So when the Master's voice awakened me,  
 Right glad was I to know my destiny  
 Was not to fall upon the ground and rot,  
 But a far higher one, for was I not  
 The travellers' bourne and resting-place, where all  
 Who journeyed North and South made friendly call?  
 And best of all his home whose voice I loved,  
 Whose heart, tho' like pure gold, well tried and proved  
 In the fierce furnace of adversity,  
 Ne'er lost its kindness and integrity.

So, was I built. And presently there came  
 To us the elder brother of the name—  
 Right joyous were the Master and his friend  
 When John arrived—fresh at his journey's end  
 As when he started. Then the happy three  
 Sat down to talk—a goodly company,  
 With well-knit forms and steadfast heart and mind,  
 All stout North-countrymen, straight-forward, kind.  
 Of many things they talked, and on my heart  
 Their voices sounding gave to me a part  
 In their deliberations. Wherefore I  
 As one of them, relate this history.

Behold them then, the brothers and the friend,  
 (He loved the Master, well, unto the end—  
 Yes, even tho' for decades two, the sea  
 Between them rolled, in loving memory  
 Still held him dear). Their talk to me was strange,  
 How they must put "a flock upon the range,  
 Fence in a paddock, build a hut for men,"  
 And many other things beyond my ken.  
 So talked they till night fell. Then all was still



Until the rising sun made bright the hill,  
 And through my window shining on their eyes,  
 Called them from slumber sound, again to rise.  
 Alert and cheerful in the creek they wash.  
 It ran close to my walls with noisy dash  
 Of water o'er the stones into a pool,  
 Well hid amidst the flax. 'Twas clear and cool,  
 From source far up the hill and shadowed o'er  
 With shrubs of Koromiko. Near my door  
 Amidst the Koromiko waved on high  
 A tree with tiny leaflets, and nearby  
 Tall cabbage-trees uprose. These all around,  
 Grew over hill and plain, and all the ground  
 Close covered was with flax and tussock grass,  
 In places densely matted. Here would pass  
 With noisy call the Weka, and her young  
 Into a place of safety quickly run.  
 There closely hidden silently would lie;  
 Safe from the sight of dog or passer-by.

Sometimes a flight of Kakas hither came,  
 From my old home the bush. Perchance the same  
 That years before had clambered o'er my crest,  
 And builded there, and turned from out the nest,  
 Their noisy fledglets. These fullgrown in search  
 Of food grown scarce, upon my roof would perch—  
 With their strong beaks and claws my thatch would tear,  
 Unless the Master or his man was near.  
 At sight of these the birds would take their flight,  
 And harshly screaming pass far out of sight.  
 Or Parakeets would come. These birds I loved,  
 So cheerful were they as they quickly moved  
 From bush to bush with lively chattering,  
 In a green cloud, the rustle of their wings  
 Stirring the air around me. And at night,  
 The Morpork's voice was heard. But with the light  
 Of daybreak to us came the Tui's call.  
 This is the sweetest and most musical  
 Of all our birds; herald of Spring,  
 When, with emblazoned head and glossy wing,  
 He woos his mate with his low note of love,  
 While swinging in the tree tops far above.

So stand I sentinel. What have I seen?  
 The cycle of the years pass as a dream.  
 The home to which the Master brought his bride  
 Still stands with open doors and windows wide.  
 There to the Master came both good and ill.  
 Not far, the mortal part of him lies still.

E. M. L. S.

*September, 1905.*





The first meeting between Michael Studholme and Huru Huru, the Maori chief.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MAORI

WHEN the pioneer settlers took up the country, it was very doubtful what attitude the Maoris would take against their intrusion. Luckily the South Island natives were a peace-loving and highly intelligent race, and the friendly relationship entered into by the chief Huru Huru, or Uru Uru, and my father, was never broken in the years that followed their first meeting.

The Maoris were great travellers, sometimes walking right through to the West Coast by way of Awamoko, Kurow, Omarama, Lindis Pass, Lake Hawea, Lake Wanaka, and then over the Haast Pass. In the year 1836, when the North Island natives came down the West Coast threatening to kill the South Islanders, the Hawea Pa was deserted, and some of the inhabitants came over to the Waitaki. Amongst these were Huru Huru, his mother Kaiko, his sister Papa, and his two brothers, Kapa and Riko. They all lived at the Awamoko Pa on the Otago side of the Waitaki, nearly opposite Redcliff, until Huru Huru, on the advice of his family, travelled on to Waimate, where he afterwards became chief.

In 1844 Edward Shortland, who had been sent out from

Home to enquire into the welfare of the natives, passed through this district, and Huru Huru drew for him a sketch plan of the country, showing the Waitaki River with the lakes at its source, and also Lakes Hawea and Wanaka in their correct positions. This was rather a remarkable achievement, considering that Huru Huru was supposed to be an uneducated Maori.

It was calculated that there were only some 2,000 Maoris in the South Island in this year, 1844, though there may have been considerably more than that number. There were supposed to be about fifty resident in the vicinity of Waimate in the fifties, but it was very hard to estimate the population of any district at a given time, as it varied with the seasons. At one period there must have been a large number in this locality, judging by the many ovens, also the quantity of greenstone and other ornaments, and of implements, which have been found. When the ground was first ploughed on the Waihao Flat, near the mouth of the Willowbridge Creek, acres of it turned up quite black, showing where the camp fires had been. This was a great place for catching eels, and the large spotted flounders, called Patiki.

What was commonly known as the Kaik (Kaika) was situated on the west bank of the Waimate River, a short distance above where the Point Bush road now crosses that stream. This was a splendid site; the bush sheltered the whares on three sides, and there was plenty of high flax everywhere. The whares were chiefly made from totara slabs, with roofs of bark stripped from the same trees, and were quite waterproof. Canon Stack, the missionary, said there were about twenty-five whares in all.

The Maori crossed deep rivers like the Waitaki on mokihis (rafts) which were skilfully constructed of bundles of dry raupo or korari (flax) sticks, being tied together with flax, after which the bundles were made up into a raft. Some of these rafts had pointed ends like a boat. A small raft to carry, say, a couple of normal people, might contain thirty or more bundles. Being extremely light, it was difficult to make headway with them against the wind, even when the current was favourable; and it was necessary to start well above any spot upon which it was desired to land. These mokihis were usually constructed some distance up



Canoe-shaped mokihi made of raupo.



stream, and finally reached the sea, after being frequently used on the journey down. One great point in their favour was their low cost of construction, the material all being to hand along the banks of most streams; and time did not count with the Maori. Canoes fashioned from logs were used for river crossings, and were far more serviceable than the rafts in many ways, for they could either be pulled up stream, or carried overland from stream to stream. They were easily upset, however, and required careful navigation. They were not capable of carrying much weight unless, like the war canoe, made from a large tree.

The natives had names for every little stream and hill in the country, and it is a great pity that more of these have not been perpetuated, instead of being replaced by some of the very ugly pakeha ones we now use. Take The Hook for instance, and compare it with the Maori name Wai-ari-ari, meaning "water as clear as crystal." At the Upper Hook bush there was a birding camp, used only on hunting trips, which had the extremely long name of Ka-punapuna-a-Kaiwaruru-a-Mihirau, meaning the "springs of Kaiwaruru and Mihirau," a Maori couple who lived there. At this camp was a large oven which had a division of big rocks across the middle, and is the only one so divided that I have come across.

On the south-east side of the Waihao Flat, near the mouth of the Willowbridge Creek (Punatarakio), was a large fortified Pa called Ko Te Kaiatiatua; the chiefs were Kai-kaiawaro and Te Karara, and more than two hundred Maoris were living there before the white man came. The butts of the stockade posts were still in the ground when the land was first put under the plough, and a lot of greenstone was picked up in this locality. In a deep hole near the mouth of this creek, Punatarakio, the natives believed that there lived Taniwha, a mythical water monster, called Te Rangiwhanoa, and one day when Rawi Te Maire's brother went down to the hole for a drink, the Taniwha pulled him in and ate him. When the boy did not return to the Pa, his family went down to see what had happened, and found the water all stirred up and coloured with blood.

There was a large oven, down near Pikes Point, just under the hill, in which the natives used to cook human remains, this being, so far as is known, the only one used



for that purpose in the neighbourhood. It was known as Te-umu-a-te-Rakitauneke, or Rakitauneke's oven. The Maori travellers halted here to say, over their feet, a prayer that the earth might not be drawn out lengthwise and so make their journey longer than necessary, for they had an idea that Taipo (the Devil) was continually lengthening the distance they had to travel.

The district of Waimate—more properly Waimatamate, which means slowly moving or sluggish water—was a veritable paradise for natives, on account of the wonderful supply of food. The bush was full of many kinds of birds, including kakas, pigeons, wekas, tuis and parakeets, all of which were easily caught. There were also plenty of wild pigs, descendants of those liberated by Captain Cook, and eels and native trout abounded in the streams, whilst the swamps and lagoons sheltered thousands of duck and pukaki, now more correctly called pukeko.

The ducks were sometimes caught by driving the young or moulting birds along the Waihao estuary from north and south, and cornering them in the dead arm, Takiritawa, a net being set across the entrance to prevent their escaping. Thousands were caught at times in this manner. Takairitawa means "To jerk or hand out of the water," and is that arm of the Waihao estuary near where Claridge used to live.

The wekas were considered very good eating, and were largely relied on for food when the Maoris were travelling from place to place, a good camping ground meaning a place where these birds were plentiful.

Like all natives, the Maoris were expert at catching fish; they made nets of flax for taking flounders, and frequently used a single pronged spear for eels. They would feel under the banks and stones with their hands and feet and, whilst spearing, would wade along in the shallow water with a squirming mass of eels trailing behind on a line, and twining about their bare legs every time they stopped to take another one off the spear. They used also to catch eels in pots, or rather baskets, which were very cunningly designed, being made with a framework of supplejacks covered with closely-plaited flax. At the time of year when the eels were travelling towards the sea, the Maoris would set their pot, generally baited with a well-hung weka or other delicacy,

in a small stream, placing it in the run of the water, and screening off the sides with flax mats, so that the only opening was that which led into the trap. When taken up, the basket was sometimes nearly full of eels.

When the silveries (cucumber smelts) were running up the rivers in the spring of the year, the Maoris would catch huge quantities of them in nets, and throw them on to the shingle to dry in the sun for a few hours, after which they would put them in bags and take them away for future use. I have known them catch drayloads in a day or two, for some of the shoals would keep on running for weeks. Many of the larger fish, like eels and Patiki, were dried on scaffolds erected on the beach, and taken home for future use.

Tumaru, one of the Waihao Maoris, used to take a boat of ours, which was kept on the river near the outlet of the Waihao, and usually hid it in the dense flax, which at that time grew along the banks of the river. There were plenty of Patiki in the shallow water along the shingly bank, and on one occasion I remember seeing Tumaru returning home smoking his pipe, and followed by his wahine carrying a piccaninny and a big weight of fish on her back.

The women did most of the work about the Pa, such as collecting firewood, carrying water, cooking and looking after the piccanninies, whilst the men snared birds, caught wild pigs, fished, and fought any enemies that came along. The women were adepts at skinning flax, and produced a beautiful silky fibre with which they made their most valuable mats and kits, whilst those for general use were plaited out of the green unskinned leaf.

Probably the Maori belles were as vain as our beauties of the present day; they certainly used scent made from the speargrass plant, which they wore enclosed in small bags suspended by cords round their necks.

The last of the tattooed Maoris, that I can remember, was an old man called Kinita Kara Te Hirapuha, generally known as Kinita. As boys, my brothers and I would frequently come across him when spearing eels in the creeks down by the sea, and we avoided him as much as possible, for he looked savage, and evidently did not like to see us poaching his preserves. This old man lived in a whare near



the Ohari Creek, not far from the bridge leading on to the beach below where Studholme Junction now is.

The Maoris were a very fine race before they were contaminated by the whites, being reliable and honest, with magnificent physique.

The Maoris had a very good friend in Alan McLean of Waikakahi. When a bad epidemic of influenza broke out he sent George McLean, the station manager, down to the Pa with a supply of his best brandy, and gave instructions for them to drink plenty of it, for it was good and would not hurt them. No doubt the instructions were duly carried out, for very few of the stricken ones died. At the end of the shearing the Maori women who had assisted would ask the old man for a lamb, and he always told the manager to give them one each.

After the Waimate township was formed, a nice little church was built near the Pa but later, for some reason, this became tapu-ed, and was avoided, all the books and fittings being left just as they had last been used. This church was afterwards bought by the Rev. C. Coates for a study, and is now part of F. Akhurst's house. As time went on, the Maoris gradually drifted away from Waimate, and to-day none remain near the original Pa, and only a few about the town itself, though there are still quite a number on the reservations below the townships of Morven and Glenavy. In the early days Upper High Street, Waimate, was known as Half Caste Row, on account of a number of half-castes living there.

When the Maoris first came to New Zealand they brought a species of dog, rather like the French poodle, with long hair and either all black or white in colour. These dogs were used for eating purposes, and were considered to be a great delicacy by the natives, and white people who have eaten them said they were quite as good as mutton. Later, when these dogs became mixed with the European breeds, the Maoris considered the flavour of the meat to be spoiled, and consequently gave up using them for food.

In the early days of settlement there were two distinct kinds of wild dog roaming about the country. One was a small prick-eared dog, rather like a fox, which never appeared to bark, simply howling at night; the other was a larger, mongrel sort of brute, of nondescript colour, some-



what after the style of the pariah dog of India and the East generally. The smaller prick-eared animal was more common in the North Island than the South but is recorded as having been seen on the Maniototo Plain. Though both kinds were very destructive to sheep, it was many years before they were exterminated completely, instances of their being seen occurring at late as the nineties in some parts of the North. The white settlers kept special dogs for catching these wild dogs; they were usually a large, fast, kangaroo cross, which made no race of it if given a fair run in the open. One kangaroo-bull-cross bitch on Ohauko, one of our stations in the North Island, would simply range up alongside the wild dog and tear its inside out. Most of the shepherds trained their dogs to hold any other dog they were set after, and though the hunted one was perhaps faster than its pursuers, the latter usually got to grips through the former continuing to look round to see how the chase was progressing.

When some of the North Island runs were first taken up, dogs were so destructive that it was hard to stock up with sheep. The natural food of these dogs was chiefly the native quail, wekas, and other birds, also wild pigs, of which there was abundance at one time.

The last I remember of the wild dog about Waimate was about 1875, when Bill Gordon and I stalked two over on the slopes of the hills near Hiwiroa, Bill wounding both with his old muzzle loading gun, though failing to stop them on account of their being too far off.

#### "THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

A steep and shingly beach, whereon the waves  
From wide Pacific break in snow-white foam—  
Long reaches, where the river gently laves  
Low tangled banks that make the wild fowls' home—  
And spreading far, wide beds of glossy flax,  
Raupo and toi, ti-tree, waving grass—  
And through and round, deep, narrow, well-worn tracks,  
Trodden by Maori feet that often pass  
From pa to river and from river back.  
Hither they come in search of needful food,  
To spear the fish and snare the unwary bird,  
And these the women, by their custom rude,  
Bear home in flaxen baskets—nor is heard  
A murmur of complaint as on they toil  
Behind their lords, who carry but a spear—

Their work alone to find and slay the spoil,  
And guard the home standing the river near,  
Warm sheltered by the green, far-reaching bush.

Westward it lies beneath the purple hills  
That stretch from North to South in graceful curves—  
Broken by rocky gullies bearing rills  
Of purest water, and a gorge that serves  
As fountain to the river—now by rain  
Swoll'n to a turbid torrent, and now led  
Murmuring o'er stony shallows down the plains;  
Then lost to sight in its deep hidden bed,  
To rise below in many a swampy pool.

The bark-built whares of the Maori stand  
On terraced flat, where lights the sun's first beam,  
And the green bush spreads out on either hand,  
But scattered, and with open glades between.  
Here do the bright-eyed children happy play—  
Here groups of women sit and dress the flax:  
Its silky fibre on the ground they lay,  
And with deft fingers weave the flexile mats  
For clothing, and for all their household use.

Above, around, the virgin bush lies spread,  
Mantling both hill and dale in richest green,  
Impenetrable, dense, no foot may tread  
Its innermost recesses, yet unseen.  
Close stand the noble trees, erect and tall,  
Their heads, umbrageous, sheltering many a bird,  
From whence the moko and the tuis call—  
Poured forth and answered, all around is heard  
Sweet fluting and joy-peal most musical.

Beneath, the trailing creepers closely twine  
Round scrub and undergrowth, from tree to tree—  
A dense entanglement, the hand of Time  
Makes ever thicker in the days to be.  
Upward, and where the line of winter snow  
Dwarfs all into a low and stunted verge,  
It ends, in higher altitude, where grow  
But hardier ferns and grasses, whence emerge  
The rugged hilltops, clear against the sky.

Such is the virgin bush—as yet unknown,  
Save to the Maori and his distant kin:  
As yet untrod, save where the winds have blown  
Some giant down—to let the sunlight in.  
Here does the fowler, with his flaxen snare,  
For kaka or for pigeon silent wait;  
Near by his feathered captive from its lair  
Sends forth a startled cry. Its curious mate,

Descending, meets the noose—nor rises more.  
 And here is heard the weka's thrilling cry,  
 Bidding her downy brood to follow on  
 In search of food—where prone and mouldering lie  
 The giant limbs so lately skyward borne.  
 The fowler heeds her not, for well he knows  
 When the right season falls, on open plain,  
 Where thickly waving flax and tussock grows,  
 He and his tribe will hunt and add again  
 Wekas in plenty to the winter store.

Such is the Maori's life—remote and far  
 From wars that ravage and destroy his race,  
 His only dread lest fierce Rauparaha  
 Come southward with his warriors, cruel, base,  
 To kill and devastate, as in the north.  
 And oft related are his deeds of fame  
 When round the winter fire all silent sit  
 Save one, who tells how the great chieftain came  
 Across the Strait. Then are the brands fresh lit,  
 And shuddering murmurs close the ghastly tale.

Past is the century and changed the scene.  
 On terraced flat the golden corn now waves—  
 And left to mark where bush and pa have been,  
 Only a few lone trees—some nameless graves—  
 And where the narrow track ran devious down  
 An iron way now stretches, straight and clear.  
 By hill and plain, all roads lead to the town,  
 And glittering roofs shine out the green hills near,  
 While church bells peal where lonely bittern cried.

What of the Maori and his hardy kin?  
 Have they all vanished with the bush and pa?  
 Not so. Contented, merged one nation in,  
 They happy live, and loyal subjects are.  
 With ours their children learn, in college, school;  
 Sons of their ancient chiefs all honoured stand  
 In Council—with our legislators rule—  
 Or, less ambitious, cultivate the land;  
 Bow down in prayer—obey the great command.  
 Oh, noble destiny! Thus Britain rules  
 Her dark-skinned children of the Southern Seas.  
 And where the coral reefs enclosed pools  
 Reflect her banner waving on the breeze,  
 And where the villager beholds with pride  
 Its triple colours floating high in air,  
 All are alike content—Britain will guide,  
 Protect, uplift. So shall the islands fair  
 Own glad allegiance to the King of Kings.

E. M. L. S.



## CHAPTER III

### PASTORAL LICENCES

MICHAEL STUDHOLME managed the Waimate Station, and lived in the totara slab hut, the Cuddy, which had been built by the three brothers, assisted by George Brayshaw. Saul Shrides thatched the roof with snowgrass which, in later years, was rethatched with rushes.

In 1854 the Studholme brothers registered a brand, "4," but the following year it was changed to the "Bell" brand, which is still in use at Te Waimate. They now received the first Pastoral Licence for the country that they were occupying.

February, 1855. Run 39. 35,000 acres. "Estimated to carry 11,666 sheep or great cattle in proportion. South of Timaru, being bounded on the north by a line 5 miles north of and parallel to the River Waiho (Waihao); on the east by the eastern base of the Hills, about 6 or 8 miles from the sea; on the south by the Waiho; and on the west by a line parallel to and 10 miles from the eastern boundary." Other licences followed.

August, 1855. Run 54. "10,000 acres, corrected to 8,500 acres. Estimated to carry 3,333 sheep or great cattle in proportion. On the River Waihao; bounded on the north by the River Hook,\* on the south by the River Waihao; on the west by the Run No. 39 held by Studholme Brothers; and on the east by a line parallel to the western boundary, to contain the above quantity." This licence was later transferred, and a new licence, No. 406, issued for the same country in April 1861.

January, 1857. Run No. 69. 25,000 acres. "Situated in the Forks of the Waihao; adjoining and to the westward of the Run at present in the occupation of the Studholme Brothers."

July, 1857. Run No. 204. 7,000 acres. "Waitangi.†

\* This is apparently a mistake, because Deep Creek (or Waituna) formed Studholmes' northern boundary until they purchased Brayshaw's run.

† Old name of Waitaki River.

Between the Waiho and Deep Creek, known as Brayshair's (Brayshaw's) boundary; and between Run No. 54 (New Zealand Regulations) and the Sea Beach."

In 1858 Paul Studholme left New Zealand, and made his home in Ireland, but John and Michael had faith in the new colony, and continued to take up land. In about 1862 they took over Run No. 58, which had been taken up by their friend, George Brayshaw, in 1856. "23,000 acres. Estimated to carry 7,666 sheep or great cattle in proportion. Situated and bounded as follows: On the north by a shingle bed supposed to be the River Hook; on the east by the sea coast; on the south by the creek\* bridged by Studholme Brothers, and taken by them for the northern boundary of their Run No. 39; and westward to the extent of 23,000 acres."

Brayshaw returned home to England, and subsequently went to the Sudan, where for some years he lived amongst the Arabs.

John and Michael Studholme now held all the country from the sea to the Hakataramea watershed; and from the Waihao River in the south, to the Hook in the north. The northern boundary fence, however, of post and rails, ran for some miles along a ridge that lay parallel to, and about a mile to the north of, the Hook river-bed. The fence was no doubt erected in this position in order to get a satisfactory line.

The area of Te Waimate was calculated at about 98,500 acres, but before the days of accurate surveys, or possibly any surveys at all, areas were more or less approximate, and the run boundaries, except those formed by natural features such as rivers, consisted of imaginary lines, situated no one knew exactly where.

In addition to land held under Pastoral Licence, the brothers also bought freehold sections. In 1856 Samuel Hewlings, Government surveyor, was instructed to survey four of their purchases: 1,400 acres, 600 acres, 160 acres, and 100 acres, bush if desired, adjoining the Maori reserve at Waimate. As the years passed, they gradually freeholded more and more of the land taken up under Pastoral Licence.

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\* Presumably Deep Creek.

## CHAPTER IV

### EFFIE CHANNON

My mother, Effie Channon, was born on 28th March 1838, the year of the Coronation of Queen Victoria. She was the daughter of Henry and Esther Channon of Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, London. This was within the sound of Bow Bells, so that she was by birth a Cockney, a fact of which she was rather proud.

Her maternal grandfather, William Watson, was a farmer at Upshall in Hertfordshire; her paternal grandfather was the son of a farmer in Oxfordshire.

Esther Channon was very ill after her baby was born, so the child was taken by her nurse to the church to be baptised. By mistake the woman added two other names that she had heard discussed, and consequently, instead of possessing one Christian name only, as her parents had intended, my mother went through life with three—Effiegenia Maria Louisa. Fortunately these were soon reduced to Effie, by which name she was always known.

My grandmother, Esther Channon, died on 13th January 1840, and my mother spent the next few years with various relations, her father having lost all his money through the action of his confidential clerk, who absconded to America, and thus ruined the business.

When only five years of age little Effie was encouraged by her grandfather to think for herself, and received her first religious instruction from her godmother. It was at this time that she first met her elder sister, Emily, who had been living with relations and at school. Emily mothered her, and did all she could to make her life happy.

Effie first attended a private school kept by a friend of of Dr. Legge, the Chinese Missionary and scholar. It was



here that she learnt to read and write, to sing in class, and to be observant.

The next years of my mother's life were spent at various schools; during the holidays she stayed either with relations in the country, or at her grandfather's house in London, where sometimes her father and her two sisters, Emily and Kate, were with her. Her grandfather, though baptised into the Church of England, attended a Congregational chapel, and took his grand-daughters with him. Even at that early age, Effie was a staunch churchwoman, and in after years remembered her feeling of resentment as she sat by her grandfather and reasoned with herself: "This is not my church, so I need not listen."

A lonely childhood for a little girl; she saw her sisters only at long intervals, and missed the love of a mother and the joy that a home means to a child.

It was in 1851, when my mother was fourteen years old, that her father first talked of emigrating to New Zealand. He was a friend of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, and discussed the project with him. The result was that, early in December of the same year, Henry Channon and his three daughters, Emily, Kate, and Effie, sailed from Gravesend in the ship *Hampshire*. For a month of wet and stormy weather they tossed about in the Channel, being forced back twice to Torquay and once to Portsmouth. At last they got away, and reached Lyttelton the following May, after a fair, though lengthy passage.

They proceeded to Wellington where, shortly after their arrival, Henry Channon died, and the three girls were left alone. Fortunately they had letters of introduction to Mrs. Riddiford, mother of Edward, afterwards known as "King" Riddiford. She acted as a mother to them, and for a time they lived with the Riddiford family at Orongorongo. This station, situated outside the Wellington Heads, had no road to it, and when there was shopping to be done, the girls used to go in a whaleboat through the Heads and up the harbour to the town. They stayed also at the Riddifords' home at The Hutt for some time; the Maoris were rather troublesome, and there were frequent alarms. The big earthquake of 1855 took place while they were at The Hutt; no chimney was left standing in Wellington, and everybody

had to camp out for some weeks until the houses could be repaired.

My mother missed most of the joys of childhood and became somewhat old-fashioned, but was very practical, which was a help to her when she came to face the trials and hardships of the pioneering days. She was a woman of many attainments, with courage enough to overcome her early nervousness. She had a sweet and kindly disposition, always ready to help any one in time of trouble; and people came to her for advice from all over the district. The secret of her success in life was that she had faith.

In after years my mother wrote and published, for private circulation, a little book which she called *Reminiscences of 1860*, which is long since out of print. Many people have asked me for copies of this booklet, and I have therefore embodied it verbatim in *Te Waimate*. Her description of Michael Studholme's arrival in Waimate is given in the first chapter; the remainder forms Chapter V of *Te Waimate*.

My mother's writings, which include many poems, portray the beauty of her mind far better than anything that the writer, her son, can say of her.

## CHAPTER V

### 1860. THE MARRIAGE OF MICHAEL STUDHOLME AND EFFIE CHANNON

THE year 1860 was an important one at Te Waimate. The brothers had acquired the freehold of certain blocks on the run; the first gum-trees were planted, a new house was built of stout heart of totara boards, cut in the saw-pit in the bush; and, in April, my father, Michael Studholme, married Effie Channon, and brought his bride to the station.\*

"In the month of May 1859 I came down to Christchurch, from Wellington, to stay with my sister Emily, who was married to Mr. James Moorhouse. Mr. Dillon Bell, afterwards Sir Dillon Bell, was a passenger by the same steamer, and took charge of me on the journey. The steamer that we came down in was called *The Queen*. We had rather a rough passage, and as it was winter it was cold and miserable.

"We arrived in Lyttelton on Saturday, and the Sunday was fine, bright and sunny. We went to the Mitre Hotel, which many of my readers will probably remember, where we had an early dinner. After we had dined Mr. Bell proposed that we should ride over the hill to Christchurch, leaving our luggage to follow the next day.

"I was delighted to go, so with a rug for a skirt, I mounted a rather weary-looking horse, and off we started. The hill was steep towards the top, but the view was so lovely that we did not mind it. Mr. Bell knew Christchurch pretty well, and he talked so pleasantly that the time seemed short until we arrived, by roads covered with tussocks, at my brother-in-law's house, on the belt near the Carlton Hotel. Christchurch was very small in those days.

"I had not seen my sister for two or three years, so it may

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\* The remainder of this chapter is quoted from *Reminiscences of 1860* by my mother, Effie M. L. Studholme.



be imagined how pleased we were to meet.\* We said farewell to Mr. Bell, and thus began my life in Christchurch; for I never returned to Wellington to live. In July I became engaged to Michael Studholme, and on April 18th the following year we were married.

"M. was at this time about twenty-six years of age, tall and strongly built, with the square shoulders of the family. Fair hair and beard, and grey-blue eyes, a most kindly expression and smile, and surely one of the kindest of natures. True and good, and perfectly honest minded, very intolerant of aught else in others, and with a strong will.

"In June of this year, he being in town to buy horses, was frequently at the house of James Moorhouse. The next eight months were very happy ones, and ended in our marriage on April 18th 1860. We were married from the house of Sefton Moorhouse, who was at that time Superintendent of Canterbury, and who lived in Hereford street. His brother, James Moorhouse's house was rather small for the wedding. The ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Mathias, the Vicar of old St. Michael's Church, which was afterwards burnt down. The wedding party was a large and merry one. Sefton Moorhouse made a most comical speech, wishing us all possible degrees of happiness. Mr. Edward Jollie was M.'s best man, and Miss Ellen Moorhouse, afterwards Mrs. John Studholme, and Miss Fanny Cork, afterwards Mrs. E. Richardson, were my bridesmaids.

"After the breakfast we changed our things, and our horses were brought round. Cadmus, my horse, was a good 'bad-country' one, and although he was not easy to ride he did his work well. We mounted on the street, which was very rough, and open to the river at one end. Some of the shoes so liberally thrown at us by the guests, from the door of the house, struck the horses; this started them off at a gallop, and we barely escaped going into the river.

"We were bound for Governor's Bay, Mr. Potts having kindly offered us the use of his house. We had a delightful

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\* Mrs Studholme's other sister, Kate, married E. Lough of Wellington, where some of her descendants are still living.

ride over the hills, and arrived there in time for tea. Mrs. Potts was upstairs with a new little daughter, so we had the house to ourselves. The next day Mr. Potts returned, and took us round the lovely garden, in which he had rare shrubs and trees even at that early date. In the afternoon we rode to Purau. The weather was fine, but not very bright. We had some splendid views of the Port Hills, as we rode along, with Lyttelton nestling in its hollow. On our arrival at Purau we had a meal of scones and tea, but I was almost too tired to eat, and longed for rest. However, the next morning I felt better, and we started early for our ride over the Peninsula, to the head of Akaroa Bay.

"It was frosty, and, over Mount Herbert, slippery on the track face. Near the top of Mount Herbert the road was very indistinct. Frequently little water-courses made their way down the hill, some of them being difficult to cross. Now I, quite a town girl, felt very nervous, and said that I could not ride over the track. M. therefore, led, or rather drove my horse, and I found it difficult enough even to walk over some of the rocks. On arriving at the top we sat down and admired the beautiful view. It was the highest point of the Peninsula, and the day being lovely and bright, we had a most glorious view. Akaroa was not in sight, but we could see the ocean beyond, and to the north and south as far as the horizon; and the Kaikouras, so well named by the Maoris "The Lookers On," were plainly visible to the north. We looked down upon many of the small bays round the Peninsula, and the picture was a striking one. It is one of my best remembrances. We sat there for a long time, and then M. jumped up and said: "Well, we must go on, or it will be dark before we get to the head of the Bay." I should have liked to have stayed longer, but I knew how necessary it was that we should proceed. I hated the steep rocks, and felt as though I must fall. However, we got safely to a lower level, and then I mounted my horse. Soon after this we came to the bush. We had hard biscuits with us, and ate them on the ridge whilst we admired the lovely view, the sea being visible on both sides. The bush was beautiful, and on the top there was a track that led to a giant totara, enormous in girth. This was afterwards burned in a bush fire. The track all the way was



only a riding one, and M., carrying the saddle-bags, often caught his feet on either side; and in one place the trees and creepers overhead were so low that my hat and head were firmly caught by a "lawyer," and I could not move until M. released me. How we laughed, and M. called me "Absalom" the rest of the way.

"We arrived later in the evening at the accommodation house at the head of the Bay. It was rather full, but we had quite a comfortable sitting-room and bedroom. The host possessed a musical box, which he kept going almost constantly "For the Bride," he said; and assured me that all brides liked it. The place was often used by newly married couples, Akaroa being their favourite resort.

"The next day we wandered about in the bush, which was very thick. In the evening we went with some fishermen to spear flounders, and got some fine fish. Most picturesque and wild the men looked by torch-light. The next day we rode round the bays to Akaroa, where we had comfortable quarters at Wagstaff's Hotel.

"At that time there was an old Maori living at Akaroa who was the only survivor of the massacre on the island\* in the harbour. He was quite old, and half-witted, and was kept by kind people. It was sad to see one who had been a very fine man in his day, now small and shrunken; he could only walk slowly, and he stooped very much. We heard that he died a few years afterwards, and was buried by charity.

"At Wagstaff's there was a funny girl who constantly spied upon us. She was like one of Dickens's characters. We would hear a very slight sound at the door or window, and on looking up there she would be, smiling in an idiotic way; she would then mumble something and depart.

"The neighbours were kind, and sent us large bunches of grapes, which we greatly enjoyed. These were the happiest days of my life—fourteen of them—spent mostly in riding, boating and fishing. At that time the bush was quite thick on the Akaroa hills. We used to ride up to the head of the Bay one day, and return the next by boat, fishing, lunching, and eating rock oysters. Our friend at the Bay still played the musical box whenever we appeared. And so the

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\* Presumably Onawe Peninsula.



days passed happily until it was time for us to return again to Christchurch.

"M. would not go back over Mount Herbert, as he felt that it would be an impossible journey for me, so we went by a longer route, and it rained the whole way. We called in to say good-bye to our friend at the head of the Bay, and that was the last that we saw of him. It was not a pleasant ride; the rocky path was slippery, and the other part of the journey was simply horrid. However, at last we got back to Purau, arriving there wet to the skin. The old couple were much concerned, and insisted on my going to bed at once, and then started to dry and cleanse my clothes, which was really a work of some difficulty. Fortunately I had some dry garments in my saddle-bags, so in the morning I dressed in these, and found my habit dry and clean. It was one of strong blue cloth. M. also had his clothes well dried, and after breakfast we set off. Fortunately the weather was fine again. We made a call at Diamond Harbour, and another at Mrs. Potts's house, and then we started for Christchurch, where we arrived just before dark.

"We stayed at Collins's Hotel, which was then considered the best. A few days afterwards, having packed all our belongings to go to Timaru by sea, and sending on our married couple with general goods, we started on our long ride to Waimate. The weather had cleared, and was lovely, but cold in the mornings and evenings. M. had some clothes, etc., in his saddle-bags, and I had my swag that was fastened to the off side of my saddle by Dees, and contained a dress, skirt, and change, etc., also a house-wife with scissors. It was well that I had them, as will be seen later.

"We left at midday on or about the 8th of May, and got as far as Gigg's accommodation house at the Selwyn, that night. It was a very poor place to stay at; the food was bad, there being nothing but salt beef and soda scones; and no firing but 'wild-Irishman,' which blazed up and scorched one for five minutes, and then died out in ashes.

"The next day we rode on to 'Hororata,' where we arrived at noon, very cold and hungry. The manager showed M. round the place the next day, and on the following one we rode up to Rockwood. Here lived dear old Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, the father and mother of Mrs. Potts, and their

numerous sons. We spent two delightful days there, and then went on to Rakaia. The accommodation house there was kept by a notable woman, a 'rough diamond,' accustomed to cope with the roughest class of bullock drivers. We stayed there one night, and then went on to Orari. The Rakaia happened to be low, so that I was able to cross its many streams without getting wet; and the bottom, being sandy, made it easy, but I was not at all happy, and at the deep parts M. told me to give my horse his head, merely holding the reins. Cadmus was a good river horse, not of easy paces, but very reliable.

"The ride over the plains was very monotonous, and it seemed endless between the Rakaia and the Rangitata rivers. The day was bright, and the view of the mountains charming. We reached the Rangitata early in the afternoon. When I saw the river, with its rough bed and large boulders, over which the water roared and eddied, I was filled with alarm, and declared that I could not cross it. M. pointed out to me that to go round to the upper ferry would make it impossible to reach the Orari Station that night, and the house at the Ferry was undesirable for me, as the Mount Peel bullock drivers were the usual occupants; but if I really felt incapable of crossing, that we should have to go up. It was about nine miles further round, and Cadmus being a good river horse, I braced myself to cross where we were. The boulders were sometimes so large that the horse appeared to clamber up and then down. All that I could do was to sit tight. At the deepest stream I was terribly afraid, and wept. The noise of the water, its fearful current, and the plunging of the horse made it truly alarming. Then, with what seemed to me a plunge from my horse, I suddenly found myself out of the noise, and recovering my senses, for I was quite dazed. At that time the Rangitata ran chiefly in one bed, and the great volume of water made a deep and wide stream; there were also many smaller ones. By holding my foot up I was just able to keep it out of the water. We got off our horses and rested a little, while I gradually recovered my equanimity, and then we rode on over the tussock plains to Mr. Macdonald's, at Orari, where we received the kindest of welcomes. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald had not long been married.



Mr. Bob Thompson, who was a great friend of M.'s, lived with the Macdonalds, and they were a very merry party.

"We started early the next day for Timaru, getting our lunch at Arowhenua, where there was some bush and a rather large Maori Pah. This was often visited by the Waimate Maoris, and as we passed M. was hailed by one, with 'Ullo Tud-omi you got a wahine?' We pulled up, and 'Te Wahine,' myself, was duly introduced to a laughing trio of men, who invited us to go to their whare, but we declined on the score of having no time to stay. And so on to Timaru. There were some bad creeks to cross, notably that at the Washdyke. The crossing was a terror to me, as the bottom was soft, and the horses would plunge in and out. It must be remembered that there was no road, only a bullock track. 'The Levels,' where Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes lived, was away to our right, and as far as I can remember, there was no other house between Arowhenua and Timaru.

"It was nearly dark when we arrived at Mr. Woollcombe's, at Waimataitai, where we were to stay that night. It was the 24th of May, the Queen's Birthday. Mr. Woollcombe and his cousin, Mr. Belfield, received us very warmly, and we spent a pleasant evening. The former told us many stories of his experiences as a sheep farmer in North Canterbury, where he had been rather unfortunate. The next morning was dull and cloudy, with rain near. We walked round the garden, and admired the growth of the gum-trees, then much thought of, as they were the only ones, excepting the native trees, in South Canterbury. Mr. Woollcombe gave me some cuttings of a jessamine that was growing luxuriantly round his house.

"We started at about 10 a.m. for our last day's journey. I had no overcoat, so Mr. Woollcombe lent me his in case the rain came on. Timaru was at that time very sparsely populated. Mr. Le Cren's house, where Beverley now is, was a small, one-storied building with a few trees about it; and below it, along a gully, was a lagoon into which the sea broke at high tide, and left quite a large pool of stagnant water.

"The beach at that time was devoid of sand, being covered with large stones and boulders, right up to the cliffs. Of



course there was no break-water. Small vessels rode at anchor some distance out, and the wool, etc., had to be taken to them in whale boats. The 'downs' were all covered with tussock, flax, and cabbage-trees. The track from The Levels was well defined, as the drays brought and took all produce and stores along it to the beach, where there was a large woolshed belonging to the Rhodes brothers—W. B., R. H., and G. As we rode along Waimataitai we passed several small houses on the hill, and then on to the Royal Hotel, opposite to which stood Messrs. Le Cren and Cain's store, and some smaller buildings.

"We enquired at the hotel for letters and news, and found to our sorrow that our luggage had not yet arrived, but that a schooner was expected from Lyttelton at any time. We made arrangements for our servants, the married couple and housemaid, to be lodged there until the bullock dray came for them. Then we rode southward, by a less well-defined track, passing a smithy and a few small scattered houses and also a lagoon. This was the only water supply that Timaru had at that time, excepting rain water, and a well at The Royal, from which all drew their supplies, but the water was not good.

"A short distance from Timaru the track turned off to the sea cliff, as all the gullies were quite in a natural state, and too soft to ride over. A cutting had been made, for the drays, on to the beach. The 'Pighunting-Creek' was rather difficult; we had to watch the wave, and seize the moment when it receded, to cross. There was a considerable volume of water in this creek, which remained, for several years, a formidable obstacle in driving. To our left the Downs ran up to the hills, Mount Horrible and Mount Misery, so called by a surveyor, or someone, having had to spend a wretched night when lost on them.

"The Pareora run was owned by Harris and Innes. The latter was a great friend of M.'s, and a good and pleasant Scotchman he was. Riding on we came to the Pareora River, on the south side of which was Butterworth's accommodation house, a small sod whare that had formerly been the homestead of Harris and Innes's run. It was now raining rather heavily, and we stayed for a short time and had some tea and scones; then donning Mr. Woollcombe's

coat, I mounted my horse and we continued our journey, which proved a most uncomfortable one. The rain came down in sheets, no view could be had, all was misty, and only the muddy track was visible.

"Coming to the Otaio River, we crossed it, and M. pointed out a track to the right leading to the homestead of Thompson brothers. These three young men lived with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Miss Collier. The latter was an old lady and the owner, who had come over from Australia and settled here with her nephews, Leslie, James and Andrew Thompson. This estate was afterwards bought by the Teschemaker brothers.

"There was also a run, nearer the Hunter's Hills, owned by a Mr. Francis, whom Thompson brothers afterwards bought out. 'Bluecliffs' was then owned by Poigndestre and Groom. We rode on and came to Makikihi, where stood a little accommodation house kept by an old man named O'Keefe, an old soldier. It was closed, no one being there, so we did not draw rein.

"Shortly after we came to the boundary of the Waimate run, owned by Studholme brothers. There was nothing to mark it but a creek, but the fact of being on our own run made the ride less dreary. The day was a very rough one, wind and rain, with sleet showers as a change, but M.'s spirits did not fail. His was a cheerful soul, and his memory was so good that he could recite the whole of many of Scott's poems. The number of cabbage-trees all over the country was wonderful; the downs particularly were covered with them.

"Rounding the Downs near Deep Creek was slippery work, and we then came to David Smith's accommodation house, a part of which still remains near Deep Creek bridge. Here we dismounted. Mrs. Smith, a rough but kind woman, received us with many welcomes, and insisted on our taking what she called 'a cup of welcome,' which was something hot and horrible. She had much to say to M., and assured him that we were not expected. 'Old John will be that vexed,' she said. I asked, 'At what?' to which she made an evasive reply. I was not sorry when we remounted and rode off, as some men were now coming in, and the room seemed hot and disagreeable. By this time all the dray



tracks were filled with water, with here and there a hole, where a wheel had been dug out. Into these we slipped and squashed, and got bespattered with mud from head to foot. I began to feel like weeping, I was so wretchedly wet and cold; and it was so disappointing to have no view of home. Indeed, until we reached it, all was a blank of mist and rain. We rode past a small house where Mr. and Mrs. Gregson and their two daughters lived, and a little further on was a bark hut, where now stands The Royal Hotel, both then showing the site of the future town of Waimate. There was, M. told me, another white man and his wife, and also Saul Shrives, nearer the bush, and one or two sawyers.

"We then came to the Waimate River, which, fortunately for us, had not yet risen; the next day it was in flood. By this time I was nearly exhausted and, as usual when overtired, I had a bad headache. M. rallied me, and held out the hope of a good fire and a change of clothes, and just as I felt that I could go no further he exclaimed, 'Here we are,' and looking up I saw some trees, and the shadow of a house through the mist. We put on a spurt, and our horses gladly responded to the thought of the stable so near. Then we stopped, dogs barked, and a man rushed out of the hut, with many Irish exclamations, such as 'What a devil of a day to bring the Missis home,' etc.

"We turned back to the unfurnished house, and M. took me off my horse, and so we arrived home. Whilst I was shaking my clothes to get rid of the loose moisture about me, a dear old Scotchwoman appeared, Mrs. Mackintosh, the shepherd's wife. She almost wept at my state; took off my hat, and 'mothered' me. The house was quite empty, not a stick of furniture in it, but the greatest disappointment of all was that our luggage had not come. No change of clothes awaited me; M., of course, had some of his here. Mrs. Mackintosh made up a roaring fire in the sitting room, which is now the hall. She brought me some of her own under garments, and fortunately the contents of my swag were fairly dry. They were not soaking wet, but not fit to put on until they had been well aired. Thus with a large warm 'tartan,' the pride of the owner's heart, round me, I sat and got warm before the fire of totara,



which sparkled and snapped in the heat. It seemed that M.'s letter had not reached John Ledwich, consequently we were not expected. Had the weather been fine the dray was to have gone to Timaru the day of our arrival.

"'Well,' said Mrs. Mackintosh, 'we must e'en mak' the best o't, but, ma lammie it's gey hard for you.' So she talked to me, while John was telling himself, as he called M.—a sort of compromise for 'the Master'—all that had befallen since he left, weeks before.

"I tried my best to eat and be cheerful, but found it difficult, as I was so weary and tired. The question of sleeping was solved by some straw from the stable loft being spread on the floor of the bed-room—now the verandah room. There were plenty of blankets, and M.'s pillows, filled with raupo, were brought from the hut, or 'cuddy,' as it was called to distinguish it from the men's hut that stood near. I should have liked to have lived in the 'cuddy,' but M. would not hear of it, as old John was of a peculiar temper and very garrulous, and we should have had no privacy. So when the shake-down was ready, I was also ready. M. took off my boots and my shawl, and carried me in, and I was asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. My dear M., how tender he was, and how distressed at my wearied condition. I heard, as in a dream, voices and movement in the next room, and found afterwards that Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh had sat far into the night drying my clothes and habit.

"In the morning when I awoke I heard the roaring of water, and sounds of pouring rain. The roaring was from the Gorge Creek, which, at that time, flowed close to the house; the little garden creek was also a torrent. This break in the weather was the beginning of three months of really bad weather, with almost constant rain, and storms of wind. It was the break of winter after a particularly fine spring and summer. I awoke feeling better, but stiff and sore after the long exposure to wind and rain. After a breakfast of good chops and fried potatoes, and scones—such scones—Mrs. Mackintosh was an adept at making them—I felt better, and we sat at our rough table and talked happily of our future, when the weather would clear and the sun shine again.

"Arriving as I did in the dark, I had seen nothing of the house, so we now proceeded to explore it. It was a six-roomed cottage, with a room in the middle of the verandah for stores, built by M. for his bachelor days, but so far uninhabited. There were two rooms upstairs and four below; added to this was the commencement of a new building at one side of the cottage—a dining-room, kitchen, with bedroom above it, and a store room and pantry. These were all in a very unfinished state, owing to old John having an altercation with the carpenters, who left before the work was completed. M., having discovered this the night we arrived, told a man to start in the morning for Timaru, and to try to persuade the carpenters to return, or to engage others; also to order some goods to be ready for the dray, which was to start as soon as the storm abated. The man had a bad ride; in fact, he just managed to get through to Timaru before the 'Pighunting-Creek' broke out to sea, so deeply that crossing for some days was impossible, and the dray could not leave for a week. After inspecting the house we went over to the 'cuddy,' the rain still pouring down. Old John did the honours, and gave us a welcome to, what he considered, his abode. It was beautifully clean. The floor was of beaten clay, which had worn into depressions here and there, so that in setting a chair there was a trouble in arranging the legs so as to stand firmly. A rough table, M.'s sea-chest, and his bunk against the wall, only half divided the room, showing the inner part with bunks. There were two small windows and one large sod fireplace; above the latter M.'s guns, stockwhips, etc., were arranged. A couple of stools, cut from the round of a tree, completed the furniture. Certainly there was no room for me there. The empty house for preference. While we were talking Mrs. Mackintosh entered. The good soul had proposals to make concerning our comfort, and had been doing what she could during our absence since breakfast. She was not in a state for much work and I may here state that five weeks afterwards another little Mackintosh arrived.

"We returned to the house, much to the annoyance of old John, who considered that he had not told us nearly all his views on the situation; one of which was that he had



advised 'himself' not to get married till the spring. 'But what's the use of talking,' he said; 'it's done'—this with great emphasis. Upon which Mrs. Mackintosh said, 'Hold your peace, John, it's done, and verra weel done too,' which drew from him some broad Irish compliments. We ran back through the rain, and pausing on the verandah, I scanned the outlook. Water everywhere, pouring through the flax and tussock that grew right up to the house. The Gorge Creek dominated everything, helped by the little garden creek that flowed close to the 'cuddy.' The long line of the Waimate bush was just visible through the rain, but the hills beyond could not be seen. M. cheered me by assuring me that the 'southerly buster' would clear off on, or just after, the third day. We entered the house and found that Mrs. Mackintosh had made it more cosy. Her niece, Barbara, a girl of fifteen years, was scrubbing vigorously the little passage and porch at the back. This girl was a wonderful worker, and a real Scotch lassie. She proved a good little maid until our servants arrived.

"We sat down to review the situation, the outlook of which was not cheerful. The drays would probably not be back for a fortnight, when we hoped that they would bring our luggage and furniture; but they had not yet started for Timaru. I had one change of clothes, and a dress skirt of grey alpaca which I wore with my habit jacket. My habit was of thick blue cloth, made by Hobbs in Christchurch, and warranted to wear well, which it did for years.

"Nothing daunted M., and he loved the rough country life. As he had not previously lived in the house, it seemed to him rather palatial in comparison to the 'cuddy'; but when I thought of the future, my spirit, of which I had not much at present, quailed, and I had difficulty in keeping back my tears. I seemed so far away from my dear sister Emily, and from civilization. The thought of all that separated me from my sister and friends was distressing, as I felt that I could never undertake the journey back to Christchurch, and so I felt banished. I did not speak of this to M., who was quite unconscious of my distress, and was cheerfully discussing affairs with Mrs. Mackintosh. The good woman was an optimist, and her motto was 'Bide a



wee, and all will come right.' In the meantime she had not been idle, and the room looked comfortable with two chairs, a table, and some boxes. 'There's a fine bit o' unbleached for a table-cloth and blinds, and the Master's towels and pillow cases will do till yours come; and there's a lovely set o' crockery to unpack.' So all seemed cheerful, and I forgot my misgivings, and when we sat down to our meal of fine fat chicken, boiled, with its legs and wings widely apart and pointing upwards, and little doughboys set all round it, we laughed merrily.

"As I write this the scene comes back to me. M. abruptly turning from the table as Barbara, staring wildly, deposited the dish with a bang that nearly upset the bird. I felt inclined to laugh, but restrained it until Barbara had gone, then we both gave way to our merriment. This episode did me much good, and made me look at things from the comical side, not the disappointing one.

"But the rain, oh, the rain, how it continued to pour down, and the creeks to roar; and still M. said, 'It will clear up the third day.' This really happened, for on that day the rain ceased, and we went for a walk along the hill that is now the Park road, to a small lagoon, where M. said, 'We will get a couple of ducks, there are always some there.' At that time there was plenty of manuka growing about the place; clumps of it were cut down for various purposes. Flax, cabbage-trees, and wild-Irishman were very close together, also large tussocks, huge snowgrass and Spaniards; all wild and tangled, excepting where the bullocks had trampled it flat on the dray tracks. After the ducks were shot, a thick drizzle set in, and we had to return home, calling at the stables on our way to see our horses, Cadmus and Jack, also a great favourite of M.'s, Retribution. Raxworthy, the bullock driver was there; he was a very superior man to most of his class. The other driver was rough.

"It was fortunate that we both had a keen sense of the ludicrous, as many queer situations and events happened in those days. John was a very mine of humour; conceited and ignorant, and full of quaint Irish sayings, he afforded us much amusement. Mackintosh, the shepherd, was the

exact opposite—stolid and taciturn, but they were both good and trustworthy in their work, and devoted to their master.

“But I must return to the events of the first day at the Homestead, May 26th. There was no change in the weather that day, but in the afternoon M. donned his oilskins, then the only form of waterproof, and his sou’-wester headgear of the same black oiled canvas, and departed for an hour to ‘look round.’ Mrs. Mackintosh came in to have a chat with me, bringing her little Jeannie of two years, who was very shy, and sat and stared at us while we unpacked the crockery in the lean-to room. It proved to be a dinner service of a green pattern, and a bedroom set to match. Both neat and nice, and used by us for many years. We also unpacked a bale of blankets, half of which, to my joy, I found to be white, the rest were blue.

“Mrs. Mackintosh said she would lend me ‘a fine pair of sheets,’ which, indeed, they were—very fine old linen. And so we made the bed more comfortable, and set out the bedroom china on the floor, Mrs. Mackintosh promising me ‘a fine large case’ to-morrow, for a washstand.

“She told me various histories of the people of the district, and so the time passed until M. returned from his walk—wet but happy

“Then, with John’s help, he brought his sea-chest and books from the ‘cuddy.’ The latter consisted of Scott’s novels and his life of Napoleon, Macaulay’s History of England, and a few other works. Also Scott’s Poems, one of which, his favourite, ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ he read to me in the evening, and so closed our first day at home.

“The next day proved less stormy, and in the afternoon there was a glint of sunshine, when we took the walk I mentioned, and returned with a couple of grey ducks. I stood at a little distance, while M. walked quietly to the lagoon. Soon I heard the whirr of wings; a shot ensued, followed quickly by another, and then away flew the ducks, and M. joined me, holding up a couple.

“The next morning was fine but cloudy, and the dray started early to try to get through to Timaru. There was still no sign of the Hunters Hills, nor did we see them until the fifth day after our arrival, when we awoke to a fine sunny morning, with a lovely view of the long line



of the Waimate Bush, and behind it the Hunters Hills, snow-capped.

"About this time George Brayshaw came from his run, over the Hook River. He and M. were the best of friends, and were always happy together. He was our most welcome and most cheerful visitor, and he generally spent Sunday with us. On one occasion he did not come as usual on Saturday, but arrived on Sunday evening, which we thought strange. When our evening meal came in he, evidently noticing something different about it, said 'What day is this?' We found that he had missed a day, and had scolded his cook and shepherd for being idle, and set them to work. Life was, indeed, monotonous; nothing to mark the days, no church nearer than Timaru. Still, Sunday was carefully observed, and 'plum duff' was the rule. The weather continued unsettled, and two weeks passed before I was able to ride out on the run with M.—no one coming all that time.

"The postman, Baines, was the first visitor, and a very welcome one. He rode, and led a horse on which the mail was carried in large leather bags. Our house was the Post-office of the district, and remained so until the year 1864, when it was, I think, left at Manchester's store. Baines was a fund of gossip. He took up his quarters in the 'cuddy,' where he was quite at home, having lived there with M. in the capacity of cook, etc. He was a man of some education, but he indulged in bad language, and was of an impatient temper. He was good company, and as he brought a fortnightly mail, we were well kept up in Canterbury news. His stages were: Christchurch to Rakaia, staying at Mr. Chapman's station; thence to Orari, to Mr. Macdonald's; then to Timaru, staying at the Royal, then on to us, where he stayed the night. The next day to Waitaki, where there was a ferry kept by a man named Dan Brown. Usually he returned to us the same day if the Waihou River was passable. Thus he brought letters from both north and south. He stayed the night, and returned to Christchurch in the same order as in coming south. He took great pride in 'getting through,' and often had narrow escapes in crossing swollen rivers and creeks.

"About this time M. told me that he must leave me for a



week, or perhaps longer. He had to go to Raukapuka, Mr. Alfred Cox's run, to take delivery of some cattle he had bought there. As our marriage had already delayed this, he could defer it no longer. I felt almost in despair at the thought of being left. We talked of what I should do in his absence, and it was arranged that Barbara should sleep in one of the back rooms, but how should I occupy myself? I had no material for needle-work, only a small 'housewife,' which I had carried in my saddle-bags, and two reels of cotton. Had the weather been good I might have gone to Timaru, but alas, that was not possible.

