The Years That Are Past

by

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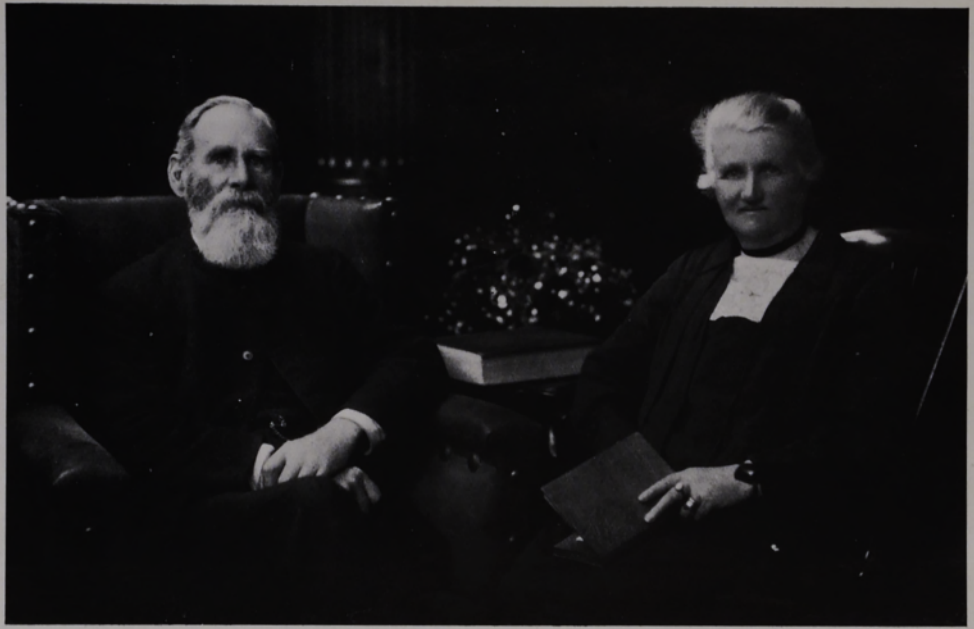

Canon T. A. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton
photographed on the occasion of their Golden Wedding in 1927.

THE YEARS THAT ARE PAST

By

THOMAS ALBERT HAMILTON

Canon of the Church of England
and sometime Officer in the Royal Navy
Sawmiller and Schoolmaster

Thomas A. Hamilton

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PREFACE.

This book has been written mainly because members of my family have desired it. While every author doubtless hopes for a wide circle of readers, I realise that my effort will mainly interest my kindred. Should any of my many friends, old parishioners and scholars honour me by reading what I have written I trust they will pardon me for giving the following details of my forbears.

The Hamilton family, to which we belong, has been settled in Ireland for some 300 years. A good history of the family is given in Sir Bernard Burke's "Dictionary of the Landed Gentry," edition of 1858.

From this work it appears that William Hamilton, of Bangor, County Down, fifth son of the Rev. Hans Hamilton, and brother of James Hamilton, first Viscount Claneboyne, married Jane Melville, daughter of Sir Jno. Melville, and dying in 1627, left, among other children, a son, Captain Hans Hamilton, M.P., of Carnisure, County Down, who died 28th December, 1655, and was buried at Hollywood.

His great-grandson, Alexander Hamilton, M.P., of Knock, County Dublin, and Newtown Hamilton, County Armagh, was the father of the Rt. Rev. Hugh Hamilton, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, who married

Isabella Wood, of Rossmead, daughter of Hans Widman Wood, by Frances, his wife, who was twin sister of Edward, Earl of Kingston.

The fifth son of the Rt. Rev. Hugh Hamilton was the Rev. Hugh Hamilton, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Jno. Staples, of Lissan, County Tyrone, and had for his son the Rev. Hugh Staples Hamilton, Vicar of Manston, Yorks, who married Miss Davies (Annette Mary Sophia) of Killeleagh, County Down.