"The night before M. left there came a knock at the door, heralded by the barking of dogs. M. went on to the verandah, and, after a time, brought in a man whom he introduced as the Count de la Pasture. The Count had come up from the south, and was on his way to Christchurch to take up land, north of that town I think. He was quite young, pleasant and chatty. He was taken out to the 'cuddy' to sleep, as we had no other accommodation. He left the next day.

"Then came the time for M.'s departure. Needless to say I wept, tears were very near the surface in those days, and for many years, until I learned to control them. He started on Jack, with his swag and stock-whip hanging from the saddle. I rushed upstairs and watched him as far as I could see. And here I must reiterate that, but for the Waverley novels, with their good, sound, pleasant reading, I do not know how it would have been with me. An empty house, no companions, and no needle-work. I tried to walk out, but the ground was sloppy, and the creek uncrossable. The only cleared piece of ground was a small paddock, now the vegetable garden; and be it remembered, it was the depth of winter. The garden was a blank excepting for some cabbages, of which John was inordinately proud. There were some fruit-trees: cherry, apple, and pear; the latter are still standing. The weather continued bad. With made roads one would not have noticed it so much, but the ground was rough and uncultivated; tall flax, grasses and scrub, most unpleasant when wet, and no object in walking. Nothing to see, added to which I was timid, and the cattle were very wild.

"Thus I was placed with absolutely nothing to interest me in M.'s absence. After attending to a few little household duties, and having a chat to Mrs. Mackintosh, there came a blank. What shall I do? Read. Yes, as long as I could be interested. One morning Barbara arrived rather earlier than usual, and told me that a dear little baby boy had arrived in the night, and that she would not be able to help me that day, as she had to cook for the men. Mackintosh had brought Mrs. Smith, from Deep Creek, to be with his wife, so for a few days he and Barbara managed the men, and then she came to me as usual. One day, when going through the rooms, I came to the upstairs one in which the wallpaper had been placed. A happy thought struck me. I would paper the sitting-room; get it done before M. returned, and surprise him. Mrs. Mac. would make the paste, and Barbara would assist me. She said that she had once newspapered a room. Of course difficulties arose. Barbara could not be spared for long, as she did the heavy work of the men's hut, while her aunt cooked and did the dairy work. The long lengths of paper stuck, got crooked, had to be pulled off and re-pasted, but it was occupation, and the time was getting less every day until M.'s return. And Scott's novels were eagerly read. They saved me from melancholy, and taught me many things.

"About a week after M. left, some carpenters arrived from Oamau sent by those who had been here, on the chance of work. Two men, who professed to "know all about it," as John said. He came to consult me, and I said to engage them; if others came from Timaru they could all work. 'Well,' said John, 'will you make it right with "himself"?' This I promised to do. 'Then,' said John, 'I'll be on the alert.' This was his favourite saying when pleased. My joy was great, which was more than Mrs. Mac's was, as she doubted if she had food to last over the morrow. She said, 'If the dray doesna come soon, there'll be the devil to pay. These men will no like potatoes and milk.'

"However, the dray did come two days afterwards with stores, but alas, neither luggage nor furniture. The bullock driver brought me a letter from M., telling me that a schooner was due at Timaru, and that our married couple, housemaid, furniture, luggage, etc., were in it; and, best



news of all, that he would be back very soon. But, again, the rain and floods came, and he could not get through for another fortnight. The noise of hammering and planing seemed delightful. One of the carpenters said that he could make a bedstead and washstand if I wished, so everything seemed satisfactory, and when M. returned I did not care about anything else.

"Mr. Brayshaw came to see me before M. arrived; he had heard that a man named Pollard had tried to cross the Pighunting-Creek and been drowned, and he was anxious about M. It turned out that he had gone to the creek early in the day, but saw that it was not crossable. He met Pollard, and warned him, but the poor man took his chance between the waves and was washed out to sea; his body was found on the beach a few days afterwards.

"Towards the end of June we heard that our servants were in Timaru. Mr. Brayshaw brought the news, and told us that he had arranged for them to come out in Gregson's dray, which was soon to arrive. The kitchen was completed, and ready for their occupation. The carpenters worked well, and with the assistance of another that M. had found in Timaru, the work went on apace. The sound of hammering, etc., far from being annoying was perfectly charming, as it told of comfort to come. The room on the verandah was an eye-sore, besides taking up the middle of it. I persuaded M. to consent to its removal, but still he did not order it to be done.

"At last our servants came—Mr. and Mrs. Brown, a young couple, and the housemaid, Caroline Taylor. They were all absolutely incapable and ignorant of work. Brown had been a policeman, his wife a factory girl, and Caroline had been brought up in one of Lord Shaftesbury's homes, near London. They were all new arrivals from England. Fortunately I had been taught by my dear friend, and almost mother, Mrs. Riddiford, how to make bread and butter, and to cook and manage a house. All were willing to learn, but the Browns were slow. However, we got on pretty well, and dear M. was never impatient. He praised my cooking, which indeed was not bad. Still our luggage did not arrive. Miles and Co. wrote telling M. that 'by some mischance' it was still in their store in Lyttelton, but would



be sent down on the first opportunity, which was not until August.

"My dress was shabby in the extreme. M. decided to go to Timaru and bring me out some material for another, from the stores of Cain and Le Cren, who were general agents. He brought me out one of some brown material, the pieces for the bodice and flounces having a magenta border, which was not as bad as it sounds. I had given him a list of other necessities, and at last I had something to do. During his absence, of three days, I got the carpenters to remove the obnoxious room, at which he was well pleased, for it gave us a large verandah, which is still in use.

"The district was first known as Wai-mate-mate, and is thus spelt in all Government records of early date. As most people know, the English meaning of the word is 'stagnant water,' which was a very good name for it, as in this district, and all flat lands, there were pools of water about, and many of the creeks were stopped at the mouth, thus leaving a collection of stale water. When heavy rain came the debris at the mouth of the creeks was washed away

"There were numberless birds about. Wekas, especially, were very plentiful, and made their nests in the high flax with which the country was covered. From Waimate to the sea was one waving mass of flax. The Maori track which led through it to the lake had numerous turns and twists in it to avoid the clumps of snow-grass, manuka, and cabbage-trees. The latter were sometimes very large, having from thirty to forty heads on them, and were tall in proportion

"At the end of the month the weather was better, and I went for many rides with M. to the Lake Wainono, to shoot ducks, which were then very plentiful. We frequently met the Maoris returning from their expeditions in search of fish and game. The men usually carried the spears, etc., and the women the spoil. There was a narrow, well-defined track from the Pah to the lake.

"My first visit to Mr. Brayshaw's house was in this month. It stood on the bank of the Hook River below the terrace, and was like most country houses in appearance, quite plain. The interior was full of things. There were racks for boots

and shoes and everything was as neat and tidy as a doll's house.

"In the spring M. had to go to Christchurch again, and I was glad to accompany him. We called at old Butterworth's at Pareora, and had some tea and bread and butter, and then on to Timaru, where we arrived rather late at night. The following day we reached the Macdonalds', at Orari, where we remained for a couple of days, as I was too tired to go on. Then we resumed our journey to Christchurch. It was late in August, the Rakaia River was rather high, and we had to cross it without a boat, which was missing. This was too bad. However, we rode over it, and managed to get as far as Maine's, which is about ten miles from Christchurch. This was the longest day I had had, and I was never so tired in my life. The next day we arrived in Christchurch, and stayed with my sister and brother-in-law, who promised to come to Waimate the following year.

"After a few days in Christchurch we had to go to the 'run.' We left in a snowstorm, and had much trouble to get as far as Gigg's accommodation house, where we stayed the night. The house was full of people, who had taken shelter from the snowstorm, and we had difficulty in getting a room, but Mr. Harris, of Pareora, insisted upon giving up his bed and going on to the Rakaia, notwithstanding the inclement weather.

"After an uncomfortable meal I went to the bed-room, which was in a very untidy state, and there were no fresh sheets to be had. The walls were of scrim and paper, and a loft above had only boards over the rafters, so that every sound was audible. M. persuaded me to go to bed early, but I was no sooner there than the horrors of the night began. The men were nearly all under the influence of drink, and they sat up most of the night playing cards, to an accompaniment of swearing. Every now and then one was dragged to bed, overhead, which made the room rock and creak. Towards morning things were quieter, and we got a little sleep. We rose early, and gladly continued our journey without waiting for breakfast. I distinctly remember the lovely fresh air of the fine morning as we



rode along, and the comfortable breakfast of duck's eggs, etc., that we got on our arrival at Hororata.

"M. went back to Christchurch to interview a new manager, and I stayed a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, at 'Rockwood,' which I greatly enjoyed. They were kindness itself, and took me for many beautiful walks. At that time there was a forest of black birch close to the house, which extended up to the hills. The trees were beautiful, especially in their early morning colouring. I took long walks over the hills with Mr. Phillips's son. M. had returned, and at last the day came for us to leave Rockwood. It was a howling nor'-wester, but as we had postponed our departure several times, we felt obliged to make a start for home.

"We were almost blown off our horses near the Rakaia Gorge, and arrived later in the day at the Rakaia, in a very untidy condition. We stayed there for the night, and were all entertained by Mrs. Dunsford, who kept a good table, and had fairly comfortable beds.

"The next morning, accompanied by a friend of M.'s, we rode to Mr. Dowling's, who lived down the river towards the sea. There was no one at home, and after walking round the house and trying all the windows and doors, M. got down the kitchen chimney, a large sod one, and opened the door. Mr. Dowling returned later, and we remained there for the night. We inspected the garden, and our host gave us some wattle seeds, which were the pioneers of our Waimate wattles.

"The next morning we returned to the Rakaia River, the large stream of which we had to cross in a boat, our horses swimming behind us. M.'s friend, Bob Thompson, had considerable difficulty with his horse, as it allowed its head to sink into the water, and would have been drowned if the river had been wider. It was altogether an alarming experience. We rode on and spent the night at Turton's Hotel, at Ashburton. Here M. met a number of people whom he knew, drovers and others, and the season's prospects were discussed.

"The next morning we had to cross the Ashburton River, which had lately been in flood, and was still difficult to cross. Several of the drovers came with us, thus making



it a cheerful, though slightly dangerous, crossing, as there were numerous soft spots in the river bed. When we got a few miles further on, and our friends had left us, I began to dread the coming crossing of the Rangitata. After talking it over with B. Thompson, M. decided to ford the river a few miles further down, where he thought the stones were not so large. By riding three abreast we crossed much more easily, and were able to avoid the larger stones by going very slowly. Once over the river bed the road was fairly easy.

"Here I might mention a little incident which occurred at this river. A few years later Mr. Herbert Meyer was riding back from Christchurch, when he saw a man sitting near the Rangitata. He spoke to him, and found that he was a tailor, lately arrived from England, and was making his way to Dunedin. He had been unable to cross the river and had waited several days in the hope of someone coming who could help him over. Mr. Meyer then offered to take him over on his horse, at which the man was very pleased. He tied his pack firmly on to his shoulders, and then mounted behind Mr. Meyer, holding on to him by a belt which he wore round his waist. They crossed one or two of the smaller streams quite safely, but when in the middle of the larger one Mr. Meyer suddenly discovered that the man had gone. He got out of the river and rode up and down the bank for nearly an hour looking for him, but in vain. He then went on to Timaru and gave information to the police, who also made a search but without any result. Many persons were drowned in this river in those days. After crossing the river Mr. B. Thompson left us to return to Mr. Macdonald's. M. and I stayed the night with some friends at Orari, and the next day we rode on to Timaru and spent the night with the H. J. Le Crens. There was rather a rough sea, and a great deal of water had collected in the lagoon at the foot of Mr. Le Cren's garden. For some years the rising and falling of this lagoon caused a good deal of trouble, but it was eventually drained away into the sea.

"The next morning we started off on our return journey to Waimate. We stopped at Cain and Le Cren's store and bought a number of things for the house, which were to be

packed and sent on to Waimate. The weather was fine, being a great contrast to the last time I made this journey. On arriving home we found the house nearly finished, and the men had made the furniture for our bed-room, so it was all quite comfortable. The sitting-room, too, looked very smart with its new table and sideboard, also made by the carpenters. Mrs. Mac. had seen that the house was all nice and straight for us. None of our expected furniture had yet arrived. Then, out of doors, the garden was bright with blossoming fruit trees, and when I remembered the place, in its former desolation, when I first arrived, it seemed to me to be perfectly beautiful. We sowed the seeds which we had brought, and October and November passed away. I rode about a good deal with M., who had the sheep to collect for shearing, which would begin early in December.

"The Gorge was a notable feature of the landscape, and the scenery at this time was very striking. The stream, which curved from side to side through its entire length, made six or seven crossings. The banks were bordered with raupo and tu-tu bushes, the latter in summer being covered with large berries, the juice of which the Maoris used to make a drink.

"At that time there was a track through the larger Gorge, but the smaller one had no thoroughfare. The Maori track ran up the hill at the back, which was then covered with cabbage-trees, and came out at a deep lagoon, which extended over the whole of the flat at that time. The Gorge stream was full of fish, waikukupera and tunas, or eels—a great boon to the Maoris, who constantly came here to replenish their larder. The bushes in the gullies were frequented by pigeons, kakas, wekas, and numerous smaller birds, which built in the rocks. There were numerous varieties of trees: matipo, konini, ohau, inini and pepper trees. In later years these trees were cut down to decorate the shops and houses in Waimate at Christmas time.

"At the beginning of December shearing began, and every one on the station was called to help. M. did most of the classing himself, which made him very busy. There were six shearers employed in the shed, mostly rather rough Australians. M. being occupied all day, gave me plenty of time to work in the house. G. Brayshaw was a constant

visitor, and after shearing, in January, 1861, we had a delightful visit from Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Potts, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Moorhouse. They stayed with us about ten days, and we went for many long rides, to explore the place, during their visit.

"I think it was in this year, 1861, that George Buchanan took up land on the Willowbridge Flat. For some time before building his own house, G. Buchanan occupied one of Studholme brothers' shepherd's huts, to which he brought his wife. Although comprising only one room, they managed to make it very comfortable, by putting a curtain of scarlet blanket across to divide the bedroom from the sitting-room; and it may be imagined how delighted I was to have a neighbour. Mrs. Buchanan and I became fast friends, and have remained so all our lives.

"In May my sister Emily came down to stay with me for some months. She had her two children with her. Her husband had gone to Dunedin.

"At the end of June, to our great joy, my first child was born; and now I shall close this account of a short but interesting part of my life."





TE WAIMATE HOMESTEAD, 1864



## CHAPTER VI

### MICHAEL STUDHOLME AND HIS FAMILY IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES

IN April, 1863, Michael Studholme and his wife went home to England, taking with them their two small children, Fannie and Emmie. They sailed in the *Shalimar*, a large vessel of nearly 1,000 tons, and the first wool ship of the season. The captain, a worthy and capable man, was accompanied by his wife. The voyage, though a good one, took one hundred and twenty days, which was longer than had been anticipated, with the result that stores ran short, and they had to eat a large amount of salt pork. At last England was sighted, and the *Shalimar* was towed up to London, where Michael Studholme was met by his eldest brother, Joseph, who lived in Ireland, and also by his old friend, George Brayshaw.

The family crossed over to Ireland almost immediately, and stayed at a hotel in Dublin, where they engaged a girl named Mary Coffey to look after the children. They then went to Kilmain, near Birr, where Effie met many of her husband's relations for the first time. They went also to Scotland, and then to England, where they stayed at Knottingley, the Moorhouse family's home in Yorkshire. In July they returned to Ireland and stayed at Howth, near Dublin, where in August, a son, Michael Cuthbert, was born; he was christened in Sier Kierman Church, near Kilmain.

The following month Michael Studholme and his family sailed for New Zealand in the *Glenmark*, whose captain, a disagreeable man, was frequently so drunk that he could not attend to his ship. For the first two weeks the hold was in a very bad state, no luggage could be procured, and there was a shortage of food. The baby, Cuthbert, became seriously ill; his father was completely incapacitated through seasickness, and it was thought that the child would have



died had not a fellow-passenger, Henry Le Cren, managed to get him a hot bath. At last, after an unpleasant voyage of about 110 days, the *Glenmark* arrived in Lyttelton in January, 1865.

John Studholme and his wife, Ellen, had lived at Te Waimate during Michael's absence in England. Mrs. John Studholme was a sister of William Sefton Moorhouse, Superintendent of Canterbury; and her younger brother, William Septimus de Septimo Moorhouse, commonly known as Bill, managed the station at this time. Two names in the Waimate district are reminiscent of her stay there—Mount Ellen and Knottingley Park. The horse, Knottingley, which won the Canterbury Cup and other races, was also named after the Moorhouses' old home.

John met his brother Michael in Christchurch with a depressing report: money was very scarce and things were generally in a bad way.

Michael and his family set out for Waimate, and on the way down stayed for a fortnight with Dr. and Mrs. Ben Moorhouse at Shepherd's Bush. They then continued their journey, and, on reaching their home, found that many changes had taken place during their absence; amongst other improvements the house had been enlarged by the addition of a drawing-room and several extra bedrooms.

It took some time to get everything straight, and then John Studholme, his wife and their two sons, John and William Paul, left for a visit to England. They sailed in the ship *British Empire*, and the passage home was considered to be a good one, in spite of the fact that they ran short of provisions and nearly starved.

In the year 1867, my mother and father rode to Balmoral Station on the Hurunui to stay with the Wigleys; my mother also went south to Dunedin to see her sister, Emily, whose husband, James Moorhouse, was seriously ill; he died shortly afterwards. Emily and her three children—Katherine, Mark, and Rose—lived with the Ben Moorhouses at Shepherd's Bush for about two years, and then came to Waimate and made their home with us.

I was born in 1866 and, during the next thirteen years, six children were added to our family—Mabel, Carlisle, Paul, Ruth, Harold, and Geoffrey, born on the day of the big bush

fire in 1878. There were now six sons and four daughters, so that with my parents, my aunt, three cousins, and a governess, seventeen people sat down to meals in the dining room, and there were three maids in the kitchen, making twenty people to cater for. In addition there were constant visitors at the Homestead; people came from all quarters and just stayed as a matter of course. My mother was the most hospitable of women, and would not have wished any traveller to pass her gate without calling in, nor would she have allowed any guest to feel unwelcome, but even *she* was sometimes forced to admit that large numbers of people arriving unexpectedly and staying for a night or for a month, made housekeeping a somewhat strenuous matter.

Michael Studholme shared his wife's love of poetry, and could recite at length, having a wonderful memory. Although somewhat abrupt in manner, he was one of the kindest hearted men imaginable, and a great host. He loved to entertain his friends, and it was no uncommon thing to have thirty people staying in the house for shooting parties and race-meetings.

A great deal of entertaining was done at Te Waimate, as at most of the early stations, and things were done on a large scale. Our old dining-room was about 20 ft. by 14, and at a pinch would seat twenty people. The table, a mahogany one, stretched the whole length of the room when extended to its full length by the insertion of additional leaves. My father's chair at the fire end would then have to be protected by a screen attached to the back, and my mother's chair was right down in the bow window. More than twenty guests were considered a fair number, and a table was placed in the hall to accommodate the overflow, who sometimes outnumbered the guests in the dining-room. When there were steeplechases or other popular gatherings fifty or more people would sit down to meals at the Homestead. It was possible to cope with such numbers because everybody made the best of things, and the maids entered into the spirit of it all. Huge joints of meat and large quantities of poultry and game were required, and the carvers had a busy time. My father always used a special long-bladed knife for the rounds of beef, weighing anything up to thirty pounds, and which he enjoyed

carving in wafer-like slices. Any one who has eaten a slice of properly corned and spiced beef will never forget it. My mother provided, also, enormous quantities of sweets.

In later years entertaining became much easier. A new dining-room was built, 40ft. by 20, which was capable of seating forty guests, and there was still the old room to fall back on in case of an overflow. The floor of the new room was made of black pine (matai) and was specially constructed for the dancing which invariably brought the gatherings to a close. Lancers, polkas, Sir Roger de Coverley, and other old time dances were danced to the strains of a piano and violin, or fiddle as we called it, and for those who did not wish to dance there were card games of every description: bezique, cribbage, whist, and many others.



## CHAPTER VII

1865-1878

ALTHOUGH my mother was fully, or more than fully, occupied with her home and family, she was keenly interested in the progress of the district and the station, and the following notes have been made from records kept by her.

After his return from England in 1865 Michael Studholme had a very difficult time, and his wife recorded in her journal—"All the money was gone and the banks full of trouble." He was busily occupied during the remainder of the year buying sheep, cattle, and horses; ploughing; putting up those fences that were necessary for the development of the station; and doing his utmost to get Te Waimate back to a sound position.

1866: E. C. Studholme, born 29th July and baptised in September by a travelling clergyman whose name is not recorded; there was no resident clergyman in the district at this time

1867: The financial position had greatly improved, and my father had little to worry about beyond the buying and selling of stock and other matters connected with the development of a big property. The fencing off of the larger blocks was begun in earnest, and a considerable sum of money was spent in dividing up the run and clearing the land preparatory to ploughing it.

About this time outsiders began buying freehold on the run; the Studholmes had an anxious time trying to protect their rights, and the shepherds were given strict orders to report at once if they saw any strangers who appeared to be looking for land.

1868: There was considerable trouble to procure shearers; men were hard to find, and my father had

difficulty in getting the shearing done. This was the year of the big flood, when the Waihao River rose six feet higher than has been recorded on any other occasion.

1869: There was a lot of work done on the station during this year, such as fencing, clearing land for ploughing, etc

1870: The first double-furrow plough used in district, July 23rd. Kerioi (Murimutu) and Ohauko, two North Island stations, were bought after many telegrams and letters from Sefton Moorhouse. Michael Studholme was not keen about buying them, but in the end was persuaded to do so. John Studholme, on his return from England, bought Merivale, Christchurch.

1871: Manchester built a store in High Street, and Wills erected the blacksmith's shop in John Street, Waimate.

1872: Studholme brothers bought much land about Waimate. Times were prosperous.

1873: The Governor, Sir George Bowen, and Lady Bowen, stayed at the station. The whole Studholme family had whooping cough and went to Coldstream for a few weeks. The Studholmes purchased a good deal of land in the back country. The Rev. Mr. Pascoe was in charge of the Parish of Waimate, and there was talk of building a church.

1874: John and Michael Studholme began to talk of one brother buying the other out.

1877: John and Michael Studholme agreed to dissolve partnership, Michael to take Waimate and John all the other properties by degrees. Immediately after things were fixed up, the big slump came. E. H. Cameron, manager of Waimate, went up to the North Island to look after Ohauko and Kerioi; Ambrose Potts, a son of T. H. Potts of Governor's Bay, took his place at Waimate.

1878: The slump became worse. There was a bad drought, and the Waimate Bush took fire on November 15th. Potts was badly burned in helping to save people from the fire, and Cameron had to be brought back from the North Island for a time.

## CHAPTER VIII

### STATION MANAGERS

IN the fifties Michael Studholme managed the Station with the assistance of an overseer, John Ledwick. Soon, however, the rapid development of the place, and the increasing number of station hands, necessitated a manager, and during the sixties the position was held by William, or Bill, Moorhouse. During his time a lad named Edward Hume Cameron, a native of Oban in Scotland, came to the Station with a drive of sheep, and Moorhouse liked him so much that he persuaded him to stay on, which he did, for thirty years or more, and succeeded Moorhouse as manager.

The boss of a large station had to be a man of varied attainments, for in addition to knowing a lot about stock and agriculture, and being able to handle men, he had to take on surveying, engineering, veterinary work, dealing in stock, book-keeping, and many other things. Frequently, after being in the saddle all day, he would spend the evening at office work, making up the station books, paying wages, dealing with correspondence, and not finish up until a very late hour. Many of the old managers were, however, as hard as steel, and in addition to their very arduous work, were always ready to take a hand in any fun that was going.

Cameron was a splendid boss; there were few things connected with station life that he could not do, and he was one of the pluckiest men that I have known, well able to use his fists, if necessary, to enforce discipline.

He was good with sheep, cattle and horses; an expert with a stock-whip, a fair surveyor and engineer, a good business-man and book-keeper, an expert amongst trees, and a good man with an axe. He was also quite a good athlete, and won the High Jump at the South Canterbury Athletic Sports in Timaru on several occasions. He was an outstanding horseman, ready to take on all the bad horses



that others were afraid to mount—and some of them at that time were brutes. I once saw him thrown five times from the same buckjumper, a horse called The Weasel; but he stuck to him in the end, in spite of having his shoulder badly injured.

When bicycles came into fashion Cameron decided that he would learn to ride one, and had some comic experiences in attempting to do so. Being a horseman, he unconsciously gripped the machine with his knees when things went wrong—which was pretty often—and came a complete cropper in consequence. He expected the bicycle to shy at culverts, and he always ran right into anything that he was trying to avoid. He had a friend named Eugene Mainwaring, who stammered rather badly, and who tried to teach Cameron to ride one of these new-fangled machines. He would take him up to the top of a slight slope on the drive, and give him a start down it, calling out, "D-d-d-d-d-don't p-p-p-p-pedal, Cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc-Cameron." But before he could get out his instructions, Cameron had invariably gone head over heels amongst the trees. He must have been rather like Mulga Bill, of whom Banjo Paterson writes:

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;  
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;  
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;  
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;  
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,  
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"  
"See here, young man," said Mulga Bill. . .  
"Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild cat can it fight.  
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight."

He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,  
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards, it bolted clean away.  
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,  
It whistled down the awful slope, towards the Dead Man's Creek.

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:  
He said: "I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;  
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five pound bet,  
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.  
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; it's shaken all my nerve  
To feel it whistle through the air, and plunge and buck and swerve,  
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;  
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill."



EDWARD HUME CAMERON, MANAGER OF  
TE WAIMATE FOR 30 YEARS



E. C. STUDHOLME, ABOUT 1910



Cameron was always getting into trouble when cycling, the climax being reached one dark night whilst he was pedalling quietly home along the main road. One of the Otaio shepherds, who was a bit "elevated," came cantering up behind him, and called out to him to stop. When he took no notice, the man and horse rode right over *him, Cameron*, smashing the cycle and trampling on the rider! This was too much for E. H. C., and he returned to the old means of locomotion—horses.

Michael Studholme sent Cameron up to the North Island for a time to take charge of the Ohauko Station, inland from Napier. He had many dealings with the Maoris, but knew something of their language, and having plenty of tact he got on well with them, and made friends with Topia, the local chief.

When Cameron retired, after about thirty years of management, he bought some 300 acres of Te Waimate land near Studholme Junction, where he lived until his death in about 1904. Like so many old station managers, who were splendid men at their job, he did not make a great success of farming on his own account. These men were so used to writing cheques that as long as they had a cheque book in their hands, they continued to use it.

E. H. Cameron's brother owned the Aviemore Station, above Kurow, and was the father of J. E. P., Walter, Preston, and Edward Cameron, who also had places in that neighbourhood; in fact some of them are still there and own a lot of sheep amongst them.

My brother Cuthbert worked with Cameron, and managed the stock on the Station until his death in the nineties. I managed the agriculture for some years, and then took over the whole thing. I do not know exactly when this happened; it was probably about 1895, but it just came on me gradually, like a disease—I woke up one morning and realised that I had been managing the Station for some time.

## CHAPTER IX

### STATION HANDS

I HAVE happy memories of many of the station hands, splendid men, most of them, whose like we shall not see again. Of course, some of the old-timers were extremely hard cases, though as a rule they were honest and straight, and very loyal to the Boss, as the owner or manager of a station was called.

The men's quarters at Waimate consisted of a cook-house, a dining-room about 30 ft. by 15, one double-decker bunkroom, and one three-decker room, each about 20 by 12 feet in size. There was also a small hut capable of holding four men. Some of the shearers, the wise ones, brought their own tents, for the men invariably stuffed up every window and cranny, and the fug was awful.

The men's dress was generally extremely simple—a red or blue Crimean shirt, moleskin trousers, heavy boots, and a felt hat. On Sundays, however, they wore a dark coat; white collarless shirt, with a neck-tie run through a ring carved from a sheep shank or Quandong nut.\*

All the old hands wore beards, and it was difficult to say if some of these bearded men ever laughed, though when a noise like a booming bittern was heard, and their whiskers shook more than usual, it might be presumed that mirth was struggling to manifest itself.

There was strong evidence attached to most of these beards, that the wearer had eaten eggs for breakfast, or steak and onions as the case may be, and I have noticed men when hungry, just sucking their whiskers and apparently obtaining quite a lot of nourishment from this source; frequently the bouquet of whisky was a "lingering sweetness long drawn out."

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\* Quandong nuts were brought back from Australia by the shearers, and looked rather like peach-stones.

One great advantage of a beard is that it keeps the face warm when facing a cold blast; another, and rather important one, is that no time is wasted on shaving; though as a matter of fact, a well-kept beard requires a lot of attention.

One shepherd had a beard so large that he had great difficulty in finding his pipe. Whilst his pipe was going, the smoke would ooze out all over his beard, and when he observed that there was no smoke, he knew that it was time to stoke up again!



The smoking problem was made more acute for men with beards, by the fact that most of the pipes were clay ones, and ends of the stems were for ever breaking off, and the pipes soon became "nosewarmers" and even more difficult to find.



Probably the first head shepherd was Hamish MacIntosh who was on Te Waimate during Ledwick's time in the fifties.

During the sixties, before the run was fenced in at the back, two shepherds kept the boundary next the Hakataramea; Donald McKinnon who lived in a hut at the top of Kaiwarua, and Willie McLeod who had a hut just across the south branch of the Waihao River opposite Waikora, now Hugh Macfarlane's place. These two men went out and back most days, meeting half way, thus keeping in touch with one another; they saw no other man for weeks on end, and came down to the Homestead only when they ran out of stores. McLeod kept quite a number of horses, from fifteen to twenty on the Station ground, and brought them all down at Christmas time, when he would sell a couple or so, to swell his income.

In 1867, the year of the big snow, E. H. Cameron, the manager, was worried as to how McKinnon, and a fencer who was with him at the time, were faring in their hut right out at the back of the run. He therefore set out with a shepherd, James Anderson, to see if they were all right. They had great difficulty in getting through the deep snow, and Anderson nearly lost his life from exhaustion. At last they came in sight of the lonely little hut, heard the bag-pipes going, and so knew that the men were safe. But the two horses had died, and the snow, two weeks after it had fallen, was still up to the eaves of the hut.

James Faulkner, another of the early shepherds on Te Waimate, lived for a time in a hut near the Hook Bush. He was responsible for the boundary over the top of the range at Mount Studholme and down to the Waihao River, until the fence was erected between Te Waimate and Otaio, the Thomsons' run. Faulkner later lived at Willowbridge, where he looked after our sheep running on that part. He also did the wool-classing at the Station; my father had taught him the art. Afterwards he took an hotel in Central Otago and did very well there; he married a sister of M. Hyland of Waitaki.

Robert Trotter, afterwards a run-holder at Kurow, who died in 1937, was a shepherd on Waimate in the seventies. He once put up a remarkable performance on the Steeple-

chase course at Willowbridge, by jumping the water jump with his boots on. This jump was sixteen feet wide and three feet six high, and consisted of a four feet wide sod bank topped by a rail, with six feet of water on either side of it.

James Riddle, who came from Otepopo, worked here for many years, and later was with Goring Johnston at Tamumu. He looked after more paddock sheep than any man I remember, having, at one time, 12,000 Cross-Bred ewes and 2,000 hoggets in his sole charge. Jimmy was one of the quickest men imaginable off the mark, and kept three horses busy. When I last saw him, a few years ago, he asked me if I could remember how many sheep he looked after, because people would not believe him when he told the above numbers, but I can vouch for them as being correct. One ewe in his flock had six lambs at a birth, so a recent record near Christchurch was equalled in the past.

In the eighties Peter Manson was head shepherd at Waimate, and was an excellent hand with sheep; he was six feet in height but weighed only about ten stone, and was one of the best walkers I ever knew. Unfortunately he was killed by a fall from his horse in the Waimate Gorge when returning from mustering.

Another of the old-timers was R. Tully of Waituna, quite the nicest dispositioned man imaginable, who was never known to swear, though a shepherd for many years. The worst thing that I ever heard him say was—when very annoyed with a bitch he had—"You nasty little cat." Remarking to him one day that this bitch was a nice thing, his reply was,

"Yes, Meg is no a bad wee lassie."

If ever there was a good Christian in this world, Tully was that man. His son Bob worked for my brother Carlisle at Pentland Hills for many years, and he, also, had his father's kindly nature.

Another good shepherd, and great man, was Donald Gunn from the Upper Hook, a splendid judge of Border Leicester sheep, and one of the most likeable of men. Donald's word was his bond, and I never knew him do a mean action. He once wanted to buy a piece of land, but had not quite enough money, so would not go on with the transaction, as he considered it wrong to buy a thing that he could not pay



for. One day he was riding an old hunter named Trust, a very keen jumper, and unthinkingly turned the horse's head towards a big gorse fence. In spite of Donald's restraining efforts, in fact, almost before he realised what was happening, the old horse had cleared the fence and a very surprised man found himself on the other side.

"A dangerous brute, a dangerous brute," he said to me afterwards, and refused to ride Trust again.

We were once looking at some sheep in the yard, and Donald tickled me greatly by remarking, "That sheep has an abominable countenance."

All the Gunns were excellent sheep men. Another brother, Sandy, or perhaps I should say, Alec, was at Station Peak and Galloway Station for many years with Robert Campbell and Sons. Two sisters, Misses Jessie and Mary, still live in Waimate.

James Keane, who was stockman for many years, had previously been a sailor, rather an unusual thing for a man who had to spend his days on horseback. One could mention no quarter of the world that old Jim had not been in, and his yarns were famous more for their variety than for their veracity. He was not much of a horseman, and if one of his mounts jumped over a thistle or some small object, he would say that it "bucked like beggary." An old white hack of Jim's, called Spider, was still quite sound and in daily use at the age of twenty-five years. I never knew a man who looked after his horses, in fact, any kind of stock, better than he did, and his hut was always kept scrupulously clean and tidy. The first thing he would do on getting home in the evening was to feed his horses, fowls, and cats; then he would boil the billy and prepare his tea. When the evening meal was finished, and things put away, he would take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and read the paper; any word he could not negotiate was put down as a "Blanky French" one; and when an old lady in the Waimate district started what she called a "Seminary for Young Ladies" and put up a sign-board to that effect, Jim interpreted it as Cemetery, saying:

"By crikey, that beats all. That old Mother So-and-so has started a 'semitary' for young ladies."

Jim came from Peterhead in Scotland, and took a trip home to the "Old Dart" to see his people. He brought





JAMES KEANE, STOCKMAN



A STOCKMAN'S COTTAGE

back a narwhal horn as a present for my father, saying: "Here's a blanky unicorn's horn I've brought you for a walking stick."

This horn had the same twist as the mythical unicorn's and it appears that whalers and other sea-faring people who frequent the Arctic waters call them "unis." So Jim was within the truth in what he said. This horn was of solid ivory, weighing probably five pounds or so, and was considered quite a valuable trophy.

Like many other sailors, Jim's idea of a holiday was to go to town, get tight, take off his coat, and look for trouble, which he generally found. We boys were always pulling his leg, and the old man rose quickly to any kind of chaff. His language was definitely picturesque. He was always "as wet as a blanky shag" on rainy days; or had "been up since blanky delight," or "sparrow-chirp." He talked about "my cattle" and "my horses," as though he owned them, and was quite the most loyal and trustworthy man that I ever came across. Being a sailor, he could tie up a beast and release it as quickly as any one, and he could plait a stock-whip perfectly. One day, when we were after cattle, he reproved my brother-in-law, Alec Boyle, for swearing.

"You know, Mr. Boyle, this blanky swearing is a blanky bad habit."

Jim Keane was at Morven Hills Station with the McLeans when the first red deer, seven in number, were turned out on the Brest Hill Creek in '71.

Old Jim Keane was followed as stockman by a man named Pagan, who had previously been shepherd. He was hard-riding and capable, and held the stockman's job for some years. I remember one dog that he had, who would come up to you, wagging his tail, and without warning, bite you on the top of the shoulder. A perfect brute.

The Tavendale brothers, David and James, were expert fencers; they erected many miles for us at various times, and were two of the hardest men I ever came across. In later years young Davy carried on the work with his father, Jimmy, and like him, was a great hand at putting up fences on the hills. Once when they were anxious to get home for Christmas, these two erected forty chains over rough country in five days; they sometimes worked sixteen hours a day. Jimmy Tavendale was working with sheep for a time, and



was the only shepherd that I can remember who could call his dogs off a wild pig without a lot of very strong talk to them.

Another great fencer and worker was Jack Yesberg, who had a mate called Girbling. These two fenced for us for many years, and during the eighties, at harvest time, they also did a lot of hand-tying behind the back delivery reaping machine. During the boom of 1878 poor Jack bought a small farm from us down near Tom Medicott's, and struggled on there for many years, being determined to pay off all the money that he owed on the land.

Nimmo and Buckles, also, were a pair of splendid fencers, who erected many miles of fencing in the seventies and eighties. Nimmo was a hard case. One day he was shot in the face by a fool of a doctor who was out shooting with us. The doctor took him to Waimate, gave him a liberal dose of whisky, extracted the shot, and sent him home.

"I would not mind being shot every day for that treatment," said Nimmo, cheerfully, when he returned to Wainono where he was working.

Obviously a Scot!

Maurice Ferriter, pack-man, rabbitier, and general hand, was one of the greatest characters that I ever came across. He hailed from Ventry in the south of Ireland, where the name is still common. He was full of jokes and fun, always ready to take part in anything that was going in the way of sport. On one occasion, while we were out shooting hares, Maurice, for a small wager, jumped, fully clad, into a deep creek. It was mid-winter and bitterly cold, but when my brother urged him to go home and change, he was very much hurt. He declared that his singlet was quite dry, though it was obvious that all his other garments were soaked right through, and the legs of his trousers, above the bow-yangs, which he wore tied below the knees, were all bulged out with water.

One day Maurice had gone out with the rabbit pack, but came rushing home greatly excited, and told us that there was a baboon sitting on a post by the plantation at the mouth of the Gorge. "You must have a bad attack, Maurice," I said to him. But he still maintained that he *had* seen a baboon, so I went out with him, and sure enough, there the animal was, sitting on the post, just as he had described.

The rabbit dogs bailed it up, and Maurice walked towards it. Taking off his coat, he placed it over the baboon's head, and carried the creature home under his arm. Apparently the baboon had escaped from a travelling show that had passed by some days previously, and it seemed quite pleased to meet some friendly human beings, though it had looked savage when approached in the first place.

When my brother Carlisle owned the Pentland Hills and Kaiwarua stations, both parts of the old Waimate run, Maurice Ferriter used to drive a four-wheeled express and pair of horses between the two stations. The road was narrow and steep, with many sharp turns, and Maurice's driving inspired W. Goldstone (who worked on Waimate for ten years or more) to pen the following lines—with apologies to Banjo Paterson:

#### THE MAN FROM KAIWARU

It was somewhere in the 90's, just as near as I can guess,  
When first I toured with Maurice in his "Kaiveroo" Express.  
A trip I long remembered, for 'twas packed with many thrills,  
And all the time I'm wishing I was back at Pentland Hills.  
The road was pretty crooked, with a lot of elbow curves,  
But Maurice knew his business—he's a man with iron nerves.  
I might mention just in passing that the road was steepish then.  
For the grade in many pinches wasn't more than one in ten!

I was feeling sort of sleepy, but I quickly came awake  
At the yelling of the driver and the screeching of the brake,  
For we're going hell for leather, and he never turned a hair  
When he cut across a culvert with about an inch to spare.

A hefty sigh of thankfulness to Heaven upward soared,  
He'd scared the living daylights out of every man on board;  
And just to give us confidence and put us at our ease,  
He'd do some fancy driving with the reins between his knees!

Says he: "That's Hogan's Corner, and it's witnessed many a wreck,  
Where Walter Lane once looped the loop and nearly broke his neck."

But what *we* said of Hogan, well—I leave you all to guess,  
He nearly spelt the finish of the Kaiveroo Express.

We'd a bunch of Aussie shearers, and they come from New South Wales;

They entertain the "rouseys" with a lot of fairy tales;  
Of how they shore the jumbucks and rosellas from the hills,  
Of most hair-breadth adventurers that are chock-a-block with thrills;  
But one and all were quite agreed their greatest thrill was due  
To Maurice in his famed Express—The Man from Kaiwaru!



Maurice once went out from Pentland Hills with a stock inspector named Brittenden. They rode to the back of the Otaio run, formerly Thomson's, but then owned by Thomas Teschemaker, to see if there were any rabbits on the country. A fog came up and they got hopelessly lost. They wandered about for hours trying to find their way home, and at last, at Maurice's suggestion, tied up their horses, and camped for the night. Both were wet through, they had no tent, and Brittenden was sure that he would die before morning.

"Just put your head on a rock, and go to sleep," Maurice advised him cheerfully, as he lay down himself, and in a few minutes was snoring loudly.

"How are you getting on, Mr. Brittendon?" he called out after a while. "I have had a lovely sleep."

"I feel more like perishing than sleeping."

Maurice kept this going all night, although he was miserably cold and wet all the time, and hardly slept a wink. In the morning, he got up and remarked, although his cheerfulness was by now perhaps a trifle forced:

"Well, I feel fine after that night's rest."

The fog had lifted; they discovered that the track home was quite handy, and that had they let the horses' heads go, the animals would almost certainly have taken them straight home, for horses have an uncanny knack of knowing in which direction their stable lies.

It is told of Maurice Ferriter that whilst working at Hakataramea he would walk home at the end of the week, a distance of forty miles, probably carrying a bag of trout on his back, and be in camp again on Monday morning in time for breakfast. I can quite believe it, for he was like a walking machine, and tireless. God rest his soul.

Some time during the seventies we had a butcher named Bill Robinson working in our slaughter-house. When I was a kid, he used to supply me with a knife, fastened on to a stick, with which to spear the rats that ran about underneath the battens of the building, and also, as a special favour, he sometimes allowed me to knock down the sheep with a heavy hammer before he cut their throats. Bill was a rough diamond, and we often wondered how his wife came to marry him, for she was a well-educated woman who eventually went home to England and made a claim



against the estate of the Duke of Portland. She managed to get a syndicate to back her in her claim, which in the end cost a great deal of money. A detective eventually came out to New Zealand, and gathered enough evidence to prove that the whole thing was a "frame up," and to land her in gaol for fraud. A book has recently been published about this affair, which was known as The Druce Case.

During the eighties the sheep killed for station use came to the huge total of 1,500 to 2,200 annually, and at this period we were also supplying 5,000 sheep and 250 head of cattle a year to the Waimate butchery.

The food on stations in the early days was good though somewhat plain and monotonous, meat and bread being the chief items. My brother Carlisle used to say:

"The Lord made the food, but the Devil made the cooks."

Station cooks, as a rule, gave more trouble than all the other hands put together, and might have been classed as good, bad, drunken, and mad, with perhaps another class for the dirty and greasy ones.

Cameron frequently stated his intention of writing a book, entitled *Cooks I have known*.

A cook once complained to the manager:

"I wish you would speak to that there bullocky. He walks about with as much sang-froid as billy-be-damned."

Occasionally, when a crowd of men got a bit out of hand, it became necessary to engage a fighting cook and give him instructions to stand no nonsense. One of these pugilistic chaps would stand at the door of the cook-house, his sleeves rolled up, and enquire:

"Any complaints?"

But the sight of him, ready to sail in, was generally quite enough to ensure complete satisfaction with the meals.

Many of the old station cooks, with the assistance of an "offsider" (mate) found no difficulty in cooking for fifty or sixty men. Sometimes, when there was a large number of men, the harvest cooking was let by contract at so much a meal, the price being as low as 9d. or 10d., though it has to be remembered that the meat was supplied at 3d. per lb.; bread cost only 6d. or 7d. a 4 lb. loaf, and tea (post and rails) could be bought for 1/- per lb. Some of these contract cooks were great fossickers and managed to find quite a lot of green stuff for vegetables, such as turnip tops, rape,

and fat-hen, which, if properly cooked, were quite palatable. Eels were plentiful, and made a welcome change from meat, and a lot of trout somehow managed to find their way on to the table—no questions being asked, of course. One cook, named Tiny Gibbs, was a great hand with the spear, and his camp usually had a good supply of fish. There was not much butter used, for good butter was difficult to obtain; most of the farm butter, though cheap, being vile stuff and hardly eatable.

On one occasion the shearers' cook got the sack for being drunk, and the Boss called for someone from amongst the shed rouseabouts to do the job. An old sailor came forward, saying he could do anything, and when the Boss went to the cookhouse next day he was shown the bread that had been baked—small round loaves about the size of a 16 lb. shot.

"You would never think that little chaps like those weighed 4 lbs., would you?" remarked the courageous sailor with great pride.

I believe that I had the reputation of being a hard boss, though judging from the length of time many of the men remained on the station, it would not appear that such was the case. I was once engaging a new ploughman, and he said to me, "Of course I don't promise to stay for a lifetime like some of the other men on the place."

It was not uncommon for station hands to hold their jobs for twenty years or more, and I have known several who worked for the same man for forty years; but for length of service on one place, I think the records of William Kane, James Lindsay, and Tom Prue, would be hard to beat. These three were remarkable men in their way; there were so many things that they could do well; all were good with the sickle, scythe, and flail; all were first-class fencers, stackers, ploughmen, packmen, and were skilled in other things too numerous to mention.

Kane was an expert wool presser, and once, whilst he was pressing at Otekaike for Robert Campbell and Sons, the press, an old screw press by the way, broke down. The following day, in order to make up time, Kane and his mates worked from 4 a.m. to 9 p.m., and put down seventy-three bales—about fifty bales was considered a good day's work with one of these man-killing presses. Kane was also



a splendid man with horses, and could turn out a trap and harness as well as any one. He was an especially good whip, and in his day did a great deal of driving over all sorts of roads.

Lindsay, amongst his other accomplishments, was an excellent man with both sheep and cattle, and Prue could run a threshing machine with the best of them. He worked with William Geddes for a time, and also with Jack Meehan.

William Kane retired after more than fifty years of intermittent work, and died in 1937, in his own home in Timaru, aged seventy-eight. James Lindsay, though well over eighty, is working to-day with his son on his farm in the North Island, and Tom Prue, who is now seventy-three, still comes sometimes to help fell and split the trees that he planted at Te Waimate over fifty-three years ago. It is said that hard work kills a man, but in their prime these three men would do more in a day than thirty of some of the present generation.

I could go on writing for ever of these nice kindly people of the early days, but I must end after mentioning Neil McPherson, who was at Stony Creek in the seventies, eighties, and nineties. He was a brother of Alex McPherson, who lived at the Waihao Bridge on Waikakahi, and they were both great sheep men, coming straight off the heather. Neily, as he was commonly called, was a typical back country man. He was superstitious, and also shy and dour, like many of his race. He hated coming down to the Homestead, and I have seen him actually bolt away through sheer nervousness when he saw any one unexpectedly approaching his hut. He would, under pressure, go out pig hunting with us boys, but he hated pigs. On one occasion we were walking up a gully through thick fern, Neily in the rear, when a large boar, which evidently had been asleep just above the track, suddenly jumped out of its bed and rushed down the hill towards him. Neily sprinted to get out of the way, and when the pig was bailed up by the dogs, he warned us:

"Don't go near him, for he has an evil eye, and you will rue it all the days of your life."

We had a liver-and-white spaniel with us which seemed to take the boar's fancy, for he tossed this dog kite high



as soon as he went near him, and ripped him rather badly in the throat, though not fatally.

One boar frequently came round the hut at night, but in the end Neily trapped him by setting a gate, in the sheep-yard where he killed his mutton, so that it swung to when anything entered the enclosure.

Mrs. McPherson was very good to us when we called at their hut, and I have many pleasant memories of her cooking. There were several young Macs, who were as wild as deer, for they saw few strangers, and looked on us as queer beasts, watching every move we made whilst we ate our meals. For a joke we would look round suddenly, and the children would nearly fall down with fright, and then bolt for the adjoining bedroom, from which haven they would watch us through the crack of the door.

In 1880 there were fifty-seven permanent hands on the Waimate Station books: The Manager, the Book-keeper, 7 Shepherds, 1 Stockman, 20 Ploughmen, 1 Head Ploughman, 2 Fencers, 1 Drainer, 2 Grooms, 4 Men's Cooks, 1 Gardener, 1 Packman and Rouseabout, 4 Bushmen, 2 Bullock Drivers, 1 Waggoner, 1 Blacksmith and 1 Striker, 1 Carpenter, 1 Saddler, 1 Married Couple, 3 Maids in house.

There were also anything from 6 to 12 contract teams working in addition to our own 20 ploughmen, with a head ploughman (ganger) to look after the "Zulus" as old Jim, the stockman, called the Fenians who worked the horses in the Station teams.

Harvest wages were 9d. an hour and found. Standard and wire fencing cost £57 a mile, dagging sheep cost 3s. a hundred, or 25s. a week. Digging potatoes, 8d. a sack, and sacks were worth 6½d.

During the eighties musterers were paid £2 a week, permanent shepherds £50 to £75 a year, and head shepherds £100 a year and found. Some of the shepherds saved as much as £50 a year out of their pay, took up land of their own after a few years' service, and became quite wealthy. One such man died worth £100,000, and another sent me word that he could write his cheque for £50,000.

Before branches of the various banks were opened in Waimate, orders for wages were given on the storekeepers, this arrangement making the tradesmen sure of getting their money when men were leaving the district.

Many of the old hands would draw their money only at long intervals, which made it very awkward at times like Christmas, when several of them decided to have a spree together, and the Station had to find, perhaps, £2,000 for wages at short notice.

The banks, after they were established in the town, were just the same as they are now; they would let you have plenty of money when it was not wanted, and then, if times were bad, close down as far as possible.

### CADETS

During the nineties there were a dozen cadets on Te Waimate at the same time. They were commonly known as "The Lambs," and were a fine lot of young fellows, coming from some of the best public schools of the Homeland—Eton, Harrow, Rossall, Winchester, and others. They had been brought out by a man who was supposed to buy a place to train them on, but on their arrival it was found that he had neither a place nor the money to buy one. I was asked to take them, agreed to do so, and built a cottage for them.

These cadets had been at an Agricultural College in Suffolk called Hollesley Bay, but they had a lot to learn about colonial life, and they were somewhat of a handful, though good fellows to deal with, and were a great acquisition to the social life of the district, for they would dance till the cows came home, and played most games well, cricket especially. We had a fine team of cricketers during the time they were here, and put up some good scores against outside teams.

In the end the cadets all left the country, some of them returning to England, others going to Australia, Canada, and other places, because they did not think this country offered sufficient inducement for young men starting in life.



C.E.B. 1936

## CHAPTER X

### BURNING-OFF

THE country, when first taken up, was covered with a dense growth of high flax, fern, scrub, and coarse grasses, quite unsuitable for sheep feed. Therefore, the first work of the settlers was to burn off the roughage on large areas of country. Until this was done, the runs could not be stocked except with cattle. Some of the early fires were enormous, and burnt for weeks.

There are many things to be taken into consideration when burning. Climate—is your country early or late? Are you carrying ewes or wethers on the block that you propose to burn? In what state is your neighbour's country?

If your country is warm and early, with a small rainfall, it is a good rule to burn early in the season (August-September), or not at all. If your country is cold and wet, burn whenever you get the chance in the early summer.

One advantage of burning in the early spring is that the fires are comparatively easy to control when the days are short; the heavy dews and frosts at night prevent the fires from spreading indefinitely. It is very noticeable how fires, unless burning very strongly, will die down at about four o'clock in the afternoon during early spring, although there may be no moisture apparent in the atmosphere.

Untold damage has been caused by ignorant people who do not realise the harm they are doing by using the firestick constantly and at any old time. Some men seem to have what might be called an "incendiary spirit," and are not able to resist the temptation to throw down matches at any season of the year. When sunny facings have been fired during hot dry weather, the roots of the grasses get badly



scorched, and in some cases, are completely destroyed; the ground remains bare during the rest of the summer and, when winter comes, the frost gets right into the soil, and finishes off any remaining plants.

It seems that rabbits are attracted by the smoke of grass fires, for they frequently turn up in large numbers within a few days after a burn, and then hang on the burnt areas until they have eaten them right out. Late burning in itself is bad enough, but combined with bunny, it is often fatal to run country. Millions of acres have been ruined by too frequent, or unseasonable, burning combined with rabbits.

In the old days, when burning a sizable block of country, men with dogs usually went on in front to clear the way, and this enabled one to cover a large amount of ground in a day, with little danger to the sheep. If the fire passed over a mob of sheep they usually got scorched about the nose and ears, where there is no wool to protect them; but it was surprising how few were trapped, though there were many close calls. Fences were the greatest danger, mobs getting jammed against them, but Merinos were wild sheep and quick at making their escape; all we had to do was to get the dogs to make plenty of noise.

Dogs react to fire in various ways, some taking no notice, others bolting off home in a panic. A young dog might run right in front of the flames, so that the last seen for the day of pounds' worth of dog would be a fleeing animal with the fire and smoke close on his tail. Usually, when we got home in the evening, the scared one would meet us, looking more pleased with himself than the owner was with him. Dogs seldom got caught and hurt by fire.

If there was any danger of the fire crossing the boundary it was, and still is, necessary to notify neighbours of your intention to burn on a certain day; but this previous arrangement frequently causes complications if the appointed day proves to be unsuitable for burning—too damp, or too dry, or too windy. It takes time to get in touch with your neighbours again, and you probably end by chancing it, and setting a fire going at the first opportunity—sometimes with disastrous results, and you may have to spend hours of hard work trying to confine the burn within reasonable limits. If it crosses on to a neighbour's country, you may have to pay compensation for any damage that he

states you have done, and this may be considerable, especially if some of his sheep have been killed or scorched by the flames.

It was probably the spice of danger attached to burning that made it such a fascinating job, and there was also the thrill of the roar and hiss of the fire as it rushed up the side of some steep hill, leaving a blackened smoking trail behind. In addition to the risk of the fire spreading indefinitely, and of sheep being destroyed, there was also the personal risk.

There was always danger of being hit by rocks rolling down the hillside when the growth that was holding them was burnt. The danger from these rocks was much greater in the early days of burning than it is now, for they had probably been lying as they were for centuries, held up by a flax bush or some other growth. Each burning released numbers of these rocks until at last there were few left to come down. Nevertheless, one of the most important things still to remember whilst firing hill country is *Do not stand below a burning hillside*. "Just keep movin' along" like "Ole Man River." I once lost the services of a good young shepherd through his own foolishness and want of knowledge; he was more or less incapacitated for months by a rock bouncing down the hill from the fire above and hitting him on the knee. I had especially warned him of the danger from rocks, but with the confidence of youth he probably looked on me as an old fool, and paid the penalty, poor fellow. I have had many close calls myself through sheer carelessness, this Waimate country, covered as it was with flax, scrub, snowgrass, and bracken, being more dangerous than the average.

There was also the danger of being surrounded by the flames, and it was wise to make sure of a safe get-away for yourself before lighting a rough facing that had not been burnt for some years, and was covered with roughage. But even when all reasonable care has been taken, the wind may change unexpectedly, and bring the fire right back at you. I would not care to hazard a guess at the speed of a grass fire burning uphill with a stiff breeze behind it, but I am sure I have seen flames leap up a hillside at the rate of fully a thousand feet a minute, the smoke being left well behind at the finish. I have vivid recollections of one of our



neighbours being trapped by a tussock fire, and losing his large beard whilst diving through the flames to escape.

When burning open tussock country a rider might canter along striking matches either on a box of "Bryant and May," or on the seat of his pants, and leaving a trail of fire behind him extending perhaps for miles. Some of the old hands wore the seat of their pants right through in this way. When burning on foot most men used torches instead of matches. The torches were usually made of bundles of dried flax leaves tied tightly together, but some men preferred a small piece of pumice stone, soaked overnight in kerosene, and attached to a piece of wire. These stayed alight for a considerable time.

Before turning in for the night an experienced burner would anxiously scan the sky for signs of fire in the direction of the day's proceedings. If it looked dangerous, it might be necessary to ride many miles and spend the night trying to beat out the flames. This sort of thing made one careful about burning.

As a rule, between midnight and dawn is the best time for fire fighting, the wind rising and falling with the sun, and the dews damping the grass at this time. There is no harder work than beating out a fire on a hot day in summer. The smoke gets down your throat and into your eyes, almost blinding you, but you must keep going at top speed, often without anything to drink. If a fire gets out of hand, thousands of acres may be burnt, and, apart from other contingencies, all your careful calculations as to next season's carrying capacity of your run are upset.



## CHAPTER XI

### DRAINING

WHEN the Studholme brothers took up the Waimate run, it was anything but an attractive proposition. Many people thought the brothers mad, and said so; for, although the inland portion of their country was comparatively dry and open, and provided good grazing for stock as soon as patches had been burnt, the large coastal area was very wet and swampy, and quite unfit for stock.

The land towards the hills was covered with tussock and scrub—white tussock chiefly, but with some blue. The tussocks were thickly interspersed with speargrass, snowgrass, bracken, tutu, matagouri and many varieties of low growing scrub, such as manuka, tawhini, and native broom.

The land near the sea was another matter. It was intersected by winding, boggy creeks, was all very wet, and covered with a dense growth—rushes, niggerheads, and flax, one great belt of which stretched from the Waimate Gorge to the sea. Much of it was actual swamp; the main swamp extended from what is now called Willowbridge as far north as the Makikihi River, thousands of acres of quaking bog, impassable except in some places where a man could jump from one giant niggerhead to another.

This coastal country was practically useless until it had been drained; a tremendously costly undertaking. Great care had to be exercised in laying out the line of drains, because in some cases the fall of the land was hardly perceptible. The main springs could generally be located by the extra growth of flax and niggerhead that surrounded them, and deep, straight cuts were dug to connect them with the chief outflow to the sea. Side drains leading into the deep ones joined up the smaller springs.

The worst obstacles met with whilst digging drains were

the trunks of trees which had been lying buried in the peat for generations. They were chiefly totara, probably of the old primeval forest, and some were three or four feet in diameter. If the trunks lay across the line of the drain they were not so difficult to deal with, for one could cut a section out crosswise, and carry on; but sometimes they might be lying right along the proposed cut, and then the only thing to do was to make a slight turn in the line and leave the trunk as it lay. Cutting through a log of any thickness which was more or less covered with brown swamp water was a filthy job, for every time the axe hit the water the splash would strike you in the face, or elsewhere. I have known a log to take two full days' hard work before it was satisfactorily dealt with.

Some of the drainers were experts at their job, and seldom made a mistake, after the Boss had laid off the lines and explained matters to them; others were continually making blunders, such as putting in unauthorised and unsatisfactory cuts which did a great deal of harm.

A drainer's life was a very lonely one; the men worked alone, frequently not seeing a soul all day, and some of them, who had their own little camps, might go for a whole week or more without meeting any one. One man, Joe Duckett, put in many miles of drains, and took the greatest care of his working tools, of which he had as many as a present day golfing champion. He had a spade, a long handled shovel, a scythe (mounted on a long straight handle) for cutting weeds, an implement known as a "crummer," and several others. Joe made a point of having a smoke whenever the Boss came along—probably just to show his independence. One day when I rode his way there was a large mob of cattle standing watching every movement, and he said, "I don't mind sheep, but them horned animals I can't abide."

One hard case, called Yorkey, after whom the swamp was named, is credited with eating two swan's eggs for breakfast—a good effort, even for a hungry man.

After the swamp was drained, the rough growth on it was cleared off by hand, or burnt. Grass was surface-sown on the burnt patches, and also rape, which sometimes grew to the height of seven feet, and was a great attraction to

the pukakis which abounded in the swamp at that time. Cattle were then turned in, and levelled the ground and made the surface much firmer. After draining and stocking, some of the land settled down several feet, and thus left little or no fall to carry off the water; in fact, some of the drains had to be entirely re-graded.

It was found that the best land was that on which the flax and niggerheads had grown the tallest; some of it became very valuable, but in the early days it was a sink for money, for it took enormous sums to bring it into production; indeed some of the land cost more to drain than it was sold for in after years.



An old-timer.





Boundary Keeper's Hut.

## CHAPTER XII

### FENCING

BEFORE the runs were fenced in, rivers, creeks, the snowline on the tops of the ranges, and other natural features were, wherever possible, used as boundaries. The open places were guarded by shepherds, "keeping boundary," who as well as they were able, prevented the sheep from straying. These men lived in small huts built near the boundary line, generally two men in each hut, and led very lonely lives, for they returned to the Homestead only when it was necessary to get fresh stores, once a month or so; they could always replenish their meat supply with wild pigs, and, no doubt, an occasional sheep.

The first fences were made of split totara posts and rails, of which a plentiful supply could be procured from the Waimate Bush before it was destroyed by fire in 1878. Post and rail fences took a very long time to erect, and it was possible to enclose only small paddocks round the Home-

stead until the late fifties and early sixties, when fencing wire was introduced. The back boundary of Te Waimate, next the Hakataramea, and also the boundary between the Otaio and Waimate runs, were fenced in the sixties. Wherever possible, the fencing material was put on the line by bullock drays or sledges. When the country was too rough it had to be packed on horseback, or, in particularly bad places, even carried on men's backs. Some of the old fencers were wonderfully strong, and could carry two coils of wire over very steep country.

Most of the hill fences consisted of five wires. They were only about 2 ft. 6 in. in height, and were quite effective for holding Merinos; but when Cross-Bred sheep came in, the fences had to be heightened, and many of the creeks and smaller rivers had to be fenced although previously they had formed satisfactory boundaries.

Although there was a good supply of timber in the bush, a number of posts were obtained from the old totara logs, remains of an ancient forest, which lay about all over the country. Some of the original totara is still in use in our sheep-yards, and is perfectly sound; in fact, the marks of the adze look quite fresh to-day. The one objection to the use of totara for fencing is that it takes fire so easily, and when burning off the tussock, men had either to burn along the fence-line and beat the fire out round the posts as a preliminary precaution, or else go along immediately the fire had passed, and put out any posts that were alight. Frequently there was no water handy, and the smouldering posts had to be quenched by smothering them with earth—a slow process, and not always effective. The posts were bored to let the wire pass through them, and it was sometimes difficult to notice a spark smouldering in one of the holes.

Later, broadleaf was the timber chiefly used for fencing, because it was much less inflammable than totara. Black pine (matai) was used on the front country, but was not so good as broadleaf, because it rotted away in a few years. Kowhai was just about the best of all the trees for posts, and was used wherever possible, but the supply was limited, and soon gave out. Fuchsia (konini) was considered useless in the early days, though later it was found to be quite

satisfactory; it would have saved a lot of carting and packing had we realised this earlier, for these trees grew high up on the hills in many places.

After the post and rails period on the flats, sod walls were erected, the standard height being about 4 ft., and a ledge was left along one side, on which gorse was planted. In cutting the sods, a ditch was made, which kept the stock—particularly cattle—off the wall. The sod fences were erected during the winter when the soil was soft, and the sods held together splendidly, the original tussock turf being very tough. A little later, when wire became more plentiful, sod fences were reduced to about 2 ft. 6 in. in height; stakes and two wires were erected on top, and gorse was sown along the wall as before. Then post and stake fences came in; posts nine feet apart, with stakes in between, the posts being bored to let the wire through. Sod fences cost only about ten shillings a chain, and lasted for a generation; in fact, some are still quite sound after seventy years.

Had the early settlers only realised what a curse gorse would become in later years, millions of pounds would have been saved, especially on the stony hill country. Our old boundary fence on the top of the hill above Waihaorunga was sown with gorse in the early seventies, and is now perhaps five chains wide in places. The poorer the land, the more the gorse seems to spread, one reason possibly being that the seeds can get a hold in the ground more easily where the grass is thinner. On the flat exposed country no doubt gorse is great shelter for stock, but it never should be sown on the hills.

There were a certain number of thorn fences planted in this district, but they were hard to establish, and never seemed to thicken out properly, and now, in these days of silver blight, one realises that it is a good thing there were not more of them put in.

When the boundary fences were first erected there was a lot of give and take between the runholders. The lines, as drawn on the maps, were not always suitable on account of slips, snow, rocky places, creeks, etc., and deviations were frequently made to avoid difficulty in fencing. In later years, when some of the runs were subdivided, or a quarrel arose between neighbours, a certain amount of argument



occurred over these deviations, and the fences were eventually put on their proper surveyed lines.

"Bad fences make bad neighbours," is one of the truest sayings, and is one that people should remember, for many quarrels have arisen from boundary fences not being stock-proof. But in the old days most of the fences were good ones, erected by good men; in fact, our original boundary in the back country is still in use in some places, although naturally the wire is now much corroded.



Packing.



## CHAPTER XIII

### SHEEP

I MUST apologise for going somewhat outside my subject—Station Life in New Zealand—to give some account of the early history of the animal whose introduction marked one of the most important epochs in the history of the Colony.

Sheep are probably the most widely distributed and highly valued animals in the world, being prized both for their meat and for their wool. Every little country and state has its own particular breed that has proved most suitable for the local conditions; the needs of the people; the climate; the means by which the animals have to find their living; and whether they are the property of nomadic tribes or stationary peoples. Some countries require a long-legged variety of sheep, with little wool; others find that a short-legged variety with a heavy fleece is the most profitable. Some people desire sheep with plenty of fat, others prefer lean mutton, and thus all sorts of strange looking types are evolved from the same original stock.

There are no doubt as many different breeds of sheep as there are days in the year; some freaks, others really useful sorts. The Chinese have one called the "Shanghai," which has no ears (only the orifice) and produces from four to five lambs at a birth. Then there are the multi-horned small bodied sheep of St. Kilda and other islands off the coast of Scotland, which have from three to eight horns, and fine mouse-coloured wool, from which the old Shetland shawls were woven. Similar sheep are also found in parts of Russia, where they are used for crossing with other breeds. Ireland, too, many years ago had multi-horned sheep, but they were black. There are also fat-tailed sheep, and others without any tail of consequence, having instead huge lumps of fat on the rump.

The first sheep that were imported into New Zealand came

from Australia and Tasmania, and consisted entirely of Merinos.

The Merino may be called the aristocrat of the sheep world, for it is a noble looking animal, and comes of ancient lineage. Old Egyptian friezes depict a sheep very much like the Merino, and it was probably introduced into Spain from Carthage when that city was flourishing.

At one period Spain had a monopoly of the Merino wool trade of the world, but lost it by allowing sheep to be exported, just as Australia and New Zealand have done with their high grade Merinos and Corriedales.

In 1791 the King of Spain presented George III of England with a number of selected Merino sheep, and to make sure that these sheep were well selected, His Majesty promised his shepherds that they would get fifteen years' imprisonment if they were not careful in making the selection. These sheep were established at Windsor, but did not thrive there, and were later sent to Kew. After the death of George III the flock came into the possession of T. B. Sturgeon, of South Ockenden Hall, Essex, and was carried on there up to the year 1885, perhaps later.

Merino studs appear to have been a popular hobby amongst the royalty of Europe in the late 18th century. The German Emperor had a flock at Potsdam, and the King of France had one at Rambouillet. Later, Napoleon Bonaparte, when returning from one of his campaigns in Spain, drove some 20,000 of these sheep over the Pyrenees into his own country, and established the industry there. The Rambouillet Merinos were large-framed sheep, which probably owed their increased size to improved feeding and careful selection. Some time afterwards a man called Steiger had a Merino stud in Saxony. Sheep from this flock were sent to Australia and Tasmania, and some of their progeny eventually found their way to New Zealand. James Gibson, of Bellevue, Tasmania, imported some of these Steiger sheep, and we got a few of the breed from him, but they were not a success, being, in most cases, "buffalo headed" and very wool-blind. The Steiger family still carry on the stud in Saxony, for I saw a recent photograph of some of their sheep which were of exactly the same type as the sheep we had from Gibson about seventy years ago.



One ram that we imported from Gibson, which was not of the Steiger strain of blood, clipped over 30 lb. of wool as a full-mouthed sheep; he was very wrinkly, and took Billy London, who was a fast shearer, two and a half hours to shear. This ram was called Jeff, and a paddock down by Willowbridge was named after him.

The conditions by which land in Canterbury was held under Pasturage Licence required that a specified number of stock should be placed on the run; a very small number



at first, but increasing each year. There was very little stock in the country in the early days, and sometimes runholders were forced to forfeit their licences through failure to comply with these regulations.

In 1855 the Studholme brothers had 2,040 sheep on their run at Waimate; two years later their flock had increased to 4,700. Their sheep were of a good type, and in the first Timaru Show, held in 1866, they won first prize for "Best Merino Ram, 4-tooth and over;" and also for the "Best Merino Ewe, 2-tooth and over." There were classes for only

two breeds of sheep at this Show—Merino and “Long-Woolled.”\* By 1870 Te Waimate carried 36,500 sheep.

As the stock increased, more country was taken up, and in the seventies the Station contained about 100,000 acres; by 1880 46,000 acres had been freeholded. At this time there were running on the place about 65,000 adult sheep, 2,500 head of cattle, and more than 300 horses. Added to this several thousand acres were under the plough each year.

In the sixties settlers began to use Long-Woolled rams to cross with Merino ewes, and the practice was increased during the seventies, for it was found that the progeny of these sheep were more profitable than the pure Merinos in the less mountainous localities. English Leicester, Border Leicester, and Lincoln were the most popular Long-Woolled breeds for crossing with the Merino in the early days.

Before the freezing industry was established, most of the old sheep, also the surplus fat sheep over and above what were required for local use, were sent to the boiling down works at Washdyke or Kakanui. An old Merino ewe was worth little more than 6d. to 1s. or so, according to the amount of wool on the skin and the condition of the sheep, though a good Cross-Bred ewe, or prime 60 lb. wether, might fetch as much as 4s. I have known prime wether mutton to be sold as low as 1s. per side, and old Merino ewes for 6d. per dozen. At times sheep were run over cliffs into the sea in order to get rid of them, and I heard of one man who put up a yard near a deep bog and forced the sheep, some 800 or more, down a race into this bottomless swamp until almost all had disappeared out of sight.

The frozen meat trade was successfully established in the year 1882, when the sailing ship *Dunedin* reached London on the 24th May with a cargo of frozen meat that had been loaded at Port Chalmers, New Zealand. The credit for arranging the first shipment of frozen meat from this country is usually given to Thomas Brydone, the representative of the New Zealand and Australian Land Company, though this is hardly correct, for William Salter Davidson, the General Manager of the Company, made most of the

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\* At this show Studholme brothers also exhibited Shorthorn cattle and won first prize for “Bull of any age” and “Heifer 2 years or under.”



arrangements, Thomas Brydone acting under his instructions. Both Davidson and Brydone assisted in stowing the first carcasses put on board the *Dunedin*. 3521 sheep, 449 lambs, and 22 pigs were shipped, and reached Home safely after a fair passage of 98 days. The mutton and lamb fetched 6½d. per lb. and the pigs sold for about 30s. each.

When the first consignment of frozen meat arrived safely in England, just over fifty years ago, there were great rejoicings in New Zealand, for this meant the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the Colony. One day I met John Douglas of Waihao Downs, and thought that he had gone mad, for all he could say was, "The grandest news, the grandest news." I subsequently gathered that he referred to the safe arrival of the *Dunedin*.

The first freezing works in New Zealand were built at Burnside, Dunedin, by the New Zealand Refrigerating Company, and a little later the same company established works at Eveline, near Oamaru.

There were a good many failures in the early days of freezing, frequently caused by the machinery breaking down, and the cargoes going wrong in consequence, but gradually the industry was firmly established on a sound basis.

Some of the early shipments of frozen meat, in 1886 and 1887, showed an actual loss after taking an advance of 3½d. per lb., which was the custom at that time. The charges for freezing, etc., were as follows:

Freezing ½d. per lb, primage 10%, insurance 17/65, freight 1½d., per lb., sacks 4d., exchange 1%.

In 1887, skins off freezing wethers were worth 1s. each. Fat 11s. per cwt. In the following year skins fetched the same money, and fat was worth 12s. 6d. per cwt. In 1883, 2-tooth Merino rams were worth from £2 2s to £5 5s., and in 1884 they were sold to T. F. Morrin, North Island, at £4 4s. per head. In 1888 good sound cast Merino ewes were sold for 2s. each.

Merino mutton is excellent for home consumption, though somewhat dark in colour, and deuced tough, if not properly treated. The general public did not appreciate it, and when the freezing industry came in,





a more quickly maturing and more easily fattened breed was required, so out the Merino was pushed, except on the back country stations.

The Long-Wool-Merino first cross, generally Lincoln-Merino, were splendid sheep and brought our mutton into favour in the Home markets. Then the Threequarter Breds, got by a Long-Woolled ram from the Half-Bred ewes, went one better and clinched the argument.

When the sheep became too coarse, it was tried to bring them back by using Merino rams on the Cross-Bred ewes, the progeny being known as Quarter Backs, but this did not prove a great success, because the progeny were very uneven, and in many cases the wool was kempy about the britch. Then Half-Bred rams were used, but still there was a difficulty in keeping the progeny even. Then the experiment was tried of mating successive generations descended on both sides from first cross Half-Breds, Lincoln-Merino, or English Leicester-Merino, and eventually the type became established. New Zealand thus evolved a breed to suit its particular requirements, which became established, and recognised as the Corriedale. The Corriedale is New Zealand's contribution to the sheep breeds of the world.

Some people are still prejudiced against the Corriedale, holding that they are more difficult to fatten than the Half-Bred, also that they are less hardy on high country, but it must be admitted that they do much to overcome the difficulty of keeping our flocks reasonably fine in the wool without having to revert to the Merino, and most men consider that they are an excellent breed and have helped our flocks tremendously.

When one thinks of the many inferior breeds that exist at Home, one is thankful for the sound judgment of the pioneer settlers, for, with the exception of the Cheviots, the sheep imported into this country were of the best kind and still hold their own, although perhaps the Lincolns have now served their purpose in the South Island.

The Waimate district has been a Border Leicester stronghold since the early days; these sheep seemed to suit the front country from the very first. Probably English Leicesters and Romneys are as good, if not better sheep, but

once a breed becomes popular, farmers are very slow to change, being extremely conservative in these matters. English Leicesters, for some reason or another, never came into such favour here as they did in other parts of the country. Of all the breeds the Romney is probably the most adaptable, for it can thrive either on mountain tops or at sea level. Southdowns and Shropshires were used to a certain extent, and they are good sheep, if first quality meat is wanted; the former, especially, being an excellent mutton sheep. My experience of the Downs is that they are best suited for dry country, and go wrong in the feet if kept on damp ground. In the early days the Lincoln was also used a good deal; in fact, the next station, Waikakahi, used this breed of rams almost entirely. They are great sheep to fill the bales, though rather coarse both in wool and flesh, and inclined to be a bit weak in constitution. Now they have almost disappeared from this part of the country.

All the long-woolled breeds have been much improved during late years, and are quite different types from what they were fifty years back. The Border Leicester of to-day is a large framed, strong boned, coarse woolled sheep compared with the fine-headed, bare-bellied, fuzzy-woolled animal of the early period. Then the Romney. What a changed animal is the square-framed, strong-woolled sheep of the present time compared with the high-shouldered, hollow-backed, wasty-woolled animal of the past.

We are sometimes inclined to think our little country has done more than its share in the way of improving the breeds of sheep, though such is really not the case, for we are only carrying on the good work of our forefathers in the Homeland who founded most of the best breeds.

At Waimate we ran Cross-Bred sheep on the down country, and Merinos or Half-Breds on the hills.

The hill lambs were weaned on to a block of country which had been spelled since shearing time, and did remarkably well on this clean run.

The Hogget Run had a carrying capacity of about 10,000, and consisted of some 20,000 acres, including the Kaiwarua, Mount Aitken, and Mount McLeod country. The snow risk was small, except in very hard winters. This block

was the most distant part of the run, being about twenty-five to thirty miles from the Homestead, and it took a good week to muster and get the sheep in for shearing, even with seven shepherds on the job.

The Station Peak Run bounded our Hogget Run on the west side, the boundary running along the Hakataramea watershed; the Blue Cliffs and Otaio Runs were on the eastern side with the Waihao River as a boundary during the Merino days. Most of this part of the country, with the exception of some of the steep faces, was covered with open tussock and snowgrass, with occasional patches of scrub, and it was good easy mustering. There were numbers of wild pigs everywhere, the snowgrass affording excellent cover for their beds during the cold weather.

The hoggets came in to the shed in November, looking well usually, and were the first sheep to be shorn. After shearing, the wethers were put out on the Mount Studholme Block, whilst the ewes would be distributed elsewhere and were not bred from until they were 4-tooths.

One year during the eighties we tailed 28,000 lambs from 32,000 ewes. The tailing of so many lambs was a long business, and sometimes it lasted for three or four weeks. When the permanent yards could not be used we erected temporary yards with strong tarred string netting, which was shifted about on spring drays, sledges, or pack horses, according to the roughness of the country. These string netting yards were rather flimsy, and with a big mob it was necessary to keep a man going round the outside all the time we were docking, otherwise the netting would be knocked down. I well remember one occasion when we had yarded a big lot after a deal of trouble caused by the lambs bolting, and then the yards were pushed down, the whole mob escaped, and it took hours of hard work to get them in again. Language on these occasions was not exactly choice; some of those old shepherds had a very remarkable collection of epithets.

The manager of an adjoining station once told me that he saw about 5,000 Merino ewes and lambs yarded on one occasion by an inexperienced man, and about 200 were smothered before the men started tailing. Then they let the



ewes and lambs out on to a big block, *yard by yard as they finished*, the result being that fully 500 lambs were mis-mothered, some of the ewes being miles away before the mob was through.

There seemed to be few germs about in the early days, and it was quite unnecessary to use antiseptics when tailing lambs. This made the work much simpler and quicker; one man tailing could keep three catchers going at top speed. Frequently we tailed the lambs in the dirty permanent yards, when they were handy, and yet the loss was small. As time went on, however, the deaths increased, and at length all sorts of devices were used to prevent loss.

A Cross-Bred flock is quite a different proposition to manage from a Merino one, and once we started using Long-Woolled rams, the work became much more strenuous and complicated.

In the Good Old Days, the stock were wonderfully free from disease, and were then much easier to handle. There was very little mortality amongst either ewes or lambs, except that which was caused by young animals being unsuitably fed. A good many lambs were lost on account of lungworm which, in many cases, was due to weaning on to old or dirty pasture, which also caused the lambs to scour badly. We used to dose them with turpentine and milk, which seemed quite effective in most cases, but the root of the trouble was want of proper feed for the lambs after they were weaned.

On a large station like Te Waimate, where a big area of wheat was grown each year, the grain crops took precedence over everything else, and consequently the sheep feed was frequently sown too late in the season, the result being that the following winter the stock would be short of feed, and have rather a hard time of it. This was before the days of drilling in the turnips and rape with manure, and sometimes large areas that had been sown broadcast, and without any fertiliser, would completely fail, although the land was in much better heart and was free from many of the weeds that now trouble us.

At that period people did not realise the importance of

winter ploughing as a preparation for turnips, and generally we only started to get the land ready in the spring after the oats had been sown, which was too late, and a big handicap. It would have been much better to have made a good job of half the area that we generally put in, than to slap in a large acreage on badly worked ground. This is one of the mistakes that one can see when one looks back, but we are all wise after the event.



In wet seasons foot-rot was very prevalent, especially amongst the fine woolled sheep, and one year we had something like 16,000 suffering from this trouble at the same time. We spent most of the winter trying to cure them by paring their feet with knives, and then running the sheep through a long

trough containing a mixture of arsenic, bluestone, soda and water. The liquid was about two inches deep, and hay was put in to prevent splashing, because the belly wool became stained if the liquid came in contact with it. The sheep were brought round to the trough at intervals of about a fortnight and put through again, but we found that the only real cure was to put them out on the higher country after treatment, for the germ got into the grass and any sound sheep put in the infected paddocks would very soon contract the disease.

All sorts of patent cures were tried, but nothing seemed to be better than the knife, followed by the bluestone mixture, and clean feed. Foot-rotting was a horribly monotonous job after one had been at it for weeks, and it was a great relief when the trouble disappeared for the time being. Dry seasons were of great assistance in this respect and, of course, the long-woolled breeds of sheep are not nearly so susceptible to the disease as the Merinos; their feet are more open in the claw, and consequently do not hold the grass and mud to the same extent.

Farmers are not half careful enough about foot-rot, for it is one of the most serious troubles that affect sheep. A lot of the infection is carried by foot-rotty sheep being



put into the saleyards and leaving the germ there ready to be carried away by the next mob that is put in the pen.

Everything in Nature is of some use, but I have often wondered what purpose is served by a small gland situated at the top of the "V" above the hoof of a sheep, and filled with a sticky substance that smells like a mixture of toffee and acetic acid. According to some observers this sticky stuff probably exudes on to the grass as the sheep moves about, and enables other members of the flock to follow the trail of their mates who have gone on ahead. It is amazing how a blind sheep can follow a mob long after it is out of hearing. Perhaps it is this scent on the grass which enables it to do so.

At one time there was a deal of trouble amongst sheep grazing on paddocks where rye-grass had seeded freely. This was caused by the animals eating ergot, a fungoid growth of a dark colour that attached itself to the seed. The effect on the sheep was extraordinary. If they were grazing quietly, they would appear to be quite normal, but the moment a dog was put round them, all those that were affected would stagger and fall. "The Staggers" was so bad one year that we actually had to cart the sheep from one paddock to another, which meant a lot of trouble and expense. Great care had to be exercised when dipping a mob that had The Staggers. Many of the sheep would take fits whilst in the bath, and quickly drown unless pulled out at once. Change of feed was the only real cure for this trouble, and the sheep generally recovered quickly when put on to fresh pastures.

During the sixties an unpleasant disease known as Scab ravaged many of the flocks throughout the country, but it was eventually stamped out by systematic dipping with a strong solution of tobacco water.

The ordinary dipping of the sheep was a big undertaking when the Station was in its hey-day, for, counting lambs and all, there might be 90,000 sheep to put through, including a few thousands for the cockatoo (small farmer) neighbours. It took a month to put all the sheep through the dip, which was at Willowbridge. The water was run in from the adjacent dam through three-inch earthenware pipes,



which was a quick method of filling. This dip had been made especially wide—about four feet—to allow cattle as well as sheep to be put through, for the latter sometimes became badly infected with lice after being fed on nothing but straw during the winter. The extra width made it possible to get through larger numbers of sheep than would otherwise have been possible, for the stronger animals were not hindered by those swimming slowly. The best tally I can remember was about 7,500 in a day, these being strong young hill sheep; it was more a question of getting them out of the dip than pushing them in. An average day with old ewes, which had clear recollections of former immersions, was about 4,000, and it was hard work, for some of them had to be dragged in by main force. After a few days of this job one's fingers became very sore, the nails being nearly torn off. Jack Butcher, who frequently worked at the feeding end of the dip, used to say longingly, "If I only had my bag hook here!" One man, who was looking after a place near Morven, actually used a bag hook sometimes, though for many reasons the practice cannot be recommended.



One day whilst trying to "crutch" (push under) some slippery-backed old ewe, my brother Geoffrey fell in amongst the sheep and got wet right over the top of his head, and in spite of jumping into the creek and swimming about a bit, he lost a good deal of skin from dip burns. We

were using a poisonous mixture at the time, and it seems to prove that humans are much more delicate in the hide than sheep.

Another day, when working at John Douglas's dip at Waihao Downs, a cadet called T. K. Evans, who was crutching, went right out of sight—top boots, chokebore pants and all. This episode must have cost him fully £20, for his boots were worth, perhaps, £15, and his pants a considerable sum, being of the best English make.



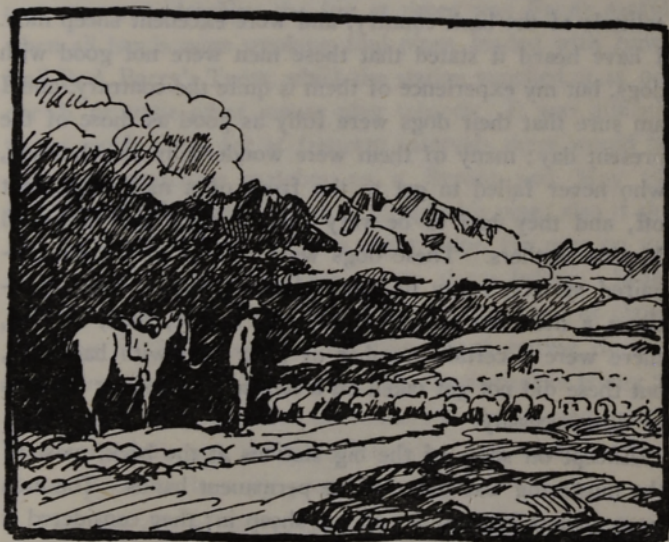
DIPPING AT WILLOWBRIDGE



SEVEN THOUSAND HOGGETS ON TURNIPS



Butcher, who was feeding the dip, laughed so much that he could not pull the cadet out, and I had to give him a hand. But, as Butcher said, "It served the blighter right for turning out to dip in such an expensive outfit."



## CHAPTER XIV

### MUSTERING

IN the early days most of the shepherds were Scots, many of them right off the heather. They did not mind the solitude of the back country, and were excellent sheep men. I have heard it stated that these men were not good with dogs, but my experience of them is quite the contrary, and I am sure that their dogs were fully as good as those of the present day; many of them were wonderfully safe headers, who never failed to get to the front of a mob when sent off, and they had to be very fast to cope with the wild Merino wethers. These dogs were usually of the smooth-haired variety, many of them black-and-white, with sometimes a little tan about them.\* Of course, then, as now, there were a certain number of poor men with bad dogs, but these did not get taken on a second time except in cases of dire necessity.

Except on some of the big stations at the back, most of the mustering was done by the permanent hands. The men were always keen to get all the sheep in; they considered it a point of honour; if they had a poor muster on account of fog, or bad weather, they were quite ashamed to tell the Boss about it.

Ninety-five per cent muster was considered a fair one off large blocks of country. When mustering, shepherds

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\* According to one authority the reason why sheep dogs are called Collies is that the Scotch blackface sheep was called a Colly by Highland shepherds, and therefore the dogs that worked them were given the same name.

were supposed to take as little gear as possible with them, so that the pack horses should not be overloaded. Frequently no fly was used over the tent, which was made of light calico, and rain would splash right through on to the men's faces and blankets. In the summer time some of the shepherds took only two blankets, and their beds consisted chiefly of dry tussock, without any ground sheet; this was not bad in fine weather when the camp could be fixed before the dew fell. With, say, seven men in a 10 ft. by 12 tent, the natural body heat usually warmed up the inside of the tent very considerably; the fug at times was simply awful when all hands were smoking foul pipes, loaded with Juno, Nail Rod, Barry's Twist, which the station supplied at 4s. 2d. per lb. or some other strong plug tobacco. It was difficult to get much sleep, for at frequent intervals there would be someone scratching matches on a Bryant and May tin box, either to look at the time or to light his pipe; also if the tent happened to be fixed on a slight slope, the men on the upper side would slide down on to those below. More than often we were quite pleased to hear the sound of chops frizzling in the frying-pan, for this meant getting up and stretching ourselves after a night of misery spent in trying to avoid some stone, or other unevenness in the ground, which had worked through the tussock bedding and made our hip-bone appear to be very prominent indeed.

Fog was one of the greatest drawbacks on these coastal hills, for not only did it greatly delay the muster, but after a day or so made tent life really miserable, cooped up as we were without any headroom worth mentioning. I have known some of the old Scots to take a Bible with them, and each man might take a paper, a pack of cards, or cribbage board, to help while away the time, euchre being the most popular game. The stakes generally played for were matches, and in the end one man usually acquired all that



there were in camp, so that the others had to borrow from him when they wanted to light their pipes.

If the fog came after a couple of days' mustering on a big block, we might keep boundary for a day, but if the next day was still foggy, we generally chucked it, for the sheep kept coming back at us all the time, some of them breaking through in spite of everything we could do to prevent them. The most experienced men frequently lost their way, and one evening, after keeping boundary all day, six shepherds walked right past the camp, which was only a short distance off, and were very much disgusted when I, who had been listening to their conversation, called them back. Shepherds never cared to admit that they had lost themselves in a fog.

On Te Waimate we were not greatly troubled with snow, and little snow-raking was done, the country not



Snow-raking.

being high enough for the real thing, although sometimes in extra bad spells it became necessary to have a look round to see that the sheep were all right.

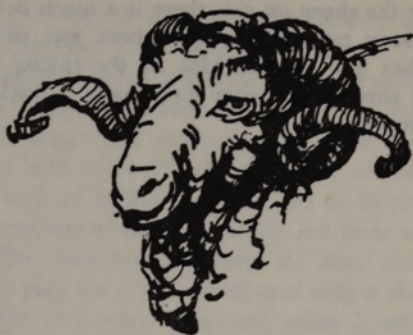
With the modern ideas of horses trampling tracks and men

searching for the sheep on skis there is a much better chance of getting sheep out quickly than there was of old.

The sketches give a good idea of the raking operations and how the sheep will follow along once a track has been properly trampled.



Snow-raking.



## CHAPTER XV

### SHEARING

The Shearer is a hungry man,  
Who swallows food whene'er he can.  
At early morn there's tea and cake,  
Whilst yet he is but half awake.  
Then breakfast comes at seven o'clock,  
Made up of tea and mutton chop.  
"Smoke Oh" is on, fifteen to ten,  
This famished man takes food again,  
And carries on till noonday meal,  
When to the cookhouse he will steal  
And gorge himself with meat and duff,  
Good for work, though stodgy stuff.  
Now later on, at three-thirty  
You find him at some buns and tea.  
At half past five the evening meal  
Makes him somewhat fed up feel,  
So out he goes and rides his horse,  
To settle down the food of course.  
Then in he comes to have his supper  
Composed of tea and bread and butter.  
At last to bunk this starveling goes  
To seek what some call sweet repose.

SHEARING and harvesting were the two biggest undertakings of the year on the Station. With the average weather, harvest took about two and a half to three months and



shearing about six weeks. A very strenuous six weeks they were, and if there was a long uninterrupted spell of hot fine weather, all hands and their dogs would be just about knocked up at the end of the run.

Shearing was all done by hand; there were twenty-two shearers on the board, their average daily tally being about 110 sheep, which meant that the shed boss had to arrange for over 2,400 sheep to be brought in and taken out each day.

There were seven permanent shepherds and an extra one at shearing time. They were mostly Scots, who took no notice of the hours of work; they were frequently on the move from crack of dawn until after dark, but they made it a point of honour never to be beaten by the shearers. It was wonderful how they managed to keep things going, for some of the mobs had to be driven over thirty miles to the shed. The mustering started about ten days before shearing. One mob of 10,000 and another of 6,000, were brought in first, and held in paddocks near the shed until they were required. The 6,000 mob consisted of Merino wethers from the Mount Studholme block, and these were usually held in reserve in case the shearers cut out a mob of ewes more quickly than was expected. These sheep were rather hard shearing if shorn as early in the season as November, before the yolk had risen in the wool. Getting the sheep back to their proper blocks, which might be some distance from the shed, always seemed even more difficult than getting them in; most of the shepherds would be away mustering and bringing home fresh mobs. The Boss sometimes had to think a week ahead in order to ensure sufficient sheep coming forward, and at the same time, as little delay as possible in getting the shorn sheep back to their own country. Then, after making the most careful and comprehensive plans, a change of weather might come and disorganise his entire scheme. The harassed man would then have to set to work and spend hours in evolving a completely new order of procedure. I have seen the Boss sitting on the stacked bales, smoking his pipe, apparently the only idle man in the shed, but the entire scheme of operations depended on his forethought and judgment.

At Waimate there were about 50 men and boys employed for the shearing—22 shearers; 1 sheep-oh; 4 fleecpickers, 4 wool-rollers, 1 brander, 1 wool-classer; 1 classer's boy; 3 pressers; 1 waggoner; 1 cook, 1 cook's mate, generally known as the offsider or "slushy"; 8 shepherds; and last, but not least the shed boss,\* probably the hardest worked man of the lot, for although the actual shearing hours were from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m., he had to be in the shed by about 4.45 a.m. and after the shearing was over for the day, superintend the filling of the shed, and make up the tallies, seldom finishing up until about 9 p.m.

As a rule the feeling between the Boss and the men was excellent. The old-time shearers were fine men to deal with, and seldom caused any real trouble; there were no paid agitators then to stir up strife.

Some of the shearers used to go to Australia, where the season commences earlier than in New Zealand, and shear there for several months before starting here in November. They brought over some wonderful yarns, and we heard all the news and back-chat from York Peninsula to Adelaide. After "cutting out" the Waimate shed, they would go on to the back country stations, such as Morven Hills, and probably carry on there until the end of February.

When a shearer put his name down for a pen in the coming shearing, it was the usual custom for him to pay a deposit of £1. This prevented shearers from putting their names down for several sheds that were due to start about the same time, and then failing to turn up, because if a man failed to answer to his name, his deposit was forfeited and given to the local hospital. When the roll was called in the shed on the morning shearing commenced, there would frequently be quite a number of men waiting for the chance of a pen.

Many of our shearers were local married men, who came back year after year, some of them for twenty years or more, and one, John Loper, shored in this shed for thirty-five consecutive seasons. He usually went on to Station Peak after finishing here, and would return home by means

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\* In the early days the manager acted as shed boss. Later, when the agricultural work increased, a special shed boss was engaged.



of a raupo mokihi (raft), floating down the Waitaki to Glenavy, where he would catch the train for Waimate.

Most of the shed hands and shearers wore beards, and some of them found it quite difficult to see the sheep they were shearing because of these huge excrescences.

One old shearer, George P., a stout man with a huge beard, was not good at sharpening shears, and always turned the handle of the grindstone whilst his mate sharpened, at the same time picking his teeth with a pair of shears held in the free hand.

One day, whilst George was shearing, a sheep kicked the shears, driving the point of the blade right into his side and inflicting a nasty wound, the fat welling out through the aperture. George did not seem to mind much, snipped off with his shears the piece of fat that was protruding, and then went on and finished the sheep he was shearing, before having the wound attended to.

The shearers were a cheerful lot, full of anecdotes and fun, and frequently sang chorus songs whilst they were at work. This was one of the favourites:

We can't all be leaders  
In this transitory life,  
Some must be content as common soldiers,  
So begin at the bottom,  
And you'll rise to the top,  
If to the wheel, you'll place your shoulders.

One man, Bob Simpson, was given a pen simply because he was unfailingly cheerful, and a great singer who kept the other men in good spirits with his songs and jokes. He claimed that on one occasion he shored 212 sheep in a day, but omitted to mention that he had three mates helping him at various times. One day, a new shed boss, exasperated by Simpson's slowness, gave him the sack, and he came down





to the house for his cheque. When my father saw him, he asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I have been sacked."

"That will never do. For although we all know that you are a bad shearer, you are worth your place on the board for keeping the other shearers in a good temper."

William Lundon, the first Labour J.P., was shearing in our shed at the time he was appointed, and had to stand a lot of chaff at the hands of his fellow workers. But Billy could take it all smiling, for he was a great, good-hearted man who richly deserved the honour. He was also a splendid shearer, especially on Merinos, for he could chop the wool off 150 of these tough wethers in a day, and it must be remembered that nothing but blades were used at this time.

There were always a certain number of "barrowmen"\* and "learners" on the board, and some of the old shearers had no conscience where the beginners were concerned. When an old hand and a young one were sharing a catching pen, the former would let the learner in for the "cobbler," or hard shearing sheep, at the end of every pen, and then when the pen had been re-filled, quickly catch and shear all the "rosellas," or easily shorn sheep, before the unfortunate novice had finished his cobbler.

The shearers were, of course, the autocrats of the shed, but the "sheep-oh" (penner-up) also held an important position. In addition to filling up the catching pens, he weighed the bales and recorded them, with their descriptions, in the wool book. It is wonderful how clean some of these books were kept by the good men, for it is extremely difficult to keep one's hands even reasonably clean when working amongst sheep, and also handling ink and stencil plates.

Some of the shed hands were regular old soldiers. I remember one, Robert Kilgour, groaning when he saw me coming:

"Oh, me back, me back!"

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\* Friends of the shearers, who came on to the board for a chat and, while yarning, frequently shored a few sheep for their pals.

I got him some brandy, which apparently relieved the pain for a time. But next day came the same plaint:

"Oh, me back, me back!"

I got him some more brandy. This continued for three days. Then I refused to administer the panacea, and when he realised that no more brandy was forthcoming, the pain miraculously disappeared.

The wool-pressers in a big shed had a most strenuous time, especially in the days of the old screw press. On some days it was necessary to turn out over 50 bales in order to keep the shed clear of wool, and this could only be done by good men and good team work. It took three men to work a screw press, and sometimes they would be quite knocked out at the end of a day.

One of the old pressers, Sam McCulloch, used to grow his own tobacco, and press it in the wool-press after it had been what he described as "cured." The result was an enormous plug, which must have weighed about fifty pounds. I once tried smoking a bit of it, and the result was anything but good. I fancy it was more suitable for use as an insecticide.

In the eighties 1,375 bales were pressed in one year, this being the largest number of which I can find a record. In 1882, 54,443 sheep were shorn.

The price for shearing was 15s. a hundred; fleece-pickers received 15s. a week, wool-rollers 25s. to 30s., and other shed hands the same. These were the rates ruling in the eighties, and they did not change for many years.

All the shearers, and most of the rouseabouts, had their own hacks, and I have often seen them chasing their horses round a hundred acre paddock for an hour or more, trying to catch one to ride the two miles to the Waimate township. They could easily have walked there and back in the time thus wasted, but I suspect that a shearer considered it rather *infra dig* to walk.

The shearers and shed hands frequently held a sports meeting in the evening, even after a hard day's work, just as if they had been doing nothing all day. They took a keen interest in racing, and usually one of them would make up

a book on the Cup—sometimes with very disastrous results to himself.

As shearing drew towards its close some of the shearers, who were booked to shear at other stations, would become most anxious about getting away in time to take their stands at the next shed, and would shear anything, wet or dry. On one such occasion the wool was so damp that, after it was pressed, the moisture ran out of the bales on to the floor. This wool was left in the shed for some time before being shipped Home, and we received no complaints about it, which quite satisfied me that it takes a lot of water to do any real harm to wool.

Before the railway was put through to Waimate in 1873, all the wool had to be carted to Timaru, the nearest port, thirty miles away. At first this was done in bullock drays, which took about a week to go there and back. When roads were formed, horses supplanted the bullocks, and did the journey in just half the time. Large quantities of stores and other goods were always brought back on the return journeys, thus saving a lot of money, for carting was a heavy item in the days of slow transport. Now all is changed, and motor lorries run the wool in to Timaru in about an hour.

When shearing was over we used to hold our own race-meeting on the station. Many of the men had smart hacks; the Bell brand horses were not dead slow, and the four furlongs were usually run in well under fifty.

At the end of shearing all the strange sheep were put in the yards on a day that had been advertised in the local paper, and the small farmers turned up in full force to claim not only their own sheep, but, in some cases, other people's as well. When the larger neighbours had their sheep plainly branded and earmarked, the Station shepherds would take them out beforehand, so that the mob was not too large for the cockatoos (small farmers) to look through quickly.

All told there were from 1,500 to 2,000 strangers each year, some 500 to 800 of these belonging to one or two men in the back country known to be "grass thieves," that is men who deliberately turned sheep out on blocks of our country.



There was no actual proof of this being done, though the fences were in most cases good, and we got few of our own sheep back from the suspected men. Our shepherds had a great down on these men and did not fail to tell them what they thought of the transaction, for it meant a lot of extra work both in mustering and drafting. The strange sheep were in some cases coarse-woolled, and refused to travel up-hill away from their proper run, thereby causing a lot of delay.

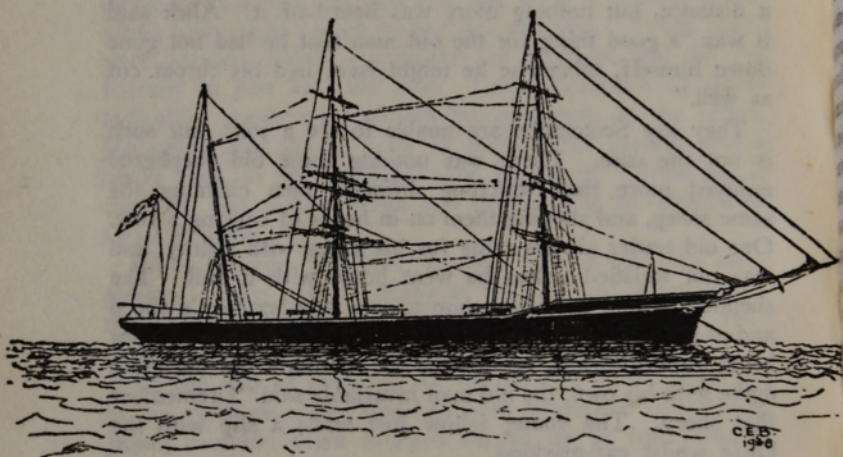
I once saw "Big Alick" run down a spur after one of these Cross-Breds and then go on up hill minus the sheep. When I asked him what happened, he replied that it was "One of old so and so's. It won't trouble us again." The owner was watching him with glasses from a distance, but nothing more was heard of it. Alick said it was "a good thing for the old man that he had not gone down himself, otherwise he might have had his throat cut as well."

They say Scotchmen are unable to see a joke, but such is not the case. There was nothing these old shepherds enjoyed more than watching different men claiming the same sheep, and shooing them on in hopes of causing a row. One old settler always came for his sheep with a dray, and was not satisfied unless he went home with it full. The shepherd would encourage him to take another man's sheep and then send the owner after him, the result sometimes being a glorious kick-up. When the ear-mark did not quite agree with his own, the old man invariably said "I remember that sheep. The young fellow just made a slip with the knife whilst ear-marking."

During some of the bad winters sheep from the various runs became badly mixed up, walking right over the fences and travelling for miles on the frozen snow in search of food.

Some stations were noted for the cruel way they treated strange sheep, others again gave them a good spin, the sheep coming back in fair condition. Others returned few, if any, sheep at all, and were believed to kill them for mutton or dog tucker.

The grass thieves thought we were hard on them, but after the Station disposed of the blocks adjoining them, they found our successors were far more severe, and this sort of thing quickly came to an end, one old Scot looking his country with a catching dog and a sharp knife. Dead sheep, like dead men, tell no tales.



Waiting for wool at Timaru.

## CHAPTER XVI

### CATTLE

CATTLE played a most important part on Te Waimate, and at one time there were about 2,500 of them on the run. When the Studholme brothers first arrived there were very few cattle in New Zealand, and it took a considerable time to stock up the station. Once, in the very early days, John and Michael bought some cattle in Dunedin, but prices rose suddenly before they arrived to take delivery. The dealer tried to get out of the transaction by refusing to take their cheque on a Christchurch bank. No vessel was due to leave Dunedin for some time, the track north was very rough, and they decided that the quickest way to get the necessary cash was to walk to Christchurch for it. They agreed to toss to decide who should make the journey. John lost the toss, and set out immediately. After walking for several days he reached the Waitaki River, which was in high flood. The Maori ferryman was reputed to have drowned more than one passenger for the sake of his blankets, and before they started, John noticed that he was tying his blankets securely on to the raft.

"If we capsize, the blankets will be safe," he remarked unconcernedly.

"No," replied Studholme firmly, "if we capsize, the blankets shall go too."

However, they reached the north bank without mishap, and Studholme continued his journey to Christchurch, where he cashed the cheque and, with the least possible delay, turned back to Dunedin. He arrived at Orari Station when the Macdonalds were giving a dinner party, and, tired and travel stained though he was, looked forward to enjoying a good meal and pleasant talk; but he was so tired that, to his intense disappointment, he fell sound asleep at the table.



The following morning he resumed his walk, and reached Dunedin with the money in time to take delivery of the cattle, just three weeks from the day he had set out, and thus saved the situation.

All the cattle on Te Waimate were Shorthorns, reds and roans chiefly, for my father had a great down on light coloured beasts, which he culled out and slaughtered. He considered that they were weaker in the constitution than the darker ones, and did not stand the winter so well. There was small sale for white bulls in those days, though now they are in fashion, and take prizes at the shows. There are, of course, two kinds of white Shorthorns, one having a white, the other a cream skin, and the latter is much the better of the two.

Colour, in cattle, as in horses is frequently an indication of the temperament of the beast. We noticed that the lighter beasts were usually the most troublesome. White, with red ears, seemed a particularly wild colour, and was probably a throw-back to the original wild cattle of England, a herd of which is still in existence at Chillingham. Another scary colour (not Shorthorn) was red with a white stripe down the back. The wildest cow I ever saw was of this colour, and was called "Miss Vining," after a stockman named Vining. I don't think she was ever yarded, though many attempts were made to get her in; finally she had to be shot on her beat in the bush at the Upper Hook.

There was a brindle bullock that was extremely savage; when roused he would chase a man on horseback like a dog after a rabbit, and it took a smart horse to get away from him. My father was once pursued by this bullock, when he was riding a rather slow cob, and if one of the stockmen, Charlie Gordon, had not galloped in between the beast and my father's horse, it is hard to say what might have happened. E. H. Cameron, Jimmy Keane (the head-stockman) and I rode across to the Hook one day to shoot the brute. We came across him in the open country; Cameron fired and wounded him and the maddened beast bolted into the bush. The manager went in after him and got in a shot at close quarters, which ended the career of the famous brindle.

In the nineties we tried breeding Polled Shorthorns from

freaks which occurred at intervals amongst the horned beasts, but soon gave it up, for the Poleys seemed to be deficient in the body.

The cattle work was considered to be the best on the station; there were plenty of first-rate hacks, and we used to go for our lives.

Most of the drafting was done in the open, by a process known as cutting out. Several men would hold the cattle together in a bend of a boggy creek or a corner of a paddock while the "cutter-out" rode through them, and after spotting the beast that he wanted, would follow it out to the edge of the mob, when the holder would open out and allow both beast and cutter-out to pass through. The essence of this game was perfect synchronisation; the holder must open out at the exact second in order to allow the one beast and no other to break away from the mob. A second's false timing, and the cutter-out's manoeuvre was ruined. I have had some nice things said about my ancestors by the cutter-out when things did not eventuate as they should have done. Many of the stock-horses were as clever as cats—once you started to cut out any particular beast they would follow it until it ran right out of the mob.

Sometimes we might put together as many as 400 or 500 head of cattle, and then cut out, say 300 or so of them. This job would take several hours to complete, and the horses had to be in good condition to stand up to the work, for we would be galloping, twisting, and turning, the whole time.

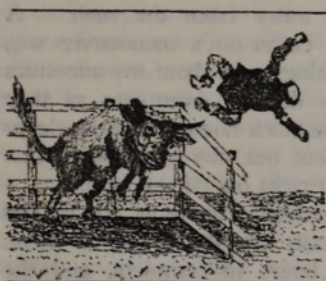
A horse of about fifteen hands was usually considered to be about the ideal size for a stock-horse, but of course there is no rule for such things, and some of the big horses were just as clever and sure-footed as the smaller ones. The one essential was breeding; underbred horses were not able to see a hard day out as well as those with blood in them.

Whilst riding after cattle over tussocky country one was always liable to come a cropper, for although the horses were sure-footed, the best of them might at any time put its foot into a soft place, or a hole in the ground. The most dangerous of these holes were caused by the roots of dead cabbage-trees rotting away, and leaving deep narrow cavities just big enough for a horse's hoof, and, as the



ground was hard all round, the horse could easily break his leg. It was quite impossible to see these dangerous places, as the ground was thickly covered with tussock.

In later years we had stockyards at different parts of the Station where the drafting was done. The cattle were driven up a narrow race, with double gates at the further end, which were worked by a man standing on a platform. These yards were specially built for handling wild cattle, and had narrow gaps between the hinge of the drafting gate and post, through which a man could escape from a charging beast. But one day Old Jim, the stockman, was too slow, and an infuriated cow tossed him right over the seven-foot rails, then charged round the yard, bellowing, portions of Jim's nether garments dangling from her horns.



A new chum who was working on the Station had a theory that a beast would not charge if one turned one's back to it, and then stooped down and looked at it through one's legs. But a well-known Poley bullock disproved his theory, and hit him right on the soft end—luckily, however, without serious injury.

One day, for a joke, we put a dummy man outside the yards where the cattle went out to the paddock, but of the whole mob, only one old cow was deceived into rushing it.

There was a lot of fun drafting these wild cattle, though surprisingly few serious accidents, considering the fearless way that some of the stockmen would walk about in a yard full of cattle, armed with only a short stick; a stock-whip is useless in a yard.

The calves of the Station cows were very wild; when about a month old, therefore, they were brought in with their mothers, and tied up for two weeks or so in order to quieten them. They were drafted off each morning from the cows who were then turned out for the day into a paddock adjoining the yards. Two men worked amongst the calves all day, first catching them and putting collars



round their necks, with rings attached. One end of a rope or chain was fastened by a spring hook to the ring, the other end was secured to a log anchored to the ground. The calves would kick and bellow, but quietened down after a day or two, and became quite docile and easy to handle. They were tied up facing the road, along which there was a good deal of traffic, and thus became accustomed to strange sights and sounds, and this made a great difference to them in after life. They were all branded and ear-marked before being sent back to the run. The men working amongst the calves received a lot of kicks and knocks, but this did not worry them.

One day, my younger brother, Paul, was holding a calf by the tail, while old Jim ear-marked it. It kicked Jim right in the eye, and he rounded on the lad like a flash.

"When are you going back to your —— school?"

"Next week."

"Next week? Pity it hadn't been last blanky week."

Old Jim had two good dogs, one of which frightened the beasts by heeling them up (biting their heels), and the other by pulling their tails, and one day Jim and I laughed immoderately when Spring, the tail-puller, struck trouble. Just as the old dog was reaching up with mouth wide open to catch a cow's tail, the cow lashed out and caught the poor fellow fairly in the mouth, and judging from the fit of coughing that shook him for the next few minutes, the joke left a nasty taste in his mouth.

Another day Spring seized a cow by the tail and got his teeth entangled in the "perm," the cow galloping off with the dog swinging behind like a pendulum, though strangely enough she did not kick him, which rather goes to prove the theory that a beast is unable to kick if you hang on tightly to its tail.

This tail-pulling appeared to frighten cattle greatly, calves especially, and Spring seemed to enjoy the fun when nothing untoward happened.