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THE YEARS THAT ARE PAST

The House of Hamilton

The prophet Isaiah exhorts the Jews, for their encouragement and consolation in difficulties: "Look unto the Rock whence ye are hewn." Abraham was the "quarry" whence their nation was hewn, and had been called out of a strange land to the inheritance of Canaan.

The "House of Hamilton" (edited by Lt.-Col. George Hamilton) gives a full account of the English, Scotch and Irish branches of the family. I have in my possession a portrait of the Bishop of Ossory (my great-grandfather), Hugh Hamilton, who became Dean of Armagh in 1768, was consecrated Bishop of Clonfert in 1796 and translated to Ossory in 1799. He was an eminent writer upon Mathematics, Natural Science, and Religion. He died in 1805. His son, Rev. Hugh Hamilton, of Churchill, Co. Fermanagh, Rector of Benmore, died in 1865. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rt. Hon. John Staples, Co. Tyrone, and the eldest son was my father, the Rev. Hugh Staples Hamilton, Rector of

Manston, Yorkshire—"Vicar of Manston for fifty years, who married in 1847 Annette May Sophia, daughter of John Davies of Killeleagh." Of the large family, only two still reside in England, the rest are all living in New Zealand. Three of the sons are clergymen, viz., Hugh Henry Scriven, Thomas Albert, and Staples. My record (in the "House of Hamilton") is as follows:—

"Rev. Thomas Albert Hamilton, Canon of Christchurch, N.Z.; served for twelve years in the Royal Navy, afterwards settled in New Zealand. Married in 1877 Charlotte Lavinia Woodfield, of East Oxford, with issue: Victor Eustace, Cuthbert Noel, Roy Grenville, Stephen Churchill, Geoffrey Trench Frederick, Beresford Hans Alexander, Irene Beatrice, Dorothy Helen, Grace Margaret, Dulcie Isabel, Nina Florence, and Monica Mary."

These "hostages to fortune" wish to have some account of my life, and this is my excuse for this book. Some of the "hostages" urged me to get busy while I am still "sound in mind," which seems rather a back-handed compliment. If any of my many friends do me the honour of reading my effort and should weary of it, I hope they will remember the exhortation of the West Coast pub-keeper to his patrons not to shoot the pianist, who was doing his best. I have had to turn my hand to many things, but this is the first book I have attempted, and to modern readers my vapourings may seem very tame.

Manston Vicarage, Yorkshire

It was here that I was born and here my mother died and my sister Annette Frances on Christmas Day, 1867. I was at Montego Bay, Jamaica, when the news came.

My earliest recollections were of the Vicarage of Manston, five miles from Leeds, on the L.N.E. Railway. The church and vicarage were built of stone dug from a quarry on the glebe land. The churchyard had, at first, only one flat gravestone which we boys found eminently suitable for playing marbles on, until punishment overtook us. My father and mother went to Ireland to assist my grandfather in his clerical work, and we were left in charge of three Irish servants. The cook was a perfect Amazon and was a very brave woman. The country was infested with "garrotters" and robbers, and all our windows were protected by wooden shutters lined with iron plates, and inside bells were hung to give warning of burglarious attempts. One night a number of men prowled about the grounds. Ann, the cook, sharpened a sword (which had belonged to my maternal grandfather), and taking me to the front door, said: "Now, Master Tom, directly I go out lock the door and put the chain across—I'm going to the church!" All in the darkness, she found her way to the vestry, and locking herself in the building, groped her way to the bell rope and started ringing the bell. As this bell could be heard for five miles, the sound aroused the whole countryside and the "burglars" vanished.

I was the second son and early decided to be a sailor. The second son of a family was considered to be the "fool of the family," at least in the Victorian days, and when good fortune caused my name to be entered on the list of prospective candidates for admission to H.M.S. *Britannia* as a cadet I was determined to emulate all the great sailors I had ever read about, in such books as "Old Jack," "The Yellow Frigate," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," etc., though on joining a sea-going ship I did not perpetrate the profound cheek of the middy who reported to the Commander: "Come aboard to join, sir!" "Humph—the fool of the family, I suppose?" "No, sir, that's all been altered since your time!"