The largest mob of cattle that I remember seeing yarded consisted of some 600 cows and calves that were mustered into the stockyard situated on the stony flat just across the Hook Creek from Nicholas's house. The Boss had sent word to the Homestead that the cattle would be in the

yards that day, and ordered some refreshments to be sent over for the men; himself, naturally, included. Accordingly, after breakfast, the bullock driver, Jack Maher, and I—a child at the time—set out with the dray and eight bullocks, our load being one case of square gin, the light wine of the country at that time.

To reach the stockyard we had to pass through the township of Waimate which, at this date (about 1874), was a very small place, and we soon had most of the township children on the dray with us. Maher was one of those nice, kindly men who loved children, and always had lollies (sweets) in his pockets, which he gave to any kids who happened along.

After passing the township of Waimate there was no track worthy of the name, and we had to wander over the tussocky downs, arriving at the hut near the yards just as the cattle were yarded.

After having some tucker we walked over to see the drafting. The noise was deafening. Cows lowing, calves bellowing, dogs barking, whips cracking, and men shouting. On a still evening the roar from these yards could be heard at the Homestead, five miles away in an air line. The stock-horses were all standing tied up to the rails outside the yards, and, almost before the work had commenced, a wild bullock jumped right over the rails, landing in the midst of them, and causing many of them to pull back and break loose. Some of the riders, who were able to catch their mounts, went after the bullock which was galloping in the direction of the bush. Two heeling dogs were also in the hunt; they promptly attacked the beast, who, in attempting to rush one of them, stuck his horn into the ground and broke it off short. Then away they went again, the bullock mad with pain, and fairly roused, the dogs yelping at his heels, the stockmen vainly trying to turn him. The whole lot disappeared over the downs into the distance, and the men had to return to the yards, admitting defeat. The beast made straight for the bush, three miles away, and that was the last we saw of him.

The next excitement was a cow who got her head through one of the big gates, and lifted it off its hinges, then proceeded to career round the yard, sometimes the cow being



on top, sometimes the gate. All hands made a rush to extricate her, and after a lot of shouting and bellowing she was released, and the drafting proceeded.

After this the bullocky and I started off for home, having had a great day.

The cattle were wintered largely on wheat straw, of which there was a plentiful supply, for there were some thousands of acres under crop each year. We found that barley straw was not so satisfactory as wheat, for it made the beasts very unhealthy, and dry in the skin. The one great drawback to feeding cattle on straw in winter is the shocking state in which the ground is left after a wet spell, the surface becoming so badly poached up that it takes years to recover again. We found that cattle which had been wintered on straw fattened up much more quickly in the spring than those left to feed on the rough grass, though sometimes they became infected with lice. The first draft of fats usually went off about the middle of November, three-year steers killing from 800 to 900 lb.

During the Gold Rush most of the fats went to the West Coast by road, through the Otira Gorge, and sold for good money, as much as £15 to £18 per head, and sometimes even £20, delivered in the paddock at Waimate. John Grigg, of Longbeach, was one of the chief buyers, but dealers from all parts of the country would come and buy the cattle. A lot of money was lost and made at this game, for prices fluctuated violently, varying from £6 to £20. A drop of, say, £2 per head on a mob of 300 was quite a tidy sum to lose.

About the middle eighties we killed twenty-five head of prime bullocks, which average 875 lb. in weight, at our own slaughterhouse on the Station. They were killed during the cold weather and hung up overnight, then forwarded to Oamaru by train in the morning, and put straight on board a steamer and frozen. This shipment must have been one of the first of its kind, and netted about £8 per head, which was considered quite satisfactory, for fat bullocks were fetching only about 15s. per 100 lb. locally at the time. The report on this shipment was that the quality was good, and that there was a ready market in London for meat of this description. Later, cattle were killed at the works, and the trade became established.



When the goldfields' demand came to an end, the cattle were either sent to the Burnside Market regularly each week, or sold to local butchers. One of those whom we supplied on contract had a special yard on the station, in which we delivered the bullocks for him as required. This yard had a long wing out from the entrance gate, and once the cattle were got inside this we raced them along at full gallop, for if they got a whiff of blood, and had time to turn round, it was a difficult matter to get them near the yard again. Sometimes odd beasts would beat us, and these we shot, and dressed in the paddock. Old Jim and the butchers were not the best of friends, and one day, just as the cattle were entering the yard, the butcher ran out waving his broom in their faces, which made them turn back on us, and the stockman and his horse were knocked right over. Naturally there was a deuce of a row. The stockman rushed in and tried to punch the butcher, who fended him off with his broom.

Station bred cattle understood and tolerated men on horseback, but they could not stand that rare sight, a pedestrian. It was difficult, therefore, to drive them along roads, because if they met any one on foot, the whole mob was liable to stampede, jump fences, or do anything to get away from this unknown and possibly dangerous creature. Crossing bridges was one of the most difficult problems with these cattle, for as soon as the feet of the leaders clanked on the planking the whole mob would try to turn back and bolt—anywhere. It was hard to get them to face the bridge again. One evening at dusk, as we were putting 120 head across the Waitaki Bridge, something frightened them, they set off at top speed, covering the mile in record time, and nearly killing two surfacemen, who had foolishly come on to the bridge at the far end.

We tried, whenever possible, to include a few quiet cattle to act as leaders in any mob that was being driven to market by road.

The Station bulls were all run together in a paddock near Willowbridge, as many as fifty or sixty being there at times, and some of them were not at all friendly customers, for they would take to a man if given a chance, though, as a rule, we managed to keep them in subjection by a liberal dose

of stock-whip, and the assistance of good heeling dogs, of whom they were more afraid than of the whips. We used long stock-whips, from 14 feet to 16 feet in length, which, in the hands of an expert, were formidable weapons, and if a bull turned savage we would hammer the soul out of him until he gave in and bolted. As a rule the fight was over once we got him on the run, though sometimes he would turn round suddenly and chase us, and then, if there were two horsemen working together, the other man would come at the bull from behind. Sometimes when a bull was bailed up in a waterhole, or some cover where we could not get behind him, we would fill our pockets with stones, if they were procurable anywhere handy, and return to the attack, for a direct hit on the nose or horn usually clinched the argument.

When the bulls were all running together in their paddock they were like a lot of schoolboys, for each one knew his place as a fighter. Most evenings they would pair off and have sham fights, just to keep themselves fit, and there would be a deuce of a lot of noise, but generally little harm done, though occasionally these sparring matches developed into serious affairs. They generally settled their more important differences in the spring and autumn. When there was a real fight in progress the other bulls gathered round and watched the fun, without, as a rule, interfering with the combatants, though if one of the fighters had a friend in the crowd who thought his mate was getting the worst of it, he would probably give the other fellow a few quiet digs behind in order to assist his pal. Sometimes the smaller bulls might set on to one of the larger ones, who probably had been annoying them by his despotic attitude, and they generally killed him, for unless the old bull could back against a fence or some other obstacle and prevent the youngsters getting behind him, they would tip him over on his back and maul him to death. Some of the fights lasted for hours if the weights were fairly even, and both combatants were in good condition. Science counted a good deal. An experienced fighter allowed his opponent to do most of the leading, and then came in at the end of a fierce bout, making lightning passes with his horns. On one occasion I came across two bulls fighting a battle



which had evidently been going on for hours. They were both showing signs of distress, but in spite of this the contest lasted for another two hours at least. These two huge Shorthorns would weigh about a ton each, and it was a Homeric contest, for the supremacy of the herd was involved. The older and more scientific fighter eventually gained the day through superior ring craft.

Bulls as a rule will not interfere with any one who is not afraid of them, and I have known a man to work all day in the middle of the bull paddock, cutting turf with a spade, whilst the bulls stood round watching, and never trying to hurt him. This was a man called John Donaldson, and someone asked him:

"Weren't you afraid, John?"

"Afraid? No! They will never trouble you if you don't mind them."

Sometimes, however, odd bulls became quite unmanageable, and these were shot unless they were of outstanding merit.

In those days most of the bulls ended their days as pig food, whereas nowadays a large number of them become involved in the luscious Belgian sausage.

The majority of the cattle were run on the heavy swamp land near the sea, where the pasture was good, though rather too damp for sheep on account of the risk of foot rot. After these swamps had been drained and burnt, they were surface-sown with grass and rape, which, when it grew up, attracted the cattle into the rough places, where they knocked down the niggerheads and chewed out the hearts of the flax bushes, which were easily killed in this manner. Bullocks were the best for this job, and in addition to eating the growth they levelled down the niggerheads with their horns. Frequently the cattle got bogged in the creeks and soft places, and it was necessary to look through the swamps every day, otherwise a good many of them would perish from cold and starvation. In spite of searching the creeks, many cattle were lost, for the water was, in most cases, exceedingly cold. When we found a beast in the bog the trouble was to get it out, and sometimes this was a difficult matter, for being wild, the animal would usually try to rush his rescuer. Success was frequently



attained by getting in front of the beast and kicking it on the nose, or going down on our hands and knees and booing at it, for in trying to catch us, it would work itself out of the bog. The moment the animal found its feet on sound ground we had to be ready to run for our lives, and frequently it became necessary to run into the soft ground ourselves in order to escape, and then, if the beast pursued us, it might again get stuck. Often, one had to get a steady draught horse with chains to pull the beast out of the swamp, or, if the ground was sound close to where the animal happened to be, a horse and dray. This method was much safer for both man and horse. The dray was backed as near as possible to the beast, a rope tied from the axle to the horns, the dray moved forward, and the beast dragged out on to firm ground. It was prevented by the rope from charging the horse, and was released carefully, by another rope being put through the noose, and the strain gradually slackened.

In some of the heavy flax swamps near the sea there were quite a number of really wild cattle that had never been yarded, and these were difficult to muster, for they would flounder through soft ground where a horseman could not possibly follow. Many of these were shot in order to get rid of them, and one day, whilst looking for a wild bull which we had seen bolt into some high flax, I suddenly realised that the quarry was standing behind a bush only a few yards away. I fired at what looked like his shoulder, but turned out to be his flank, and thus put a bullet into the wrong end of him. Off he went at top speed, leaving the flax, and making for the open country, where he was afterwards shot. Once, when shooting a wild cow which had broken her leg, the stockman rode up close to her, thinking she had not enough go in her to do any harm, but after firing and not killing her, she charged and ripped the horse's side so badly that it had to be destroyed.

In the bush along the Hunters Hills there were hundreds of wild cattle descended from beasts that had escaped from the Station herds. Some of these would occasionally leave the cover and join up with the Station cattle at night time, returning to their fastness first thing in the morning.

Sometimes we went after them on horses and tried to cut them off from the bush, though once their heads were pointing for cover they were very hard to turn; and even if we got them in hand it took a lot of galloping and coaxing before they were yarded.

We had good sport shooting these cattle on the hills, and there was no difficulty about getting people to come and help. We would pitch our tents high up on the range where the cattle were numerous. Every one who could get away turned up on these occasions. Camping in, or near, the bush was a real pleasure, for the native birds were plentiful and tame, and the early morning song of the tuis and bellbirds, and of the bush robins, was wonderful. The woodhens (wekas) would soon gather about a camp, and were rather a nuisance, because they would pry into everything, and run off with the soap or any article left lying about; it was a common thing to find several of them in the tent on our return in the evening.

One of these cattle shooting expeditions was rather remarkable on account of the people who took part in it, for included in the number were Tom Hall, who was afterwards convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for trying to murder his wife, also Dr. McIntyre of Timaru, who was instrumental in bringing Hall to justice. Hall was a plausible man, and very popular among the fair sex, though men, as a rule, did not like him. Being only a boy at the time I was told off to go with Hall and carry the tails of any beasts that he got; but my job was an easy one, for he was a rotten bad shot, and also, when a wounded bull came my way, I shinned up a tree, dropped all the tails, and quite forgot to pick them up when I again reached the ground. Dr. McIntyre was a great character, and full of fun. He said that he liked his meat fresh, so when he shot a beast he straightaway cut off a steak, threw it on the fire for a few moments, and proceeded to eat it without further delay. There were a lot of "spaniards" (spear-grass) about the camp, and McIntyre, who wore knickerbockers, and had rather large calves, always seemed to be running against the spikes, much to his disgust. Some of the others present in this camp were E. T. Rhodes, Pelham



Jones, J. M. Barker, E. H. Cameron, M. J. Godby, G. Laing Meason, Michael Studholme, my brother M. C. Studholme, and Jimmy Keane, the stockman. We had a lot of onions in the camp, and steak and onions could be smelt for a considerable distance round, making it quite easy to find our way home in the evening. This camp was right up above Harry Eden's place on the Hook, and we hunted all the country between the two branches of the river. Sullivan had Eden's place at this time, and there was also a man called Hayes living there, who joined with us in the hunt. Hayes wore earrings, a not uncommon thing amongst men at this time, and as he had a sizable beard, it looked rather funny to see earrings sticking out from amongst his side whiskers. On one occasion Barker and Hayes went into a clump of bush after a big mob of cattle that we had seen go in, whilst I stayed outside to watch. The cattle came out on the top side, unknown to Barker and Hayes, and I shot several of them. They rolled down the steep hillside, right into the bush where the two men were waiting, and gave them a great fright. One old bull scared me stiff; I fired at him and hit him on the horn; he came up the hillside after me, so I hid behind a rock and allowed him to depart in peace. Altogether we bagged some two dozen head of cattle on this trip.

There were also a number of wild cattle about Lake Ohau; these were shot out about 1885.

As the front country became more settled, the wild cattle were gradually driven further back, and finally they crossed over the range and took up their abode in the Waihao Valley, near Kaiwarua. About 1890, after chasing the mob for some hours, my brother Carlisle and I got them jammed against a slip in the big bend, and shot them all except one big red bull; some years later Maurice Ferriter and I got this beast just opposite Kaiwarua on the Otaio Run. This bull frightened the shepherds a good deal when they were mustering, for he was not at all friendly, and would come towards a man on foot as though he meant business. We took a portion of him back to Kaiwarua and it made excellent beef, being in first-rate condition. This bull was the last of the wild cattle in the Waimate district.



The cattle mustering from the run,  
Was counted quite the best of fun.  
From Blue Cliffs, the first to come  
Were Poigndestre and his manager, Groome,  
With George Buchanan the other partner  
Three jollier men ne'er chanced together.  
Moorhouse, William Septimus de Septimo,  
Called "Bill" for short, took charge you know,  
Bill liked a horse when it would buck,  
And from saddle seldom came unstuck.  
Ted Cameron, Jacobs, and Charlie Gordon,  
Good men these three when work was on.  
Waikakahi gave Harris, of Harris and Innes,  
Who never missed such sport as this.  
Harris and Mallock of Horsley Down  
Rode a strenuous race twixt station and town,  
Full sixty miles from post to post  
The stakes were the horses and Harris lost.  
Young Teddy Guinness from cross the Waihao,  
And one of the Thomsons of the Otaio,  
Who brought with him two de'ils to ride  
E. H. Martelli and wild George Hyde.  
Martelli won the first Grand National;  
A splendid horseman though not professional.  
Hyde was a rider of the rodeo style,  
Riding a bull to death in a mile,  
Ranging alongside on a well-trained hack,  
Then jumping on to the wild beast's back,  
Holding on by his spurs to the animal's hide,  
And plunging his knife to the hilt in its side.  
George Brayshaw of the Hook joined in  
On a lovely mare of his own breakin',  
Real Yorkshire tyke was he for sure,  
Quite the nattiest man I ever saw.  
C. N. Orbell from the Levels,  
Another of those riding devils,  
One of the best on a rough horse  
That ever threw his leg across.  
Sergeant Scott of the Local Force,  
Came to see the brands of course.  
Michael Studholme joined the throng,  
On his strong bay cob who jogged along,  
Sixteen good stone upon his back,  
A somewhat slow though useful hack.  
  
Fifteen good men in all there were,  
And woe betide the unlucky steer  
That might not drive toward the yard,  
For he would catch it good and hard.  
The old-time whips were thick and long,  
Handled by men whose arms were strong  
Riding good horses which, knowing their job,  
Ran straying beasts right back to the mob.

Some of the crowd were fairly tough,  
In fact, one might say deuced rough,  
Nothing they hated more than side,  
Longing to belt it from your hide;  
For boxing then was much in favour,  
Had one a grudge against the neighbour?  
Here was a chance to square the thing,  
Or more than likely, take a hiding.  
And the yarns they spun when evening came  
Would make most fishermen blush with shame.

Skirting round the bush with owls still calling,  
They tried to catch the cattle as they lay,  
For once they broke their camps at early morning,  
The wild ones took to cover for the day.  
Down the slopes they rushed them hell for leather,  
Toward the open country and the yard,  
Doing their best to keep the mobs together,  
Horsemen and dogs all going mighty hard.  
Sometimes odd beasts might turn what we called rusty,  
Breaking madly from the mob with head in air;  
Then the chance of stopping them was not too lusty,  
They just charged you, and continued their career.  
Hark! the other lot is coming in the distance!  
You can hear the whips a'cracking, and the dogs,  
Now soon we'll have the *pièce de résistance*,  
When we meet and join together the two mobs—  
Five hundred angry cows all loudly calling,  
Their calves with tenor voices swell the din;  
The noise becomes tremendous, simply deafening,  
But the mustering is over, and they're in!



Yarding cattle.

## CHAPTER XVII

### STOCK-WHIPS

STOCK-WHIPS were part of the usual equipment of a stock-man, but cracking a fifteen foot whip on horseback is not quite so simple a matter as it looks; even when the man is on foot the whip sometimes does unexpected things, such as taking off his hat or lashing him across his face.

It is difficult to use a whip to advantage unless one is riding a trained stock-horse; some of the old stagers would keep the right distance to an inch, and enjoy the fun as much as their riders. The good horses would answer the slightest movement of their riders' hands and legs, but it took time and patience to train them. When teaching a young horse to stand the whip one had to be careful for the first time or two; some horses were terrified as soon as they saw a whip; even when it was trailed quietly behind them they would lash out and try to bolt. But they soon got used to it, and would allow one to get in a cut without playing the fool. If a horse was inclined to buck, nothing was so likely to set him off as using a stock-whip. An old stock-horse would have made a first-rate polo pony, and vice-versa; fifteen hands was a good height in both cases. Training was important, but the chief essential in a stock-horse was quality.

The motion of using a whip was a combination of wrist, elbow, and shoulder action, the wrist doing most of the work, as in casting a fly with a rod. There were a great many different cuts, a few of which I will try to describe. It must be remembered that the whip is dragging behind when the movement begins.

1. The most serviceable cut: Over the shoulder from the back, forward and down, the whip cracking in front, then over and round again, and so on, indefinitely, keeping in time with the stride of the horse—the quicker he galloped



the more cuts you got in. If the horse was going really fast after a beast, you had sometimes to miss a stride, and crack at every second one. When a good man was using a whip you would hear crack, crack, crack in quick succession.

2. The Fat Cattle Cut: Forward, with an upward flick, catching the beast on the hind end, underneath, where the mark would not be seen.

3. When going neck and neck with a beast on your near side: Forward, over your horse's head, catching the beast on its nose or head, back, over your own head, and round again. A very effective cut, provided that the cracker did not catch in the beast's horns or wind itself round its nose, when your arm might be brought up under your chin with a painful jerk, or over your head, taking your hat off. If the whip caught, it was sometimes necessary to let it go, in order to avoid being pulled out of the saddle, breaking the whip or even your own neck.

4. When trying to stop following stock, particularly horses, from passing you: Forward underneath, then back over your shoulder, and crack in the face of a following beast or mob. When your horse was lazing a bit, you sometimes hastened his footsteps with a cut across the rump, given by reversing your arm and wrist instead of doing the cut previously described. Some of the old horses were quick at spotting this change of direction, and would go off like a scalded cat, consequently you hit them only occasionally with the whip, otherwise they might lose their confidence in you.

5. Straight up and down on the off side: This made a lot of noise, but frequently got rid of the cracker, and old hands did not use it. It wasn't the new chum's cut, but was next door to it. In making all these cuts, it must never be forgotten that there is a horse's head and neck in front of you.

6. Mosquito Cut. To be used when on foot: Bring the whip right across in front of your face, making the crack close to your nose, or curving the whip upward, making it crack above your head.

7. The Round and Round: Crack with a flick of the

wrist right in front of you each time the whip passed. This crack was only for show.

8. The Skipping Cut: After the style of the Round and Round, only you cracked the whip on the ground opposite the feet on the near side, at the same time jumping over the whip. This cut is strongly recommended to any one in search of exercise.

One famous stockman, George Hyde, was a wonderful man with a whip. It was said that he could hold the stalk of a daisy in his mouth and cut off the flower with a fifteen-foot whip.

An expert could take the half drawn cork out of an empty bottle with a flick from a fifteen-foot whip, without overturning the bottle. Some men claimed that they could put a sixpence on the ground, make it jump through the air by hitting it with the cracker, and then catch it in their hand. But I have never seen this done.

When not in use, whips were carried coiled up and fastened to the back "D" on the off side of the saddle by a short strap that could be quickly undone when required.

The stockmen took great care of their whips, some of which were of considerable value. After being used in wet weather they were carefully dried, oiled, and hung up out of reach of the rats, who liked nothing better than a well oiled whip to get their teeth into; we had several good whips ruined by them.

E. H. Cameron was a splendid man with a stock-whip, and a first-class horseman to boot. Heaven help the beast that broke out of the mob more than once when he was about. His whip was the most perfectly balanced that I ever saw, Australian built, and was worth fully £25. I had it for many years after he left the Station, and although it was sixty years old, it was still good for many a day to come when it was burnt with the old Te Waimate homestead in 1928.

The old-time whips were sometimes rather unwieldy, too long and heavy to use for any length of time without tiring the arm. The standard measurements were: Handle, 10 to 12 inches; thong, say, 11 feet 6 inches; the fall, 18 inches; and the cracker, 12 inches or more. A total length of about 15 feet.



The men took great pride in their whips, which they made themselves. The hide of a three-year-old heifer was considered the best for the purpose. It was salted, and stretched out flat on the floor for some days to dry. Then it was very carefully cut into strands and trimmed. The strands were made gradually thicker up to the "belly," then thinned off right to the "tail" of the whip. The belly, or thickest part of the thong, was filled out with pieces of leather laid lengthwise, and the strands plaited round them. The belly was about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, and the closer it was placed to the handle the better. Many good whips were spoiled by having the belly too far down, thus making them heavy to handle. If it was found that the weight was too far from the hand, the handle was bored at the butt, and molten lead run in to adjust the balance. A good whip would almost crack itself if one just turned it over with one's hand in the proper way.

The thong was fastened to the wooden handle by leather loop or keeper. The fall was made from a tapered piece of green hide.

The crackers were made from the native flax; that which had grown on dry ground was considered the best; swamp flax was less fibrous and too soft. A leaf was carefully chosen that was free from disease and insect markings, and the top half only was used; the lower portion, which is gummed together, is more difficult to skin and the fibre is coarser and of poorer quality. The leaf was split into strips about a third of an inch wide, cut half way through on the dull side, held firmly against the knee, and the skin peeled off by means of a blunt knife. If a sharp knife was used it would cut the fibre, and probably the trouser leg as well. An old handkerchief tied round the knee, over the trouser, saved a lot of damage, for the green sap from the flax stained anything with which it came in contact. The fibre was then twisted tightly into a cracker, thicker at the end that is attached to the whip, and tapering to a fine end.

The Maoris sometimes made crackers for us at the rate of 6d. a dozen. Instead of twisting them with their fingers they rolled them on the bare knee, untroubled by trouser



legs. The Maori crackers were looser and softer than ours, and did not last so long.

Stock-whips to a man who has been brought up with a whip in his hand, are a fascinating subject, and I must plead guilty to being an enthusiast on this matter, for my apprenticeship in the art of using them extended over forty years or more. Because you can control a 30, 40, or even a 50-foot whip, it does not mean that whips of this length are of any real use for everyday work, just as the 20-foot fishing rod, after an hour or so, becomes difficult on account of its length and weight. What you want (if whips are to be of any real use), is one of handy weight and length that can be used for hours at a time without unduly tiring your arm, and I found that a well-balanced whip of about 14 to 15 feet was about my strength, though as a matter of fact I used a 16 footer for years, but found it on the big side.

When once they get hold of you, stock-whips, like fishing and golf, are a disease with some people, myself included. It is length that counts in all three cases, some of the whips used over the smoking-room fire being nearly as long as the drives made at the 19th hole, and fishermen retired to bed when they heard such tales.

More cattle are made wild by an overdose of whip than one cares to say. Nothing tends to make cattle wild and unsettled sooner than too much dogging and whip.

Whips on the average are now some ten feet or so in length, a reduction of, say, one-third in the past fifty years, and let us hope that in the next fifty they may be reduced to extinction. But I must confess that I could never give up using a whip if opportunity came my way. There is something in a galloping horse and a cracking whip which sets your blood running as few other things can do, outside polo, hunting, steeplechasing, and other kindred sports. They say horses are demoralising to most people, but let me be demoralised by a noble animal like this, rather than by some three-card trickster, the way many people are in this world.

A galloping horse, with a cracking whip,  
Is all you ask ere you take the ship  
Which sails away o'er the ocean blue,  
And there's no return with the tide for you.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### BULLOCK TEAMS

ONE might describe a good bullock team as one of the finest pieces of natural machinery, for it could go anywhere and do anything when handled by a good driver. Roads were a secondary consideration where bullocks were concerned; they would ford deep rivers, nose their way through scrub and flax, and struggle through soft ground, provided they could find a solid bottom. But they were dreadfully slow. The bush was less than two miles away from the Homestead, and it took just on four hours to get there, load up and return. I honestly think that one driver went to sleep as he walked along beside his team.

A great deal of care was exercised when picking out young bullocks to break in, and it was only after much time and patient handling that they could take their place in the team with safety, for on rough going much depended on the steadiness and reliability of each individual bullock.

In breaking in a young bullock to the team the first step was to couple the young beast to a steady near-side bullock used to working in the body (centre) of the team. The pair had ropes for collars, and were coupled to one another by a short chain, with a swivel in the centre. They were then turned loose in the paddock for a day or two. When required, the coupled pair were brought into the yard (if there was one—otherwise up against a fence), and the team yoked



up in the usual way, the young bullock being forced into his place by the old one, and the yoke being put on the young one from the near side of the neck of the old bullock. The whole team (with the exception of the polers) were linked up by a chain running from yoke to yoke, until it reached the end of the pole to which it was fastened.

When bullocks were being yoked to a waggon they were brought up to the pole and wheeled until the polers were in a position over the pole tip, which was then attached by a pin to the yoke of the polers.

Bull stags\* were generally used as polers, because they were extra strong in the neck; in fact, stronger altogether than bullocks, and less liable to get their necks broken when it came to a bad pinch. The weight of twelve large bullocks was enormous, and a sudden strain, especially at an angle, was extremely hard on the polers.

It was a fine sight to see a good team putting in every ounce of weight to get the dray or sledge out of a bad place. When the driver (known as the "bullocky") spoke to them, a ripple would run right through the whole team as they tightened up the leading chain and got down to it.

The power of ten or twelve bullocks with their toes in was tremendous; every inch gained was held as men hold in a tug-of-war, and once they got on the move, nothing would stop them until they got the word from the driver. Sometimes, on crooked tracks in the bush, the dray might get held up against a stump or tree, and then the whole district would hear about it. The bush was about a mile and a half from the Homestead, and Mick's beautiful "Woi, woi, woo-back," carried for that distance as though it were being shouted only a few yards away.

On one occasion a large road roller got stuck in a hollow, and twelve horses failed to move it, though eight good bullocks got it out without difficulty.

All the heavy carting on the station was done by bullocks. The material for the boundary fences, as well as for many of the sub-divisions on the higher hills, was laid out either by bullocks yoked to sledges, or by pack horses, and it is surprising the rough and difficult places that the bullocks could negotiate safely. Their great advantage over horses

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\* Bulls castrated when full grown or nearly full grown.





BULLOCK TEAM AT BACK OF THE HOMESTEAD, ABOUT 1876



BILL SMITH (BUFFALO BILL) CARTING OUT SEVEN TONS OF WHEAT FROM HAKATARAMEA

was the quiet way they took things generally. A great deal, of course, depended on the driver; some men were quite useless in a bad place. Jack Maher, one of the bullockies, was supposed to have brought his team and sledge down the almost precipitous facing on the north side of the entrance to the Waimate Gorge, in order to save going back by McLachlan's, and then right down the Waihao River and across the Urutane Downs—a distance of fully fourteen miles as against one and a half.

Sometimes, whilst the bullock team was being driven across country, bulls would attack it, and the driver would have to beat them off with his whip, which was rather an awkward business, for the bullocks became scared, and were inclined to bolt.

One Irish bullocky would throw his hat on the ground and jump on it when things were going really wrong. This seemed to give him great relief, and probably saved the bullocks a good deal of punishment. The art of cracking a bullock-whip was much the same as throwing a salmon fly with a double handed rod, the vim being put in right at the end with the assistance of the spring of the handle and the straightening of the arms. These whips could be cruel things in the hands of an expert, but as a rule the good driver did not actually hit the bullocks with them, but relied more on the crack of the whip to make the team get a move on.

In spite of being called decidedly strong names by the drivers at times, the bullocks answered to quite harmless nomenclature in most cases. They were named either because of some peculiarity in the way of colour or size, or after some song or celebrity of the day. I can call to mind "Redman," "Yellowman," "Rusty," "Brindle," "Snowy," "Spot," "Lofty," "Stump," "Rover," "Dandy," "Punch," "Joe," "Damper," "Sandy," "Yank," "Doodle," "Smiler," "Brandy," and many others.

It was said that the Hon. W. Rolleston, who sometimes drove bullocks when a young man, swore at them in Greek, and that they obeyed the call quite well, which makes them out to be extremely intelligent animals, judging by my futile attempts to master this language.

Some of the bullockies were wonderful; they would talk to



the team as though it consisted of human beings, and there seemed to be a perfect understanding between them. Occasionally, however, there were savages who flogged the unfortunate beasts unmercifully, and shouted as though they would murder them. Luckily there were not many of this type, and on the whole the bullock drivers were a fine body of men, though perhaps a bit rough, as might be expected of men following such an exposed and hazardous calling.

Jack Maher, the bullocky who drove me, when a child, to see the cattle drafting, was a particularly decent man, who was never known to swear—at any rate when women and children were about—and my mother used to allow us to go away with him all day in the dray. He could do anything with his team and drove them chiefly by word of mouth, very rarely hitting them with a whip. We kids sometimes rode one or two of the bullocks, and one old pal, Sandy, used to carry as many as five of us at the same time. Some of them were quite fond of bread and jam (carrot), which we got from the cookhouse to feed them with. There must have been some salt in the bricks of the cookhouse chimney, for the bullocks licked this whenever they got the chance, with the result that some of the bricks were nearly worn away.

During the night the bullocks were turned out, and had to fend for themselves in a paddock several hundred acres in extent, where there was a great deal of flax. Bells were therefore put on some of them so that they could be found in the morning. The old bullocks, however, sometimes became very cunning, and would plant themselves in the flax, and stand quite still so that the bell would not ring, when they heard the man coming to get them.

The bullockies invariably took their hack, known as the "bullock horse" with them, if there was any likelihood of being away from headquarters for a night or more. These horses were tied on behind the drays by a neckrope, and dragged along if they were not inclined to go willingly. Sometimes, when the dray was being driven through low scrub, the bullock horses would get some nasty knocks from the stems flying up and hitting them.

When gathering the bullocks in the early morning, when there was moisture on all the flax and tussocks, a horse was

most useful, saving one from getting wet through, and in addition giving a much better view of the surrounding country, for it is surprising what a difference a foot or two makes, especially on level ground amongst cover.

Bullocks would, for no visible reason, wander for miles, and the horse, which was kept on a tether rope overnight near the camp, made it possible to cover a lot of ground in a short time. Many bullockies kept dogs also, which would quickly find the team if it were handy, and bring the bullocks back to the camp. Some of these dogs were hard on the beasts, heeling them up, and bustling them along at top, which frightened the bullocks and made them nervous.

Station bullocks as a rule had a fairly good life, just doing their eight hours in the yoke, and having the remaining sixteen hours to fill up in, this enabling them to keep in a strong healthy condition. But some of the bullocks, belonging to men who took contracts for carting wool and stores, would become so thin and weak towards the end of the carting season, that it was downright cruelty to work them. Had there been an S.P.C.A. in those days it would have been kept busy with the bullocks on the road.

In the early days we had two bullock teams. After the bush was destroyed we required one only, and that soon went, for roads had been formed, and the bullocks' feet could not stand them; also they were desperately slow, and gradually horses took their place throughout the district.

## CHAPTER XIX

### HORSES

THE original mares on the Station came from Australia, and were evidently of a good strain; many were partly Arab, and after using blood sires for some years, we had a lot of slashing hacks that were a joy to ride and a pleasure to look at. At one time we introduced a dash of Suffolk Punch blood, and mated the progeny back to thoroughbred sires. The result was a splendid stamp of big upstanding horse, good jumpers with a fair amount of pace.

The story has been told that at one time Michael Studholme had £1,000 in Dunedin which he wished to invest to the best advantage. He could not make up his mind whether to buy a shipload of horses from Melbourne, or to purchase 500 acres of land at the ruling rate of £2 an acre, and eventually decided in favour of the horses in order to get a quicker return. The land that he did not buy is now South Dunedin.

About thirty-five to forty light horses, and the same number of draughts, were bred on Waimate each year. The foals were all branded for age and breeding. The year of foaling was shown by a number, from 0 to 9, burnt on the rump under the Bell brand, while the dam was recorded by a number on the shoulder. These particulars were entered in the horse book, otherwise identification at a future date would have been impossible. People frequently asked us for the breeding of some horse that had been bought years ago at one of the sales; in fact, just the other day a man wrote and asked me for the dam of a mare sold thirty years ago, and I was able to supply the name.

The horses were generally sold when three years old, and we held an annual sale on the Station to which buyers came from as far afield as Dunedin and Christchurch, for the Bell brand horses had a great reputation. John Tucker



Ford, of Ford and Newton, Christchurch, used to come down and sell for Pyne & Co.; he was followed by Captain Cotton, the original horse salesman of Pyne & Co. Ford introduced Cotton to the assembled buyers thus: "This is Captain Cotton. The more you know him the less you'll like him." Later, Fred Pyne officiated, assisted by his partner, Alec Boyle. George Freeman of Waimate also sold occasionally and always opened the bidding with the same formula:

"As sound as a bell of brass, and fit to run for a man's life. Now then, gentlemen, how much?"

F. M. Richman of Waimate also acted as salesman at times.

After the sale was over it was great fun watching the buyers rope their horses, which were all unbroken, and lead them away.

Light horses were worth on the average about £10 each; draughts fetched a slightly higher figure. There was not much profit in breeding at those prices, for the foals were all hand-fed from the time they were weaned until the following spring.

Getting these unbroken youngsters into the yards meant a lot of galloping, for they were wild brutes who would race round the paddock for an indefinite time before finally being induced to go through the first gate; and then, it was an even chance that they would break past the man who was supposed to stop them, and gallop for miles along the road.

In one instance the mob bolted about seven miles, and I think would be going yet had they not been stopped by a man who was cutting a gorse fence. We rode good hacks, some of which could do the half-mile in 50, but when these mad brutes got going with a flying start, there was little hope of passing them on the road. It was considered lucky to yard them without injuring one or two. Sometimes we put up scarecrows, or rather scarehorses, on the road, made up of our coats and sticks which were quite effective in turning the mob, provided there was no dust, otherwise the back-markers would push the leaders along past these obstacles, and then the whole lot would go off more wildly than ever. One day the horses would not go near the gate out on to the road, and old Jim, the stockman, came to the conclusion

that the man on the road must be showing his ugly face. He galloped out through the gate, using dreadful language, and the upshot was that they rushed at one another, let their reins go, and came to grips, then fell from their horses to the ground, locked in a deadly embrace. After I had threatened to use my stock-whip on them they separated, Jim swearing:

"If I live forty blanky years, I will be even with you, you blanker."

"I'll have the law on you, Jimmy, I'll have the law on you," retaliated the other.

These two men never spoke to each other again, although both worked on the place for many years afterwards.

The same horse nearly always led the mob, and when we were choosing our own hacks we chose the leader if possible.

Whilst galloping in the paddock one day, over thirty horses raced at a big five-barred cattle-gate, jumping and tumbling over it in mad confusion; they then took on three barbed wire fences, finally being pulled up by the Waihao estuary which was some seventy yards or so in width. The best horse in the mob slipped one of his pasterns, and though it mended up again, it left the leg a bit short. This horse was a full brother to Freeman, the winner of the National, and was afterwards hunted in the Ashburton district under the name of Rookwood. He was broken in on the Station, and had rather a nasty trick of bucking after being ridden some distance when one was off guard. The majority of sensible buckers, if there are such creatures, have their go first thing in the morning, and get it over for the day.

In the earlier days, when Harris and Innes had Wai-kakahi, the horses belonging to the two stations ran together. The "horse paddock" extended from the Waitaki River to the Hook, about twenty miles, and for an indefinite distance inland. It was no easy matter to yard these horses when they were required. Men, provided with relays of fresh mounts, were stationed at the different points for which the mob usually made when disturbed, and the horses were run in to whichever yard happened to be nearest when they were taken in hand—which meant when they became exhausted with galloping. Harris and Innes had a yard in the flax down



below Morven, where a high pole with rungs attached had been erected. A man would climb up this and give directions to the riders when the mob drew near the enclosure, for it was nearly impossible to see the horses amongst the high flax. Harris kept a fairly good supply of liquor in the hut, and this was duly sampled when the horses were safely in the yard.



Mustering horses.

Amongst those who took part in these round-ups were William Harris, Ted Guinness of Timaru, George Hyde, Jack Jacobs, Charlie Gordon, E. H. Cameron, Bill Moorhouse, M. Studholme and others.

Harris and my father owned several racehorses in partnership, and would talk horse for hours on occasions—which were many. George Hyde, who hailed from Australia, was a great horseman. All sorts of stories were told of him; the following was recounted to me by a churchwarden, and, therefore, must be true. It appears that a wild bull came down amongst the Thomsons' cattle at Otaio; Thomson told Hyde to hunt the bull away, which he did by riding up alongside the beast and then catching him by the tail and cutting it off with his knife. The bull did not appreciate this delicate attention; he made for the bush and was seen no more. A little later, another wild bull appeared, and Thomson told Hyde to hunt it away, as he had been so successful with the last. Again he galloped up alongside,



but this time jumped on to the animal's back and dug in his spurs. Off they went at top speed, and after galloping for something over a mile, the bull dropped dead, from exhaustion and knife wounds

Hyde is also credited with taking part in a battle with the bailiffs on the downs near Makikihi. It seems that the Thomson brothers were in temporary financial difficulties—not a very uncommon thing with the squatters in those days—and hearing that the minions of the law were coming down to collar their stock, a gang was organised to stop them. This gang consisted of Hyde, C. N. Orbell (manager of The Levels), Martelli (rider of the first Grand National winner), and one or two others. There was a fierce fight with pick handles and sticks for weapons, but finally the bailiffs were beaten off, and the stock rescued—for the time being at any rate.

Hyde, Orbell, and Martelli were amongst the best of our amateur horsemen; Hyde and Orbell were especially good on rough horses (or bulls), though Martelli was a more finished rider over country. Jumping blood apparently comes out in humans as well as horses; for example, look at the present generation of Orbells. Ted Guinness was another good horseman, and Bill Moorhouse and E. H. Cameron could stick a bad horse as well as any one.



Buckjumper.

We once had a notorious buck-jumper called The Weasel which would throw most riders and, after he had outed nearly every one on the Station, Twentyman Hodson, the dealer, bought him, saying that if he could not sit the brute his brother could. But this proved a hollow boast, for The Weasel beat both of them, and was then sold to some new chum who received a

broken shoulder as his share of the fun.

In many cases it was bad handling that turned young horses into buckers. Some of the breakers were rough, cruel brutes, who tried to do in a day or two what should have taken weeks. But bucking is in the breed of some horses, for frequently one finds that the progeny of certain

sires and mares are all vicious. We had an old groom, called Johnny Keen, who dearly loved to get a man on the back of a rough horse and then watch the fun. One morning he persuaded a sailor-man to get up whilst he held the horse in a dirty yard. The next item was the sailor all covered with muck chasing John down the road, and threatening all sorts of awful things if he caught him; but John was a fast runner.

There were about thirty to thirty-five hacks and trap horses all told in use on the Station. Each shepherd required not less than two, and the manager and stockman had three each in regular work. At the Homestead there were usually fifteen to twenty horses in the paddock, and these were run in by the groom early every morning to be fed; those not required for use during the day were turned out again later. A certain number of spares had to be kept for the visitors who were continually coming and going.

In the old days of side-saddles there was nothing worse than having to lend your best hack to some woman who could not, or would not, sit straight, and brought the poor beast home with a sore back. It was not so bad if there was a pretty girl in the saddle, though, even then, one felt for the horse as it went along switching its tail and probably twitching its back. Few people would admit that they were not used to riding, usually saying, when asked, that they had "not ridden a great deal."

My father was a big, powerful man, six feet in height, and weighed about sixteen stone when in hard condition. He always rode fast, with the idea of getting his weight off his horse's back as soon as possible. I think there must have been something in his theory, for his hacks lasted as long, if not longer, than other people's, but then he certainly rode good horses that were well fed and cared for. Once, when on a journey, he spent the night at an accommodation house, and discovered a man stealing the feed out of his hack's manger. He nearly killed the offender. This kind of thieving was a common trick in places where feed was scarce.

Cameron had three or four hacks for his own use, and must have ridden on an average forty miles a day, and



covered fully 10,000 miles a year, as he was a fast rider, and rode every day of the week, and usually all day. But this did not seem to tire him much, for he was one of the hardest and most wiry men I ever knew. I, myself, must have averaged fully 5,000 miles a year for thirty years, and I got so fed up with this continual horse exercise that I sometimes longed for a good walk.

The horses in those days appeared to be capable of much longer journeys than now; they had more quality and better bone, which was probably due to the wide range of country they wandered over as youngsters, and also, to my mind, the fact that many of them were not taken in hand before reaching the age of four or five years. One horse, by Ilam, carried me for fifteen years, and at the end of that period was still quite sound, which was a good performance, seeing that my weight, saddle and all, was just on fifteen stone. The horse's brother, Bredonhill, a lovely dappled chestnut, who was much the same stamp as my hack, ran second in the National, and is credited with jumping 32 ft. 6 ins. over a water jump at the Kirwee Show, with George Rutherford, who rode about eighteen stone, on his back. He no doubt inherited his great strength from his Suffolk Punch ancestors, and was typical of the strain.

There were a number of good stallions on the place at various times, including Sir Charles, Malton, Caledon, Knottingley, Ilam, Kauri, Borderman, Cajolery, Conqueror, and Guy Fawkes, some of which were raced with success before being put to the stud.

Guy Fawkes was one of the best jumping sires that we had, and his progeny were also wonderful journey horses; in fact, L. G. D. Acland states that he "sired more first-class hunters and journey horses than any other horse we ever had in Canterbury." Amongst his sons was Freeman, who won the Grand National for G. H. Rhodes of Claremont. I had a Guy Fawkes mare myself at one time, on which I rode from Christchurch to Blenheim in five days, and then from Christchurch to Mount Peel in eighteen hours. Curiously enough, she had been taken out of training because she "could not stay four furlongs!"

Michael Studholme was fond of any kind of sport, and owned a number of racehorses in his time; the most success-



ful were Sir Tatton, Blue Peter, Flying Fish, Luna, Knottingley, Cloth of Gold, and Guy Fawkes.

A favourite sport in the old days was to match one horse against another, either on the flat or over country, for so much a side, and sometimes these private contests afforded a lot of fun.

My father once matched a buggy horse called Tim against McLeish's Guy for £100 a side, the course being the main highway from the Makikihi Hotel to Waimate, a distance of about ten miles. The conditions provided that if a horse broke from a trot he must be pulled up and turned round. About a hundred excited spectators followed the race on horseback. Tim got a stone in his foot soon after the start, and broke repeatedly, with the result that Guy won by about one hundred yards.

My father always drove an Abbott buggy,\* and would go right across country in this conveyance, through creeks, and over flax bushes, when they could not be avoided. It was marvellous how these buggies stood up to rough work. They seemed quite unbreakable, and often lasted as long as thirty years under hard conditions. One man used to say that he would rather have the wreck of an Abbott than a new buggy of any other make, and he was right.

Well-bred horses were usually chosen for harness work, for they could cover long distances without tiring. To Timaru and back, sixty miles, was considered an easy day's drive with a good pair of horses.

One day my father and mother started on a driving tour with a pair of mares that had been specially fed up for some time beforehand. The result was a bolt of five miles along a metalled road, right through the Waimate township, and the subsequent abandonment of the tour. Runaways were no unusual thing in the old days, and our neighbour, Thomas Teschemaker of Otaio, invariably drove with the ends of his reins unbuckled, so that in an emergency he could throw himself out of the trap without danger of his feet catching in the reins.

When driving at night across country, it was quite a common custom to get a man on horseback to act as pilot,

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\* American four-wheeled buggy built of hickory wood by a man named Abbott.

and keep a look out for Maori ovens and holes, this enabling one to travel in safety much faster than would otherwise have been possible.

During the eighties and nineties there was quite a good trade in horses from New Zealand to Australia and India, and the Bell brand became known in both these countries.

Hegerty brothers bought a good many horses from us, and took them to Sydney and Melbourne, where they were in demand for use in the tramways.

Horses were required for the army in India. Remounts that could be bought as three-year-olds in New Zealand for £15 or so, were worth £50 in India, and "gunners" rather more. The expenses of transport amounted to about £15, so there was a good margin of profit, provided that the rupee exchange was favourable.

One little Bell brand horse, "Flatcatcher," by Guy Fawkes, who had won several hurdle races in this country, was sent to India, where he maintained his reputation. He finally became the property of "Sabretache," the well-known sporting writer for the *Tatler*, who rode him to victory in many races, and declared that he was the best jumper he ever owned, having, as he described it "an eye in every foot."

Amongst those who took part in the horse export trade were Hegerty brothers, Twentyman Hodson, H. Westmacott, Billy Hawkins, Clissold, and J. C. N. Grigg, of Longbeach, whose consignments were in charge of Tom Durham.

I once worked my passage to India with a shipment for Hawkins and Clissold, which numbered some 230 horses. We sailed by the U.S.S. Company's old *Tekapo*, the route being round the north of Australia and through Torres Straits. It was not a comfortable journey, with bad weather at first and then the intense heat of the tropics. The passage took about thirty-six days from Wellington to Calcutta, and five or six horses were lost on the way, which was not bad considering that the poor brutes were on their feet practically the whole time.

On arrival, the horses were unshipped at Garden Reach, just below Calcutta, and put in the Government compounds there, provided the shippers were "showing" to the Government, which meant that they had the right of purchasing all



suitable animals at a fixed price. The vets expected shippers to bring along a certain number of polo ponies, greyhounds, or fox terriers, as baksheesh, otherwise they might not get much of a spin.

If I remember rightly, we were allowed two or three days' free use of the Government compounds, after which the unsold horses had to be shifted up to the horse bazaars in Calcutta, and I well remember that on the way up we met some elephants, which terrified our horses. Many of them stampeded, including my little lot of three unbroken ones, which I finally found in a bazaar surrounded by a large crowd of natives, who all claimed a reward for having captured them.

After selling the horses, I went away north and spent a few weeks in Tirhoot with people to whom I had letters of introduction. Begum Serai, the place where I was staying, was on the Nepal State Railway, about a hundred miles or so from Mount Everest, and I was lucky enough to see the mountain towering over the plain. This district was a great sporting place; there was good shooting and pig sticking, also polo and cricket, and plenty of tigers for those who received an invitation, and had the time and money to go after them. One of the indigo planters, named McLeod, with whom I stayed a few weeks, was a great sportsman, having more than forty polo ponies and horses in his stable, and he gave me some excellent sport.



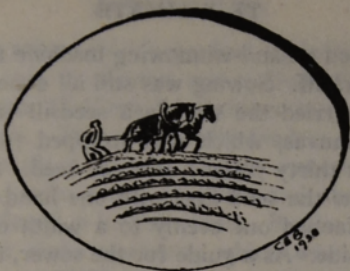
## CHAPTER XX

### PIGS

IN the seventies, eighties, and nineties, pigs were kept in fair numbers at Te Waimate, but in most years the per lb. price was low, the market being a limited one.

Sometime in the seventies we sent some 150 baconers by road to Timaru, and they got along quite well, taking about four days on the journey. Once you get pigs off their own beat they are fairly biddable, and this drove was started on the road by sending on in front a man in a dray, over the tail-board of which hung a sack of grain with a hole in it. As the dray bumped along, the grain fell out, and the pigs followed up through two gates, which were promptly shut. Then the swine made a bullocky rush for home, though too late, the gate withstanding the impact. Enough grain was carried in the dray to feed the pigs on the journey, and the men took a camping outfit with them. If I remember rightly, these baconers fetched about 25s. each in Timaru; a small price for heavy pigs.

At that time people preferred big fat pigs for bacon, not this sort of pickled pork you get now, with little flavour and no keeping quality.



## CHAPTER XXI

### AGRICULTURE

Many farmers think they are fools

Many fools think they are farmers

Many farmers are not fools

Many fools are not farmers.

BEFORE ploughing the tussock country men were put on grubbing out the matagouri, flax, cabbage-trees, and scrub, removing stones, chipping off rushes, heavy tussock and any other growth too big for the ploughs to turn over properly. Fencing also was a big, though necessary expense. One Irish ploughman on being reproved by the Boss for not keeping his plough in the ground in stony land said: "Sure one side of a stone is as good as another."

In the early years in South Canterbury, the cultivation of the land was in an elementary and experimental stage because the majority of the settlers had little or no knowledge of agriculture.

From the time that the land was taken up in the fifties until about 1860 might be described as the "man power" period of farming; the only implements available were spades, shovels, picks, hoes, scythes, sickles, and flails, the latter commonly known as "The Irish Combine."

The second decade of settlement, 1860-1870, was the "two horse-power period." The implements in use were single-furrow ploughs, wooden framed tine harrows, brush harrows, wooden rollers made from the trunk of a sizable tree usually a matai, reaping machines known as tilters or back deliveries, and horse-power threshing machines, though

some people used a hand-winnowing machine to separate the corn from the chaff. Sowing was still all done by hand.

The sower carried the seed in a seedsill—an iron frame covered with canvas, which was strapped round his waist and held about thirty pounds or so of seed. As he walked, the sower threw the seed first with one hand then with the other, and it fanned out evenly to a width of nine or ten feet on either side. As a guide for the sower, the ploughman left a mark by raising the ploughwheel at every twenty-second 10-inch furrow, thus making this furrow slightly lower than the others. Good men could sow fifteen or more acres a day, and were very accurate, the seed being distributed as evenly as it could be done by a machine.

In the third decade, 1870-1880, double-furrow ploughs drawn by four horses came into use.\*

Farming went ahead by leaps and bounds during this decade, and many new implements were introduced: broadcast sowers; Cambridge rollers; disc, tripod, and tine harrows; mowers; cultivators, McCormick wire reapers and binders; and threshing machines worked by portable engines.

The fourth decade, 1880-1890, brought the three-furrow plough which, drawn by six horses, could be used with advantage on flat land; and spoon-fed coulter drills, which began to take the place of the broadcast sowers, though on some places handsowing was still carried on as late as 1890.

The fifth decade, 1890-1900, saw many further advances in agricultural machinery, and a large amount of cropping was done on the Station. At this time a double-furrow plough made by hand hammer could be bought for £18, though at a later period a machine-made one cost £42. Strangely enough, as labour-saving machinery came into more general use, the cost of farm production increased, until now it is just about 100% greater than it was, say, fifty years ago.

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\* The first double-furrow plough was tried out on Te Waimate on 23rd June, 1870, the day on which my brother Carlisle was born. A suggestion was made that the baby should be christened Peter Doublefurrow; there was another that he should be named Te Kooti after the famous Maori Chief who was such a terror to the white settlers in Hawkes Bay at this time. Fortunately both these suggestions were ruled out, but ever afterwards he was known to his friends as Kooti.



The earliest record that I can find of reapers and binders being brought into the district was in December, 1878, when we received three McCormick machines from Miles, Archer, and Co., Timaru. These were wire binders, and were good, strong, serviceable machines, though somewhat heavy and slow; they had only a five foot cut, and about ten acres a day was considered to be their limit. By the middle eighties we had ten of these machines, which were frequently all cutting in the same field, and it was a man's size job to keep them all moving at once. It was quite unusual for the Boss to find them all going when he rode into the field; in fact, some of the drivers thought that he must have an unfortunate effect on the machinery, and said that the blanky Boss should not be allowed in the same field as the binders. Knowing this, I have frequently merely looked over the fence, and finding all the machines at work, have ridden on without putting in an appearance. The great objection to the old binders was the wire with which the sheaves were tied. When threshing, wire cutters were used which were supposed to hold the wire as well as cut it; in the hurry of feeding the mill a good deal of wire went through with the straw, and when it was fed to cattle in the winter, the wire sometimes got into the intestines of the beasts and killed them. Everyone was pleased when string binders came into use towards the end of the eighties.

The Woods was probably the first string binder tried here. It was known as the "Goose-neck" binder because it had a long circular arm resembling the neck of a goose, which threw the sheaves away so effectively that in some cases when opening up a paddock, they went right over the fence. Next came the McCormick, Brantford, Hornsby, Deering, and the Low Down Buckeye, a Yankee machine that was supposed to go round any sidling without capsizing, but also did several other things not mentioned in the advertisement. The next advance, the open back machine, was a great improvement, for it was much better able to handle a heavy crop.

Up to the end of the eighties most of the wheat was grown on lea land. The land was in good heart and did not require fallowing, fertilisers, or intensive cultivation; indeed, if the

land was worked too well the crop was inclined to grow rank and go down during wet weather.

As time went on, and the better quality land became impoverished and dirty through overcropping, farmers began to turn their attention to the land of poorer quality, from which, by means of employing better farming methods, and also by the use of fertilisers, they were able to produce equally as good crops as had been grown on the first-class land, but at an increased cost. One drawback to growing wheat on poor land is that it does not recover its fertility nearly as quickly as the better class land.

The quantity of seed sown per acre was formerly much less than it is to-day; in many cases on first-class land, only a bushel and a half of wheat and two bushels of oats were sown broadcast. The coming of the imported small birds, made the results obtained from broadcast sowing most uncertain, and unless the seed was covered immediately it would be all taken by the birds; also, when the young shallow-rooted shoots came through the ground, many of them were pulled up by the birds. The birds became a serious pest, poisoned grain was laid for them, and thousands of sparrows and larks were killed in this way, though the numbers still seemed to increase. One day I saw old Pat Duffey carrying a big bunch of poisoned birds home for his mate, Sam, who he said, "was fond of thim delicacies." When I explained that the birds would kill his mate, he was astonished, "Oh my, oh my! Just think of that now!"

In an average season the winter wheat was sown in April and May, and spring wheat in August or September. If the winter wheat looked too growthy, it was fed off with sheep, and unless the feeding was followed by an unusually dry spell, we generally found that it did more good than harm. Spring sown crops, however, would not stand this treatment.

Amongst the greatest drawbacks to grain growers in the early days were the north-west winds, which seemed to be more frequent and of greater force than of late years; and the varieties of wheat then commonly grown, such as White Velvet, Hunter's White, and Tuscan, were easily shaken by wind.

When dealing with large areas of crop there might



be some hundreds of acres ready for cutting on the same day, and if a north-west gale came along the loss might be considerable, running into thousands of bushels. When cutting crop with the old tilters (back deliveries) it was advisable to start when the straw was on the green side, for if it was too ripe it became difficult to make a proper band for tying the sheaf, the heads twisting off and the straw breaking. There was not only a good deal of waste with badly tied stuff but it cost more to stack. Barley suffered greatly from these heavy winds, for the brewers object to this grain if cut on the green side, and during one season we lost about 10,000 bushels through a wind that lasted under an hour. The brewers would not buy stook-threshed barley years ago, though as a matter of fact some of them did not know the difference between stook threshed grain and stack threshed grain.

When it came to marketing the grain, the flour millers were on the box seat. Then, as now, if the harvest had been good and there was a surplus of grain, that which you had to sell was always too soft, too thick in the skin, too smutty, cut too green, or cut too ripe—in fact, everything was wrong that gave them a chance to beat down the price.

The ideas of millers now seem to have changed as regards the best time to cut wheat for flour; either the millers of the early days did not know their business, or else the modern ideas about the best quality of wheat for making good flour are wrong, for it is now considered that wheat makes better flour when cut ripe. In the old days the crop was cut before it was perfectly ripe, and then had to be stacked for six weeks to three months before it was considered to be fit for threshing. This delay added considerably to the cost of production. When the carting was done in the winter, the haulage was slower and more difficult; a team of four horses would haul thirty sacks or more in good weather, but when the ground was soft, they might not be able to manage half that quantity. If bags of grain had to remain any time in the paddock before being carted in, it was very difficult to keep them safe during bad weather, and frequently the quality of the grain suffered, and a considerable quantity might be rejected for milling purposes.



The cost of carting was about 1½d. per mile for a four-bushel bag of wheat, and long hours were sometimes worked in order to get in a certain number of loads each day. Much of the carting was done by contract; the contractors were not particular about the hours that they worked, and consequently were able to do the job more cheaply than we could with our own teams. Another reason for letting the carting, was that we required all our own available strength for putting in the crops for the coming season. Once get behind with farm work it is difficult to catch up again.

The bulk of the wheat was shipped Home, because local consumption was not nearly sufficient to absorb it all, but the costs were sometimes out of all proportion to the proceeds. On one occasion Joe Wellwood of the Waihao, shipped his crop, and when the account sales came back, many months later, he discovered that the expenses had just about eaten up the profits. When W. J. Dailey asked him how the wheat had sold, the reply was:

"I'll tell you now, Bill Dailey. Every man in London took a little bit out of it, and there was just a little left over, and the old man in the moon came down and took that."

During the seventies, eighties and nineties we grew oats of the following varieties; Long Tartarians, Danish, Black Tartars, Rosebery or Newmarket, and Duns; then the Gartons came in. I think that the original Dun oats were much darker in the skin and a better oat than those of the present day, and if sown in the autumn gave a lot of feeding off in the spring, and eventually gave a good yield.

Some contractors on Waikakahi Station once asked permission to shake a few handfuls of oats over the ground for horsefeed, "just a few handfuls, you know." But they shook the handfuls over the whole block that they had ploughed, obtained a crop of about sixty bushels to the acre, and got big money for it. They kept their accounts on the bottoms of tin plates or pannikins, scratching them on with a nail, but one day the cook washed up unexpectedly, and literally wiped off all the accounts. The purchasers came for their oats with drays, and were told to help themselves, which they did by taking say thirty sacks and paying for only twenty. But in spite of it all, the contractors made a good deal of money out of their "horse-feed."

In 1883 we imported one ton of *poa fluitans* seed (floating poa) from Home, which had been grown in Holland. I think it cost us £203 12s. or two shillings per pound. But as it germinated only 10 per cent under test it was expensive seed. This was sown in the big swamp near Studholme Junction, and in the Kapua Lagoon, where it grew well and is a very valuable grass for such places.

In the seventies, eighties and nineties, when we were doing a lot of cropping, there were from twenty to twenty-five 4-horse teams of our own at work, which meant about a hundred working horses, and the expense was enormous, in spite of the low wages. We had our own blacksmith and assistant, all the horses being kept shod, and the breakages of ploughs and other implements were many and frequent. There was also a saddler continually repairing harness, covers, and collars. Two fencers with horses and drays kept moving about as required, doing odd jobs, like helping with tailing and other things too numerous to mention. The teams were matched as closely as possible, though great care had to be exercised so as not to hurt the feelings of the drivers, for they all wanted to get the best horses and would leave if they thought the other man unduly favoured.

When the men returned to the camps from town late at night after probably imbibing rather too freely, it was quite possible they would "Get sticks and beat the cook" by way of finishing the day's fun, for they generally looked on the cook as an enemy, for some unknown reason.

Liquor was the cause of a lot of trouble, for many of the men were heavy drinkers if the opportunity arose. Some of the store-keepers would sell a box of matches for 4s. 2d. and throw in a bottle of gin, which at that time cost only 4s. per bottle for "Square Face."

We had seven or eight out-camps in all, each consisting of a hut with bunks, cookshop, a stable, chaffhouse, and yard adjoining. The station store cart went round twice a week with meat, bread, and general stores. Bob Brien drove this cart for many years, and after him Tommy Fagan carried on the work over a long period. The stores were kept at Wainono, and the book-keeper was in charge of this department. The manager lived at the Homestead during the time the Station was entirely a sheep proposition, but after grain



growing came in he shifted to Wainono, and the head shepherd supervised the sheep from Te Waimate.

The sanitary arrangements about the camps were conspicuous by their absence. The cooks, as a rule, had to draw and carry from the well all the water required, and needless to say there was not much wasted over washing. One day we were drafting cattle in the yard near a camp which had not been occupied for some time, and drew out of the well a bucket of water which did not look at all good. Old Jim, the stockman, had first go at it, and he did not seem to relish the taste. "Is it nasty, Jim?" I asked.

"Well, it is not blanky nice." He replied, and on further investigation, a large dead rat was discovered in the well, which effectually quenched our thirst.

The shepherd out at the Hook, Duncan McGillvray, once discovered he had been using, for a month or more, water drawn from a small creek in which there was a dead cow just upstream; but there were no ill effects, and Duncan even appeared to be a little stouter than usual, no doubt from partaking of so much bovril.

We bred all our own horses, and John Jacobs broke in a large number of them for us at Willowbridge in the early days; Jack Luck when a boy helped him as also did Frank Finn. In addition to being a first-class breaker, Jacobs was a good man over country, and trained and schooled an old hurdler called Sir Tatton on a course amongst the tussocks. Little of the Waihao Flat was ploughed at that time, 1874, and there were masses of cabbage-trees all over it, especially below the main south road down through Patrick's and Faulkner's; in fact, so thick were they that it was sometimes difficult to find horses and cattle. The stumps of the old trees were hard on ploughs, and many had their beams bent after striking one. Jacobs had the Waimate Stables (now Sadler's Garage) for many years after leaving us. Jack Luck, in later years, became an expert ploughman; he invariably had good horses and took many prizes with them. On one occasion I let Jack the ploughing of some 200 acres of rough tussock at Stony Creek for 6s. 6d. an acre, and went round the block in front of the horses to show him where to open up. After we got back to the starting-point he asked:



"Do you want it ploughed like that?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can blanky well do it yourself." Afterwards he did it for something like 8s. an acre, and it was certainly worth the money, for several times during frosty weather the horses and plough skidded right down to the bottom of the gully.

By 1882 there were eighteen double-furrow ploughs at work on Waimate, of a more satisfactory pattern than the "Canadian Gang" and they turned over 250 to 300 acres a week. By this time 20,000 acres of land were broken up.

Harvesting was a big undertaking in the seventies and eighties, when we had 4,000 to 5,000 acres in grain and over 1,000 acres sown in turnips or grass each season, and about 300 hands employed. The work was done by contract, the men making up their own gangs, for we found that this was the most satisfactory way of getting them to pull together. It took a lot of men to work the old back delivery machines or "tilters," which looked rather like grass-mowers, and cut a swath about four feet six inches wide.

The Station provided the machines for each crowd, and also four horses; medium weight draughts were the best, as they generally travelled at a jog trot when cutting the corn, and heavier horses could not stand the pace, even though the shifts were only two hours at a time. In a light crop, a driver and tilter on the machine, with four men tying the sheaves, was usually sufficient, though as many as eight or more men were required to keep things moving in a heavy crop. When cutting a big paddock the Boss would, as a rule, divide it off in blocks, according to the number of machines available, and the lay of the ground. The gangs would then draw lots for the various blocks, so as to avoid any chance of favouritism. We might have English, Irish, Scotch, Cornish (Cousin Jacks) or German gangs working in one paddock, and there was great rivalry between them, which sometimes actually ended in fights, for each gang considered itself better than any other, and if they were foolish enough to say so, the fat was in the fire. The men worked at top speed, frequently running between the sheaves, and making the straw band for the next sheaf as they

ran, for it was considered a disgrace to be caught up by the machine. This cutting, tying, and stooking, was cleanly and well done by the good gangs. We generally gave the stacking to the men who had done the preliminary work, so as to make sure that they would make a good job of it, for badly tilted and tied sheaves were difficult to stack. Many of the men tilting would make the sheaves nearly as even in size as the reapers and binders, which came into use in the early eighties, whilst the inexperienced ones might have them all sizes.

The Scotch thistles made harvesting a most unpleasant and expensive job when hand tying was in vogue, the men's hands got into a dreadful state, so bad, in fact, that in some cases they had to wear gloves for protection, and high wages had to be paid to get the work done. At one time it looked as though these thistles would take complete possession of the whole country, for they increased amazingly, growing as thickly as they could stand over hundreds of acres, and sometimes we found it necessary to cut tracks through them with the tilters to enable stock to get about the paddocks. The horses in the machines could not face them without having their legs bandaged with sacking or some other protective stuff, for the points of a Scotch thistle, as most people know, are very sharp and poisonous. As time went on, these thistles gradually died out, the ground probably becoming thistle sick, and let us hope that the Californian species, which is now troubling us a good deal, may go the same way, though I doubt it, for they are deeper rooted and more tenacious of life. Scotch thistles were, however, great cultivators; their roots went right down to the sub-soil, and when they died in the autumn, the air was able to penetrate into the ground and sweeten it, thus ensuring a good crop of wheat the following season.

When we first started cropping in the sixties the sheaves were all carted into the stackyard and stacked on wooden platforms set up on piles.

The threshing mill was worked by three horses yoked to long poles fixed in a capstan; the horses ran round and round at a jog trot, while the driver stood on the capstan and cracked his whip to keep the animals moving at a smart pace.

Manchester Brothers owned this mill, and Billy Bowles



was the horsedriver. It was a great advance on the flail which previously had been the only method of threshing out the corn.

When we had a large area under crop in later years we had two threshing outfits of our own, and in addition one or two contract ones at rush times. These threshing machines were driven by portable engines, and did the work efficiently and cheaply.

Luckily there were no sparrows in those days to eat the corn, though at times we had plagues of parakeets and kakas. The parakeets attacked the standing grain and cleaned up all the small fruit in the gardens, and the kakas played havoc with the trees by biting off the young shoots, and also by ring-barking. The champion kaka slayer was supposed to have bagged over forty birds in one shot by firing down a line of them sitting along a post and rail fence. Suddenly both the kakas and parakeets disappeared completely, and I often wonder why this was.

The cost of production then was much cheaper than now; wages ran at about 20s. per week for ploughmen and station hands, harvest wages 9d. per hour, threshing cost  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per bushel, the men received 11s. per 1,000 bushels. Most of the work was done by contract, a 40-bushel crop of wheat being harvested for about 14s. per acre, the contractor finding everything, including twine. A light crop of oats could be harvested for, say, 7s. 6d. per acre.

Chaffcutting in 1882 was done at  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per bag for sheaves and  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. for straw. John Bartos cut thousands of bags at that figure.

In the early eighties barley was worth 4s. 6d. per bushel, sacks  $8\frac{1}{4}$ d.; red chaff wheat 3s. 9d. per bushel, and flour £10 10s. per ton.

In 1884 we shipped 1,053 sacks by the *Coriolanus* to London, which sold for 29s. per quarter; the gross proceeds amounted to £757, and expenses £387 15s., which worked out at about 1s. 9d. per bushel, including sacks. Wheat was selling locally at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 4d. per bushel at that time.

In the seventies and eighties we were growing Red Chaff (Hunter's White), White Velvet, Tuscan and Purple Straw wheat. In one season there were 175,000 bushels of wheat grown on the Waimate Station; most of this was shipped



Home in two sailing vessels, and fetched forty shillings per quarter, or five shillings per bushel, when sold off coast by our agents; though by the time it landed the price had risen to fifty shillings per quarter, which meant a loss to us of a big sum of money. The transaction looked like a put-up job; but there was no redress, for letters at that time were slow in transit, and dishonest dealing was hard to prove.

In 1889 we imported from Canada, and grew, a spring wheat called Green Mountain. It was well named, for it produced twenty large square 12 by 4 yard stacks on forty acres, though it threshed only sixty-two bushels per acre. This was grown on the paddock just above Faulkners' crossing at Willowbridge, and was quite the heaviest crop of straw I ever saw. During the following winter orders came pouring in for seed from all over Canterbury, and we sold the balance that was left to the Atlas Milling Company, Timaru, at 2s. 9d. per bushel. But every one who sowed it discarded it after one season, for it was the most slender-strawed wheat imaginable, going flat down with a heavy dew.

Writing of large yields of grain per acre, makes me think of some of the crops I have either heard of, or had the handling of, at Willowbridge, during the many years I have lived in the district.

A year or two ago Richardson, who bought Voss's farm at the head of the Willowbridge Creek, was supposed to harvest a crop of wheat which yielded 110 bushels per acre, and it certainly was a colossal crop. Voss, during his occupancy of this farm, harvested some thirty acres or so of barley which was reported to yield ninety-two bushels.

Before Charlie Faulkner bought his farm we had the place in barley one year, and the yield was eighty-seven bushels per acre over some 150 acres. This was the year when Lord Hopetoun rode through the country on an informal visit to New Zealand, and actually had the audacity to ride through the town of Waimate in his shirtsleeves. He was accused by the local paper of want of respect, which amused His Excellency vastly.

Another record crop of oats was one grown opposite T. Fletcher's homestead, by Grant, the "cauliflower king." This





STACKING JEFF'S PADDOCK, 250 ACRES



crop, Gartons, averaged well over six feet in height and in some patches was more than seven feet high. Unfortunately Grant sold the farm, and the crop was all chaffed, but it is safe to say it would have yielded 125 bushels per acre, for some competent judges estimated it as high as 150 bushels. The paddock known as "Jeffs," on part of which the above record crop of oats was grown, originally consisted of just over 250 acres, and one season it yielded over sixty bushels to the acre of velvet chaff wheat, or rather more than 15,000 bushels. A photograph of this crop is reproduced here.

Just across the dam, opposite where this crop of oats grew, we had some wheat that yielded 110 bushels per acre over thirteen and a half acres. The ground was measured by a man called T. Baynton-Knight, who kept the station books at Wainono, and I have no reason to suppose his figures were incorrect, for he was a competent man, and thoroughly reliable. When he told me the yield, I laughed, and he was most indignant, saying:

"Well, go and measure it yourself."

The returns from cropping were big, but the Station expenses were enormous. In one year our interest bill amounted to £15,000; working and other expenses to £11,000; so that £26,000 had to be paid out before there was any profit. It would have paid much better to have kept entirely to sheep through the years, and those station owners who did so came out on top in the end. Much of the second class tussock country would have provided better grazing if it had just been surface sown and never ploughed, as old Bill Quinn used to say:

"Stick to the cockies' foot, lad." He meant "Surface sow on the hills with cocksfoot," which was good sound advice.

The numbers of stock carried on Te Waimate and the amount of cropping done appear large, though they are taken from the old Station books, so must be correct. The early eighties were the peak years both for stock and crop. There were over 80,000 sheep and lambs, 2,500 cattle, and 350 horses on the place; the wheat acreage was over 4,000 acres, barley about 500 acres, and oats from 500 to 700 acres in one season, grass being frequently sown down with the two latter crops. Italian and English ryegrass were cut for seed over considerable areas; timothy-grass also

was saved for seed, and a good deal of cocksfoot cut by hand in odd corners.

Some people think that mixed farming is the panacea for all a farmer's ills, but my experience goes to prove that a man who specialises, either in wheat or in stock, is far more likely to be successful. If you have good grazing land, you should specialise in sheep and cattle, and if you have good wheat land, by all means grow wheat; but do not try to grow wheat on unsuitable land. "The older you grow the less you know," is certainly true about farming, and to-day it requires considerable study to keep up to date in your methods of working the land, and unless you do keep up to date, you cannot compete against the difficulties of rising costs and falling prices.

After growing crops for many years most farmers long for a bit of hill country that is capable of running sheep only, but even hillmen have their troubles: drought, snow, low prices, labour difficulties, and countless other worries. When things were going wrong on the Station fifty years or so ago, one of the shepherds, Jimmy Riddle, used to quote Banjo Paterson and recite:

"It's grand to be a squatter,  
And sit upon a post,  
And watch your little ewes and lambs  
A-giving up the ghost.

"It's grand to be a 'cockie,'  
With wife and kids to keep,  
And find an all-wise Providence  
Has mustered all your sheep.

"It's grand to be a lot of things,  
In this fair southern land  
But if the Lord would send us rain  
That would, indeed, be grand!"



## CHAPTER XXII

### OTHER RUNS HELD BY THE STUDHOLME BROTHERS

HAD the Studholme brothers confined their energies to Te Waimate Station instead of taking up, and developing at enormous cost, other properties all over New Zealand, many of them in the back country, they would no doubt, in the end, have been wealthy men. But, like most pioneers, they kept moving on, looking for more vacant spaces which they might occupy with advantage.

Amongst the stations that they owned were the following:

#### OTAGO

**HAWKDUN.** Bought in 1856. About 50,000 acres; carrying capacity 18,000 sheep. Re-sold a few years later at a profit.

**TAIERI LAKE.** All that I know of this station is the following extract from the *Otago Daily Times*, 20th August, 1864:

"We are informed that Mr. W. B. Miller has sold Run 205 Taieri Lake, the property of Messrs. Studholme brothers, containing 40,000 acres, with 8,000 sheep, to Messrs. Main and Gardiner, for £16,000."

**ON THE WAIAU RIVER,** Southland. (Described in Chapter I).

#### CANTERBURY

**THE POINT.** This run has been described in Chapter III. It was sold to Henry Phillips in 1862.

**GRETA PEAKS.** About 24,500 acres. This station, once part of Stonyhurst, was bought in 1863 by Thomas Sanderson, and John and Michael Studholme, from Clifford and Weld. It was without stock, though there were a number of wild cattle running on it. In 1850 Sanderson, with George Brayshaw in partnership, had tried to bring about 500 sheep



and some horses over from Australia; but they struck bad weather, the voyage took six weeks, and all the animals were lost except 120 sheep and one horse. Sanderson and Studholme freeholded over 12,000 acres of the run, which was managed by Sanderson until his death in 1890. When John and Michael Studholme dissolved partnership, in 1877, Greta Peaks was taken over by John, who held it until the lease ran out in 1890, when the Government cut up the run. The homestead block was carried on by Mrs. John Studholme and her son, J. F. Studholme, in conjunction with the Sanderson family, and was finally cut up and sold in 1904.

**COLDSTREAM.** About 50,000 acres. In 1867 the Studholme brothers bought Coldstream from Scott and Gray. It was situated between the Rangitata and Hinds Rivers, and ran from the sea to the boundary of the Maronan run, where the railway line is to-day. The Studholmes freeholded some 18,000 acres, did a lot of planting, and drained about 2,000 acres of swamp.

Soon after the station had been bought by the Studholmes, a syndicate, consisting of Banks, Barnes, R. H. Rhodes, and Robert Wilkin, purchased some 8,000 acres of the best of the run, which adjoined Longbeach. They called this property Lowcliffe, and offered to let the Studholme brothers join in, which they unfortunately did. The syndicate managed the land extravagantly, the drainage was largely a failure, and in the end John Studholme, who had taken over Michael's share, had to pay £5,000 to get out of it.

Coldstream itself was a good run, carried its sheep and cattle well, and at one time there were 25,000 sheep on it. C. H. Dowding was manager for some years. The land was gradually sold off, until a comparatively small area remained surrounding the old homestead. This is now owned by Derek Studholme, a grandson of John Studholme; he carries some 3,000 sheep, including a flock of stud Corriedales.

**OPUHA GORGE.** About 40,000 acres. This run was taken up by Hornbrook, who was, however, unable to carry on. It was bought in 1871 by T. H. Wigley, F. Banks and the Studholme brothers. Wigley and Banks held one third between them, the remaining two-thirds being held by the

Studholme brothers. Banks was manager of Miles & Co., Christchurch.

No money was put into Opuha; on the contrary, each of the partners drew out £1,000, thus loading the place with a debt of £3,000 at the outset. The station went from bad to worse; finally John Studholme took over his brother's share for £5,000, whilst Wigley retained one third of the land and the house; Banks was out of it by this time. The run then consisted of about 15,000 acres of freehold and some 25,000 acres of leasehold.

Later, John Studholme handed his share of the property to his son W. P. Studholme, and it became known as Kakahu Estate.

#### NORTH ISLAND

OHAUKO. 200,000 acres. In the late seventies, or thereabouts, this block of country was taken over, with the stock on it, from a man named Rainey. It was Maori leasehold, and there were about 250 landlords. There was a great deal of trouble about the leases, for we were up against G. P. Donnelly, who had married Airini, daughter of the powerful chief Renata Kawepo, and thus had the ear of the natives.

Later J. and J. F. Studholme, sons of John, bought 20,000 acres of good limestone land, part of the adjoining Mangaohane block, and the two were worked as one place. By the year 1892 over 60,000 sheep were carried, mostly Merinos, and the wool was sent to Napier. In the end the rabbits came and greatly reduced the carrying capacity. Wild dogs were hard on the sheep, the small prick-eared variety being very numerous, and it was impossible to get rid of them for some years. Wild pigs were also plentiful, there being a good deal of bracken fern for them to live on during the winter. Large sums of money were spent on buildings and improvements at Ohauko. A man named Warren was manager for many years.

KERIOI. (MURIMUTU RUN). About 200,000 acres. This land was taken up by Edward Moorhouse, Morrin, Russell, and the Studholme brothers in the seventies. It was situated approximately ten miles south of



Mount Ruapehu, and was leased from the Maoris for twenty-one years. About 1884 John Studholme took over his brother's share. Morrin and Russell went bankrupt and Moorhouse paid Studholme £5,000 as his share of the liabilities. The debt on the place at this period was something over £20,000, but by the end of the lease it had been reduced to £10,000, which was then debited against Ohauko.

The wool was sent to Napier. For the first part of the journey over the hills it was carried by pack horses—sixty-two of them—each taking about 150 lb. in what were called "pockets"—long shaped packs slung one on each side of the saddle. The track was difficult in parts, and quite a number of horses were lost, chiefly through jostling one another in the bad places; each season a number of young ones were added to the string to keep the strength up to normal. The horses were driven along, and learnt, in course of time, to string out along the track of their own accord. A lot of saddles and equipment were required, the cost running into several hundred pounds. Some of the green horses suffered a good deal from sore backs. The pack horses took about three days to complete their stage of the journey and return to the Station. For the second part of the journey, on the Hawkes Bay side, seventy-five miles, the wool was carried in horse-drawn drays. The railway to Kerioi was opened a year or two after our lease ran out.

In 1888-91 this run carried from 35,000 to 40,000 sheep. The snow was bad at times, over 20,000 sheep being lost one winter from this cause. Although the run consisted, nominally, of 200,000 acres, the boundaries were not fenced, and the sheep wandered right back to the Kaimanawa Ranges and up Ruapehu. A number of wild horses roamed the country, and at times the station hands ran some of them down and caught them, though as a rule they were not much use when broken in.

RAGLAN. About 98,000 acres. Raglan ran from the mouth of the Waikato River to Kawhia Harbour (Raglan). The post and rail boundary fence running from Waikato River to Kawhia Harbour parallel to the west coast was over thirty miles in length. The station consisted chiefly of good limestone country, but at this time ran only 3,000



or so head of cattle and never paid. Tom Russell was in partnership with the Studholmes in this place, but went bankrupt and the brothers had to take it on.

"Things were so bad in the eighties that a third share of Raglan Station was offered by John Studholme for sale on these terms: Any one would be given £7,500 to take the third share provided that he would take over the liability on that share, which was £14,000. Raglan at that time consisted of 2,000 acres of freehold and 96,000 acres of leasehold, and carried 3,500 head of cattle."\*

In the end the Bank took over the place for the amount of the debt on it.

MORRINSVILLE. 20,000 to 30,000 acres. Taken up by Morrin and the Studholme brothers, but Morrin got into financial trouble; the Studholmes took it over, and later John Studholme held it on his own account for a time. The land was subject to hard frosts, and for that reason it was hard to carry stock through the winter. The place was bought largely with borrowed money, and large sums were spent on drainage, for it was chiefly swamp land. Gradually Morrinsville drifted further into debt, and at last, as John Studholme was unable to put any more money into it, the Bank took it over, and gave in exchange Ruanui, a clearing in the bush about twenty miles from Kerioi, consisting of about 12,000 acres with some 3,000 cattle. J. F. Studholme, son of John, took over Ruanui, converted it into a sheep run, and made a good thing out of it. A few years after John Studholme had given up Morrinsville, the growing of turnips was adopted in the district; the problem of winter feed was solved, and the land became valuable for dairying. Had John Studholme been able to hold it for a little longer he would have been a very wealthy man.

While all these other stations were being broken in, a lot of money was required to keep them going, most of it coming out of Te Waimate.

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\* *Early Canterbury Runs.* L. G. D. Acland.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### JOHN AND MICHAEL STUDHOLME DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP

#### DEATH OF MICHAEL STUDHOLME AND HIS WIFE DIVISION OF TE WAIMATE

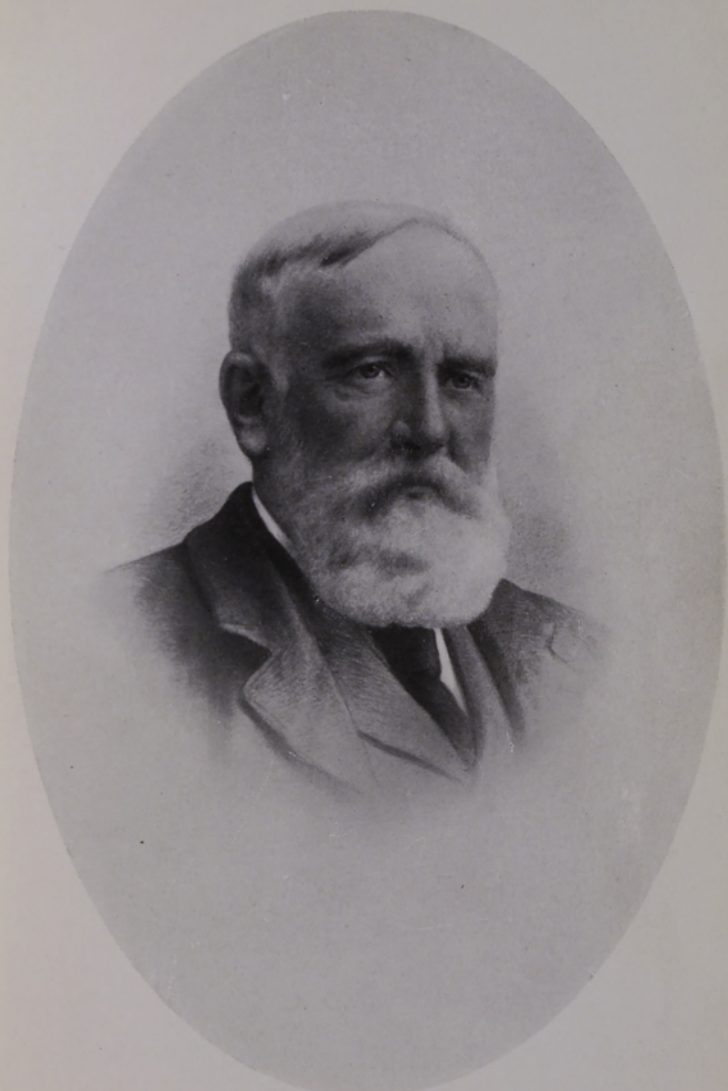
JOHN and Michael Studholme dissolved partnership in the year 1877.

By this time the good years were at an end, and were followed by one of the longest and worst slumps the country has ever experienced. This slump made it difficult to raise any money by selling land, and Michael found it extremely hard to find the cash to pay off his brother, who had taken over all the other properties in part payment for his half share in Te Waimate. Another difficulty that arose about this date was the financing of the Waimate-Waihao Downs Railway, which was built by John Douglas and Michael Studholme under the Private Railways Act, at a cost of something over £30,000. It was run at a loss for some considerable time before the Government finally took it over.

The Waimate Bush fire took place the following year, 1878, and was the cause of great worry and expense; in fact, it was believed that the financial anxiety of these years hastened the death of my father, Michael Studholme; which took place in 1886.

When the Station was taken up in 1854, it was held under Pasturage Licence, a system of leasehold. Gradually portions of the property were freeholded.

At this late date it is hard to realise the amount of work and worry required to build up a 38,000 acre freehold property like Te Waimate, which consisted of about 350 rural sections, varying in size from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1,700 acres. On the whole, the applied for areas and the surveyed areas agreed fairly closely, but one applied for as 352 acres con-



JOHN STUDHOLME





MICHAEL STUDHOLME

tained as much as 923 acres. The first sections acquired were Numbers 995 and 996 at Point Bush, where M. Studholme pitched his first camp, the area applied for being 25 acres each, or 50 acres in all, which on survey proved to be 82 acres. The numbers of the purchased sections were between 995 and 34,994 and in the end made a fairly compact block lying between the Waihao and Hook Rivers in the front country, and stretching right back to the Haka-taramea watershed to the west. The making up of this freehold might be compared to the putting together of a vast jig-saw puzzle. Outsiders were always cutting in and purchasing sections here and there, then were checkmated by key pieces being purchased by us, and so the game went on. Some of the sections purchased by outsiders had to be re-purchased at enhanced prices. Fencing costs were a big factor with some of these small sections, and some of the purchasers were glad to get out when they found that otherwise they would have to pay fencing costs.

Land sales by private treaty of portions of the Station began in 1878 when Manchester & Co. sold 2,019 acres by auction, which realised the sum of £34,069.

The following were some of the purchasers:

W. McDonald, John Molloy, Frank Slee, David Ennis, H. Middleton, R. Champion, J. Yesberg, W. Morten, A. Watt, J. Hardy, W. Finlayson, H. Bateman, J. H. Taylor, H. Watts, Geo. Woods, F. Newton, Simon Green, E. Buckingham, John Keen, Elizabeth Anderson, Ambrose Potts, James Keane, J. McKewin, J. and G. Manchester, Ben Berry, H. Odey, Fritz Werges, G. Kidd, Mary J. Staples, W. Robinson, E. Saunders, E. and J. Hunt, W. J. Black, F. W. Millhouse, J. Boyce, A. Doel, F. Gaitt, J. Cheyne, John Walker, E. Abbenseth, F. Exton, R. Fraser, Jas. Boyce, R. Brien, E. McEvoy, T. Bennets, C. V. Clarke, J. Roberts, J. Thompson, G. L. Meason, R. McOwen, T. Williams, F. Brinkman, David Gunn, F. Le Cren.

Practically all the above are names of those who have passed on, but I put them on record because many of their descendants are still in and about the town of Waimate.

A number of these purchases were of land in what was known as the Parsonage Paddock which adjoined the old vicarage, and ran up to Painstown. Other sections sold were

in the Studholme Junction Township subdivision, and some were farm lands on the Waimate Flat, Deep Creek, and the Hook Downs. Some of the purchasers evidently thought very highly of the future of Waimate— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre sections near the township realised as much as £150, but were resold later for perhaps £5.

A township was laid out at the Upper Hook near Hertslet's, but it did not progress beyond the paper stage; and another township, laid out near the Hook railway station, also failed to materialise.

In the years 1886 and 1895 some 12,893 acres were sold for the sum of £80,966 in order to reduce the large debt on the property, amounting to £275,000. A considerable part of this debt was owing to the family of John Studholme, being a portion of his share of Waimate.

During the years when the Waimate Estate was being cut up into farms and disposed of, 33,000 acres were divided up into 164 farms, and only one person failed to complete his purchase. Most of the land was purchased well within its value, and rose in price as the years progressed. The Waikakahi flats near Morven, the Lower Waihao, and the Waihao Flat portion of the Waimate Estate are probably some of the best wheat-growing land in the Dominion, and the Waimate Flat round about Studholme Junction is very little, if at all, inferior. In spite of over-cropping, and in some cases poor farming, much of this land still produces 50, 60, 70, and more bushels of wheat per acre, and also large yields of potatoes and other root crops.

The last of the leasehold was lost when the Government runs were re-let in the year 1895. By this time the freehold had been reduced by successive sales, to about 31,000 acres.

When the final division of the property took place in the year 1900, there were about 15,000 acres of freehold left, mostly hill country, to be divided up amongst the beneficiaries, and the Waimate Estate, as it was known after Michael Studholme's death in 1886, came to an end. The beneficiaries all took their own shares, either in land or cash, the daughters receiving most of the last for the sake of convenience. The beneficiaries in the Waimate Estate bought their requirements at the final clearing sale, when about 13,000 sheep, 100 head of Shorthorn cattle, 50 draught



horses, 36 light horses, and a considerable quantity of station plant were sold, the latter very cheaply.

The following are some of the prices:

#### SHEEP

Fat lambs @ 11s. 6d. Store lambs @ 9s. 9d.—10s. 5d. Merino ewes, with lambs at foot @ 9s. 7d. Merino ewes and wethers, 2-tooth, @ 10s. 2d.—12s. Half-Bred ewes, 4, 6 and 8-tooth @ 13s. 8d.—16s. 3d.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Bred ewes, 13s.—13s. 4d.

#### CATTLE

Fat cows, £5 5s. Store cows, £2 17s. 6d. Fat heifers, £5 15s. Store heifers, £4 2s. Fat steers, £5 15s. One year steers and heifers, £2 2s. 6d. Milking cows from £1 10s. to £7 10s. Shorthorn bulls, £4 5s. to £6 2s. 6d.

#### DRAUGHT HORSES

Prices were satisfactory, thanks to the presence of several good buyers from north and south, including Andrew Rutherford of Mendip Hills, who just went on bidding for any horse he fancied until the other buyers stopped; he bought six of the best working draughts at an average of over £60 each.

#### LIGHT HORSES

The hacks from about £5 to £20, 3-year-olds from £4 to £11, and yearlings from £3 to £4/10/-.

The ups and downs of farming in New Zealand are well exemplified by the story of Te Waimate. Starting from nothing in 1854, by the year 1877, when John and Michael Studholme dissolved their partnership, the Estate was worth about £500,000; two years later, in 1879, about £250,000; later again after the bulk of the land had been sold, it was worth well over £1,000,000. Now in 1939 it might have been worth £500,000, had it been possible to hold the land.

For some years before and after my father's death, my mother had a very worrying time because the estate was so heavily encumbered with debt. She continued to live on at Waimate until a few years after my marriage,

when about the year 1910, she retired to Timaru. Being fond of literature and music and having a wide circle of friends, she had few idle moments, though she found time to do a considerable amount of writing, including her *Reminiscences of 1860* and several poems. Her home in Timaru was a gathering place for the members of her family, who, by this time, were living in various parts of the country.

In 1917, she passed away, when in her seventy-ninth year, after a full life such as few people are privileged to enjoy. Her one regret was that she "had accomplished so little, and that there was still so much to be done." But if anyone had ever earned her peace and rest, it was my mother, Effie Studholme.



TE WAIMATE HOMESTEAD ABOUT THE YEAR 1880

Fond memories ever round my heart entwined,  
Of banksia rose and sweet jasmine

Which from the Old Homestead roof-tree hung,  
In days long since when we were young.





EFFIE STUDHOLME AND FAMILY, ABOUT THE YEAR 1890

## PART II





## CHAPTER I

### COB AND SOD HOUSES

**MANY** early settlers lived for the first few years in houses made of cob or sods. The construction of such a house was not difficult, provided you knew how to set about it, and a couple of men handy with a spade could build one in a day or so.

For a cob house the only woodwork required was for posts, uprights for doors, window frames, scantling, rafters, and narrow laths to hold the cob in place. If desired the amount of woodwork could be reduced by building the walls specially thick at the bottom, say three feet, and tapering them off to about one foot at the top.

When building a wall of even thickness throughout, the corner posts and intermediates were first put in. Then double lines of lath some twelve to eighteen inches apart were attached horizontally to the posts. To prepare the cob, the soil was stripped off the surface of the ground, the underlying clay was loosened, mixed with water and chopped tussock, and then puddled by means of a horse walking backwards and forwards over it. The cob, when of the correct texture, was rammed down between the double lines of laths, and the whole then smoothed down with a board. The walls gained stability as they dried.

When slabs of wood could be obtained they were utilised for the outside of the walls, laths being used for the inside line only. The cob was rammed down between the slabs and the laths, and it filled up all interstices in the slabs, making a fine job. The old cuddy at Waimate was built of slabs and cob, and still stands sound and good after eighty-five years.

Sod houses were built of two lines of sods, with the space between them filled with clay or rammed earth. This made quite serviceable walls, though not so lasting as cob.

The floors of both cob and sod houses were of well-rammed clay, which made a nice solid stand that could be renewed at will. The roofs were thatched with snowgrass or rushes, according to availability, the latter perhaps being the better of the two. The thatch was attached to round saplings of manuka or matipo, if procurable; the thatch ties were more easily pulled tight on round rafters than on split ones. If the eaves projected well over the walls the rain was kept off, and the houses would last for years. The roof of our cuddy was of snowgrass, and the original thatch is still under the modern one of rushes, and appears to be quite sound. The chimneys were built of long stakes, inside which sods were packed to prevent the stakes from burning. Bricks came into use quite early in the progress of colonisation; we burnt some at the Station in 1860 which were used for the chimneys of the new house.

Cob and sod houses were warm in winter, cool in summer, and wonderfully free from draughts. They often consisted of only two rooms, though some were considerably larger. One of the best cob houses that I can remember was Dr. Ben Moorhouse's at Shepherd's Bush Station. This was a long, low building of about eight rooms, all of which opened off a passage that ran the whole length of the house. The thatch of snowgrass, or rushes, I forget which, had been put on by an expert, and looked exceedingly picturesque and tidy. The house was built about the year 1860, or perhaps earlier, and when I stayed there in 1874 it looked to be in a good state of preservation.

One day, on my way out fishing, I walked across the yard trailing a fat worm on the end of my line, and hooked Dr. Moorhouse's pet rooster. The Doctor gave me a proper dressing down for being such a fool as to bait my hook before getting near the water. The rooster did not at all relish the delicate operation that was necessary to free him from the hook, but was no doubt more cautious ever afterwards about snapping up unconsidered trifles.

I have good cause to remember Shepherd's Bush, for Dr. Ben Moorhouse, Junior, rescued me from drowning at the mouth of the Rangitata by swimming some forty yards out into the lagoon and saving me from being carried out to

sea by the swift current. Young Ben was a fine swimmer, and one of the best men I ever came across, his only fault being that he was too generous and kind hearted.

Some years after my visit the Rangitata River cut in and swept away the Shepherd's Bush homestead, and also a nice patch of bush, in the centre of which was a fine orchard.





## CHAPTER II

### JOURNEYS AND RIVERS

TRAVELLING in the fifties and sixties, before roads were formed and rivers bridged, was sometimes a difficult matter, and walking, though slow, was generally considered the most satisfactory way of getting about the country.

In 1854 W. H. Teschemaker and Rich took up the Kauroo Hill Station, near Maheno, in the Oamaru district. They bought 1,000 Merinos in Nelson, then one of the principal landing places for stock coming from Australia, and set out to drive them to North Otago. Whilst walking behind the sheep, Teschemaker, with a small hand-mill hung on his back, ground enough wheat into flour for their daily requirements.

When they neared the Levels Station, he rode on to notify George Rhodes that the mob was approaching. Scab was prevalent at the time, so Teschemaker was much relieved to find that the owner was away from home and, the regulations having been complied with, he hastened back to the sheep, which were rushed with all possible speed through the Levels country. George Rhodes heard about the mob when he returned home, and lost no time in going in pursuit. He and Teschemaker had a furious row, but the sheep were already across the Pareora River, the southern boundary of the Levels.

Much time was spent in crossing the rivers; the Waitaki was in flood and held them up for a considerable time. While waiting for an opportunity to cross it, Teschemaker rode to Dunedin for a supply of tobacco, the specific remedy for scab. It became necessary to both shear and dip the sheep, and nine months passed before they left the banks of the Waitaki.

It was two years before they reached their destination. They then made the mistake of building their hut on the adjoining run, Maraweka, and did not discover the error until it was pointed out to them, nine months later, by the Fenwick brothers, who arrived to take possession of Maraweka. Teschemaker then had to shift his buildings five miles away to where the Kauroo homestead is to-day.

The rivers were a great difficulty to drovers travelling with stock, though experienced men lost few sheep in crossing them.

They gave great care to the selection of a suitable stretch of water, and would choose a place where there was a large projecting shingle spit, from which the current flowed in one stream across to the opposite shore, where there must be a suitable landing place with a sloping bank.

The mob would be driven on to the spit, and jammed as tightly as possible against the water; sometimes those nearest to it would be pushed in by pressure from behind, and be carried by the current across to the opposite shore, their mates following after them. But it was seldom as easy as this, and more often a man would have to wade into the river, carrying a sheep with him, or even ride right across, dragging one after him on the end of a rope. The men on the bank would then push or throw other sheep into the water after the leaders, and with their dogs, bustle and force the balance of the mob as hard as possible into the water. When they once started going, the sheep would follow on, and with careful handling it was only a question of time before the whole mob was safely across.

If a boat was available a sheep would be tied to a length of rope and pulled across the stream, to give the other sheep a lead. This method proved quite effective in most cases.

It was a great advantage that, in the early days, the sheep

were all Merinos, for they were full of pluck, and were strong swimmers, with the ovine instinct to follow their leader even more strongly developed than it is in other breeds. Although this characteristic encouraged the balance of the mob to follow on after one or two of the more venturesome animals had taken the plunge, an excess of it was sometimes a source of danger in fast running rivers like the Waitaki. The current might carry the first sheep rather too far downstream, and their mates, still on the bank, would perhaps follow them down, instead of taking to the water at the proper place, and thus be swept down past the landing place. It was sometimes necessary to break the lead of the swim, drive the remainder back upstream



Swimming sheep across Waitaki at Kurow.

and start again. This was done only when absolutely necessary, for once the sheep had been persuaded to attempt the crossing, the last thing that any one wished to do was to stop them, also there was some danger attached to such an attempt because a man trying to check the sheep might be knocked down by the rushing, trampling mob, dragged into the river, and drowned.

When crossing sheep over a river it was no use trying



not to get wet, and the drovers were lucky to finish up with a dry stitch on them if the sheep were hard to get started.

Sometimes a buyer, thinking that he knew better than the drovers, would insist on crossing where the river had divided into several streams. The water was undoubtedly shallower, but depth was really not important, because the sheep had to swim in any case, and after they had been forced into one stream, they knew what was in store for them, and would refuse to enter the next. Their resistance increased with their experience, each stream was more difficult than the last, and sometimes it took days to get the whole mob across. By that time they would be horribly knocked about.

Later, ferries were established at various places on the Waitaki, the one at McGowan's starting in the year 1860.

One day in the early seventies F. W. S. Jones set out to bring a pair of piebald ponies back from Oamaru for his employer, John Molloy. He left Waimate first thing after breakfast, riding a pony, and came to McGowan's ferry over the Waitaki. This ferry consisted of a boat, which was piled up with bales of wool. McGowan told him to hang on to the pony when the boat pushed off. The pony, however, refused to budge, and it was only at the last moment, and after tearing the skin off the palms of his hands, that he got it to take to the water and managed to pull it across behind the boat. He eventually reached Oamaru, and stayed the night in a boarding-house over a stable run by Jimmy Vining, who had formerly been stockman with us on the Station.

Next morning Jones made an early start, and led the two piebald ponies without difficulty until he reached the ferry, where he found F. Slee waiting to get across with his horse. When the boat left the shore the three ponies and the horse jumped into the water with a splash. One of the ponies leaped on to the back of another, then disappeared between the other struggling animals, and was next sighted some twenty yards down the river, but seeing its mates swimming, luckily followed them to the north side. The rest of the journey home was plain sailing, though the whole trip took the best part of two days.

This sort of thing was continually happening, for many horses hated the water and were hard to force into it.

The ferryman, McGowan, had a somewhat unenviable reputation, and received a sentence of some years for burning down the ferry accommodation house.

Amongst other ferrymen were a Maori called Timaru, and "Jimmy the Needle."

One day Bishop Harper arrived at the ferry and asked Jimmy the charge for crossing.

"Ten shillings."

"That seems rather a large sum," expostulated His Lordship.

"It may be," replied Jimmy, "but if you wait for half an hour it will be one pound."

It is said that the Bishop did not wait.

The Waitaki was a dangerous river to cross. Many people, through being unable to swim, lost their lives in attempting to cross on horseback or in traps. Horses are apt to turn turtle if they get water in their ears, and this was the cause of many losses of life. Macleod Orbell in his *Reminiscences* tells of a man who was helping him to cross a mob of cattle near Kurow. Before entering the river on his horse Orbell said to him, "Can you swim?"

"No."

"Well, don't do it again," cautioned Orbell.

The man then handed his watch and money to another who was watching, and entered the river, but failed to reach the other bank, for some unknown reason, and another victim was added to the list.

A friend of mine, Peter Harris, son of Archdeacon Harris of Christchurch, had a close call one frosty evening whilst crossing the Waitaki near Mount Parker. His horse, a young one, refused to swim, and turned over in the deep water, though both horse and rider reached the other side safely, Peter luckily being a strong swimmer. He had about six miles to ride in the hard frost before reaching his destination, and all his clothes were frozen stiff by the time he reached shelter, more dead than alive. Peter, though a married man with a family, was one of the first to volunteer for the Great War and unfortunately fell an



early victim. A pluckier and finer natured man never lived.

There was a ferry near Kurow, known as Ross's, which was largely used for stock. Before it was established the sheep had to be swum across the river, and although the current was swift, it is surprising how few were lost; the old Merinos were wonderful swimmers. On one occasion 7,000 were swum across the Waitaki at Kurow in an hour in spite of all hands being drunk at the time. They had been forced to wait a week for the river to fall to a reasonable level, and had passed the time in as pleasant a manner as possible.

The winters were often severe at Kurow, and Lionel Bradshaw, who was in charge of the police station there, once walked right across the river on the ice accumulated at the bridge during hard weather.

Before the bridge was built at Ohau, sheep going north to the Mackenzie Country crossed the river in a cage suspended from a wire rope, and pulled by a horse. A dozen or fifteen were carried at a time, and on one occasion the sides of the cage broke, the sheep fell into the river, and Middleton, manager of Benmore, shouting "Save those sheep," plunged after them into the torrent. He had a nasty time, and finished up a long way downstream, but he saved the sheep, which, incidentally, were worth no more than 10d. to 1s. a head at that time.

The first bridge over the Waitaki River was built in the early seventies, on the main south road.

Prior to the early seventies, when a road was formed through the Waimate Gorge, the road, or rather track, to Waihao Downs, followed a very devious route. It was necessary to make a long detour to the south in order to avoid the Hunters Hills, and the Waihao River had to be crossed eight times before the track joined the line of the present road near Waihao Forks. If the river was in flood, the traveller simply had to wait until it fell to a reasonable level. The journey, some twenty-one miles, took about three and a half hours. Light express waggons or buggies were the general form of conveyance, and later waggonettes came into use. In each case a pair of horses was yoked



up if one wished to make speed on the journey. Ten miles an hour was considered good going on a fair road, and anything down to four miles an hour on a rough track.



Testing the ford.

To-day seven miles of perfect highway connect Waimate with the Downs, and when travelling by car one allows no more than fifteen minutes for the journey.

There was a narrow bridle path through the Waimate Gorge, which crossed and re-crossed the creek many times, but followed along the foot of the hills wherever possible, in order to avoid the soft ground. One could ride to Waihao Downs in about half the time that it took to drive along the track up the Waihao River and round the southern end of the range.

## WAIMATE GORGE

Long ere the white man came and blazed his trail,  
Defacing the Gorge with fire, highroad and rail,  
The hills in beauty stood on either hand,  
Reft by some mighty quake, or God's command.

Then waters rushing forth from Kapua's lake,  
Smoothed off the rocky bed, a path to make  
For settlers passing through in years to come,  
Behind the hills, where they might make a home.

Aeons of time passed by; Dame Nature's lavish brush  
Painted the slope's brown fern, green flax, and bush.  
Where springs appeared, the deadly tutu's glossy green  
Enmeshed in toe toe's plumes, waving in wind is seen.

Golden speargrass bloom, with ti-tree's scented flower,  
Perfumed the laden air at noontide's sunny hour,  
Whilst white convolvulus and cruel lawyer vine  
Amongst the flax and scrub in tangled mass entwine.

Wherein the silver eyes their fragile nests did make  
Of hair and softest moss, hanging amidst the brake.  
In shady spots 'neath sheltering manuka  
The graceful stagshorn moss trailed thickly o'er the floor.

And yellow tussocks, 'mongst grey rocks appeared.  
Then Nature blossomed forth, and song of birds was heard,  
Making the welkin ring with sound the livelong day—  
Bellbirds and parakeets, tuis, and kakas gay.

Sparrowhawks stooped down like lightning from the sky,  
Striking defenceless pigeons flighting quietly by.  
At dusk the laughing petrels came rushing in from sea,  
With fiendish cries of ha ha ha, ho ho ho, he he he;  
Then quickly passed from ken, the rocky hills among,  
In search of holes wherein to nest and raise their young.

From off the hidden pools amidst the shining flax  
Numbers of wild duck rose with vibrant startled quacks,  
Circling the summer air with noisy swishing wings,  
Whilst down below their fluffy young ducklings  
Were safely hidden 'mongst the sheltering cover,  
From prying eye of hawk, which hovered slowly over.

As evening shadows lengthier grew, the woodhen's chorus rose—  
 A welcome to their neighbours and a challenge to their foes;  
 A hundred voices called the tune, as many made reply,  
 Telling the world that day had gone, and glorious night was nigh;  
 Echoing loudly through the vale, the evening stillness rent,  
 Then fading slowly 'mongst the hills like pibroch's last lament.

The giant moas roamed throughout the land, o'er hill and dale,  
 Leaving their bones and gizzard stones wherewith to tell the tale.  
 Way on the tops the cabbage-trees, like watchful sentrymen,  
 Stood silhouetted 'gainst the sky, as though to guard the glen,  
 As darkness grew. Then all was still, birds ceased their talk,  
 Save from some rock, up on the hill, the dismal cry, "Morepork!  
 Morepork!"



U.S.P.  
 1906





QUEEN STREET, WAIMATE, ABOUT 1860. WAIMATE BUSH IN BACKGROUND



J. S. HEWLINGS, CHIEF SURVEYOR

### CHAPTER III

#### WAIMATE TOWNSHIP IN THE SIXTIES

IN 1859 the Canterbury Provincial Council had reserved an area of 640 acres for a township to be known as Waimate. The site chosen was about two miles from the Te Waimate homestead, and was originally wet and swampy, as there was a big seepage from the 2,000 odd acres of bush which stood on the flat to the north and west. In 1863 Hewlings and Sealy laid out the township, and by 1864 there were 300 people living within a radius of two miles, the majority being attracted by the large area of good bush, which was rare in South Canterbury. Timber was required for building homesteads as the country became more thickly settled, and saw-milling became the principal industry of the new town.

The first store was opened in 1863 by Saul Shrides, the bullock driver who had accompanied Michael Studholme when he came to Te Waimate nine years earlier. Shrides could neither read nor write, but evolved an elaborate and successful system of book-keeping, whereby each customer was indicated by a special sign, and purchases recorded in the opposite column by a drawing of a pair of trousers, boots, spade, or other commodity.

Manchester and Goldsmith also opened a store in this year, and soon, besides a hotel, a bootmaker, blacksmith, baker, butcher, and numerous other tradesmen had established themselves. The butcher, Dan Brown, was a man of enterprise. An elephant belonging to a travelling show was poisoned by eating tutu, and died; Brown cut off its trunk, and offered it for sale in his shop, the first and only time that the public of Waimate had had the opportunity of buying elephant meat.



There was also a brewery, which was run by a man named Derrick, and stood in dense flax, where the Hiwiroa Lodge was built in after years. This position was chosen because of the good spring creek that ran down the hills and gave a plentiful supply of pure water; but the whole show was primitive and did not last long.

The first flour mill in the district was erected at Willowbridge in 1862 by George Buchanan, who had taken up some 200 acres of land there the previous year. About two years later this farm was bought by the Studholme brothers, who carried on the mill for some time. The miller was E. Abbenseth, a German, and one of the most scrupulously clean men imaginable; he would follow us through the mill with a dustpan and brush, sweeping every foot-mark into his pan. He turned out first-class flour, which made excellent bread and pastry, though it was of a slightly golden brown colour, like all flour made in the old stone mills. The power for the mill was obtained from an overshot wheel, which was worked with water from the dam in the Willowbridge creek.

By 1866 there was quite a nice little town at Waimate. In this year the first church, the Wesleyan Church of St. Paul's was opened; in 1872 the foundation stone of the Anglican Church of St. Augustine's was laid, on land given for the purpose by Michael Studholme.

A fortnightly mail service had been running from Christchurch to the Waitaki since 1858. Baines, the first mailman, had formerly been cook for Michael Studholme at the cuddy. He was a small man, with a neatly trimmed beard; a great character, with an unlimited fund of gossip, and his arrival at the stations on his route was an eagerly awaited event. He rode on his journey, for there were no roads, and carried the mails in leather bags slung on either side of a led horse. It was a point of honour with Little Baines that his mails should be delivered regularly, in spite of the flooded unbridged rivers, and other difficulties that would have daunted a less determined man. On the first day he rode from Christchurch to Acton Station on the Rakaia. His second stage was to Orari, the Macdonalds' station; then to the Royal Hotel, Timaru; on to Waimate; then to the Waitaki River, and back to Te Waimate where

he spent the night. The Homestead did duty as Post Office until 1864, when J. Manchester was appointed the first Postmaster.

In the early sixties Baines took H. D. Manning into partnership and they established a Royal Mail line of two-horse Yankee waggons in place of the old led pack horse. The first coach that came through Makikihi was one of these light waggons, drawn by a pair of strong Suffolk Punch stamp of horse, called Lion and Tiger, said to have been imported from Tasmania. Makikihi, at this time, consisted of the accommodation house, where the coaches stopped for the passengers to have meals, and practically nothing else. The gabled house across the road from the present hotel was built about 1869.

The coaching service gradually improved as the population grew and the roads became better. Baines and Manning were unable to carry on after 1864, and the service was taken over by Cobb and Co., who ran it until the railway finally displaced them in the late seventies.



## CHAPTER IV

### STATIONS AND NEIGHBOURS

AMONGST the pioneer settlers of this district were W. B. Sevicke-Jones and his wife, who, about the year 1859, were living in a hut in the bush close to where Te Kitiroa has since been built.

They had a large family, which included Fred, the first white male child to be born in the Waimate district, and the fifth birth to be registered in Timaru, Alfred, Arthur, W. B., and G. Sevicke-Jones, now an optician in Christchurch. There were also several daughters, afterwards Mrs. Beaton, Mrs. Taafe, Mrs. George Watts, and others.

Mrs. Sevicke-Jones and Mrs. Saul Shrives were the only two white women near Waimate for some time, but as the Shrives lived on the opposite side of the bush, close to where W. Baker's home now is, they might have been as far apart as the poles.

Mrs. Sevicke-Jones was a wonderful woman, full of pluck and initiative and a great cook; in fact, her cooking was famous over the whole district. One day a Maori woman arrived at her home, bringing a child that was not very fit. Mrs. Jones gave the little thing some tartlets with a filling made from konini berries, and which were so much appreciated that the next day two Maori women arrived, each with a child, who also received some of Mrs. Jones's pastries. On the third day the whole Pa turned up, all looking for something good to eat, but Mrs. Jones thought that it was now time to stop entertaining, for stores were very dear, and hard to come by.

During the seventies a good many immigrants were brought out from Home, and a number came to Waimate. They were located in sod huts on the flax and tussock covered flat near where the hospital now stands. The huts were so comfortable that when the time came for the immi-



grants to move out and look for work, many of them refused to budge, and finally they had to be evicted, and the huts pulled down. Unfortunately some of these people were not of a good type, and had been recruited from the poor-houses and even from the prisons, so they naturally did not help the town to go ahead.

There was also a collection of houses called Germantown, situated on the Mill Road, where Rhodes Street now joins it. An hotel was built there by Tom Richmond, and afterwards leased to James McGimpsey, but it lost its licence, and was either burned or pulled down some years later.

At one time a man named Cruickshank ran an illicit still in a gully on Glen Logan, about a couple of miles above Waihao Forks, but he was found out, and got into trouble over it. He also got into financial difficulties, and his team of horses was put up for sale at Freeman's auction mart. There was one horse that he particularly wanted to keep, and when it was being offered for sale, he said to the auctioneer:

"You are not showing off that horse properly. Let me get into the dray and I will show you how he can go."

In he got, galloped off down the section, crashed through the fence, and cleared right away with the whole turnout.

One of the biggest stations in the district was Benmore, which consisted of about 250,000 acres. Later the Lake Ohau run was added to it, which considerably increased the area. Benmore was owned by Robert Campbell & Co., who at one time had also the Otekaike and Station Peak runs. The company administered these runs from their head office in London, which was more experienced in finance than in farming. On one occasion they wrote out to the manager of Station Peak telling him to stock up his run with the surplus *rams* from Otekaike, and on another, cabled instructions to stop the lambing, as they had been advised that the weather was bad!

The accommodation and food were fairly rough and ready on all stations in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, and the following description of how things were run on Benmore is more or less typical of many other places.

Bread and meat were the chief items of diet, and sometimes as many as six bullocks were killed in one week for

station beef. There was no butter, even at the homestead; if any man wanted it he bought it for his own use, and these private supplies were kept in jars on the windowsill. If a visitor arrived, one man vied with another in offering him butter for his bread. Each man was supplied with a tin plate and pannikin, a knife, fork, and spoon; there was an oil-drum behind the door, into which scraps from the plates could be scraped, and another drum full of water, where the men could, if they desired, wash their utensils with the aid of a stick with a rag tied to it, and attached to the drum.

In 1892 Benmore was managed by Thomas Middleton, and 120,000 sheep were shorn. At its peak there were about eighty men employed on the station, including shepherds, musterers, packmen, carpenter, shearers, and shed-hands, but not counting rabbiters.

Ten musterers were required to bring in the sheep from this enormous block of country, and they had to camp out on the run for some time. The packman took the swags on his pack horse, and also carried two cut-down oil-drums for billies, one large frying pan, one tomahawk, one large butcher's knife; and stores consisting of bread, tea, black sugar, salt, and oatmeal. Each man carried his own pannikin on his belt, and used his pocket knife to cut his bread, a slice of which sufficed for a plate. The musterers generally left the camps at four o'clock each morning, being called at "three-quarters to four," by "Black Jack" McCulloch, after whom McCulloch's Point, opposite Te Akatarawa was named.

At shearing time about 55 men were employed in the shed: 28 to 30 shearers, 2 penners-up, 4 pickers-up, 2 broomies, 6 rollers, 1 classer, 1 fleece carrier, 4 piece sorters, 3 pressers, 1 bale brander, 1 butcher and brander.

Cooking for the shearing was usually done by contract, at so much a head; extra men coming for a meal had to get a ticket signed by the boss or clerk.

In the early days all the carting on Benmore, as on other stations, was done by bullocks. Each team consisted of fourteen bullocks, which were valued very highly, for it took time, care and skill to break them in properly. Their names were all recorded in the station books, and each year the





WOOL WAGGONS LEAVING BENMORE





LOADING WOOL AT BENMORE STATION

manager sent home to the head office in London a chart showing the place of each beast in the teams.

Amongst the bullock drivers were David Aubrey, Ted le Fevre, W. le Fevre, John Ure, and Jack Saunders. Saunders was a brother of Harry Saunders of Waimate, and his father was the ferryman at McGowan's ferry across the Waitaki opposite the Waikakahi homestead.

The Benmore wool was hauled down to Kurow, a distance of about fifty miles, a long journey with the slow moving bullocks, but when the roads were improved their place was taken by horses, and the wool carted down in ten-horse waggons, a much quicker process. The record load of wool to reach Kurow from Benmore was 78 bales, but I do not know how many horses were in the team that took it down.

The Ahuriri, a nasty river if in flood, had to be crossed after leaving the station, and on one occasion an imported stallion, Wigton, who was in the shafts, fell down just as the waggon entered the water. The driver did not dare to stop, for he knew if he did not keep going the strong current might overturn the waggon, and drown, not only himself, but the team as well. So he whipped up the horses, and kept on, dragging Wigton with them. When they reached the further shore, the stallion was dead.

All sheep leaving Benmore had to swim the Ahuriri. They were generally put across in mobs of roughly 10,000, and there was often considerable difficulty.

Wild or Maori dogs were sometimes rather troublesome on Benmore, and did much damage to the sheep. There was one in particular, a perfect brute, for whom a reward of £10 was offered; he was finally killed, it was thought, somewhere near Naseby. Two dogs were kept at the station especially for catching wild dogs; the first two, named Romulus and Remus, were a cross between a stag-hound and a bulldog.

About 1879 there was a Maori kaika at the bottom of the swamp, known as Maori Swamp, which was situated on the Omarama side of the Ahuriri River. There were swarms of dogs always roaming round the kaika, and they caused a great deal of trouble amongst the sheep. Finally this nuisance became so great that one morning, before daylight, Middleton, the Benmore manager, who had pre-

viously collected all the muzzle-loading shotguns available, as well as one Snider-rifle and three revolvers, left with all hands to join Duncan Sutherland of Omarama Station and his men, and eject the natives from their kaika. Inspector Thomson, with a posse of police, later joined in, and after an argument the Maoris left with the police, and Middleton and Sutherland burned down the whares.

The Morven Hills Station took in all the country about the Lindis Pass; it ran over to Lake Hawea, and right down the Clutha River, nearly to Cromwell. The old homestead was about eight miles south of what is now known as the Lindis Pass, but which was then called the Morven Hills Saddle.

When this station was at its zenith over 120,000 sheep were shorn each year, 34 shearers being on the board, and with rouseabouts, shepherds and all, there must have been close on a hundred men working about the shed and mustering the sheep. The wool was carted down to Kurow by bullock waggons, as many as five going off together, each waggon taking 30 bales, which made 150 bales a trip. When loading at the wool-shed they placed the waggons one in front of the other, as close together as possible, the pole of one waggon being under the one next in front. The bales were rolled right along to the far waggon first of all, putting on one tier right through the lot, then another tier until the loading was complete. This was done so that the loading might be completed without having to yoke up the bullocks in order to move one waggon away after it was loaded, and pull another into its place. The teams were thus enabled to have a complete rest, and to graze in peace. The trip to Kurow and back took about three weeks, instead of a day as now. When they came to the Lindis Pass three teams, each of fourteen bullocks, were hitched on to every waggon in turn for the last pinch to the top, each bullocky driving his own section of the combined team. It must have been a great sight to see a team of 42 bullocks yoked together, pulling a waggon to the top of the Pass, and one can imagine what a noise there would be with whips cracking and men shouting.

Billy Ure and his brothers, also Saunders, were some of the drivers on this route. In the early days, before the



rabbits ate out the country, the bullocks kept in good condition, for they could get a full bite of feed when turned out at night, but later practically all the feed had to be carted to the various camping grounds, and the poor beasts had rather a thin time, some of them being just skin and bone at the end of the carting season.

There were at times over 70 rabbiters employed on Morven Hills during the winter months; hundreds of thousands of skins were secured each year, pressed into bales, each bale containing from 2,500 to 3,000 skins, and sent down country. The skins at that time were worth much less than they are now, and the men did not make very big money at the game.

Otematata Station, which was situated on the Waitaki, some twenty miles above Kurow, was taken up by Parson Andrew about 1857. The parson, personally, used to cart his wool down to Oamaru in a dray pulled by six bullocks. On one journey he found that the creek near Rugged Ridges was very high, so he unyoked his team and camped under a big rock, which is still known as Parson's Rock, and the creek became Parson's Rock Creek.

On one occasion Andrew broke his leg at his station; there was no doctor nearer than Oamaru, so he decided to fix it up himself. He set the break, and had water poured over it continuously for two days, by relays of people, and the result was quite satisfactory.

He was a great character, full of jokes and fun. One day, while laid up after his leg was broken, he noticed a goose sitting on its nest out amongst the tussocks. He asked his nurse to bring in one of the eggs, so that he might hatch out a goose. He kept the egg warm as he lay in bed, and in due course appeared a fine young gosling, which he showed to all visitors with paternal pride, but his disappointment was great when he found that he had hatched not a goose, but a gander.

Parson and Mrs. Andrew once rode right down from Otematata to Waimate, a distance of about sixty miles. The parson carried two children on his horse, and his wife took the baby on her's. When they arrived, my mother noticed that the parson was minus most of the buttons on his clothes, and as Bishop Harper was expected at the Homestead the same day, she lost no time, but at once set

to work with needle and thread, and only just got the parson finished when His Lordship appeared.

My godfather, P. B. Luxmore, was a cadet with Andrew at Otematata and later took up the Waitaki run. Andrew sold his run to Charles de Vere Teschemaker and J. M. Ritchie, and later became Principal of Nelson College.

Many tales have been told of Hector Stoddart, bullock driver, and afterwards manager, at Otematata for Teschemaker and Ritchie. One hot day he drove his team and sledge down to the Waitaki for a load of firewood. The bullocks were thirsty, and before he could stop them they rushed the water, went right over a steep bank, sledge and all, and disappeared into the deep stream. Stoddart stood on the bank and gazed into the depths for some time, but no sign of the team reappeared so, in despair, he threw his whip into the river, remarking: "You may as well have the lot," and walked despondently home to report the loss.

On one occasion Stoddart had an appointment to meet Ritchie, at his office in Dunedin at eleven o'clock in the morning. He did not turn up until about noon, and Ritchie, who was fairly short in the temper, demanded:

"Why did you not keep your appointment?"

"I could not."

"Of course you could."

"I could *not*. I was in gaol."

Stoddart had been run in for being drunk, and had only just got out when he met his boss.

About 1863 two bushrangers arrived at the Otematata Hotel riding cart-horses that they had stolen from Julius, of Rugged Ridges, a cousin of the late Archbishop Julius. The hotel-keeper, May, by arrangement with the police, walked up and down in front of the hotel, whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel," at the same time jerking his thumb over his shoulder as a sign that the men were inside. The sergeant of police, a big Irishman named Bullen, entered the bedroom, with his revolver cocked, and instructed W. G. Munro, father of the Waitaki Munros, to pull the men out from under the bed where they were hiding. Thus were captured the Otematata bushrangers.

The three Parker brothers, Harry, George, and Ned, lived at Waihao Downs in the sixties and seventies, and



PARKER'S SHED HANDS AND SHEARERS





WOOL WAGGON ARRIVING AT OAMARU

the stone house that they built was known as "The Trap." This name was given to it by Lady Barker when travelling through the district before she wrote her book. She said that with three bachelors living there, any spinster who stayed in the house would most surely be "trapped." The Parkers afterwards sold Waihao Downs to John Douglas and went to Elephant Hill.

Harry Parker later married a sister of Lord Kitchener, and lived at Little Roderick, a station in the Waitaki Valley below Kurow. Mrs. Parker was a woman of strong personality, and was known to be fond of a good cigar, long before a woman could be seen smoking even a cigarette in public without causing comment.

George Parker owned the Sherwood run for a time, in conjunction with Charles Perring. H. H. Pitman was their manager. Perring hated horses, and would never mount one unless forced to do so. He used frequently to walk to Te Waimate, a distance of about ten miles, to have Sunday dinner with us, and then go on to Waihao Downs, another seven miles in the afternoon. Parker and Perring sold Sherwood to R. H. Rhodes of Elmwood in 1878, and Parker returned home to England.

Parkers' Bush, the south-west portion of the Waimate bush, was named after the family, because they drew their supply of posts and wood from there for Waihao Downs in the early days. The old bullock track that they used ran down past C. McLachlan's, and joined the Gorge Road at Arno. McCulloch's Bridge, across the Waihao, was named in memory of the Parkers' former manager at Waihao Downs, who afterwards had Brooklands Farm, where Hugh Mackenzie now lives.

Henry J. Ford, known as Harry, or "Uncle Henry," managed Elworthy's Holme Station and others, and was one of the greatest walkers ever seen in the district, especially over a distance, and I really think could have walked fully a hundred miles in twenty-four hours if it had been necessary. Nothing pleased Ford more than to get some stranger, who had not heard of his walking ability, to take a stroll with him, and then rush the poor man off his feet by carrying on for several hours at about five miles an hour. It was just the same with his riding and

boxing, or anything else he did; he was so full of energy that it had to be worked off somehow. When boxing he found difficulty in restraining himself from knocking out his opponent. A blow from "Uncle Henry," when roused, was something to remember, and until R. A. Chaffey of Oamaru came on the scene later, there was no other man who could stand up to him. He was a great friend of my father, frequently staying with us, and was ever ready to take on any one who came along wanting a lesson in the noble art. For his height he had the longest arms imaginable, reaching well below his knees as he stood upright, this being of immense advantage to a fighter.

When they were young men, Harry Ford and his brother, John Tucker Ford, took up some country out on the Canterbury Plains, and decided to build a cottage on it. They could not agree as to the plan of the proposed building, so decided that they would fight for it, and taking off their coats they went at it. J. T. was the heavier and larger man of the two, but Harry was the better boxer, and, after a strenuous battle, J. T. was knocked out for quite a while. When he came to, Harry, all solicitude asked: "My dear fellow, I hope I have not hurt you." Putting on their coats, the building was proceeded with on Harry's plan, and the two brothers were the best of friends again.

They say "The Scots are a hardy race," but I don't think they could beat an old friend of ours, Sherwood Raine, in that respect. Whilst staying with E. H. Cameron he took his bath at 6.30 one frosty morning, standing out on the frozen lawn, using the soap dish for a sponge, and sprinkling the cold water over his bald head, and then allowing the liquid to run slowly down his body. Raine had a super-beard, reaching well down to the region of his waist; this probably kept the cold out somewhat, but even with all this natural advantage it must have been a bit cool. When Raine came into the breakfast-room and someone remarked on the performance, his reply was: "Most refreshing, most refreshing." When I was a schoolboy, and not too fond of cold water, this story of Cameron's gave me the shivers whenever I heard it.

I might add that Cameron's was a bachelor establishment.



Many of the early settlers planted good orchards, and took a keen interest in them. The young trees were at first all home-grown, being propagated by means of grafting. Apples, pears, plums, medlars, nectarines, and peaches all did well with very little attention, for there were no blights in the Good Old Days. In fact, the peaches produced such wonderful crops that only the best were used for eating; the rest were given to the pigs, who enjoyed peaches, and thrive on them.

There were good vegetable gardens, also, at the old homesteads, where all the common vegetables were grown, and in addition some of the more difficult and better varieties, such as cucumbers and rock melons, were frequently grown in frames.



## CHAPTER V

### SWAGGERS

THERE were many swaggers in the early days; with their personal belongings rolled in a swag on their backs, they walked up and down the country, looking for work—in theory if not in practice. They generally arrived at the homestead in the evening, and were given some food at the cook shop, a “shake-down” for the night in a hut, and supplied with breakfast next morning, before once more setting out on their weary journey. The station cooks wholeheartedly hated swaggers, for they meant a lot of extra baking of bread.

Alan McLean of Waikakahi was a very generous man to any one who was really in need of help and it is said that it cost him fully £500 a year to feed the swaggers who arrived at his station. It was his rule that any man who turned up on Saturday night should be allowed to stay until Monday morning and be provided with rations of bread and meat.

About harvest time the roads were full of swaggers looking for work, and a lot of hands were taken on in this way. One well-known character named Shiner once worked all through harvest without wages for a farmer near Morven, who had often put him up for the night, and who, Shiner knew, was now hard up himself. Shiner usually turned up at Waimate about Christmas time, and danced a jig at the Caledonian sports.

There was one man, known as “The Gentleman Swagger,” whose real name was Broomhall-Smith. He

had been an officer in the navy, was well versed in the ways of society, and looked presentable in every way. He made a point of finding out all particulars about the people in a district through which he was going to travel; he would then arrive at a homestead late at night, and enquire how far it was to so-and-so's station, as he was going to stay with them. The kind-hearted folk, mindful of the lateness of the hour, and being charmed with his manner, would ask him to stay for dinner, and more than likely he would remain for a week. At one station near Ashburton the lady of the house was so captivated that he remained for two weeks, playing, and singing, and keeping the whole house merry. When at last he saw that the game was up, he departed before breakfast, and so saved a great deal of unpleasantness. Broomhall-Smith let us off, for some reason, and went on to Oamaru, where he called at the house of a squatter who, with his family, was on the point of going down to Dunedin to see the Exhibition. Shortly before the time of leaving, our friend fell into a particularly dirty dam, which made it impossible for him to travel until his host lent him one of his best suits, in which the "Gentleman Swagger" visited the Exhibition.

The funniest looking swaggers I remember were a crowd of Chinamen, about forty in all, who, carrying basketfuls of goods, came through some time in the seventies on their way to the Dunstan diggings. They were given the carcasses of three or four sheep to help them along. For some reason we youngsters thought that they were cannibals, and watched them nervously from a plantation nearby. After much talking, they finally set off across the paddock for the Gorge, looking most picturesque as they jogged along the track in single file through the tussocks and flax, carrying their baskets in the Chinese manner.

Occasionally women swaggers called at the Station, but they looked out of place, and as a rule did not receive much sympathy.

Swaggers were great cadgers of tobacco, and we usually carried small plugs in our pockets for their benefit, and also to prevent their handling the plugs we were smoking ourselves.





## CHAPTER I

### THE MIA

When the Miao first came to New Zealand there is no doubt that they found the Miao residing about as their usual on the plains and on the open country along the sea coast, and that they lived there for long. People who are living in the open, and who for their food, are largely dependent on what grows in the district, naturally kill anything that is handy, and in the course of time find it necessary to go further afield as the game becomes scarcer and more difficult to find.

### PART III

The question has long been asked as to how a large land like New Zealand can be described in a paper like this. The New Zealanders would expect it to be a large open plain and forest as a large country such as America, and some of a similar kind have actually been found in America. If only the Miao, who has written repeatedly on the subject of the Miao, suggests that the Miao may have come here by "land bridges" from the north, for it is believed that ages ago New Zealand was part of a large continent, and that stretching away to the west and north. Perhaps the Miao imagined these plains and open country, driven south as the water increased on the land, and at the end were forced to take refuge on the high lands which now we call New Zealand. As the Miao were driven south through the ages, they would gradually become accustomed and able to withstand the rigors of our climate when living in the far country and now they are the Miao.

The Miao, being what is known as a nomadic people, the Miao, who was very to move and protected the open plain and the mountainous land in the north, to the south, and the Miao further inland. The Miao of the open plain and the Miao of the mountainous land were the Miao of the Miao.





## CHAPTER I

### THE MOA

WHEN the Maoris first came to New Zealand there is no doubt that they found the Moas roaming about in thousands on the plains and on the open country along the sea coast, and that they used them for food. People who are living in the open, and who for their food, are largely dependent on what game is in the district, naturally kill anything that is handy, and in the course of time find it necessary to go further afield as the game becomes scarcer and more difficult to approach.

The question has been discussed as to how a huge bird like the Moa came to be domiciled in a poky little place like New Zealand: one would expect it to inhabit open plains and deserts of a large country, such as Australia, and bones of a similar bird have actually been found in Queensland. Lindsay Buick, who has written extensively on the subject of the Moa, suggests that the birds may have come here by "land bridges from the north," for it is believed that ages ago New Zealand was part of a huge continent—vast plains stretching away to the west and north. Perhaps the Moas frequented these plains and were gradually driven south as the water encroached on the land, and in the end were forced to take refuge on the highlands which now we call New Zealand. As the birds were driven south through the ages, they would gradually become acclimatised, and able to withstand the rigours of our winter when living on the flat country and low hills near the sea.

The Moa, being what scientists call a struthious (ostrich-like) bird, was true to type, and preferred the open plains and the warmer localities close to the coast, to the colder areas further inland. The remains of the larger Moa hunters' camps were situated near the mouths of rivers

which drained flat country. One of the main North Island camps was on the plains at the mouth of the Waingongoro River near Hawera, and in the South Island large camps were found at the mouths of the Rakaia, Waitaki, Awamoa, and Shag Rivers. All these coastal camps are of great antiquity, whereas the inland camps at Albury and Forest Creek in South Canterbury, and Puketoetoe Creek on the Maniototo Plains, Otago, appear to be of a more recent date, indicating that the birds were still living at a later period in the more inaccessible districts.

The remains of the camp at Waitaki are very extensive, and prove that there were considerable numbers of natives living in this neighbourhood for a great length of time, although nearly all had left it before the advent of the white race. It is difficult to determine whether this had been a fortified pa or just an open kaika (village), but it was probably the latter. During the course of centuries the site shifted northwards as the mouth of the river worked that way, and it has been noted that the bones and other signs of occupation are more ancient at the southern end of the location.

This camp at the mouth of the Waitaki would enable the inhabitants to gather in the Moas from a wide area of country stretching away up the river to Omarama, or even further inland, and it has been suggested that the Maoris floated the bodies of the birds down the river on mokihis, or rafts. By this means they would also secure good supplies of firewood. It would be a simple matter to pull the dead birds down to the bank of the river, build the raft from the dry scrub and driftwood on the river bank, and then float home at perhaps more than eight miles per hour. No doubt in the event of a large number of birds being killed at one time, the Maoris would cook and preserve the meat in melted fat, and place it in kelp bags, the same way as they treated the mutton birds, wekas, pigeons, and other birds. By this means the meat would be kept in an eatable condition for two years or more. Possibly the Maoris moved up to Awamoko during the hard weather in the winter, returning to the mouth of the river when the whitebait and silveries began to run in the spring, for undoubtedly these small fish were a strong reason for

the camp being where it was. An added attraction would be the quantities of terns' and gulls' eggs that could be gathered along the beach, and on the islands near the mouth of the river, and also the large number of eels and flounders that came in from the sea during the summer months.

Lindsay Buick, in *The Moa Hunters of New Zealand*, deals exhaustively with the history of these camps, and it is not my intention to write much about them. Mr. Murison, who discovered the Puketoetoe Camp, says that analysis of this camp proved that the Moa had lived in comparatively recent times, and also that the *Dinornis* had been alive within the previous hundred years. I must add that Sir James Hector has recorded that, as the result of his extensive explorations in the South Island, he was able to produce a chain of evidence which indicated, with little doubt, that the giant wingless birds of New Zealand had "lingered to latest times" on the grassy plains and rolling hills of Central Otago. Sir Julius van Haast used to stay with us at Waimate whilst he was doing his rounds, and would talk for hours with my father about the Moas. It is difficult at this distant date to understand the intense interest that was taken in the subject at that time, and the great rivalry there was amongst the scientific men, each with his own theory. The Rev. Richard Taylor in his book, *Te Ika a Maui*, writes: "The bones of these ancient races of birds are still abundant, and the recent state of many of them clearly proves that they have lived within the last half century, and long survived the Dodo." Taylor stated that about the year 1870 Te Rauparaha, the noted Maori Chief, told of having eaten the flesh of the Moa when a youth,\* and also that there was a Moa's feather decorating Te Rauparaha's body at his funeral. However, in recent times grave doubt has been thrown on statements which suggest that any Maori living at the time of the arrival of the white men had eaten the flesh of the Moa, though there is no doubt that the Maoris of several generations ago used the Moa extensively as food.

Old Maori legends tell of snares being set, and of pitfalls being dug across the tracks in the scrub to entrap the birds; also of the hunters concealing themselves alongside

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\* Some modern scientists state that this story is without foundation.



the tracks and spearing the Moa as it passed by. Evidently the feeding habits of these huge birds were much the same as those of run cattle, which wander from place to place by well defined routes, and graze round the margins of swamps and lagoons; sometimes, in dry seasons, venturing into dangerous places amongst the niggerheads and other roughage, where they stick in soft places and remain.

Numbers of Moa bones have been dug out of swamps and bog holes. In 1895 over 800 pelvis bones, together with numberless other bones, were taken from one springhole at the Kapua Lagoon, close to the western end of the Waimate Gorge, and filled several railway waggons. Captain Hutton purchased the right to dig out the bones on behalf of the Christchurch Museum for the sum of £20, which was paid to Macdonald, the settler on whose land the find was located. Mr. Sparkes, the Museum taxidermist, was in charge of the operations, and after the Museum had satisfied its requirements, the further right to dig was purchased by Dr. Ben Moorhouse of Christchurch, who took out a further large quantity of bones.

This find was made during a very dry season, when Macdonald was engaged in cleaning out the springhole in search of a better supply of water. The bones extended from close to the surface down to a depth of fifteen feet or more. A number of sheep and cattle bones were also in the hole—the remains of animals which had become bogged and had died there. To my mind, the fact of these mammalian bones being in the same hole as those of the Moa confirms the contention that the birds were trapped in the same manner as the mammals, in further proof of which is the fact that gizzard stones and quantities of broken egg-shells were mixed up with the Moa bones at the bottom of the hole. Another reason for considering that the birds died on the spot where the bones were found, is the fact that a big deposit of dark coloured greasy-looking stuff lay all about the bottom of the hole, probably the remains of the carcasses and offal of the birds. The bones at the bottom were lying in a horizontal position, whereas some of those near the surface were vertical, just as though the birds had walked in at a more recent date. We also found Moa bones sticking out of the mud in



FIND OF MOA BONES, KAPUA LAGOON, IN 1895. BONES STACKED ON RIGHT





several smaller holes of the same description situated about half a mile away, where the water had been drained off, thus causing the surface level to sink.

The bones that were found in swamps, springholes, limestone sink-holes, and on the surface of the ground on the hills, appear to me to belong to birds that died a natural death, as opposed to the theory that they were driven into the bogs by the Maoris, or destroyed by fire. Is it likely that the Maoris would have allowed all this waste of good food to take place had they been responsible for the death of the birds? Also, it would be quite impossible to drive, say, 400 or more huge creatures like these into a small hole of from 20 to 50 feet in size. It appears to me that they must have gradually become entombed there during the space of hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of years, probably whilst feeding round the margin of the lagoon, which in wet seasons would be just about where the hole was.

The Maori saying, "The wood of the Koromiko cooked the Moa," probably had its origin in the fact that this shrub grew in profusion along the banks of the rivers and creeks, also in the swamps near which the birds fed largely, and when a "kill" took place this wood was the handiest firing. The driftwood on the sea beaches near the Maori camps would also be composed largely of koromiko sticks. At the Kapua Lagoon, where the big find of bones occurred, quantities of old koromiko wood were taken out when the ground was drained and cleared, some of the stems of the shrubs being of great size, and having the bark still adhering to them, which left no doubt as to their identity.

Gradually, as the humans increased in numbers, the Moas were either killed out or driven back into the higher country, until there remained only odd bands of these huge creatures, who had retired to the mountain fastnesses. Then Nature, in the way of blizzards and heavy snows, finished off the work of destruction. If sheep with their warm woolly covering are unable to survive some of the severe blizzards which come at intervals, what possible chance would a bird like the Moa have of surviving under the same conditions?

Numbers of bones have been found lying on the surface of high country in various parts of South Canterbury, North Otago, and Central Otago, and probably other parts

of New Zealand, but the only find of surface bones in the hill country of the Waimate County, that I know of, was made about the year 1885, on the back part of Teschemaker's Otaio Run, in the Upper Waihao Valley, close to the boundary of our old Waimate Run. A party of pig-hunters, my brother Paul amongst them, came across a number of bones lying exposed right on the surface of the ground, and this find, though a small thing in itself, was, in my opinion, of very great importance, for it is evidence of the existence of the Moa in this district at a much later date than is generally believed to be the case. These bones were in quite a good state of preservation, and could not have been there a great length of time, probably not more than 150 years. Several scientists, and other observant men that I have spoken to, agree with this opinion.

About three miles away from where the bones were found in the Upper Waihao, we had a shepherd's hut, the eaves of which might have been about five feet from the ground, and two weeks after the big snowstorm of 1867, E. H. Cameron, our manager, told me the snow was still up to the eaves of the hut. Both the shepherd's horses died from cold and starvation, which suggests that a bird like the Moa would have small chance of surviving under similar circumstances. If the Maori legends of the birds are correct, the Moa was a very stupid creature, and no doubt when it was surrounded by a deep fall of snow, it would just die on its feet.

Strangely enough the last of the wild cattle, after having been hunted over the range from the east side about the year 1890, took up their abode in the country where the Moa bones were found, and the last of the wild pigs in this Waimate country are still to be found on the old Otaio and Blue Cliffs Runs.

Since writing the preceding part of this chapter, the bones of some wild cattle shot by me in the year 1890, or thereabouts, have recently been discovered, thanks to prolonged search by J. McKenzie, Manager of Pentland Hills. These bones throw some light on the controversy regarding the time the last of the Moas existed in this district.

The cattle bones are well advanced towards disintegration; the skulls are completely gone at the nose end, and the bases are considerably broken up; the leg bones are partly gone, and are cracked all over. Strangely enough, the bones of a yearling heifer are in much the same condition as those of the mature cattle. For the past fifty years these cattle bones have been lying close to where the Moa bones were found on the Otaio Run in 1885, and when found a few weeks ago were in a somewhat similar state of preservation. Naturally there would have been considerably more surface covering to protect the Moa bones before the country was burnt and stocked, than there has been during the past fifty years.

It is known that bones of birds and reptiles are so constituted that they will resist the inroads of weather and time for a considerably longer period than the bones of mammals such as cattle and horses.

If, therefore, it is assumed that Moa bones are even three times as resistant as cattle bones, then the date of the death of these particular Moas would be about 150 years before the discovery of their bones, or, in round figures, about the year 1700.

Another point which suggests that the bones of the Moa had not lain on the surface of the ground for a great length of time is the fact that the first settlers found Moa bones and gizzard stones lying everywhere on the surface, chiefly in the gullies, both in Otago and Canterbury. By about 1890 the bones had completely vanished. No doubt they would disintegrate much more quickly in the later stages, but even so, here you have the example of bones, which were in a fairly good state of preservation in 1850-60, disappearing completely in the space of about forty years.

The more recent investigations into the disappearance of the Moa all point to the probability of the birds having existed in the high country within some 150 years of the time the first white men came to this district; about the year 1700, or even later.



## CHAPTER II

### NATIVE BIRDS

ALTHOUGH the giant birds had disappeared from New Zealand some time before the arrival of the white man, there were still vast quantities of smaller birds which, in those happy days, lived comparatively peaceful lives. In the earliest times, before the arrival of men, either brown or white, their only enemies were natural ones—Hawks, Owls, Wekas, and other birds whose attacks did not have much effect on their numbers. Then came the Maoris, bringing with them rats, and dogs which lived largely on Quail, Wekas, or any other birds that they could catch. The Maoris, also, killed many birds for food, but they did not destroy in the ruthless manner of the “more civilised” whites.

The coming of the white man destroyed the “balance of nature.” When he needed meat, he just sallied forth with a gun and shot what was required; modern firearms were much more destructive than the Maori’s methods of taking the birds, and the birds were so tame that it was murder, not sport. In the bush, Pigeons, Kakas, Parakeets, and even Tuis, were slaughtered, and in the swamps, Duck and Pukeko were secured. Most of the pioneer settlers, however, observed the nesting seasons, except when food was urgently required; but they brought with them dogs, cats, stoats, weasels, ferrets, and other vermin, that did not observe these reservations.

There were so many birds of all kinds that the settlers thought the supply would never give out, and consequently little care was taken to protect them, until too late to be of any real use.

With the welfare of his flocks and herds ever nearest his heart, the settler unconsciously hastened the destruction of the native birds, draining the swamps and lagoons, clear-



BELLBIRD (MAKO MAKO) EATING HONEY FROM FLAX





ing the bush, and burning off the roughage that covered the ground, thus restricting the feeding areas, and destroying the cover and shelter of the birds.

Some of the early fires were terrific, and travelled at such a pace that even men found it difficult to keep out of the way of them; the ground birds had no chance whatever, and many of the indifferent flying species, also, were unable to escape. Vast numbers of Wekas, Quail, and Fernbirds perished in the flames. The fires were particularly destructive because most of the burning was done in the spring, when many of the birds were nesting, and the young ones were destroyed, even if the parents managed to escape.

The country all round the Waimate bush was originally covered with high flax which, when in bloom, was a fine sight, with its reddish brown colouring completely dominating the landscape. The flax honey was much sought after by the Tuis and Bellbirds, and I have seen small boys who were rather fond of sucking the flowers, in spite of the masses of little insects which they swallowed with the nectar.

My brothers and I were brought up in the open, before the bush and natural covering of the ground was destroyed. We had great opportunities of studying nature, and much of our spare time was spent in watching the habits, flight, nesting, and customs, of the birds that abounded in the early days. New Zealand was singularly blessed with the number of harmless and beautiful song-birds that the early settlers found there, and fifty years ago the Waimate district was a veritable paradise for birds, with its 3,000 acres of lovely forest, and large areas of swamp land.

The awakening of the forest at dawn was a wonderful sound, never to be forgotten by those who have heard it. Its music still rings in my ears, though more than fifty years have passed since I have listened to it.

The Bellbird calls the sleeping bush to wake,  
And greet the rising sun, which soon will break  
Forth from the sea, and paint the hills  
In wondrous hues, o'er spurs and peaks and rills;  
The Tuis later sound their liquid notes,  
And Kakas' deep, and Parakeets' shrill, throats  
Send forth their cries of welcome to the light  
Which quickens in the east, dispelling night.  
Anon we find the flax and scrub a glorious shade

Of reds and browns, deepening in place to jade,  
Or yellow where the tussock holds its sway;  
Each one and all, a glorious tribute to God's day.  
The bush that ere the sun rose up, was stilled,  
Is now a busy hive of life, and filled  
With song of birds each anxious to give praise  
To Him who made the trees and marks the days.

The Mako Mako, or Bellbird, evidently considered himself the alarm clock of the bush. His note was heard long before the other birds began their chatterings, and often ere the Moreporks had ceased their drowsy nocturnal hootings. As the light grew stronger, the Tuis would join in the melody, and the Kakas might be heard whistling. Then the rest of the forest population would find their voices, and the volume of sound grew almost deafening as the sun rose. Later, the chorus would die down.

I loved to wander through the bush in the early mornings. As I pushed my way through the dense undergrowth, all sorts of birds would herald me with cries of alarm, the Parakeet's shrill chatter being particularly noticeable. The discordant notes of the Brown Creepers, as they flitted from tree to tree, also warned the other forest inhabitants of the stranger's coming. The Fantails were delightful fellows that followed one everywhere, and were quite fearless. They are chirpy little things, and their song is good to listen to. The Bush Robins would come and seek one at close quarters, and, if we kept quite still, would even go so far as to pick at the eye-holes of our boots, or to pull our watch chains. I think that their song is the most lovely of all our birds; it has the deep notes of the Blackbird, and the style of the Canary. I once timed one of them, and it sang continuously for five minutes, the most beautiful song that I have ever listened to. If we camped in or near the bush, the Robins would gather round, and sometimes come right into the tents, especially at meal times, though unfortunately they occasionally settled on the live embers of the fire, and burnt their feet. It is sad to think that the Robins have now quite gone from the district, partly because of the destruction of the bush but chiefly because they were so tame and trusting that they were easy victims to domestic cats and other vermin.



Most friendly bird, the bright eyed Robin  
From topmost bough of kowhai tree  
Sets the morning air all throbbin'  
With his joyous trills of ecstasy.

Bellbirds and Tuis both have splendid notes, but their song is less sweet than that of the Bush Robin. The White-eye has a pretty little song, but so faint that one has to be close alongside to appreciate it properly. The Native Lark, or Pipit, also, is worth listening to; some of its notes are of great beauty but very different to those of his English cousin, the Skylark.

Birds are like human beings in one respect—they generally sing after having a bath. They often take a fancy to some particular pool for bathing, and each variety gets into the water in a different manner. Some dash right in; others merely wet their feet like ladies who do not wish to spoil their smart costumes. The Bellbird dashes in and out, as though it were afraid of being caught by some enemy, whilst in the water. The little Fantail, on the other hand, gets right in, and thoroughly soaks his feathers.

As the evening drew on in the bush, thousands of small Bats would emerge from their cubby holes in the hollow trees, and other places, and flit about in pursuit of insects. We used to throw one of our hats in the air, hoping that the Bats would be entrapped in it as it fell to the ground, for they invariably darted at it as it descended. These Bats suddenly died out, like so many of our native species; the bush fire of 1878 probably destroyed thousands of them, for being nocturnal creatures, they were partially blinded by the light, and flew straight into the flames.

I can remember quite a number of the beautiful White Herons on the Kapua Lagoon near Arno, before it was drained and the settlers frightened them away.

Wekas, or Maori hens, were most plentiful throughout the Waimate County in the early days. The Maoris looked on them as one of the chief sources of food supplies, and on one occasion caught two drayloads of them near the Waihao Downs homestead. They sometimes boiled down the birds, and extracted the oil, which was looked on as a great cure for rheumatism. The Wekas disappeared from the district quite suddenly.



Sparrow-hawks were numerous, and gave some spectacular displays when chasing their prey. Larks were their favourite food, and when we were riding through the tussock they would often dash past us at close quarters in order to pick up birds that had been started up by the horse; Native Pigeons were also much sought after by them. Sparrow-hawks became quite savage if one approached too close to their nests; and they would fly straight for one's face.

Sparrow-hawks are still sometimes seen in the hills, but Herons are rare to-day, and Wekas and many other species have disappeared completely.

Nature seems to do her best to assist birds to escape the notice of their natural enemies, by providing plumage that tones with their habitat; but guns, fire, cats, ferrets and other vermin, which came with the white man, are not the natural enemies of our New Zealand birds.

Ground birds such as Larks, Quail, and many others, are nearly invisible when they remain still and crouch on the ground, even in open spaces. If one comes suddenly on a Bittern, he immediately stands quite still, and although a sizable bird, his grey-brown plumage is not easy to see amongst the rushes and grass of his feeding grounds. Unfortunately the feathers of this bird make a good dressing for artificial flies, and numbers have been shot simply for this purpose. The Dotterel has a back of a slaty-grey shade, which tones perfectly with the stones and boulders of the river-beds on which it lives. The waders are also provided with suitable colouring for their calling. Fish-eating species, like the Heron, have light-tinged breasts, so that when standing in the water they are nearly invisible to the fish.

Many of our native birds appear at first glance to be of plain and commonplace coloration, but, on closer inspection, they are found to be rather beautiful in their markings, especially in the sunlight. The Bronze Winged or Shining Cuckoo is a very striking example of this, for on a dull day it looks a very ordinary bird, whereas on a bright day it has a lovely bronze tint on its feathers and looks quite brightly coloured.

In bird life, as a rule, the male is the gaudy coloured

one, which is just the opposite to our mode, where the female usually tries to attract the opposite sex with her gay plumage.

Nature has wisely provided every variety of bird with a set of tools to suit its own particular calling. Each species is equipped with different shaped beaks, tongues, heads, necks, bodies, legs, feet, and feathers, also with an oil-feeder which varies in size according to requirements—waterfowl requiring a larger supply of lubricant than land birds which are not so much exposed to the wet.

The beak of an ordinary fowl is designed for gathering up the greatest quantity of grain, or other food, in the shortest possible time, and is not employed to any extent for breaking up things. The beak of the Hawk, on the other hand, is fashioned for tearing meat off the bones of its prey. The Parrot's bill is strong and sharp, suitable for cracking nuts and seeds, and then scooping out the kernels. It is also used for hanging on to the branches of trees as an aid in climbing. The Avocet, a very beautiful bird, now extinct in this district, had a graceful beak of good length which turned up at the end, so that the bird could grovel about on the surface of the mud or sand in search of the small molluscs that were its chief food. The Kuaka, or Godwit, has its bill slightly turned up for the same reason. The Swan is given a long neck for the purpose of feeding in fairly deep water, and it can thus live in safety, comparatively speaking.

Some birds, such as Wild Duck, which are much sought after by the sportsman, feed chiefly at night, and are provided with crops of large storage capacity, so that they can fill up during darkness and retire to some safe place during the day, where they may digest their food at leisure.

The wings and feathers of a bird are shaped according to the amount of time that it spends in the air, and whether it requires to fly silently or not.

Raptorial, such as Hawks and Owls, have feathers with rounded ends which enable them to move noiselessly through the air, and approach their prey without warning. Seabirds have wings that give them an easy undulating flight, planing up and down with little movement, and taking advantage of every breath of air. Watch a Sea-gull struggling



against a heavy gale, and note the way that it rides the wind, as it were, and by good strategy is able to make surprising headway. An Albatross, with very little wing movement, sails round and round a ship that is travelling at speed; perhaps there is some propelling force from the wind, which acts on the curve of the feathers beneath the wings.

The bones and feathers of birds are the most marvellous combination of lightness and strength, and many modern gliders are modelled on seabirds, which have the wonderful faculty of swooping up and down for an indefinite period, without apparent effort.

Each bird is built for its job, and those which require to turn quickly have good big rudders (tails). A Hawk, especially a Sparrow-hawk, possesses a good example of a suitable rudder, and so does the little Fantail, which darts this way and that in pursuit of flies.

When flying through trees or other cover, birds never appear to touch anything that comes in their way; they dodge about, missing twigs by a hair's breadth. Either their eyesight is extremely good, or else they are possessed of some other faculty or instinct which enables them to avoid things when travelling at high speed. Bellbirds and Tuis seem to delight in chasing one another hither and thither amongst dense bush combining noise and speed with perfect safety.

Ground birds, such as Quail, have small wings in comparison with their size, and when flying have to move them much faster than other species, thereby making a considerable noise, which often enables a gunman to shoot them when they might otherwise have escaped.

Some birds, such as the now extinct Grebe, did not appear to have much power of flight; nevertheless they must have been able to fly long distances, for they were often found on isolated lagoons that had recently been filled by rain after having been dry for months.

No two species of birds fly alike, and they can be identified by their flight, when too far distant to be recognised by their shape or colour, just as one may recognise a friend by his walk. Some birds vary their flight according to circumstances. When the Harrier Hawk leaves its roosting



place in the morning for the daily hunting ground, it travels fast and straight; during the day it circles round and round; and when returning home in the evening, it flies slowly and heavily. During the nesting season these birds rise to great heights, and turn over and over in the air, shrieking with the joy of life at every turn.

Many birds, such as Swans, Geese, and Shags, use the V formation when making long journeys, and the leader changes from time to time, so that each bird shall do its share of wind breaking, like cyclists in a race.

The following diagrams may give some idea of the varying flights of birds:

*Harrier Hawk*, in a hurry.

" " cruising.

" " spring flight.

At height of 500 feet or more, shrieks at every turn, and finally dives to ground.

*Albatross*.

Flies considerable time and distance with little apparent effort.

*Seagull*, calm day.

" Against gale.

*Grey Duck*,

V formation for distance.  
Leader keeps changing.

*Shag*. To gain height against wind, holds wings at angle allowing wind to blow it upwards.

V formation for distance.

*Tui*, appears to gain height.

*Fantail* (Flycatcher), up and down and roundabout.

*Reed warbler*.

*Tom-tit*.

*Native Lark*, dipping and rising.

When a bird is frightened it often moves its wings quite differently from the usual manner; the sound of its flight also changes in tone to a higher pitch, just as our voices do

when we are excited. When flying quietly along most birds make little noise with their wings, but the moment they are scared by the sight of a man or other enemy, the sound is intensified.

Many species may be identified, even if unseen, by the beat of their wings. Pigeons' wings make a mournful "hoo-hoo"; Tuis make a deep whirring, which strikes one's ear in sets of three; Bellbirds make much the same noise though not so deep; Wild Duck, flying at ease, make a swishing sound, which becomes higher pitched when the bird is frightened. When swooping down from a height to settle on the water, the wings of Duck make a roaring that can be heard at considerable distance.

The migration of birds is one of the wonders of Nature, for by their highly developed instinct, they know the time of year to commence their long flights, and can find their way for thousands of miles across the oceans. The Godwit (Kuaka) spends the New Zealand winter in Siberia, and returns to this country every year at the beginning of October. Their line of flight has never been definitely proved, but it is said that they fly along the coast of China, then over the islands between that country and Australia, along the line of the Great Barrier Reef, and, after leaving Australia, negotiate more than 1,000 miles of open ocean. Probably they make use of the Trade Winds to help them along. On arrival in New Zealand, the Godwits quickly distribute themselves throughout the country, and live there during the summer. In March they begin to move northwards again, and gather together in huge numbers on the mudflats of Parenga-renga harbour, and other beaches in the extreme north of New Zealand. In March and April they set out once more for Siberia, a journey of 6,000 miles by an air line.

The Shining Cuckoo is another migratory bird, and arrives here about the 14th October of each year from the Solomons and the South Sea Islands to the east. The Maoris say that they always call as they reach our shores even though they may arrive after dark.

The instinct of birds and wild animals is a wonderful thing, and they often help each other by sounding the alarm in times of danger. A rabbit will drum on the ground to

warn its friends, and a Blackbird will go off with its shrill note of warning; even domestic fowls will cry out as a signal to their friends before flying for cover the moment they see a Hawk.

Most birds, when frightened, seem to be able to make themselves look smaller than their normal size, though many quadrupeds, on the other hand, put up their bristles, or hair, when in danger. Luckily birds have very quick ears, and keen sight, which help them to escape many enemies, and some have also a sense of smell.

On the approach of danger, some parent birds will go through all sorts of antics and frequently flap about in an apparently helpless manner in an endeavour to draw off the enemy, and thus allow their young to escape. One day I came on a party of Stilts that were nesting on the bare ground near a lagoon. My dog chased the seemingly maimed parent birds until he could run no more; he then gave in, lay down exhausted, and looked at the birds, as if to say, "There is some catch in this."

Birds have a wonderful system of signals. When the mother Duck sounds the alarm, the little ducklings take cover with all possible speed, and remain hidden until the old bird gives the "All clear." Instinct makes young Ducks take to the water as soon as they can leave the nest, and also prevents young land birds from wandering into the water and getting drowned.

Years ago when grain crops were grown close to the swamps, Pukekos used to build little stands, or platforms, by twisting the heads of the grain together so that they could stand on them and thus reach the heads of the growing grain. I have also frequently seen stands on rushes sticking out of deep water, made by these birds so that they could sit there, dry and in comfort. Pukekos use their feet to hold things in the same way as Parrots use theirs. They seem to be some of the clowns of the bird tribe, and play games amongst themselves. One will pick up a piece of grass, and all the others will give chase, just like children playing together. These birds always feed in company when in the open, because if a Hawk finds one by itself, it generally means sudden death to Mr. Pukeko, though several of them can keep off any Hawk with their powerful beaks.



I think that sometimes we are apt to give birds credit for more brains than they really possess. As a matter of fact much of their apparent cleverness consists chiefly of their highly developed instinct, which gets them out of a deal of trouble, and enables them to find their way unerringly.

It has been proved that birds keep their nests clean and tidy, not because they use any power of reasoning, but simply because their instinct impels them to do so. One man, for purposes of experiment, cleaned a nest carefully at regular intervals while the parent birds were away gathering food for their young, yet the old birds still felt it necessary to carry *something* away, and each day removed a portion of the nest, until finally there was very little of it left. Another experiment was with the Weaver Bird of America, which sews leaves together to make its nest. Eggs were hatched in an incubator; the young never saw other members of their kind, yet, when full-grown, they started off to weave leaves together in time-honoured fashion.

Birds display great cleverness (or is it instinct?) in hiding their nests from observation by covering the outside with lichen, moss, or any other substance that tones with their surroundings. Every kind of bird uses different materials for nest making. One has a fancy for horsehair, another for cowhair, others prefer moss or grass woven together with spider's web. Some birds may line their nest with one particular sort of feather, and others use moss or soft grass.

In many cases the cock bird will take his turn at sitting on the eggs, but his chief job usually is to carry food to his mate whilst she is on the nest. When the young are hatched, both parents bring them food, and feed the hungry, gaping mouths in rotation, so that the stronger will not have an unfair advantage over the weaker members of the family.

The members of each species build their nests at more or less the same height from the ground, either amongst the thickest of the foliage or on an open branch, according to the custom of their kind.

Bellbirds generally build at a height of from twenty to fifty feet, and are quite silent during the nesting period, though as soon as the youngsters are strong enough to move

about they seem to make more noise than usual. Tuis build at a somewhat higher elevation than Bellbirds.

Riflemen, the smallest birds that we have, build as a rule, in a hole, either in a tree or under some mossy bank, but if one throws a sack over a wire fence near where they are living, they cannot resist using it for a nesting place. A year or two ago a pair built in a ridger with a cover over it, which had been left near a plantation for ten days; during that short time, the nest was finished and two eggs laid in it.

The Grey Warbler hangs its nest from a branch, with the entrance through a hole in the side. This is the nest in which the Shining Cuckoo usually lays its eggs, and as the bird itself is far too big to get inside the nest, it is extraordinary how it manages to deposit its egg there. Some say the cuckoo lays its egg on the ground and then puts it in the nest, but the egg is certainly hatched by the Warbler, and the baby Cuckoo is fed by its foster-parents together with their own young, until it becomes sizable, when it frequently shoulders the little Warblers out of the nest in order to get more room, and all the food, for itself. The Cuckoo is a cruel bird, and sometimes destroys both nests and eggs of any birds that it does not want to make use of. I once saw a Long Tailed Cuckoo take three Thrush's eggs out of a nest, crush them lightly, and swallow them.

The Long Tailed Cuckoo is now extremely rare, if not extinct, in South Canterbury, though the Shining Cuckoo is still seen occasionally.

It is very sad to see how many of the native birds have disappeared, even in my own lifetime. In a district like this, where there is but little bush left, and most of the swamps have been drained, the majority of our own birds have either died out or moved on. Many species have gone beyond recall, and it is idle to hope for their return, though it is just possible that a few might be brought back by planting trees which bear suitable flowers or berries for them to feed on, and by providing drinking places—birds and water are inseparable.

The Waimate County is badly watered as far as permanent streams are concerned, but the irrigation schemes that are now afoot should help matters considerably. Rivers such as the Waitaki also do much to protect birds, for its islands



are difficult of access by man, and also have plenty of cover on them. Wherever possible sanctuaries should be proclaimed and strictly preserved, especially on islands off our coasts where vermin like cats, weasels, and stoats, cannot gain a footing. The Government has already made sanctuaries of many islands, with splendid results, and let us hope that this good work may be continued indefinitely. The Waitaki Dam also should most certainly be made a sanctuary, and the shores planted with trees.

These notes may prove of value for comparison by students of bird lore in years to come, and it will be interesting to note what effect the continued progress of settlement, with its consequent drainage and destruction of feeding grounds generally, may have on the numbers and habits of our indigenous avifauna. Will the remaining



birds gradually adapt themselves to their new environment, and some of them, which have disappeared, or nearly so, increase again? I fear not. Certain species require special foods and suitable surroundings to enable them to live, and those are fast disappearing. Then the birds have to contend with that vandal, the white man, with his gun, and axe, and fire.

Let us hope that the next fifty years may prove more propitious to bird life than the past, for otherwise, at the present rate of destruction, there will be few birds left to tell the tale. We have had our lesson regarding introduced pests and wholesale destruction, which our successors will do well to observe and profit by.

One of the most hopeful things, however, as regards the preservation of bird life, is the ever increasing interest of the general public in the subject. Many New Zealanders are at last developing bird sense, and are realising that it is our duty to protect our native birds, many of which are useful in numerous ways, apart from their great interest and beauty. The future of those that remain is in the



hands of the present generation, who happily are fast learning that there is more interest and pleasure to be found in studying nature than in destroying it.

The following is a list of the native birds that were plentiful in the Waimate district in the years of my youth, and during the time that the country was first occupied. Of the fifty-five species enumerated, fourteen are extinct, and a number more have almost entirely disappeared. It seems hardly credible that such a vast quantity of native birds can have been so greatly reduced in numbers during the short space of fifty or sixty years.

I do not for one moment profess to be a bird expert, though like many others, I have acquired some knowledge of the subject through being amongst birds during my long life in the country, and being possessed of a pair of keen eyes and ears. My remarks about birds apply only to this part of the district, for I am fully aware that many of the species which I have classed as rare, or even extinct, may still be found in other parts of the country.

Native Quail .. .. .	Plentiful in early days, extinct in my time. Probably died out in early sixties.
Bush Robin .. .. .	Extinct. (Last seen in the late eighties.)
Parakeet (Red Head) .. ..	"
Parakeet (Yellow Head) .. ..	"
Kaka .. .. .	"
Brown Creeper .. .. .	"
Weka (Woodhen) .. .. .	"
Mata (Fernbird) .. .. .	"
Lesser Grebe (Dabchick) .. ..	"
Brown Teal .. .. .	"
Widgeon (Grey Teal) .. ..	"
Black Teal (Scaup) .. .. .	"
Avocet .. .. .	"
Kea .. .. .	Last seen by me about 1895.
Laughing Petrel (Laughing Jackass) .. .. .	Probably extinct.
Laughing Owl .. .. .	Probably extinct. Last seen (dead) in 1916.
Long Tailed Cuckoo .. .. .	Very rare, if not extinct.
Small Black Shag .. .. .	" " " " "
Small Pied Shag .. .. .	" " " " "
Grey Shag .. .. .	"
Lesser Rail .. .. .	Very rare.
Giant Dotterel .. .. .	" "
Pied Redbill (Oyster Catcher)	Very rare. Few in back country.

White Heron .. .. .	Very rare, occasional visitor.
Blue Heron .. .. .	" " " " "
Blue Mountain Duck .. .. .	Very rare. Seen occasionally in mountain torrents.
Black Stilt .. .. .	Rare. Decreasing.
Morepork .. .. .	" "
Tui (Parson Bird) .. .. .	" " " " "
Kingfisher .. .. .	Rare. Odd ones seen lately.
Sparrow-hawk .. .. .	Not common. Sometimes seen in the hills.
Godwit (Kuaka) .. .. .	Few during season, and decreasing.
Bush Pigeon .. .. .	Few, but increasing.
Shining Cuckoo (Bronze wing)	Fair number in season.
Pied Stilt .. .. .	Fair number, holding their own.
Dotterel .. .. .	Fair number, but decreasing.
Spoonbill Duck (Shoveller) ..	" " " " "
Paradise Duck .. .. .	Fair number, "plentiful" in back country.
Bittern .. .. .	Fair number, increasing.
Pukeko (Pukaki) (Swamp Hen)	Fair number, holding their own.
Mako Mako (Bellbird) .. ..	Practically extinct twenty years ago, now increasing.
Black Shag (Cormorant) .. ..	Plentiful, though decreasing.
Native Lark (Ground Lark) ..	Fair number, increasing.
Tomtit .. .. .	Plentiful, though probably decreasing.
Pied Fantail .... .. .	" " " " "
Black Fantail .. .. .	" " " " "
Caspian Tern .. .. .	" " " " "
Grey Duck .. .. .	Plentiful.
Rifleman .. .. .	Plentiful, decreasing.
Grey Warbler .. .. .	Plentiful, holding their own.
Black Fronted Tern .. .. .	" " " " "
River Tern .. .. .	" " " " "
Black-billed Gull (Kittiewake Gull) .. .. .	" " " " "
Black-backed Gull .. .. .	" " " " "
Gould's Harrier (Common Hawk)	" " " " "

## CHAPTER III

### THE WAIMATE BUSH

It is believed that at one time the whole of the Waimate County was covered with forest, wherein grew giant trees, but when the white man arrived practically all the bush that remained in South Canterbury was on comparatively small areas at Geraldine, Peel Forest, Arowhenua, and Waimate, where a very few huge Totaras were found, much larger than their fellows; survivors, it seems, of a bygone age. The cause of the destruction of the ancient forest is not known. It may have been fire; but the most probable theory is that the climate has become colder, and conditions are not now suitable to the vegetation that flourished thousands of years ago.

Big Totara logs, all that now endure of the vanished forest, are found all over the hills from Waimate to the Hakataramea, high up on the mountain sides, 3,000 feet or more above sea level, where no tree can live to-day. The logs have withstood the weather for centuries, but are now gradually disappearing. The settlers found that they make excellent fencing posts; they split easily and small pieces boil the musterers' billies in record time; also, every time that the tussocks are burnt off, the old logs are charred a little deeper. I have seen many hollows in the ground, showing where the old trees were uprooted by snow or wind. They are bevelled on one side, and steep on the side the tree had fallen, quite distinct from the holes made by pigs rooting, which are smaller and round in shape.

When my father arrived in the district the bush at Waimate consisted of about 2,500 acres of good milling timber—chiefly Totara, Matai, Kahikatea, Miro, Broadleaf, and a few Rimus. The under-scrub was very dense, Matipo, Ini-Ini, Konini, Pokaka, Mick-a-Mick, Ohau, Ribbonwood,



Ngaio, Lemonwood and others, bound together with Lawyers, Convolvulus, and Supplejacks which flourished in the damper parts of the bush, and were very difficult to get through; in fact, cattle often became entangled in them and died of starvation.

There was one very extraordinary thing about the Waimate Bush; in many places round the verge between the tall timber and the Cabbage-trees, scrub, and creepers that grew outside, there was a strip of short green grass, perhaps a chain or more in width, which looked as if the grass had been kept short by Nature in order to prevent fire from entering the bush.

On the hills the bush was surrounded with a thick growth of Bracken, Tutu, Snowgrass, Lawyers, and Tussock.

The Waimate bush was beautiful, and was also considered to be one of the finest in New Zealand for milling purposes. By the end of the seventies, a number of sawmills were at work; Alpheus Hayes ran one on his own account, and had shares in two others. S. J. Adams, also, had a mill, Hunt and Jefferies another, James Bruce had one just below where Garland's house now stands, and there were several others as well. The township of Waimate flourished.

Then came the spring of 1878—several months with little or no rain, and the whole countryside dry as tinder. On the morning of the 15th November, a strong nor'wester blew up, and fanned into flame the sawdust dumps that were always quietly smouldering; the fires spread to the surrounding bush, and soon fires were burning in several places. The station shepherds were out mustering, and they lit some tussock fires, which spread, and eventually reached the bush. Soon the whole bush was ablaze.

My father drove out to see what could be done, but the force of the gale was so great that he was blown over, buggy and all, on the road by our front gate. But that did not stop him; he proceeded on foot, and was lost to sight in the smoke. Ambrose Potts,\* who was managing the Station at the time (Cameron was at Ohauko Station in

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\* Son of T. H. Potts of Governor's Bay. Like many members of his family, he was full of pluck and go. He would face a savage bull with only a short stick in his hand, and I once saw him, when bucked off a horse, turn a complete somersault, and land on his feet.

Hawke's Bay) heard that the Boss was entrapped by the fire, and did a very brave thing. He rode into the burning bush in search of him, and managed to force a way through as the flames parted temporarily; but his beard was scorched off his face, and his hands were so badly burned that he was laid up for months. Luckily, however, my father had got through to the other side of the bush, and was unhurt.

The gale continued unabated, and the flames travelled at a terrific speed. When a fire like that is going in heavy timber, with a gale behind it, the flames are any length, and the sparks set the dead trees alight, chains away in the green bush. There was no possible hope of stopping it until the wind dropped. The fire had started in the early morning; by four o'clock in the afternoon five mills and about seventy cottages had been burnt out, although no lives were lost. By night the bush was burning over an area of several miles, and was a sight never to be forgotten. The conflagration continued for eight days, and the country to the south and east was enveloped in dense smoke, which was even carried out to sea, and the captains of passing vessels found great difficulty in navigating. The sawdust dumps, stumps, and fallen trees continued to smoulder for a long time, and two months later there was still much smoke hovering over the place where the bush had been.

The Bush had formerly stretched right to the centre of the Waimate township, now all was gone except about twenty-five acres known as the Point Bush, and a small area called Kelcy's Bush.\*

The timber destroyed must have been worth fully half a million of money. The larger portion of it belonged to Studholme and in addition to this loss, he had also to defend himself against some of the saw-millers and others who claimed that the disaster had been caused by the fires lighted by the station shepherds. There was a great deal of litigation. Studholme's defence was that the bush was well alight before the hill fires swept down. Twenty-two claims,

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\* Named after two brothers, Frank and Julius Kelcy, who worked the bush for many years, on behalf of Te Waimate; in fact, carried on long after they were fit for work. They were full of yarns, and Julius invariably let me know how on one occasion he had bowled Fuller Pilch, one of the noted old-time English cricketers.

amounting in all to something over £20,000, were sent in against the Station, but after winning the first two cases and losing the third, the other claimants abandoned the remainder, and the only people who received anything were the lawyers, who divided up about £6,000 between them.

For some years after the fire, the township of Waimate stagnated. The bulk of the milling timber had been destroyed; the whole country was at the time experiencing a bad slump; and the price of all farm produce was extremely low.



## CHAPTER IV

### NATIVE FISH

FIFTY years ago the Waimate creek was full of native trout, or Kokopuru; in fact, the Maoris called the creek Waikokopuru. These fish have now become nearly extinct, though they still exist where there are suitable pools and creeks in parts of the North Island. There is little doubt that the brown trout have been responsible for their disappearance, for in any stream where the introduced trout have become established, the native variety has disappeared.

The Kokopuru was rather a pretty fish; it had a slimy skin like an eel, with large golden spots all over it. The only time they could be caught was in the evening, just as the sun dipped down behind the hills, and then the fun would be furious for about half an hour or so; after that there was nothing more doing. I have caught as many as a dozen in the short time they were taking, the average weight being about half a pound. The tackle was very crude. An eel hook, baited with a sizable worm, was attached by a few feet of seaming twine to a flax stick or a sapling, say, ten feet in length. As soon as the bait was dropped into the water, the fish would rush and seize it, and then we were able to throw them out over our heads, as hard as possible; but if the fish came off the hook in mid-air it might land half a chain away amongst the tussocks and flax, though usually they were easily found, for they made a great noise flapping about. They were very tenacious of life, and would be quite lively for about half an hour after they had been taken out of the water. Kokupuru were quite good eating, but so full of bones that they were dangerous fare for a hungry man.

The common Eel (Tuna) was found in all the creeks and rivers in the Waimate County; and numbers of Enunga

Smelts (mature Whitebait), and Silveries (Cucumber Smelts), came into the rivers from the sea to spawn in the spring of the year. Grayling, up to some six inches in length, frequented the small streams running into the Waihao on the west side of the Hunters Hills. There were fresh water Crayfish (Koura) in most of the creeks in the district, and also in the Waihao River until trout were introduced, after which they gradually became scarcer, and are now extinct in many streams. The Spotted Flounders (Patiki) were numerous at the mouth of both the Waihao and Waitaki rivers.

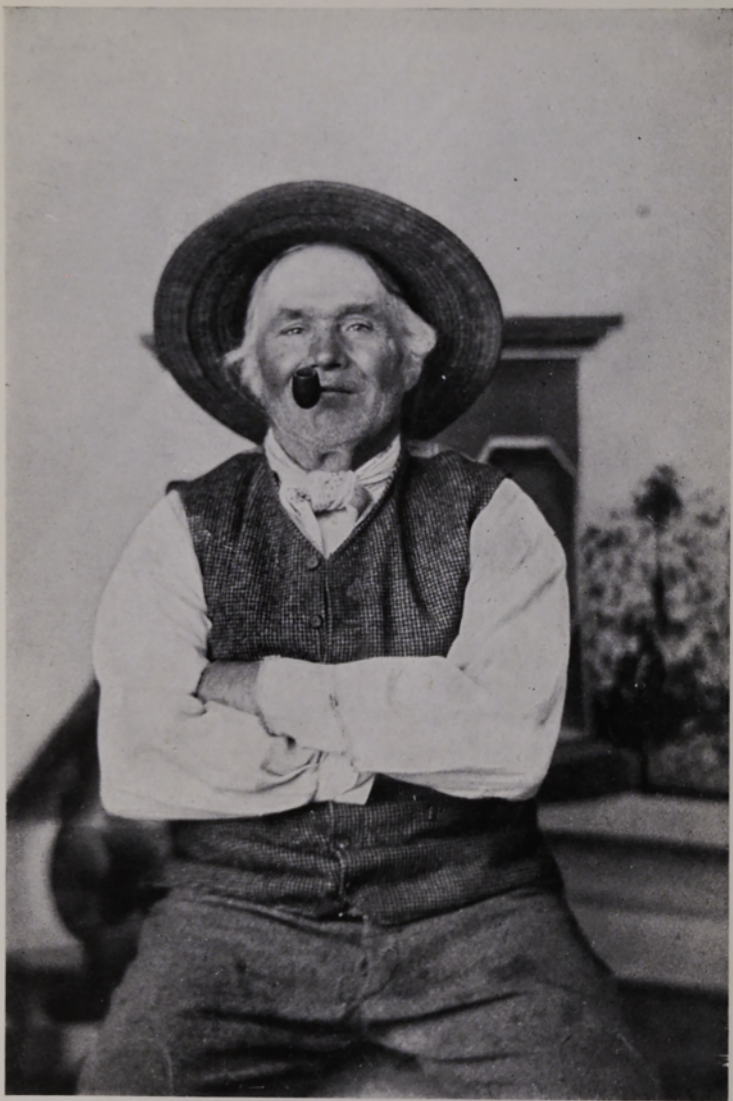
There used to be quite a number of Lamprey eels in the Gorge creek, and once, when the water was drying up, I saw one travelling up stream over dry shingle, evidently in search of a better hole. Often while we were fishing at dusk the wekas would begin their evening chorus, hundreds joining in, for they were very numerous, and the Gorge would fairly ring with their cries. The kakas would screech and whistle, and on foggy evenings the laughing petrels, or laughing jackasses, as some people called them, would come rushing in from the sea, making for their nesting places in the hills, and start their hair-raising clatter close overhead. When I was a small boy, these shrieks gave me the creeps. I thought they sounded as if all the demons had got loose and were trying to frighten us, and I was always very thankful that there was someone near by to protect me. I have not heard any of these birds for over thirty years, and presume that the stoats and weasels have accounted for them.

One night while I was fishing in the Gorge, old Larry Toohers, a well-known character, turned up to try for a large eel that lived in one of the deep pools, declaring: "I will pull that devil out, or he will pull me in."

During one of the Russian scares about 1886, there was a meeting in Waimate to discuss the advisability of forming a volunteer corps, and old Larry stood up, and summed up the situation:

"Mr. Chairman, there is no necessity to form a corps here at all, for there are plenty of volunteers in Timaru, and if the Roosians do appear there, there will be plenty of volunteers in Waimate as well."

One day Larry was building a stack, and when my father



LARRY TOOHERS





passed along the road he could just see the old man's head sticking out of the middle of the sheaves, so he called out:

"What are you building, Larry? A muck heap?"

"Sure, it's my own, and I can do what I like with it," came the prompt reply from the independent old Irishman.

## CHAPTER V

### ACCLIMATISATION

THE history of the introduction, voluntary and involuntary, of beasts, birds, and fishes is a very big subject; therefore, in this chapter, I will mention only those which, apart from the purely domestic animals, have had some particular interest in connection with the Waimate Station.

Some of the introduced species thrive remarkably well; others, for no apparent reason, failed to survive. This may perhaps be fortunate, for in adapting themselves to new conditions, animals frequently change their habits, and those that are considered to be beneficent in their natural home, may become pests in a different environment. In the early days acclimatisation was a little indiscriminate. Settlers longed to be surrounded by the beasts and birds that they had known and loved at home, and sometimes their enthusiasm was greater than their judgment.

#### MAORI DOGS

The first people to import animals into New Zealand were the Maoris, who brought with them rats and dogs. The dogs were rather like the French poodle, had long hair, and were either all black or all white in colour. They were used for eating purposes, and were considered by the natives to be a great delicacy; and white people who have eaten them said they were quite as good as mutton. The rats also were used as food, and it was considered an honour for a pakeha to be offered a rat when attending a native feast. Later on, when these dogs became mixed up with the European breeds, the Maoris considered the flavour of the meat to be spoiled, and consequently gave up using them for food.

In the early days of settlement there were two distinct kinds of wild dog roaming about the country, one being



a small prick-eared dog, rather like a fox, which never appeared to bark, simply howling at night; whilst the other was a larger, mongrel sort of brute of nondescript colour, rather after the style of the pariah dog of India and the East generally. The smaller prick-eared animal was more common in the North Island than the South, though it has been recorded as being seen on the Maniototo Plain. Both kinds were destructive to sheep, and it was many years before they were exterminated completely, instances of their being seen occurring as late as the nineties in some parts of the North. Special dogs were kept for catching these wild dogs, usually a large fast kangaroo-dog cross which made no race of it if given a fair run in the open. One kangaroo-bull-cross bitch they had on Ohauko, one of our stations in the North Island, would simply range up alongside and tear the wild dog's inside out. Most of the shepherds trained their dogs to hold any other dog they were set after, and though the hunted one was perhaps faster than its pursuers, the latter usually got to grips through the former keeping on looking round to see how the chase was progressing.

When some of the North Island runs were first taken up, dogs were so destructive that it was hard to stock up with sheep. The natural food of these dogs was chiefly the native quail, wekas, and other birds, also wild pigs, of which there was abundance at one time.

It was about the year 1875 when I last remember seeing them about Waimate. Bill Gordon and I stalked two over on the slopes of the hills near Hiwiroa, Bill wounding both with his old muzzle-loading gun, though failing to stop them on account of their being too far off.

Gordon was a son of the Gordon after whom Gordon's Valley at Pareora was named, and was a great walker, winning a lot of races at the sports in those days. The Gordons lived down the Timaru Road near Proctor's Creek after they left Gordon's Valley. Another brother, Charlie, was stockman with us for a number of years.

#### PIGS

Captain Cook, when he landed in New Zealand over 160 years ago, liberated pigs, which rapidly increased in num-

bers, and were scattered all over the country in the early days of settlement. In the fifties, sixties and seventies, they were looked upon as a serious pest, which, like the rabbits, had to be kept in check.

The pigs used to kill and eat the young lambs, and it was impossible to get a good lambing percentage on any part of the run where they were numerous. When eating a lamb, pigs evidently put one foot on the fore end and another on the hind, then pulled the middle of the carcass with their teeth, for the remains looked just like a pair of gloves that had been turned inside out, with the feet corresponding to the fingers.

One docking season, we found abundant evidence of the presence of "rooters" on the block near where d'Auvergne now lives, and when we yarded the mob there did not appear to be any lambs in at all. In fact, old Tom Prue, who had set the yards, looked at the ewes and asked me where the lambs were.

"In the mob, of course," I replied.

"Well, there aren't many of them," he retorted, and he was right, for ten per cent was all we tailed from that block.

We used to let contracts for killing the pigs, and as many as a thousand were destroyed in one season on the Waimate run alone. The men, who provided their own tucker, made about ten shillings a day; but it was a strenuous game, and the killers required to be pretty hard to stand up to the work. They were paid for the number of tails brought in, at the rate of ninepence each for the first five hundred, and a shilling for every one over that number. The contractor seldom brought in his tails more often than once a month, and by that time they very nearly spoke for themselves, and the counter, usually the manager, did not spend much time in making up the tally. The killers knew this, and as the tails were all tied up in bundles of ten, it was a comparatively simple matter to manufacture a few extra ones out of strips of pig skin; but this trick was soon discovered and the culprit sent down the road.

The pigs were hunted with dogs; big, strong collies were the best, for they used their heads more than those with a dash of bulldog in them, and consequently they were not so



liable to get injured or killed. A good finding dog was frequently no good at holding, as he would probably simply run round and round the pig at a safe distance, barking in an irritating and completely ineffectual manner. Many of the dogs would let us know by the tone of their bark whether the pig was dangerous or not, long before we had sighted him. Good dogs would hold all the sows, and even some of the boars, by the ear, until the hunter could come up, catch the pig by its hind leg, and stick it behind the shoulder with a knife which was the most satisfactory weapon. Some men used spears, manufactured by the station blacksmith, consisting of a pitchfork handle to which a ten-inch blade was attached; but these were found to be rather heavy; others preferred a manuka stick with a shear blade tied to the end; if the pig was too strong for the dogs to hold, men frequently finished him off with a ball from a muzzle-loading shot-gun, though some of the old hands considered it unsporting to shoot a pig.

Some of the professional killers were cruel. When hunting a mob, they would call off the dogs as soon as they had bailed up one pig, and then set them on the trail of another, for pigs, with their funny jog-trot, had an almost uncanny knack of getting away if time was wasted. These men would not wait to kill the animal properly, but, after cutting off the tail, would rip open its stomach, let the entrails out, and turn the poor brute loose. Of course it soon died, but this was a barbaric custom, and quite unnecessary.

Frequently, when out mustering, the sheep dogs would bail up a pig, and as the shepherds would have no proper holding dog, and probably no weapon other than a pocket knife, it was not an easy matter to finish it off. Sometimes, they would try to stun the animal by hitting it on the head with a rock, but generally they had to call the dogs off. The shepherds hated their dogs taking to pigs, for once they acquired the habit, it was nearly impossible to break them of it, and when mustering it was exasperating to watch a dog leave his sheep and give chase to a pig, whilst his owner shouted in impotent rage. Added to this, there was great danger that a valuable dog might be ripped by a boar.

A huge man named Jackson managed the Hakataramea Station—in the sixties, I fancy. He was tremendously



strong, and it was said that he could lift a full-grown boar up by the hind legs and dump it before sticking it. Johnnie Hendry, who was at Hakataramea, told me that he had seen Jackson do this to a pig that was bailed up behind a clump of snowgrass.

At one time there was a boar up the Waihao Gorge that was known as "Elder's Johnnie," because he once chased a shepherd named Elder, and very nearly caught him, too. The shepherds gave this pig a wide berth, for he was an enormous brute, and would take to a man on sight. He had no ears, probably they had been lost while fighting, and thus the dogs could not hold him, and in the end he was shot. He was one of the few pigs I have heard of that would attack a man without provocation—usually they would make off at top speed as soon as they sighted or scented a human being.

Occasionally, old boars would lose their grinders, and the tusks would then grow right round in a circle and turn back again into the mouth. We had, in the house, the head of one whose tusks had grown in this manner, and had forced their way right through the jaw bone. The poor beast must have suffered agonies of toothache.

During the hard winter months large numbers of sucking pigs perished with the cold; their mothers seemed to have no discrimination as to the best places to make their beds of tussock or other dry material, and frequently built them in a spot where the sun never shone, or else in an exposed position where the south-west winds and rain could beat right on to them. Sometimes we found whole families frozen stiff in their beds, poor little things! I think that perhaps this may have been Nature's way of keeping the numbers within reasonable limits.

During the seventies we sent men out to catch and bring in young live pigs, with the idea of fattening them, and on one expedition about 170 were brought home in the bullock drays. The piglets were put into sties and were of every imaginable colour—black, blue, grey, red, brown, spotted, and a few quite white. They had voracious appetites; in fact, when a man came near, they rushed at him as if they would eat him. "Captain Cookers" are high off the ground and very slab sided, designed rather for speed than for

bacon, and it took a lot of food to fatten them; the experiment, therefore, was not repeated.

When we used to drive to Timaru during the seventies, we had dinner at a boarding house built on the south bank of the Otaio River, near the present traffic bridge, and kept by a man named Hoskin, who usually gave us a sucking-pig *and* saveloys, which struck me as being extravagant, though the pigs were no doubt "Captain Cookers," which were plentiful in the flax and snowgrass along the downs right to the main road.

Wild pork makes a nice change of diet once in a way, and is rather like indifferent turkey. We had a shepherd, Manson, who would not kill a sheep if a pig could be procured; his system was to boil as much pork as possible at one time, and live on it until the supply was exhausted. Most people, however, become very tired of wild pork if compelled to eat it for any length of time.

There were plenty of wild pigs up the gully at Kelcy's Bush, and the bushmen camped there were kept fairly well supplied with meat, for they had a first-class dog. The manager and I once spent the night in a hut there before going up the range to mark out a fence line, but did not get a wink of sleep, because one of the bushmen snored so loudly that the door rattled. We chained off our fence-line, and did some burning on our way home down the hill. While we were standing watching the fire roaring up a gully full of rough fern, we were nearly bowled over by a sizable boar that suddenly popped out of the smoke, and tore down the hillside only a few feet away from us; he was followed by a sow, and both were badly singed. These are the only pigs that I can call to mind as being caught in a fire, for they were clever at side-stepping, even when the odds appeared to be against them.

The wallabies were not nearly so cute, and were frequently caught by fire when the flames, fanned by a strong breeze, swept up the hillside.

During the school holidays we boys invariably had a week's pighunting, both in the summer and winter, and looking back it seems a marvel how at times we did not perish from the cold. The tents used were calico ones, and



we never took a fly to make them both warmer and more waterproof; the hardship was supposed to do us good.

Rolling the swags, and putting on the packs properly, had to be done by ourselves, and also the gathering together of the camp requisites, and we frequently forgot things, such as candles or soap—not that the latter omission troubled us greatly; the woodhens usually got away with the soap from the camp in any case, and washing was not our strong suit in the cold weather. I well remember one disastrous start when the pannikins rattled in the billy and Tom, the pack horse, who was a flighty brute, set to work kicking and pigjumping, and got rid of the whole outfit in a rough hundred-acre paddock. It took considerable time to gather things together again, and we arrived at our camping ground, some twenty miles away, when everything was damp from the evening dews, and accordingly we spent a miserable night lying on wet tussock. Waterproof ground-sheets were an unheard of luxury in those days.

Sometimes when going out pighunting we would get together a pack of nondescript dogs from the township, some of them proving more trouble than enough, either through getting ripped by a boar, or worrying sheep or something. On one occasion we joined up with a professional pigkiller, who, by the way, afterwards became a dignified member of society in Waimate. The first pig that was killed rather upset things, for he ripped two dogs very badly, and one had to be destroyed; another jumped over a cliff, breaking its back in its eagerness to get at the quarry. Our professional friend said: "Ho what a chapter of haccidents," which amused us boys greatly.

One dog that was killed simply asked for it, rushing right in at the bailed-up pig, and trying to seize it by the snout (of all places), and in consequence receiving a couple of bad ribs under the chin, either of which would have proved fatal.

After being ripped by a pig, and subsequently recovering, most dogs soon dropped to the fact that these old "Cookers" should be approached with caution and treated with due respect, but some never learnt sense, and invariably got killed in the long run.



On one occasion, whilst pighunting near Waikora with my brother Cuthbert, Dr. Hargreaves, Jimmy Tavendale, and Peter Manson, we killed 49 pigs in one day and 118 in the three days that we were out, which is the greatest number that I can remember getting on any one expedition. We were camped just where the road leaves Pentland Hills to run up to where Hugh Macfarlane's house is now situated, and we hunted the Kaiwarua block, including Wyvern Price's and part of Waikora. One day we finished up at the far end of Kaiwarua, about nine miles from camp; Manson and Tavendale were noted walkers, and had a walking match home. At the time I was an over-grown lad of about fourteen, and suffered accordingly; I arrived back at camp very late, and just about done. Hargreaves was so hungry that at supper time he simply fell on his meat and devoured it without bothering about any bread. On this trip we came across an old boar in a shocking state; he had evidently been badly mauled when fighting with another pig, and was covered with festering wounds. There were cuts all over him, and he smelt so strongly that even the dogs did not care to attack him. I tried to finish him off with an old revolver, but the bullets simply ricocheted off him. On this trip, Tavendale drove a large sow across country for some two miles, and in the end got it quite handy to the tent, where it was killed for tucker. The country of course, was open tussock, but even then it was no mean performance, and required good dogs and a lot of patience.

In the middle eighties there were still a good many pigs roaming about, and the Parker brothers, of Elephant Hill, invited my brother Paul and me to go out hunting with them. The party consisted of Harry Parker's brother-in-law (Arthur Kitchener, a brother of K. of K.), Harry and Ned Parker, and a shepherd Donald Beaton. We packed in from the Elephant Hill homestead, and camped right behind the Mount Parker Homestead in the Penticotico Creek. There were few pigs seen on the way, and as it was rather late when we reached our destination, we pitched the tents and turned in for the night. Whilst we were having breakfast the following morning, one of the party spotted a young boar rooting on the face of the hill just above us. The

shepherd put his dogs round him, and he was bailed up in the creek a few yards from where we were sitting, which was considered a good omen for the day's sport. The Parkers and Kitchener were keen to hunt the higher country, whereas my brother and I thought that the pigs would be found in the gullies near the water, for the day promised to be very warm. So they went their way and we went ours. The day turned out to be the hottest I ever remember, and we were all just about knocked out by the heat. The expedition nearly ended in tragedy, for my dog Rufus, a red coated retriever, found a nest of newly hatched piglets all carefully hidden in the tussock bedding. He had no sooner commenced to worry them when out of the scrub rushed the infuriated mother, and made straight for the dog, who was so busy that he did not see her coming. She seized him by the skin of his back, lifted him off his feet, gave him a good shaking, and dropped him. Rufus gave her one look, and made off over the tussocky flat, howling and dodging this way and that, but the sow did not follow, she simply gazed after him, as much as to say, "That will teach you to interfere with my family." That dog never went near a pig again unless by accident, and I felt quite guilty when shooting the plucky mother; she deserved a better fate.

We got a large spotted boar near the skyline above Mount Parker that was noted for his size and his enormous tusks. Then I discovered another boar close to the main road, sound asleep in his bed, with his head sticking out, and I shot him at a distance of not more than ten yards; he never moved out of his lair.

In two days' hunting we killed just over fifty pigs, and might have got a lot more had our dogs been any good.

About the year 1900, Maurice Ferriter and I killed a big black boar close to where C. McLachlan's house now stands. He put up a great fight, killed my best dog, Shot, and then bolted. We managed to get him, but not before he had ripped another dog on the ribs behind the shoulder. We found the poor chap trailing us with most of his innards dragging behind him. Usually we carried needle and thread for sewing up the dogs, but had none with us that day, and



this omission cost me one of the best I ever owned, for we had to shoot him to put him out of pain. The head of this boar hung in the hall of the old Waimate Homestead for many years, and was outstanding both for size of the head and length of tusks.

W. J. Hayes got a large white boar shortly afterwards, and these were the last two wild pigs I remember near Waimate, although they are still to be found on the Hunters Hills near Blue Cliffs.



### RATS

I do not remember having seen the native Black Rat in this district, though I understand they were fairly common in other parts of the country.

The Norway, or Brown Rat, made its appearance in New Zealand in the very early days. There is no record of its arrival, but no doubt they were carried by every vessel that visited our shores. They soon nearly exterminated the so-called native rats, multiplied very rapidly, and became a curse to the settlers.

The early homesteads were built right on the ground, which gave the rats a great chance to establish themselves underneath, but most stations also had a *futtah*—a corruption of the Maori word, *whata*, meaning “a raised storehouse in which food is kept.” These were built on high piles encased with tin, which the rats could not climb, though they were very cunning, possibly some of the most cunning of all animals, and seem to have a wonderful organization amongst themselves. They certainly have a danger signal of a high pitched squeak. When I was a boy I spent a lot of time shooting them with a catapult, and the moment they spotted me, the warning would be passed right round the premises that were the scene of operations. One day, while hunting rats in the barn, one ran up the inside of my trousers as far as the knee—a horrible sensation—and by



the time I had finished squeezing the brute, he was as flat as the proverbial pancake. In one hunt at the slaughter-house we killed something like four hundred of them.

The rats evidently migrated from place to place. One month the station would be overrun with them, then they would disappear for a time. My father once met a horde of them travelling along the track on the beach near Otaio, and after killing them with a stick for nearly half an hour, he could see no diminution in their numbers.

Rat warrens were usually found on the banks of creeks, though sometimes they were seen in colonies right out on the Canterbury Plains, miles from water, and containing hundreds of rats, who must have relied on the dew for their drink. You had to be careful when riding not to run foul of these warrens, for the ground was all undermined, and your horse might easily stumble and fall.

You would also find both rats and mice away out in the back country huts, though how they lived there is a mystery, for these huts were sometimes unused for months at a time, and had no food left in get-at-able places. It is said that in one hut the rats were so ravenous that they ran off with a tallow candle while it was still alight.

Some of the station hands used bear's grease for their hair, and one man, Black Pat, woke up one morning to find that most of the hair on the exposed side of his head had been chewed off whilst he slept. Another man had his ear bitten during the night.

In the early days of cropping, we left the grain in stacks for not less than six weeks, so that it would mature properly. These stacks were the happy homes of hundreds of rats, and when the last few sheaves were being thrown up to the threshing mill, all hands would have a go at the vermin with forks, sticks, or anything that was available. If there were many rats in a stack, few mice would be found, for the rats ate them, and I have seen dozens of skins sucked dry, as boys suck an orange.

George Barton, who was engine-driver on one of our threshing outfits, had no fear of rats. He would put his hand, which was minus a thumb, right down the big hole that was usually found under the stacks, and pull the vermin



HENRY POIGNDESTRE



A RABBITER AND HIS PACK



out, one by one. He would ask if we preferred a big or a small one, and then feel about amongst them to find the one required, his idea being that they would not bite you in the dark. We took his word for it, for no one else was game to try the experiment. The moment he pulled the rats out he dashed them on the ground and killed them.

The rats also obtained a lot of food by robbing eggs and young from the nests of native birds. Another source of food was the fresh water mussels which they carried out of the streams and lagoons on to dry land, and left to open in the sun; I have frequently seen on the banks fresh shells that could only be accounted for in this manner. I have also watched rats climb up walnut-trees and knock down the nuts, which their mates no doubt carried off to their storehouse.

### RABBITS

Rabbits were deliberately introduced into New Zealand in the early days of settlement, and increased at such an astounding rate that they have become one of our worst pests.

The first rabbits that I can remember were in 1876, and they were living on the coast near Poigndestre's Island.

Henry Poigndestre took up Blue Cliffs Station, in partnership with George Buchanan, in 1856; he sold out in 1866, and then started rabbit farming on what was known as Poigndestre's Island at the mouth of the Waihao River. This so-called island was really the land contained in the bend of the river and joined up with the sea beach. Poigndestre erected a rabbit hutchery on the land side of the beach, making use of the driftwood and logs that were lying about, and put a good roof of thatch on the whole, making quite a warm place for his rabbits. Just when he had his venture going nicely, the big flood of '68 came along and drowned the greater part of his stock of bunnies, so he gave up the attempt to establish what must have been one of the first attempts at rabbit farming in the country.

The rabbits that I saw were probably descendants of those that had escaped the flood.

Poigndestre lived in a slab hut built near where the Wai-mate creek runs into the Waihao estuary, and one day when

my father was driving down near the swamp, he decided to call on him. It was lucky that he did so, for he found him lying in bed with a broken leg, caused by a fall from his horse, two days previously. He had managed to crawl to the hut and make himself some tea, which enabled him to exist until help came. My father took him up to the Homestead, and he soon recovered, being as tough as a man could be.

About this time, 1876, there were rabbits on the Waihao cliffs, and also some under G. S. Babbington's\* house on the Timaru road, where Cottee is now living. These rabbits were probably descended from tame ones, for they were of all colours, and quite different from the small greys that came later in millions.

By the eighties rabbits had invaded South Canterbury in such numbers that the settlers became seriously alarmed, and did their best to keep the menace in check by fencing, poisoning, shooting, and by employing rabbiters to hunt them with packs of dogs. These methods were successful to a great extent, and rabbits have never been such a curse in the Waimate district as in other parts of the country.

#### HARES

Michael Studholme brought the first hares to South Canterbury when he returned from England in 1865, and these may have been the first to be introduced to the colony, for G. M. Thomson, of Dunedin, in his *Naturalisation of Plants and Animals in New Zealand* does not record any importation of these animals before 1867.

John Molloy, a fellow passenger, looked after the hares for Studholme on the voyage, but most of them died during the hot weather. The surviving few were kept in an enclosure in the garden at Waimate for five years or more until they had somewhat increased in numbers, when they were liberated, and by the year 1880 they were quite numerous in the district.

#### BIRDS

The common British small birds, such as the sparrow, greenfinch, chaffinch, redpoll, skylark, yellow hammer, star-

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\* Babbington was engineer to the Waimate Road Board, the fore-runner of the Waimate County Council.



ling, thrush, and blackbird, were introduced into the colony at various times. Many of them soon became a nuisance, and had to be kept in check by poisoning and other methods, though undoubtedly we have to thank them for getting rid of some of the pests which had previously destroyed the grass and crops. Take the caterpillars for example, and the enormous damage done by them to crops. Whole fields of ripening barley and oats were sometimes destroyed in a few days before the importation of small birds, of which the starling is probably the greatest enemy of destructive pests. Immense flocks of starlings used to appear immediately the caterpillars turned up. I have heard numerous complaints about starlings eating pears in certain districts, Christchurch for example, but, though a keen observer of birds, I can honestly say that I have never yet seen a starling touch fruit of any kind in this district. The blackbirds and thrushes are certainly demons on fruit, but they have a very big credit account in the way of grubs, beetles, etc. We used to have green beetles which stripped all the leaves off the plum, ash, and other trees. Where have they gone? When the sheep came in to be shorn, many of them had dozens of these beetles dead on top of their backs, and I have heard it stated that in certain streams in the North Island, where the tutu grew along the banks, the trout used to get poisoned through eating these beetles which had been feeding on the leaves of this deadly plant. The common house sparrow no doubt does a lot of damage to crops, but to make up for these sins he eats an enormous number of insects, such as the diamond backed moth and brown beetle. Just lately, during a very dry spell, the ground birds have had a very lean time, and they have turned their attention to the moths and flies with very beneficial results. The skylarks used to be here in thousands, but now seem to be steadily decreasing again, the hedgehogs probably being the main cause of this, for these little brutes hunt every inch of ground at night time, and must destroy a great number of eggs and young birds.

Partridges were first liberated in the sixties, and increased rapidly, spreading over a considerable area of the Waimate County. I remember seeing quite a number of them on the tussocky downs between the Homestead and the Waihao



Cliffs, also on the downs at the Upper Hook. This was about the middle seventies, after which they dwindled away in numbers, and a few years later disappeared altogether.

Pheasants were bred and liberated by several people, including the Parker brothers, who were then living at Waihao Downs, and they soon spread all over the district. Lady Barker, who called at the Parkers' homestead in 1868, mentions the pheasants in her book, and also talks of the difficulty of keeping down the numbers of the hawks sufficiently to allow them to make headway. The grasshoppers were very numerous in the old tussock days, and no doubt they made food for the pheasants before the ground was ploughed. But although they made a good showing for some years, and appeared to be well established, they, also, gradually died out.

#### WALLABIES

What are generally called wallabies in this district are really the bush or scrub kangaroo of Tasmania. They were imported to New Zealand by Captain Thomson in the year 1870, and kept in the Christchurch Gardens until they increased sufficiently in numbers for distribution. My father either purchased or received two does and a buck about the year 1874, and liberated them near the Homestead. In 1916 I wrote the following description of their increase, etc., to G. M. Thomson of Dunedin author of *Naturalisation of Plants and Animals in New Zealand*: "I can just remember seeing them turned loose here, two does and a buck. For a week or two they hung about the Homestead, after which they were not seen for a couple of years or so, when someone saw one on the hills near the Waimate Gorge. They gradually spread along the adjoining hills, and are now to be found as far north as Blue Cliffs, about 30 miles away, also westward to the Hakataramea watershed beyond Kaiwarua. It is very hard to estimate the number there are at the present time, though it is quite safe to say thousands. Parties out shooting have killed as many as seventy in a day or two. They live chiefly in the bush, scrub and fern about the gullies and gorges, coming out in the evenings to feed in the open. Their food consists mainly of grass, but they are hard on some trees, barking many of them,

particularly the Ohau or Five Leaf (*Panax*). There are well defined tracks through all the bushes and cover they frequent, much on the lines of pig tracks. If not kept in check no doubt they would become a great nuisance to farmers. Some years ago I sent the late F. C. Tabart of Christchurch, who was a Tasmanian, one for eating, and he wrote me saying that it was a delicacy. I tried one recently, and it was as good as the best hare, and the tails make excellent soup. The skins of those animals taken during the winter months make splendid rugs, being very heavy in fur and are much sought after."

### BROWN TROUT

Brown trout were introduced to New Zealand in the sixties, and within a few years nearly all our rivers were well stocked with them. This may well be considered the most successful of all our efforts at acclimatisation.

At first there was an abundance of food for the trout, and they grew to a large size, fish of 15 to 20 pounds weight being fairly common. There were a number of big fish in the estuary of the Waihao, and I remember the Maoris spearing one that weighed 28 pounds, and measured more than four feet in length.

About the year 1900 there were a good many trout in the Upper Waihao probably the progeny of some that I had taken up in cans in a buggy some years earlier. Some of these fish were regular sharks, and my brothers, Carlisle and Geoffrey, who had the Kaiwarua Station at the time, decided to have a go at them. Bob Tulley and Maurice Ferriter went with them, and the party was equipped with a fishing rod, spear, gun, and a .303 rifle. Carlisle, Geoffrey, and Ferriter stripped, and Tulley was given their watches and money to look after, but in the excitement, he forgot about them, jumped into the water, and joined in the chase. One of my brothers speared a fish at the bottom of a deep pool, and Maurice, who could not swim properly, but only dog-paddle, lay on the surface of the pool with his face just under the water, looking down and nearly drowning.

"Come away out of it," he was told.

"I can feel him, but can't quite get hold of him," came



the tense, muffled reply, although as a matter of fact, he was not within six feet of the fish.

In the end they got several trout, great long slabs but without any depth to them.

In the eighties and nineties the trout fishing in many of our rivers was at its best, wonderful catches being made both with the fly and minnow. The fishing at the mouths of the big rivers such as the Waitaki, Rangitata and Rakaia was phenomenal, and also to a less degree in the Opihi and Selwyn, and the Kakanui in North Otago. Harry Schluter, fishing at the mouth of the Waitaki during the month of October, 1888, amongst other fish took three brown trout of a total weight of  $69\frac{3}{4}$  lb., and the Waitaki Acclimatisation Society reported that at Waitaki North in one day 169 fish were taken, the total weight of which came to 1,123 lb., an average of  $6\frac{2}{3}$  lb. each, the heaviest fish being one of 14 lb. There was also one of 13 lb., two of 12 lb., four of 11 lb. and eight of 10 lb.; the smallest weighed 3 lb. I was once one of a party of three which in one day, about this time, took 27 fish averaging 7 lb. and we did not fish very hard at the end of the day, being satisfied with what we had.

Later, the food supply became more or less exhausted. Our trout now seem to have deteriorated and, until something is done to increase the food available for them, there is very little chance of their increasing in size again. An acre of water properly looked after is like an acre of ground that is well farmed, for as soon as it is neglected there is little chance of any profit in the way of fish being taken out. Stroke hauling is another cause of the scarcity of fish, for the scoundrels who make a practice of it take out more fish in a night than a legitimate angler would catch in a season. The fishing laws should be tightened up, for at present they are all in favour of the poacher.

The question as to whether the shags do much harm to trout is a debatable one, and the fact remains that many years ago, when these birds were very numerous, the trout were sizable and in considerable numbers. A shag will always take an eel in preference to a trout if he can get one. When there were large colonies of these birds in the upper gorges of the Waihao, the parent birds used to fly right



down to Lake Wainono every morning, and after eating their fill of eels would return to the nests to feed their young, and this, mark you, when there were plenty of trout to be had a few miles down the river. The first nesting place for shags that I remember was in the broad-leaf trees that overhung the water at the Sucking Rock Pool near Verity's, but when this became too civilised the birds shifted further up the river to the gorge above D'Auvergne's, and later they went higher up still. The lesser black shags and the white-throated variety nested near the sea coast amongst the scrub, flax, and niggerheads which grew along the banks and estuaries.



### FLY FISHING

Fishing clear and sparkling river,  
Where big trout lie close together,  
Waiting for something to move  
On the surface up above.

Darting up to take the fly,  
Down again like twinkling eye,  
Across the pool and back again,  
Leaping high in effort vain

To shake the hook from out their jaw  
And set them free again once more.  
Struggles now begin to slacken,  
Rest awhile below the bracken.

Off again, the final rush  
Breaks the surface near the bush,  
Circle slowly toward the ring  
The Angler holds, and now he's in!

This, the sportsman's dream of bliss,  
Does not always end like this.

## QUINNAT SALMON

Attempts to establish Quinmat Salmon in New Zealand rivers were made by Acclimatisation Societies and by the Government for forty or fifty years without success. Ova were imported, and were hatched. The fry were liberated in various rivers, but never seen again. Finally, at the beginning of this century, it was decided to concentrate on the Waitaki River, and the Government stocked it systematically, with the result that the fish were satisfactorily established there, and spread northwards up the coast to other snow-fed rivers, even, it has been said, crossing Cook Strait.

## ATLANTIC SALMON

Many attempts have been made to establish this species, and I remember my father liberating some fry in the Waihao at an early date. Atlantic salmon now seem to be established in Lake Te Anau, but elsewhere attempts to acclimatise them appear to have failed, probably because the fish have wandered down to the ocean and never found their way back to the rivers.

## CHAPTER VI

### AFFORESTATION

MANY of the early settlers were very keen to establish English and other imported trees, and planted considerable areas.

The Studholme brothers did a large amount of afforestation. They put in something over 300 acres of trees at Waimate Station alone, and established some fine plantations, also, on the Coldstream Station, at the mouth of the Rangitata River. Unfortunately a large percentage of the trees planted at Waimate failed on account of drought or frost; many of them were Blue Gums and *Macrocarpa*, which seem to be rather delicate during the first year or two. Had the whole 300 acres been successfully established, it is safe to say that the timber would now be worth fully £100 an acre, or £30,000, if allowed to grow on. But, unfortunately, many people look on a tree as something that must be cut down since it cumbers the ground; and in most cases where the land was sold with trees on it, the first work of the new owner was to fell the timber, and sell it for whatever price was going. Michael Studholme supervised the planting of Knottingley Park, and took great trouble to group the different species so as to give the best results. I am sorry to say, however, that, just recently, unskilled labourers appear to have been given a free hand in the way of thinning out a lot of the clumps, and have completely nullified my father's careful planning. Ignorant men should never be allowed to touch trees unless marked by someone who knows his business.

Some of the trees planted by the first settlers, such as *Pinus Pinaster*, *Lawsoniana*, and others, have proved of little value for various reasons, but the whole result has been quite satisfactory, and people who are now planting



are making use of many of the same species as were originally put in.

The *Pinus Insignis* has been found a good useful tree for quick establishment.

The *Macrocarpa* is very satisfactory for posts and general farm use, and one tree about fifty-five years old, that we cut down a few years ago, produced timber to the value of £6 15s. net profit—10 strainers, 150 six-foot posts, and 4 cords of firewood.

The American Redwood, *Sequoia Sempervirens*, is one of the quickest growing, and most useful and beautiful of trees.

The Douglas Fir is also quick growing and useful, though its first cousin, *Menzesii* has, in this district, proved a failure because of its susceptibility to blight.

Larches, in their proper environment, do well and are beautiful to look at, though they are slow to establish anywhere on the flats.

Most of the Gums are good trees, and now that the Blue Gums have been saved by the ladybirds which were introduced to kill the blight that threatened to exterminate them, there seems little danger of the species being wiped out.

The Black Wattle is a good firewood tree, and is also most ornamental.

The Prickly *Acacia* makes excellent fencing posts, and is a lovely tree.

The Walnuts still struggle on, though they have suffered many setbacks from severe frosts and the attacks of borer.

Two Cedars of Lebanon growing in the Waimate Garden sprang from seed that John Maclean of Redcastle brought from Mount Lebanon about 1865. After hanging fire for a number of years, they are now making good progress.

The Hornbeam is a handsome tree, and makes good growth.

Poplars are useful for shelter and firebreaks, and should be more extensively planted.

The Ash is too slow growing to be satisfactory as a timber tree.

Oaks, as timber trees, are rather a myth, as they take so many years to mature, though as ornamental trees they are hard to beat. A few years ago these trees, all over the

country, were dying from the golden scale blight, but since the introduction of a parasite they have completely recovered. It is generally supposed that Oaks have to be grown from the acorn, and cannot be transplanted successfully, but such is not the case, for many of the best oaks at Te Waimate were planted in their present positions when sixteen years old, and now, at the age of sixty-five years or so, are large well-grown specimens, with a spread of seventy to eighty feet.

As an illustration of how careful people should be, when they are ignorant about the subject under discussion, one great authority on "child welfare," whilst observing some fine oak-trees in front of the Homestead said: "Look at those fine trees all grown from the acorn," when as a matter of fact they had all been transplanted as big trees. I had not the heart to enlighten him.

## CHAPTER VII

### WEATHER

PEOPLE living in the country, whose livelihood largely depends on the vagaries of the weather, naturally are keener observers of atmospheric changes than townsfolk; they have to make provision both for themselves and their stock, in order that they shall not suffer from wet and cold more than is really necessary.

Some of the old sayings such as "Red sky in the morning is the shepherd's warning—red sky at night is the shepherd's delight," "Evening red and morning grey are certain signs of a bonny day," and "Rain before seven clears up by eleven," are as true now as they were a hundred years ago.

The weather may, also, be foretold by many other signs by those who have learned to read them. When the clouds turn sour, that is to say, look like curdled milk, rain is usually not far off. A haze round the moon means either wind or rain, probably both.

In this district the usual sequence of weather is north-east, north-west, south-west and south-east, though when the north-west turns directly to south-east a prolonged spell of wet may be looked for. Rain from the north-east is seldom experienced in South Canterbury, though some of our worst floods have come with the wind in that quarter. When there is a cloud drift from the north-east in the early morning it is fairly safe to predict a fine day.

I have noticed that a nor'-west arch is nearly always to be seen on or about the shortest day, though I do not know the reason for this. This arch, the most evident sign of all, means either wind or rain, probably both, as a change to south-west generally follows, but of late years the three days' "southerly buster" does not seem to come in the



same certain manner as it used to do, and some of us old growlers stoutly maintain that the climate has changed—for the worse, of course. There is something in this contention, because the country is now so much more open and denuded of trees and vegetation than formerly, though it is generally recognised that we have cycles of wet and dry seasons which keep the average much the same over a period of years.

Each district has its own local weather signs, which, as a rule, are fairly reliable in ordinary seasons, though sometimes all the recognised rules are broken in drought or very wet periods.

Clouds gathering on certain spurs or valleys in the hills and hanging there, at some particular altitude, sometimes even on a fine day, are one of the greatest helps in foretelling a change. When long white clouds lie about half-way up our Hunters Hills we expect rain within forty-eight hours, and when people in Waimate see small white clouds suddenly appear at about the 2,500 ft. level on the spur to the north of Kelcey's Bush, they know that rain is nearly a certainty within two days. Also, when a tree, known as the Rain Tree, suddenly stands out plainly on a spur in Kelcey's Bush, and is visible from the town of Waimate, many of the residents are sure of rain. This "Rain Tree," is, of course, always there, and simply becomes more conspicuous when the mist descends.

Animals and birds are believed to know when there is a change brewing. I have often seen horses and cattle, even old milk cows, frisking about when rain is coming, though it is generally then so close that any one can see it. Sheep, on the contrary, seem to have little weather sense, for they frequently camp in the very spot on the hills where the snow drifts lie the deepest, and will leave their shelter and drive along in front of a storm until brought to a standstill by a fence or other obstacle. Therefore, it is wiser to plant shelter belts so that stock can get right in amongst the trees or pass through them, rather than to place them on the south or weather side, as is the usual practice.

Sea-gulls are supposed to herald a storm when they appear in large numbers some distance from the shore, though

probably they are merely driven inland by the storm which has already commenced at sea. Wild fowl usually fly up wind when leaving a lake or sanctuary, unless there is something very attractive in the way of food in the opposite direction. The ghastly chuckle of the whistling petrel, or laughing jackass, was usually heard in the old days when rain was near, for they would come rushing in from the sea just at dark, and make for the hills, and the wekas also seemed to make more noise than usual when rain was nigh.

Fish appear to be more affected by atmospheric conditions than any other living thing, and it is, in most cases, quite hopeless to try to catch trout when the wind is in certain directions; many a good day's fishing has been spoilt by a change of breeze.

The Maoris used to say that a profusion of blossom on the flax and cabbage-trees was a sign of dry weather, but now, as there are but few cabbage-trees left standing, and little flax, this omen cannot be greatly observed.

A sure sign of rain is the sudden rising of springs, after being low because of dry weather. Certain springs appear to feel the change coming more than others, and are as good as a weather glass, and it would be interesting to know the reason for this. Scientists will probably say this rising is caused by the change in the atmospheric pressure.

In these modern times, however, farmers are learning to depend more and more on the wireless weather-forecasts, and less and less on their own weather lore.

PART IV







M. MITTON





## CHAPTER I

### RACING AND STEEPLECHASING

IN the early days people spent a lot of time on the back of a horse and naturally appreciated a good hack, being quite willing to back their mount against that of any one who came along, for a new hat, a change of saddles, or it might be the other fellow's horse. Many a man obtained a good young horse in this manner, knowing his own was getting a bit old and the change could not be for the worse.

The first recorded race meeting in South Canterbury was held at Macdonald's, Orari, on the 1st April, 1859; it was arranged by the Macdonald brothers and Studholme brothers of Waimate. The course was at Orari amongst the tussocks where the Geraldine Races are now held, and the first race was a match between W. K. Macdonald's Niger and M. Studholme's Sir Charles, the former being the winner. Both Niger and Sir Charles had Arab blood in them like most of the early importations from Australia. Alfred Cox of Raukapuka was Judge, the Stewards being G. P. Leach, Michael Studholme, W. K. Macdonald and George Rhodes. The stakes for one race were £20 plus the entrance £2. The Scurry was won by George Rhodes's Smiler, ridden by G. Brayshaw.

Small meetings were held at various places during the sixties, clubs becoming established as the population increased. In the early seventies flat races were held at Waimate on Studholme Brothers' property, the first course being on the tussocky flat where R. Frost now lives, the small hill there being used as a grandstand. After this the course was further down the flat near Studholme Junction, round the margin of an old swamp. The only erections on these early courses were the jockeys' tent and publican's booth, the latter being looked on as

an absolute necessity. These courses were just flagged off by flax sticks with either paper or rag tied to the top of the stick, and it was quite a common sight to see the sticks being knocked down as the horses went round. The last hundred yards or so might be marked off with wool ropes tied to stakes. The later courses for some years shifted about from paddock to paddock, according to the cropping, until at length racing became established on the present reserve.

Racing was carried on at Makikihi for a year or two in the eighties, the stakes being very small. On one occasion there the Hurdle Race of two miles for about £10, in which there were only two starters, proved rather a fiasco, for when the horses finished it was found there was no judge in the box and the stewards ordered the race to be run again, but Pelham Jones, owner of the winner, refused to start his horse again, and the other horse walked over for the stake.

Odd bookmakers attended these meetings, any betting there was taking place through this medium; though sweeps were got up by private parties. Games of chance were also allowed, and coconut shies. The biggest winner at many of these small meetings was the publican's booth.

The first steeplechases were held on the Willowbridge course in 1873. In 1874-75 meetings were also held on the same course.

The idea of holding a Grand National was first of all conceived at the Homestead, Waimate, by a man called Denis Dineen—an Irishman naturally—who was working on the place. He suggested it to Michael Studholme, who talked the matter over with M. Mitton, the manager of Mount Peel Station, and from this small beginning the N.Z. Grand National Steeplechase Club was formed at a meeting held at Timaru at the old Royal Hotel. The Hon. J. McLean was elected chairman, and A. St. G. Hamersley the first secretary. The first *recorded* Grand National Steeplechase we know was run in Timaru in 1876, and won by Royalty, with Martelli riding. The big race at Willowbridge the previous year, known as the New Zealand Grand National Handicap Steeplechase, was won by Medora, ridden by R. Ray (Reay).

The long-standing argument as to whether or not the first New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase was run at Willowbridge, Waimate, in the year 1875, has at last been definitely settled in the affirmative, and it is to be hoped this record may now be recognised by those who control these matters. Miss A. V. Wright of Wai-iti road, Timaru, has forwarded to me a printed programme of the meeting held at Willowbridge in 1875, having found it amongst some papers belonging to her late father, A. W. Wright. The programme is headed "The New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase," and the second race is designated "The New Zealand Grand National Handicap." If this evidence is not considered sufficient to prove the race was run at Willowbridge the year before it was run at Timaru in 1876, I may say that the writer and one or two others still living—A. S. Jones of Wai-iti road, Timaru for one—were present when the first National was decided at Willowbridge.

## NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

to be held

at

W A I M A T E

Tuesday, May 18, 1875

## PRESIDENT:

M. Studholme, Esq.

## STEWARDS:

F. Archer, Esq.	Hon. Geo. Buckley
F. W. Teschemaker, Esq.	Hon. John McLean
A. Turnbull, Esq.	Col. Packe
E. H. Martelli, Esq.	J. Stevenson, Esq.
M. Mitton, Esq.	J. Cramond, Esq.
E. Elworthy, Esq.	G. B. Parker, Esq.
J. H. Raine, Esq.	P. Campbell, Esq.
G. J. Dennistoun, Esq.	F. J. Kimbell, Esq.
E. G. Griffiths, Esq.	J. Brabazon, Esq.
F. W. Delamain, Esq.	

## JUDGE:

Hon. J. McLean

## STARTER:

P. Campbell, Esq.

## CLERK OF COURSE:

E. Cameron, Esq.



## CLERK OF SCALES:

M. Mitton, Esq.

## SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

A. St. G. Hamersley

## PROGRAMME

MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs.  
Distance 2 miles. W.F.A.

NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP of 100  
sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. Nominations, 3 sovs.  
to go to the funds. Distance 3 miles.

WAIMATE STEEPLECHASE CUP of 75 sovs., added to a sweep-  
stakes of 5 sovs. W.F.A. Distance 2½ miles.

CONSOLATION HANDICAP of 40 sovs., added to a sweep-  
stakes of 3 sovs. Nominations, £1, to go to the funds. Distance 2  
miles.

Nominations for the New Zealand Grand National Handicap to  
be sent to the Hon. Secretary at Timaru by eight p.m. of Friday the  
30th April. The weights to be declared on Friday the 7th May.  
Acceptances and general Entries to be delivered to the Secretary  
by eight o'clock p.m. of Wednesday, 12th May. This Steeplechase  
will be run under the New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase  
Club Rules, copies of which can be obtained of the Hon. Secretary.

## GENERAL RULES

All Entries and Acceptances must be under sealed cover, addressed  
to the Secretary, and contain entrance money, sweepstakes, name,  
age and description of the Horses, and the colours of the riders.  
A penalty of £2 will be enforced on any jockey riding in wrong  
colours. No person allowed to enter a Horse unless he be a sub-  
scriber of at least £2 2s. to the funds, which must be enclosed with  
the entry. Five per cent will be deducted from the gross amount  
for expenses.

A. St. G. HAMERSLEY,  
Hon. Secretary.

*Timaru,*  
*February 17, 1875.\**

Though a mere boy at the time, the writer was present  
at the 1874-75 fixtures, and has a vivid recollection of the  
proceedings. The fences were deuced stiff posts and rails;  
natural gorse fortified with rails; and the water jump, three  
fences from home, sixteen feet overall, made up of six feet  
of water on each side and a four-foot wide sod wall in

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\* Additional evidence that the N.Z.G.N.S.C. was in existence in  
1875 is given in the booklet "New Zealand Grand National Steeple-  
chase Rules," published in 1880, which states: "At a meeting of the  
N.Z.G.N.S.C. Committee, held on 16th February, 1875, it was re-  
solved . . ."

centre, capped with a rail three feet six inches in height. The ditches were straight-sided and deep, and if a horse put its foot into the water, that was the end of it. The attendance at these early meetings was small, but people and horses came from as far afield as Christchurch and Dunedin. The last two hundred yards or so of the straight was roped off, and the Clerk of the Course, E. H. Cameron, kept the way clear with a fifteen-foot stock-whip, which he used very freely at times. Michael Studholme was Judge, Committee, Handicapper and Selector of the Course at most of these early meetings, the Judge's box being a bullock dray, or perhaps a gin case. The Clerk of the Scales was M. Mitton, assisted by C. H. Dowding, who managed the Coldstream run at Rangitata. The grey gelding, Fakir, owned by G. P. Williams (known as Strange Peter), won a race at this 1875 meeting, ridden, I fancy, by Horrie Lunn of Trellisic, Waiau, who told me quite a lot about the course. Lunn was a fine rider, winning many steeplechases later, as the record shows. The McKay brothers—Alick, Tom and Bill—also rode here, winning two steeplechases in one day with their celebrated old horse, Banjo. There are as many yarns told about the McKays as would fill a book, but unfortunately I have not space to repeat many of them. Bill took a bad fall in front of the stand, and in those days it was customary to pass the hat round whilst the rider was still on the ground. One of the other brothers, seeing Bill moving, rushed across and said: "Lie still, you fool, the money is not yet in hand." In one race the McKays had a horse of their own called Bushman, ridden by one brother, and another brother was riding a mare called May Morn, belonging to the station bullocky, Mick. Bushman stopped at one fence and May Morn fell at the next, so Tom, who was riding, let the mare go, ran back to where Bushman was held up, pulled his brother off the horse and got him over first pop. When Tom came to the water jump he found the whole field stuck up there, but managed to get over, going on to win the race, and drew weight by pushing against a beam with his hand, the weighing room being very low.

After one of these meetings some of these riders had a final flutter into the Waimate township, finishing up by



jumping into the police station yard but could not get out again, and had to wait until one of the force unlocked the gate.

At the age of sixty old Bill went to the Boer War, after being turned down for age, and then passing by shaving off his moustache and dying his hair. When Bill returned from the war he was asked how he liked it, the reply being: "I wish there was another war on." At the Oamaru Races he backed himself to walk round the course against a horse, the stipulation being that the horse had to be turned round every time it broke. Bill got away in front, and every time the horse got up to him he rapped it on the shins with a stick he was using. Bill won easily.

The grandstand at Willowbridge was about forty feet square, the course running right round behind it at one stage of the race; the drinking booth and weighing room were underneath. The result was that the occupants of the stand had plenty of fights to watch between the races. In the Maiden Steeples the whole field of six fell at the fence in front of the stand, and one excited squatter, Elworthy, called out "Grand race, all down." Most of the leading horsemen of the day rode over this course, amongst whom I remember the three McKays—Bill, Tom and Alick—Fred Hedge, Bob Ray (Reay), Martelli, McCoy, Dan O'Brien (Carbine), J. Jacobs, Pat Campbell, Horrie Lunn, and Alick Potter. A little later on came Tommy Sheenan, Albert and Tommy Lyford, Campbell Hobbs, Tommy and Jimmy Cotton, Tommy Stewart and others. Jockeys at that time rode their weight, for there was none of the monkey brand seat about them, this being introduced by Tod Sloan at a later date.

In later years Steeplechases were held near the Waimate Homestead. The courses were altered in accordance with the cropping, but were inferior to the original Willowbridge course.

Benson, the "Jubilee Plunger," who was in New Zealand for his health, started his hectic career by running a hunter called Robin Hood, leased from Taggart of Dunedin, in the Ladies' Bracelet in the Waimate Hunt Races. This was in the middle eighties, after which he went back to England and finished his flutter, spending £250,000 in two years—a



useful effort. Benson stayed at the Grosvenor in Timaru for some time, and paid the Garrison Band to play outside while he had his meals; he said he could not eat without music. A billard marker there was reputed to have made £1,200 out of Benson, and started moneylending after "The Juggins" had left. At one private dance Benson turned up with a large trunk full of dress shirts, telling any one who wanted a shirt to help himself, several taking full advantage of the opportunity.

W. Sugden Armitage, Master of the Waimate County Harriers in the middle eighties, matched his pony, Vera, against "The Juggins's" Donald, over hurdles, owners up. Armitage's mare was not as fast as Donald, but he kept going, whilst Benson steadied his mount at each hurdle, and the former won comfortably. In one race on the flat "The Juggins" backed himself not to fall off, and managed to get past the winning post without coming to grief, and then fell off as the horse pulled up.

Although racing was well established, private matches between two horses continued to be popular.

There was a big dealer named Morrison, weighing some sixteen stone or so, who talked of matching a good horse he had against my father's Knottingley, owners up, two miles on the flat, but much to the disappointment of the crowd the match failed to eventuate, though the owner of Knottingley was quite willing with such a good horse at his disposal. Knottingley holds the unique distinction of having won the C.J.C. Handicap, afterwards known as the New Zealand Cup, twice in the same year, 1870, the race being run in January and December. This horse was also a double winner of the Canterbury Cup.

Bob Ray, who was in charge of Knottingley, once took the horse down to Central Otago with the idea of winning the Goldfields Cup, but failed to do so. It appears the handicaps in those days were only issued a short time before the races, and when Bob reached the scene of operations he found that the Committee, who were also the handicappers, had given the horse about two stone more than expected. Not liking to scratch the horse after going so far, Bob, who was riding himself, started him, but for some unaccountable reason both Knottingley and the only other

horse in the race that had a chance, went the wrong side of a flag at the back of the course and were disqualified. Bob was ashamed to bring the horse home, not turning up for a couple of weeks, and when at last he did come, said to my father: "What would you have done under the circumstances, Mr. Studholme?" The reply being: "The same as you did, I suppose, Bob."



A MEET AT TE WAIMATE ABOUT 1910





ONE OF THE PRESENT GENERATION

## CHAPTER II

### HUNTING

It may be said that hunting in South Canterbury commenced in the middle seventies, when F. Archer, of Miles, Archer & Co., owned a pack of beagles in Timaru, and A. L. Barker of Winchester had a pack of harriers which he hunted himself.

Hunting, in the proper sense of the word, commenced about 1880, when T. Hamblyn imported some harriers from England, and also a huntsman called Ure, who came out in charge of them. This was really the beginning of the South Canterbury Hunt Club. I think that Hamblyn and Barker's packs were eventually amalgamated, and then carried on for some years under the mastership of Hamblyn.

Previous to the formation of the Waimate County Harriers, the Christchurch Hounds, under the Mastership of Frank Egan, had hunted at Te Waimate about the year 1878, and several meets were held during the week they were there.

The Waimate County Harriers were inaugurated at a meeting held at Makikihi about 20th September 1882, with Thomas Teschemaker of Otaio in the Chair. R. H. Rhodes was appointed master, W. Sugden Armitage huntsman, and a committee of management was appointed, consisting of Armitage, Rhodes, Morris and McPherson of Otaio, G. F. Lovegrove and C. Bourne, Hook, and M. Sherwin and A. Potter, Waimate. The subscription was fixed at not less than one guinea. At a meeting of the committee R. H. Rhodes was elected Chairman and G. F. Lovegrove Hon. Secretary.

Ten couple of hounds, imported at the expense of R. H. Rhodes, Blue Cliffs, and W. Sugden Armitage, Otaio, were

the nucleus of the pack, and were at this time on their way from England.

It was arranged that on arrival R. H. Rhodes would take charge of them, and an entry in Blue Cliffs Station journal of 17th October 1882 states that the hounds arrived on that date.

The following year W. S. Armitage took over the Mastership. Armitage, who was a great character, suffered from a hump back, the result of an accident as a child. When he got up after a spill he would usually say: "There's the skin off my beastly old hump again!"

One evening Armitage took his hunter Black Doctor upstairs in the old Club Hotel, Waimate, when a smoke concert was being held, and had great difficulty in getting him down the stairs again.

Sugden Armitage had a brother called Tertius, who lived at Compstall near the lighthouse on Bloody Jack's Point, south of Timaru. One day when W. S. A. was on his way to Timaru to catch the train for Christchurch at National time, he found that he was late. He told the Compstall shepherd to take a mob of sheep down to the railway crossing and hold up the express train with them, whilst he hid in a bunch of flax nearby. When the train came to a standstill, W. S. A. jumped aboard. Unfortunately the guard of the train observed him, and the episode cost him £5; but he said it was worth it, for he saw the National.

Armitage had some first-class hunters, including All Fours, Golden Butterfly, Black Doctor and Rona. When he returned to England he took All Fours and Golden Butterfly home with him, as he wished to give exhibitions of wire jumping with them; unfortunately, however, All Fours, the best jumper, died in the Channel. After returning home, Armitage took over the mastership of a pack of harriers, and retained the position for some seasons.

In the middle eighties the Waimate Pack hunted in the Ashburton district near Winslow by invitation. C. A. Jefferson, riding Armitage's famous horse All Fours, acted as Master for the day, with Charlie Cornelius as Whip.

The South Canterbury Hunt and the Waimate County Harriers held annual combined meets for many years, and







J. S. RUTHERFORD, MASTER OF THE SOUTH CANTERBURY HARRIERS, ON MAUD, IN 1888

there was some jealous riding between members of the two hunts.

J. S. Rutherford, master of the South Canterbury hunt, a huge man riding some seventeen stone six pounds or more, had a hunter called Otaio, which was probably one of the best heavyweight hunters ever in New Zealand, for he carried Rutherford successfully for some years. He was finally sent to England, where he was sold for something like five hundred guineas. As a youngster Otaio was an outlaw, and for that reason was purchased by Rutherford from Teschemaker of Otaio Station, for a small sum. Rutherford had a wonderful way with horses, and soon tamed Otaio. He was seldom, if ever, beaten by a horse, and delighted in taking on one that had beaten other men.

Another great jumper was a gelding called Strathnoon, owned by G. Miller, who hunted with the Waimate pack. He also was taken to England, and on one occasion won the jumping at Olympia.

If I remember rightly, A. S. Elworthy, the present chairman of the Canterbury Jockey Club, started his sporting education on The Mount, hunting this good old horse for several seasons with the South Canterbury Hunt; later he won a number of Hunt races on that fine jumper, Craigmore.

Hunting has been carried on in the Waimate County ever since the eighties, though there have been one or two intervals during which the pack went out of existence through want of sufficient support. The club is now known as the Waimate District Hunt.

Hunt Races were held at Te Waimate in the eighties and nineties, the prizes being of small value, chiefly trophies. There was no totalisator, but a few bookies turned up as a rule, and there were games of chance, and three-card-trick men about, to relieve people of any surplus cash. One bookie called Drake walked about shouting "I lay, I lay," and someone remarked "You're the first drake I ever heard of laying!"

My father superintended the erection of the fences for all the steeplechases, and said a steeplechase should be a test for jumping, and not a flat race, the result being very stiff courses, with post and rails about four feet high, and all the gorse fences well fortified with bluegum saplings.



Horses came from as far afield as Ashburton, J. C. N. Grigg sending hunters ridden by Bob Hart of Winchmore or F. P. Claridge. B. R. Macdonald of Waitui and his brother Guy, W. S. Armitage, R. H. Rhodes, G. H. Rhodes, Pelham Jones, Gordon Wood and C. A. Jefferson of Timaru; A. Boyle, J. R. Brown and E. M. Clissold of Otaio; Flem Wedderell of St. Andrews; and the Lovegrove brothers of Makikihi were some of our leading supporters. C. Bourne and H. Jackson of the Hunter; and Jack Wright, O. R. Wise and J. Sewell of Oamaru also raced here; and Mat Sherwin, G. Barclay and Sir Robert Lockhart kept a number of useful sorts. My brother M. C. Studholme ran several horses, Campbell Hobbs training them. A noted owner of hunters was W. Griffiths Smith, commonly known as "Joker Smith," on account of his owning that crack jumper The Joker, bred by Skevington and Douthwaite of Waihao Valley.

C. A. Jefferson of Timaru was probably the best of our amateur riders at these meetings. He won the Waimate Hunt Cup several times with an old horse called Leap Year, who won ten steeplechases out of eleven starts. A. G. Cox and R. R. Pitt (manager of Blue Cliffs) were also two fine amateur horsemen; Cox took a considerable part in the schooling of Daddy Longlegs, winner of the National.

We had a sporting bullock driver known as "Mick the Bullocky," who usually had a horse running in the steeplechases. Mick was a great character, and talked to his jockey all the way round the course, much to the amusement of the crowd. Mick would say "Look at the dear boy now," when the horse got over the fence safely. But in the event of a baulk or fall, Mick would shout, "He's sold me! He's sold me!" and would then take off his hat and jump on it. The other men called him Micky Eggin, for he was a beggar on eggs, and thought nothing of sucking before breakfast half a dozen eggs taken from the horse-feeders where the hens used to lay.

The first Point to Point Steeplechase in South Canterbury took place at The Levels, on 30th August 1888. The Committee consisted of the following: J. S. Rutherford, R.

Rutherford, E. T. Rhodes, A. C. Pringle, C. K. Meredith-Kaye, M. Archer, R. H. Rhodes, J. C. Thierens, M. C. Studholme, M. O'Brien, G. F. Lovegrove, J. S. D'Emden.

Judge: T. Teschemaker; Starter: C. N. Orbell.

Clerk of Scales: J. A. Gracie; Clerk of Course: W. W. Cartwright; Secretary: M. Gray.

The distance was about five miles, and the weights advertised at 12 stone lightweights, and 14 stone heavyweights, but in the end the heavy division carried 15 stone in order to give J. S. Rutherford a chance. This was rather hard on some of us who had wasted for some time in order to ride the 14 stone. Rutherford's weight was put down at 16 stone, though he actually weighed about 17 stone 7 lb., the scales only being good for 2 cwt. The going was heavy, and it was a gruelling race under such a heavy impost, one old racehorse, Riccarton, bowling over in the open like a shot rabbit. Seven horses started in the 15 stone division and six in the 12 stone section. The riders were E. S. Rutherford, J. C. Thierens, E. H. Lane, E. C. Studholme, A. C. Pringle, J. S. Rutherford and S. F. Smithson (heavies); C. A. Jefferson, R. Crammond, J. A. Gracie, R. S. Black, H. Bristol, M. Archer and G. P. Wood (lights). The two races started simultaneously, and resulted as follows: Lightweights, Meredith-Kaye, Stockman 1 (R. Crammond); R. H. Rhodes, Ivanhoe, 2 (C. A. Jefferson). Heavyweights, J. C. Thierens, Guy 1 (Owner); E. S. Rutherford, The Mount 2 (Owner).

This Point to Point probably stands as a record in several respects: firstly, as regards the weight carried in the heavy-weight division; and secondly, for the distance run, over five miles. J. S. Rutherford's riding weight, 17 stone 7 lb., will probably never be equalled again. The mare he was riding, Maud, might have been called an 18-stone hunter if ever there was one, and at the same time he owned that great horse, Otaio, without doubt the finest weight-carrier combined with quality this country ever produced. Guy, the winner of the heavy division, by that champion sire, Guy Fawkes, was another perfect stamp of the 15-stone hunter bred by his owner at Otaio. Thierens, the owner and rider of Guy is still living at Edinburgh, Scotland.

There were some good amateur riders over country in the

seventies, eighties and nineties, in South Canterbury, E. H. Martelli, who had the mount on Royalty in the first recorded Grand National, being one of them. Unfortunately, Martelli died from an accident in the hunting field a little later, caused by his sticking to his horse until it fell on him.

Others who rode in "Chases" with success were: C. A. Jefferson, A. Boyle, Bob Harley, G. Murray-Aynsley, F. P. Claridge, B. R. Macdonald, G. A. Macdonald, A. G. Cox, R. A. Crammond, Cecil Wynn-Williams, H. Wynn-Williams, H. F. Lovegrove, Pelham Jones, Gordon P. Wood, C. Cornelius, E. George, G. E. and J. W. Freeman, G. Barclay, F. Wedderell, C. Bourne, C. Joyce, G. Barclay, A. Potter, R. R. Pitt.

Some of the horses might be called utility ones; Terry, owned and ridden by Potter, won both the hurdles and trot at one meeting held on the Waimate Flat, and a horse called Muckcross, owned and ridden by B. R. Macdonald, won a trot and a steeplechase at a hunt meeting held near Knottingley Park.



### CHAPTER III

#### SOUTH CANTERBURY AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB

THIS Club held its first meeting at Timaru in the year 1872, and the sports became the chief social gathering of the year in South Canterbury, the festivities lasting the best part of a week. In addition to the sports there were dances, football and later on hunting, the country people making it their annual holiday, and being greatly helped by the townspeople. The subscription to the Club was £1, and by the end of the seventies there were some 200 or more members, and many people gave trophies for the various events. The membership was very scattered—it might be said from Wellington to the Bluff—and also much sought after, for it was considered a sort of hallmark of respectability to belong to the S.C. Amateur Athletic Club. During "Sports Week" Timaru was quite a gay place, some of the "wild men from the hills" painting it a fairly bright colour in a good-natured way. The Mackenzie Country boys were much to the fore, creating a lot of amusement with their mad pranks, and being allowed considerable latitude by "The Force," headed by that good sportsman, Peter Pender, who winked at a number of things which nowadays might be taken seriously, the understanding being that any damage done would be paid for. There was a great collection of vehicles on Sports Day, the straight being lined with waggonettes, buggies, etc., which were more or less used as stands from which to view the events. Horses would be tied all round the ground, many people coming on horseback or in traps, and if one horse broke loose others might also follow, the bad example causing a deal of trouble.

There are no details available of the first gathering held, 23rd May 1872, or those of the two following years, 1873-74, also probably held about the same time of year, which was considered to be the slackest month for the country people.

The Club was fortunate in the choice of its early secretaries, having first of all that fine distance runner and good sportsman, Melville J. Gray, and then Geo. F. Clulee, followed by C. S. Fraser, the latter being a good all round man. Gray won the Ladies' Challenge Cup about 1½ miles, over country, for several years in succession, and was so much superior to the other distance runners of his day that it is hard to say *how* good he was. He still is a good distance man, having reached the mellow age of 91 years, and added further to his laurels by marrying recently, which must be his best performance to date. C. S. Fraser is also still living in Timaru, though laid aside for the time being.\* G. F. Clulee was a character, quite irrepressible and full of fun, and a great man at a smoke concert, able to accompany any one on the piano at a moment's notice. Sometimes you could not stop him singing, and I remember seeing him thrown out of a window one evening at Te Waimate by some "men from the mountains" because of his failing to stop when requested. After being ejected he still went on with his song "I dreamt that I was travelling into honey, someone left me all their money, oh I felt so awfully peculiar funny, that I could not work all next day." I think he could play "Chopsticks" on the piano with either hands, feet or nose. He was a successful business man, later on being connected with the freezing industry both here and in Western Australia.

The winners of the championship at 1875-76-77 sports were as follows:

1875: J. Patterson, Gray 2nd.

1876: W. B. Craig, Gray 2nd.

1877: F. G. Westenra (Doctor) and W. B. Craig each scored 11 points.

The following account of the Fourth Annual Meeting held at Saltwater Creek (where the Airport is now situated) and at which the writer was present as a small boy, goes to show why times might vary in different years: "This meeting was postponed from 12th and 13th on account of the late rains having caused the Saltwater Creek to rise and overflow part of the running ground. The quarter-mile course, the back part of which was thus

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\* C. S. Fraser died at the end of 1939.



affected, was therefore changed, but even then a portion during the races was under three or four inches of mud and water, which considerably retarded the running and walking. The stand (temporary) was dispensed with. The steeplechase course was laid out through the paddocks between the running ground and the road and included ten fences, seven hurdles, and a watercourse about two feet deep and fifteen feet wide, the competitors going twice round the same course."

From this time onwards the sports were held on the new athletic ground (Fraser Park). Cricket was also played on this new ground in the 1876-77 season. By way of making the steeplechases interesting all the jumps were covered with gorse.

"The Boys" were always playing practical jokes, one of the best being taking the three balls off the pawnbroker's shop and putting them up over the door of the Bank of New Zealand. The pith of the joke was that times were hard and some of the participants owed the Bank money. Just when they had finished the job the banker pulled up the upstairs window, stuck out his nightcapped head and fired his revolver, thinking they were burglars. In the morning when the old man came down and found the balls hanging there he was furious, and made a great to-do about it.

On another occasion they barricaded the main street, and charged every one, including Captain Woollcombe, the Magistrate, 1/- per head before allowing them to pass through; the proceeds going to the Hospital. In the evening they had foot-races in Strathallan Street, and one poor fellow ran against a hitching post and was killed.

#### LIST OF MEMBERS SOUTH CANTERBURY AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB, 1874-75

This list includes most of the station owners, managers and business men of the period:

H. Ford, Timaru, Manager for Elworthy; J. S. Monck, Monck's Bay, Sumner; F. Morgan, W. R. McLaren, Timaru; W. G. Rees, Manager Station Peak (a cousin of W. G. Grace); A. M. Smith, Monavale, Albury; C. Shrimpton, Timaru; F. Shrimpton, Timaru; A. Shrimpton, Timaru; N. Macfarlane, Station Manager later for G. H. Rhodes, Claremont; D. Macfarlane, County Clerk and Engineer for The Levels; W. W. Cuff, Temuka; E. Buchanan, Timaru; G. Cooke, Timaru; C. Perry, Timaru; N. Wade, L. G. Fenwicke, *Timaru Herald*; H. H. Pitman, Manager Sherwood for Parker;



T. Spencer, E. Wakefield, *Timaru Herald*, Timaru; C. Meyer, Station Peak; N. Kettle; C. H. Dowding, Manager Coldstream for Studholme Brothers; W. Rutherford, Timaru; W. W. Beswick, Timaru; W. S. Davidson, General Manager N.Z. & A. Land Company; P. Clark, C. Delamain, Timaru; J. W. Davis, Timaru; W. B. Howell, The Sisters, Pleasant Point; M. Studholme, Te Waimate; G. L. Meason, Timaru; E. J. Parker, Elephant Hill; M. Davie, Public Works; A. St. G. Hamersley, Timaru; F. O'Grady, A. McMaster, Oamaru; R. Rutherford, Albury; F. J. Kimbell, Three Springs; G. W. Pogson; Jas. Macdonald, Stock Department; G. C. Miles, Timaru; E. F. Blundell, Timaru; R. Turnbull, Timaru.

A. W. Wright, Timaru; H. Bellfield, Timaru; W. Gardiner, Oamaru; P. B. Luxmore, Timaru; F. W. Teschemaker, Otaio; H. V. Anson, Peraki; G. J. Dennistoun, Peel Forest; N. McLean, C. N. Orbell, The Levels; A. McDonald, Waitui; W. F. Neilson, Timaru; P. H. Duncan, Christchurch; T. Teschemaker, Otaio; E. Cooper, Customs Officer, Timaru; G. F. Clulee, Timaru; Geo. Nixon; M. Mitton, Mt. Peel; C. D. Fox; A. S. Dalglish; W. W. Cartwright, Pareora; Melville Gray, Ashwick; T. C. Reid; A. McLean, Strathallan; J. Paterson; E. H. Cameron, Te Waimate; E. Elworthy, Pareora; J. C. Cooke, Timaru; N. Campbell; C. McIntosh, Timaru; W. Saunders, The Wolds, Tekapo; R. Waitt, Oamaru; D. M. Brown; A. Turnbull, Pareora; E. H. Martelli, Timaru; J. W. Cooke, Timaru; J. White, Timaru; E. Mainwaring, Government Railways; G. B. Parker, Sherwood; B. Woolcombe, Timaru; F. Barker, Winchester; W. Zeisler, Timaru; A. Barker, Winchester; R. G. Tosswill, solicitor, Timaru; T. Howley, Timaru; C. S. Fraser, Timaru; J. Sutton, Waitangi; S. A. Bristol, Kingsdown, Timaru; D. McLean, Timaru; J. F. Mitchell, J. Rutherford, A. McKellar, Miles, Archer & Co., Timaru; B. M. Moorhouse, Shepherd's Bush, Rangitata; W. C. Smith, Dunedin; J. S. Handyside.

#### NEW MEMBERS ELECTED 28th OCTOBER 1875

E. Dennis, Stonyhurst (Manager); W. P. Phillips, Maronan, Hinds; T. S. Baker, French Farm School, Akaroa; Hugh Handyside, Manuherikia; G. A. Sutton, Rugged Ridges; C. B. Grierson, Union Bank, Timaru; Arthur Ormsby, Timaru; W. C. Heathcote, Mt. Hutt, Rakaia; W. Hall, Timaru; F. Archer, Jnr., Timaru; R. Westenra, Timaru; J. A. Douglas, Waitangi; E. Peter, Ashburton; Fletcher Johnston (son of Mr. Justice Johnston).

#### NEW MEMBERS SOUTH CANTERBURY AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB, 1876

Edward Coster, Mt. Hutt, Rakaia; G. W. Watson, The Point; J. Watson, The Point; M. Lewin, Wellington; J. A. C. Perry, Timaru; Alfred Dick, Lake Ohau; Robert W. Robertson, Union Bank, Timaru; Thos. Hall, Jnr., Timaru; F. W. Hales, Messrs. Royle, Stead & Co., Timaru; L. H. Rawson, Public Works Office, Timaru; H. Wragge, Landing Service, Timaru; John Lee, Messrs. Sealy's Office, Timaru; Mortimer Davie, Public Works, Makikihi; Geo. Hall, Timaru; P. H. Russell, Otipua; Hume Chancellor, Haka-

tarama; Frank Pogson, Otago; Dr. Delautour, Oamaru; Thos. Brydone, Dunedin; John Paterson, Temuka; C. H. Mitford, Bank of New Zealand, Timaru; M. E. Leach, Christchurch; E. Goodeve, Kaiapoi; J. White, Smith & Anderson, Dunedin.

#### NEW MEMBERS OF S.C. AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB, MAY 1877

C. W. Flint, Broadlows, Burnham; F. H. Davie, Waihao, c/o H. Whitcombe; J. E. Goodwin, Three Springs Station; A. E. Cox, Riverslea; A. B. Nicholls, Union Bank of Australia, Timaru; R. Sleigh, Castle Rock, Point; G. Mathias, Union Bank of Australia, Christchurch; A. Mathias, Ashbrook, Christchurch; F. G. Westenra, Dunsandel; G. Hales, Timaru; H. Rose, c/o J. S. Webb & Co., Dunedin; E. A. Foster, Timaru; W. H. Sweet, Lake Wanaka; E. F. Wright, Timaru; A. J. Hargreaves, Timaru; J. A. Cook, Dunedin (solicitor); L. Neville, Dunedin; W. H. Enyes, Lyttelton; J. Roberts, Timaru; F. Wither, Public Works Office, Timaru; F. W. Jones, Bank of New Zealand, Timaru; F. W. Marchant, Public Works Office, Timaru; R. Chamberlain, Grays Hills, W. J. Caverhill, Christchurch; J. A. Waitt, Bank of New Zealand, Timaru; E. H. Stafford, Christchurch; W. Postlewaite, Raukapuka.

W. O'Connell, Maronan, Hinds; A. E. Peach, Mt. Somers; D. H. Potts, Upper Ashburton; A. S. Barton, Anama, Hinds; R. B. Holdsworth, Haldon; —. Brown, Christchurch College; A. W. Giles, Mt. Nething; Dr. Lovegrove, Timaru; Miles Knubley, Timaru; Hamilton Verity, Timaru; J. S. D'Emden, Timaru; A. M. Hammerton, Timaru; Ernest Snow, Timaru.

#### FOOTBALL

Football was first played in South Canterbury about the year 1870, on the Saltwater Creek flat, where the airport is now situated. By 1873 the game was sufficiently established for a match to be played against Canterbury at Ashburton. C. S. Fraser, who acted as Secretary to the Club, and also played in this early match, gave me the following description of the proceedings. After a lot of correspondence, he said, he finally arranged the date. When the Mackenzie Country boys came along they said the fixture was "off." Next morning they told Fraser it was a mistake, and he must arrange the game, and the team was finally got together. The match was played at Ashburton. The South Canterbury team travelled by Cobb and Co.'s coach as far as Winchester, where they stayed the night, and then on to Rangitata Railway bridge, where they picked up a train which had been sent down from Ashburton for them by the Public Works contractor. The coach from Timaru to Winchester

and return cost £20. Two of the Barkers, who were supposed to join the team at Winchester, failed to put in an appearance, so a couple of the bridge-builders were taken to make up the side of twenty, this being the number agreed upon. The match resulted in a draw, with no score on either side. The following are the names of the players:

**CANTERBURY:** Forwards, Anderson, Booth, Bolton, T. Chapman, E. Chapman, W. Cotterill, E. Dobson, E. Fowler, M. Gray, Harman, Locke, Hartland, L. M. Ollivier, O. Thomson, J. Wilkin (Captain); Backs, G. Mathias, A. Ollivier, Gordon, E. Cotterill, Macquarie.

**SOUTH CANTERBURY:** Forwards, Hamersley (Captain), Denistoun, McPherson, F. Raine, J. Raine, P. F. Tancred, H. Tancred, Waitt, Rawson, Flockton, Winter, G. C. Miles, Melville Gray; Backs, W. B. Craig, Wither, C. S. Fraser, W. F. Neilson, Robertson.

Timekeeper, F. W. Teschemaker.

## FOOTBALL

Football was first played in South Canterbury about the year 1850, on the Selwyn Creek flat, where the sport is now situated. In 1853 the game was introduced into the district for a match to be played against Canterbury at Ashburton. C. S. Fraser, who acted as Secretary to the Club, and also played in the early matches, gave me the following description of the proceedings. After a lot of correspondence, he said, he finally arranged the date. When the Mackenzie Country boys came along they said the fixture was "off." Next morning they told Fraser it was a mistake, and he went across the game, and the team was finally got together. The match was played at Ashburton. The South Canterbury team travelled by Cobb and Co's coach as far as Winchester, where they stayed the night, and then on to Rangitikei Railway bridge, where they picked up a train which had been sent down from Ashburton for them by the Public Works Committee. The coach from Tainui to Winchester





## CHAPTER IV

### CRICKET

CRICKET was first played in Waimate County at Otaio in the year 1882, the ground being situated on Boyle and Reeves's farm, now occupied by E. S. Johnstone. The players, who were mostly English public school boys living in the Otaio district, included: R. H. Rhodes, A. Boyle, W. de G. Reeves, J. R. Brown, W. S. Armitage, F. W. Burnley, J. C. Thierens, E. M., Fred, George and Steve Clissold, T. Teschemaker (Umpire), Fred Mannings, Wright of Hunter and two sons, Pelham Jones, F. W. Bradshaw, M. C. Studholme, T. B. Knight, G. R. Peacocke, Cecil Perry, R. R. Pitt, M. J. Godby, C. S. Fraser, W. Hughes, W. G. Rees, the latter six coming from Timaru; also S. A. Bristol, who umpired and others. There was some celebrated cricketing blood in one of the players at least, for W. G. Rees was first cousin to the famous W. G. Grace, and did not fail to remind you about it. Rees at one time managed Station Peak for Meyer, coming there from Wakatipu, where he owned the station, the homestead of which was on the spot where Queenstown now stands. The Rees river is called after him. He invariably had an excuse when out at cricket, and one day when someone bowled him, he looked round, and seeing some sheep feeding on a hill in the distance, said he had "got a sheep in his eye", which was a standing joke for years.

The Lovegroves from Highway also played at Otaio, and later at Waimate about 1888, when the Otaio Club became defunct.

Amongst the early players in Waimate were F. Drayton, H. Mann, M. C. Studholme, E. C. Studholme, C. Studholme, F. W. Bradshaw, Pelham Jones, T. B. Knight, J. F. Douglas,

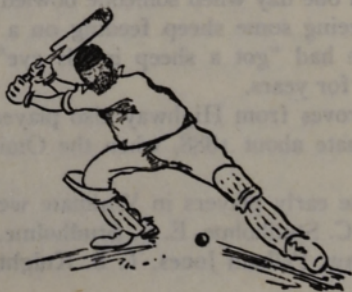
J. S. D'Emden, H. H. Secretan, C. Goldstone, E. M. Clissold, Donald McLean, H. Day, M. Ryan, R. Capstick, G. Barclay, S. Turner, J. W. Freeman, and others, including W. Thomas (Timaru High School). D'Emden had previously played for Tasmania, being a fine cricketer, whilst Secretan was one of the most stylish bats in New Zealand.

There was usually a keg of beer on the ground for the players' use, very little whisky being drunk at that period.

Occasionally we journeyed to Kurow, taking about twenty-four hours in all, the drive of forty miles each way occupying about twelve hours or more, the horses being very tired at the end. Kurow was a most hospitable place, and it took a lot of handshaking before we started for home. The Kurow players in those days were Lionel Bradshaw, R.

Gillies, Jasper Nicholls, F. Pochen, F. Wain, Drysdale, Denholm, Peter Harris, G. Millington, Hassall and others. The game was played on the common in the township, an old bullock dray track ran right across the field, and there were a number of rabbit warrens in the outfield. Once, when we got beaten, the excuse given was that the ball went down a rabbit hole, the batsmen running nine, and knowing where the ball was we could not call "lost ball."

What days those were with every one out for fun and no cups at stake.



## GOLF

Golf was first played in Waimate district in the winter of 1893, Norton Francis and the writer putting three or four holes in the cow paddock at Wainono, Capstan tobacco tins being used for the holes. The only clubs we had were a cleek, a long headed spoon, and a putter, which had either been borrowed or purchased from Fred Smith, painter, of Waimate, who had brought them from St. Andrews, Scotland. Later, with the assistance of Howden of Dunedin, who at one time was part owner of Waihaorunga, we obtained more clubs, sometimes playing at Otaio Station with J. C. Thierens, Teschemaker's cousin and manager, also the Clissold brothers of Benacre. Ned Clissold, who was a great practical joker, one day, whilst playing, saw Teschemaker coming and drove a ball hard at the back of the implement shed, making a hole in the iron, which did not please the "Boss" very much. The old gutty balls were as hard as stones, and felt like them when hit by the club, a drive of from 170 to 200 yards being considered very good.

In 1894 we started playing at Te Waimate, near the woolshed. This may be called the start of the Waimate Club, H. Hertslet, W. M. Hamilton, Mostyn Jones, Norton Francis, E. C. and C. Studholme, J. C. Thierens and E. M. Clissold being, I think, the original members. Quite a number joined in later, and the members became so numerous that it was considered advisable to secure a course elsewhere.



When Tim, the local sportsman, took up the game, he used a double handful of sand for a tee, placing the ball on top of this small mountain, and having a mighty biff at it; but the head of the club simply passed under the ball and left it lying on the ground. Tim thought he had "sthru" the ball, and watched carefully to see where it had gone, and when he looked down and perceived it was at his feet, said, "Now, how did that little devil escape me?" One day Tim



played against a rather slow Scot, and taking the honour quickly followed up the ball, taking no more notice of his opponent, who was waiting to drive off. When Tim finished the round his opponent was not in sight, and being asked how he had got on, replied, "I bate him by half an hour and five holes."

Other players who joined in were C. G. Holmes, C. Goldstone, Glasgow, Mrs Hertslet, the Rev. McKenzie Gibson and others. Gibson being asked what sort of a round he had done said, "Perfect golf with a little slice in it."

### SHOOTING

Up to the beginning of the eighties, and even later, the shooting was so good that we did not thoroughly appreciate it; spoonbill duck, black teal, grey teal (widgeon), brown teal, paradise duck, grey duck, and pukaki (pukeko) were in large numbers, especially the last two.

Leaving the Homestead after lunch, it was possible to drive down to the swamp and shoot, say, with two guns, about seventy pukaki and thirty duck, and be home with a "buggy load" in time for dinner at 6.30 p.m. A "buggy load" as we called it, was just about a hundred head, together with a retriever dog and two men. There was no promiscuous slaughter allowed, all the game shot was used for food, and with twenty people in the household, and many friends, there was no difficulty in disposing of it. The Mater considered that if there were less than forty head of game in the larder, it was time for us to get more, and we needed no second bidding.

On the opening day of the season there would be some twenty guns leaving in the morning, one half going, as we called it north, to Lake Wainono and the Waihao River adjoining it, and the other half south, to the Waihao River below Willowbridge, near the outlet or the "Breakout," as it was then called, because the river usually had to be broken out, by scooping through the beach with horses and scoops. Sometimes the south party would camp at Willowbridge over night—or at least the bachelor members of it, and they would have a lively time, and there was little sleep to be had on account of practical jokes and other causes. All slept on

"shakedown" made up on the floor of one large room, lying with their heads to the wall. One night someone brought in a turkey gobbler, and let it go in the dark room. The bird ran round the wall, stepping on the faces of the sleepers during its progress. Another man brought in a draught horse, but this was considered a bit over the odds, and the intruder was promptly ejected through the French window.

These shoots on the 1st April averaged from 200 to 250 duck, and had the "guns" been picked shots they could have done much better, for then, as now, there were many poor marksmen. The pukaki shoots would produce from 300 to 400 a day, for the birds were in thousands; the saving factor, from the bird's point of view, was the roughness of the swamps, and small area of country that could be covered in a few hours.

One man, Sherwood Raine, always shot with a 10-bore gun, known as "Raine's Gullyraker," the sound reaching six miles away, for those old black-powder charges made a lot of smoke and noise. The early guns were muzzle-loaders, good shooting guns, but slow to load, even in fine weather, and difficult to handle in the wet. Then came the pinfire breech-loaders; next, the central fire with hammers above the line of sight; then the same with hammers below line of sight—all cylinder bore guns. Then the chokebore guns central fire; and lastly the hammerless guns, first with the double, and later with the single trigger. As guns improved, and sportsmen increased in numbers, the birds became scarcer, until now there are more sportsmen than birds, and the bags are strictly limited.

Where there were once thousands of birds, there are now tens; in the Good Old Days it was no uncommon sight to see 10,000 duck in a mob on Lake Wainono.





POEMS BY ETTIE M. BRIDGEMAN  
(Mrs. Edward Bradley)

REVEREND

1885

In the shadow of the old church tower  
I have seen the light of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day

PART V

And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day  
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And the light of the night of many a day  
And the light of the night of many a day

\*Kalamazoo



POEMS BY EFFIE M. STUDHOLME

(Mrs. Michael Studholme)

RETROSPECT

1800

Far in the Southern Seas the Islands lie—  
Unpeopled, save by hardy savages—  
Fierce, eager, cruel, clad in war's array,  
And with no thought but war.  
A lonely land; but sunny fair, and richly clothed  
With trees of evergreen, and palm and fern.  
And in the North its twin volcanoes' steaming breath  
Mark where internal fires unceasing burn,  
And in the South our isle, where Lookers-on\*  
Guard well the strait,  
Monarch of all, Aorangi reigns supreme,  
Piercing the azure sky in solitary state,  
While from his foot pours forth the glacier's stream,  
And thunderous avalanche sweeps down his side.  
No sound of human life is here. They wait; the islands wait.  
Yet even now in Maori village and in whaler's camp,  
The seed is sown;  
And here and there a solitary Briton's heart  
Beats high for God and Home.

1850

The century half gone, how great a change is seen!  
On northern coasts, ships trading come and go.  
Maori and Briton meet in conflict fierce and keen,  
And the twin mount looks down on scenes of death and woe.  
But slowly, surely comes the reign of peace,  
Enforced by men who know their country's law,  
While men of gentler mood teach Faith and Love—  
Christ's Love—which maketh war to cease.  
Southwards the Lookers-on still watch o'er lonely seas,  
Save when a whaler's boat, or long canoe of war  
Crosses the strait, which severs North and South,  
To ravish and enslave a servile race.

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\* Kaikouras.



But see! "A sail! A sail!" and to our island comes  
 First ship of many, bringing to our strand  
 A band of "Pilgrim Fathers," stout and true,  
 Who, with brave heart, strong will, and ready hand,  
 Come hither, filled with power to dare and do,  
 Reclaim the wilderness, build cities, till the land.  
 Tended by careful hands the seed  
 Into a spreading tree hath grown.  
 Hundreds of British hearts in North and South  
 Beat high for God and Home.

1900

The century complete. Oh! wondrous change!  
 Our isles, no longer lonely, teem with life—  
 O'er plain and river, and far mountain range,  
 Justice and Peace prevail—Love ends the strife.  
 Cities have risen, and fair towns now stand  
 Where once was desert, swamp, or sandy shore;  
 And the brave Maori, Briton also, with us rules the land.  
 His sons with ours, loyal subjects of the Queen,  
 Cross the wide seas, responsive to her call—  
 Alike on dark and fair her kindly glances beam—  
 Brothers in arms they stand, and friends for evermore.  
 The Lookers-on, unchanged themselves, behold  
 Ships from all countries passing to and fro,  
 And grand Aorangi's glacier, steep and cold,  
 Re-echoes human voices far below.  
 The stately tree hath blossomed,  
 Far o'er the earth its seeds are strewn;  
 Thousands of British hearts within our isles  
 Beat high for God and Home.

Almighty Father! keep our Sea-land pure, from all corruption free,  
 And as the mountain's breath ascends, so may our prayers arise  
 Unto the highest Heaven, perpetual sacrifice to Thee.

#### THE SONG OF THE NATIVE BORN

Oh, Te Wai Pounamu,\* dear Isle of the Sea.  
 Wherever I wander my heart turns to thee.  
 How grand are thy mountains, how fertile thy plain  
 Where rivers like fountains pour forth after rain.  
 I love thy green forest, so shady and cool  
 With trees overreaching above the clear pool.  
 Long fronds of the fern tree hang gracefully there,  
 And flowerets unseen perfume the still air.  
 Oh, Te Wai Pounamu, dear Isle of the Sea,  
 Wherever I wander my heart turns to thee.

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\* Ancient Maori name of South Island.

From the brink of the stream looking up I espy  
The glossy necked tui against the clear sky,  
And all other sounds of the forest are mute  
While listening entranced to his musical flute.  
Then the Moki's sweet song peals out like a bell  
Re-echoed and answered all over the dell;  
And listening I feel that no birds of the air  
With those of my own native land can compare.  
Oh, Te Wai Pounamu, dear Isle of the Sea,  
Wherever I wander my heart turns to thee.

These be thy soft glories, my island so fair,  
But what of thy mountains that pierce the clear air?  
Thy lakes deep and wide, and thy wondrous cascade,  
Its waters rock-torn in bright rainbow arrayed.  
To the westward thy sounds unfathomed and deep,  
Where morning and eve the shadowed hills sleep.  
My heart throbs with pride as thy wonders I view,  
Dear land of my birth, Te Wai Pounamu.

E. M. L. S.



The sands of life now quickly run;  
The long day's work is nearly done.  
The river crossed, my journey ends  
Where welcome waits from old-time friends.

E. C. S.

① MORRINSVILLE  
25,000 Acres. Stock unknown

② RAGLAN  
90,000 Acres. 3,000 Cattle

③ KERIOI (Murimutu)  
200,000 Acres, About 40,000 Sheep

③a RUANUI  
12,000 Acres. 3,000 Cattle  
John Studholme

④ OHAUKO  
220,000 Acres. 60,000 Sheep

⑤ BALMORAL  
John Studholme

⑥ Greta Peaks Sanderson & Studholme  
24,500 Acres

⑦ HORORATA (The Point & The Terrace)  
10,000 Acres & 10,500 Acres

Manukau Har.  
Waikato R.

Napier

Wellington

⑧ COLDSTREAM  
50,000 Acres. 25,000 Sheep

⑨ OPUHA GORGE  
Studholme, Banks & Wigley  
47,000 Acres. 26,000 Sheep

⑩ TE WAIMATE  
98,000 Acres. 65,000 Sheep  
2,500 Cattle

⑪ HAWKDUN  
Acreage unknown. Probably abt. 75,000

⑫ RUN 166, WAIKAI, Southland

Dunedin

Riverton

Invercargill

SKETCH MAP SHOWING APPROXIMATE POSITIONS OF RUNS HELD  
BY STUDHOLME BROTHERS

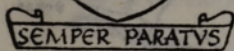




PEDIGREE OF WILLIAM PAUL STUDHOLME OF PERRIDGE HOUSE,  
DEVON, PRESENT HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

(Copied from Burke's *Landed Gentry*.)

STUDHOLME OF PERRIDGE HOUSE



WILLIAM PAUL STUDHOLME, of Perridge House, Devon, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple, 1887, J.P. New Zealand, *b.* 23 April, 1864; *educ.* Christ's Coll. New Zealand, and Magdalen Coll. Oxford; *m.* 11 Aug. 1897, ● Mabel, dau. of Henry F. Gray, of Waiora, Canterbury, New Zealand, and has had issue,

1. Paul Francis William, 2nd Lieut. 1st Batt. Devonshire Regt., *b.* 31 May, 1898; *educ.* Eton and R.M.C.; *k.* in action at Passchendaele, 4 Oct. 1917.

2. ● HENRY GRAY (12, *Oxford Square, W.2*), late Lieut. Scots Guards, Member L.C.C. from 1935, *b.* 13 June, 1899; *educ.* Eton and Magdalen Coll. Oxford, M.A.; *m.* 10 April, 1929, ● Judith Joan Mary, only dau. of Henry William Whitbread, of Norton Bavant Manor, Warminster, Wilts (*see* WHITBREAD of Southill), and has issue,

1. ● PAUL, *b.* 16 Jan. 1930.

2. ● Joseph Gilfred, *b.* 14 Jan. 1936.

1. ● Henrietta Mary, *b.* 24 Dec. 1931.

3. ● John Wyndham, Lieut.-Comm. R.N., *b.* 2 Feb. 1903; *educ.* Osborne and Dartmouth.

1. Eleanor Elizabeth, *b.* 2 Jan. 1902; *m.* 16 April, 1925, Paymaster Lieut.-Comm. Alan Robert Percy Brown, of Langstone Place, Havant, Hants, elder son of Col. Henry Brown, D.S.O., of Houndwood House, Reston, Berwick, and has issue two sons and one dau.

**Lineage.**—JOHN STUDHOLME, of Thursby, who was said to be descended from the family to whom Sir Hildred de Carlisle granted the manor of Studholme *temp.* HENRY II; *b.* ca. 1515; *d.* 1564, having had, by Marion his wife, with other issue, a son,

THOMAS STUDHOLME, of Thursby, *d.* 1601, having by Isobel, his wife, issue,

JOHN STUDHOLME, of Thursby, who *d.* 1657, leaving a son,

JOHN STUDHOLME, of Eveninghill in Thursby, *m.* 14 June, 1652, Agnes Ritson, and *d.* July, 1673. His only surviving son,

JOHN STUDHOLME, of Studholme and Steps in Thursby, and afterwards of Eveninghill, *d.* Dec. 1696, leaving by Isobell Huntingdon of E. Curthwaite, his wife (*d.* Nov. 1731) with other issue, a son,

JOSEPH STUDHOLME, of Mainsfold in Great Orton, and afterwards of Hole House, Thursby, *b.* 1682; *m.* 16 Oct. 1707, Elizabeth (*d.* 9 Nov. 1745), dau. of John Moore, of Midtown Orton, by Frances Addison, his wife, and *d.* 6 Feb. 1755. His eldest son,

JOHN STUDHOLME, of Hole House and Moore End, Thursby, *b.* Aug. 1708; *m.* Elizabeth, dau. of Joseph Jefferson of W. Curthwaite (*d.* 30 Nov. 1798) and *d.* 17 Oct. 1796. His son,

JOSEPH STUDHOLME, of St. Nicholas', Carlisle, *m.* 26 Oct. 1786, Mary (*d.* 23 July, 1795), dau. of John Moore, of Great Orton, by Sarah Hurson his wife, and *d.* 2 July, 1825. His son,

JOHN STUDHOLME, of Studholme, Abbey Holme, and afterwards of St. Nicholas and Morton Head, Cumberland, *b.* 1787; *m.* 6 April, 1824, Elizabeth, dau. of Paul Nixon, of Carlisle and Dent, Yorks (*d.* 1874), and *d.* 1847, having had issue,

1. Joseph, who sold the last of the family estates and settled in Ireland (*see L.G. of Ireland, Studholme of Ballyeighan*).

2. JOHN STUDHOLME, of Merevale, and Coldstream, New Zealand, settled in New Zealand 1851, and was for many years a member of the old Provincial Council of Canterbury, and later a member of the House of Representatives, *b.* 29 May, 1829; *m.* 10 Feb. 1862, Lucy Ellen Sykes (*d.* 1 Dec. 1926), dau. of late William Moorhouse, J.P., of Knottingley, Yorks, and *d.* 7 March, 1903; leaving issue,

1. John, C.B.E., D.S.O., of Coldstream, and Middleton Riccarton, Christchurch, N.Z., Lieut.-Col. New Zealand Forces, *b.* 10 Feb. 1863; *m.* 1st 23 June, 1897, Alexandra (*d.* 1907), 4th dau. of late Most Rev. William Thomson, Archbishop of York (*see BURKE'S Peerage, Thomson, Bt.*), by whom he had issue,

(1) ●John Morton Rangabe, late Lieut. New Zealand Forces, *b.* 11 July, 1898; *educ.* Christ's Coll. New Zealand, and Magdalen Coll. Oxford; *m.* 1925, ●Lucienne Aubé.

(2) ●Richard Home (*Pembroke House, Send, Surrey*), *b.* 7 Nov. 1901; *educ.* Eton and Trin. Coll. Camb., M.A. (1927); *m.* 6 Jan. 1927, ●Rosemary, 4th dau. of Rt. Rev. Cecil Wilson, Bishop of Bunbury, W. Australia, and has issue,

●John Richard Julius, *b.* 4 July, 1929.

●Rosemary Ann Home, *b.* 20 April, 1928.

(3) ●Derek Skene (*Coldstream, New Zealand*), *b.* 27 April 1904; *educ.* R.N.C., Dartmouth, and Corpus Christi, Camb., B.A. (1925); *m.* 14 July, 1931, ●Elizabeth Janet, eldest dau. of Charles John Crawford, of Wayside, St. Andrews, Fife, and has issue,

●Joseph John Anson, *b.* 1935.

●Alexandra Janet, *b.* 1933.

(4) Humphrey Francis, *b.* and *d.* 1905.

He *m.* 2ndly, 1910, ●Katherine Georgina (*Middleton Grange, Riccarton, Christchurch, New Zealand*), 2nd dau. of late Sir Charles Bowen, K.C.M.G., of Middleton, Canterbury, New Zealand, and *d.* 26 May, 1934.

2. ●WILLIAM PAUL, now of Perridge House.

3. Joseph Francis, *b.* 10 March, 1866; *educ.* Jesus Coll. Camb.; *m.* 1902, Eliza Hersey (37, *Halmsore Road, Christchurch, New Zealand*), 2nd dau. of Major-Gen. R. A. Wauchope, and *d.* 12 July, 1930.

1. ●Lucy Ellen, *m.* 1894, William Barton, of White Rock, and Fareham, New Zealand, and has issue.

2. Florence Mary (*Broadview, Hindhead, Surrey*).

3. Paul, *b.* 1831, *d.* *unm.* 1899.

4. Michael, of Waimate, New Zealand, *b.* 31 Jan. 1833; *m.* 18 April, 1860, Ephgenia Maria Louisa (*d.* 4 Feb. 1917); and *d.* 28 Sept. 1886, leaving issue.

1. Frances, *d.* *unm.* 1906.

2. Elizabeth, *d.* *unm.* 1914.

3. Ada, *m.* Charles Baker Stoney, M.D. (*d.* 9 April, 1904), and *d.* 14 Feb. 1921, leaving issue.

**Arms**—Vert, a horse statant arg., caparisoned or, on a chief of the second three mullets of six points pierced gu. **Crest**—A horse's head arg., bridled, and charged on the neck with a spur or. **Motto**—Semper paratus.

**Seat**—Perridge House, near Exeter, Devon. **Club**—Junior Carlton.



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Te Waimate

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5 Nov '48	A. L. S. Tauranga	21 Sep '50 HQ	Owaka
26 MAY 1949	TE AROHA	18 Jan '51 HQ	LP.
24 Sep '49 HQ	Tauranga	19 Mar '51 HQ	Waipukurau
29.10.49	Ren.	10 Oct '52 HQ	Taumarunui
21.11.49	R1	Cambridge	15 Oct '53 HQ
15 Jan 50 HQ	Huntly.	R.S.	2.12.53
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		Papakura	



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Te Waimate

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26-1-43	B.70	17.11.45	Ashburton
10.9.43	Mangopaki	17.2.46	Tauranga
Kakanui	4.12.43	11.9.47	Cambridge
25 sent	18.1.44.	29.10.47	Rwakivi
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