Although I came to New Zealand in 1874 and have never been back, the dialects of the Old Country come easily to my tongue when I think back.

Each county in England has its own peculiar dialect. In Somersetshire (Zummersetshire), if the question is asked, "Where are you going?" the phrase runs thus: "W'ere be gwine to?" and the answer is: "I be going up along." The same question in Yorkshire is: "Where's ta ban?" "Bist tha goin' to schule, Eloiza?" "Not I, Jemoima; they gied us tea and buns larst week and we shan't have any more till cum Christmas, so, as Mother says, it ain't no use." To the naughty boy the mother shouts: "Come hither lad, I'll warm tha!"

The story goes anent the local parson who had fallen into a ditch of nettles (this may be

apocryphal). Some colliers passing by heard his groans and inquired who was there. The reply was "The parson——" "Eh, tha mun lig there, for tha'll none be wanted till Sunday next."

A Yorkshireman never loses his brogue. The churchwarden at Temuka took me round to introduce me to leading parishioners. One, a farmer and butcher named Edward Lee, looked me up and down: "You're the new parson. Well, I'll tell tha! We'll be led but we'll none be driven." A most loyal soul, though he invariably slept all through the sermon at church.

Calling on some Yorkshire people in Fendalton one afternoon, I found the table spread for a most sumptuous afternoon tea. Comparing notes, we found we were "townies"—i.e., both came from Yorkshire, near Leeds. They asked me to say "grace," which I did, and then, as we sat down, I was asked, "Do you know the Yorkshire grace?" "Yes—you all stand round the table and say 'naw then,' and when the repast is finished rub the hand over the—ahem!—waistcoat, and say, 'theer'!"

When I was leaving England for New Zealand I went to bid farewell to the old sexton and his wife (Tom Vince and Faith). Seated on opposite sides of the fireplace, they each gave me parting advice. Old Tom said: "Now, Master Tom, when you get married, marry for the 'brass' (money)." Old Faith, being deaf, did not hear this, and she chimed in with: "Don't marry for brass or you'll have old 'oogly in the corner'!" As verger, old Tom had to light up the church at evening. Nothing

in those days but tallow candle "dips," and these required to be snuffed occasionally during the service. The clergyman read the service attired in a surplice, but during the singing of a psalm or a hymn went into the vestry and put on a black gown before entering the high pulpit; and in this interval old Tom would come in through a door from the vestry and light up the pulpit candles.

Ireland

For three years our family resided at Benmore, twelve miles from Enniskillen. My father took duty for my grandfather, and a curate named Willey was left in charge of the Yorkshire parish. I was a cadet in H.M.S. *Britannia* during a part of the time, and it fell to my lot to cross the Irish Channel in charge of two of my younger brothers. At Belfast the car-drivers swooped down upon the steamer and seized whatever luggage they could lay their hands on. Arriving at the station, I discovered the loss of a brief bag containing all my naval certificates. I asked the car driver whether there was another station in Belfast, and he said, "Yes, there is the Ballymena station for trains to the North." I offered him 10s. if he could get me there and back in time for my train to the West. At the Ballymena station we found an empty train drawn up at the platform, but no officials about. Searching the carriages, we found the bag in the last carriage and under the last seat. Retrieving it, we dashed back to the other station just in time

to get the west-bound train via Clones to Enniskillen, where our father met us and we drove twelve miles in a brougham.

Ireland is a great place for horses and snipe-shooting. The latter sport I became proficient in, and the knowledge enabled me to win a sweepstake years afterwards on the Mediterranean station when snipe-shooting on the plains of Marathon. Although I was only equipped with a muzzle-loading gun belonging to my father, I produced a bigger bag than all the other officers who had breech-loading guns. Shooting snipe lies all in the knack of catching them as they turn swiftly at a right angle, when they make a momentary halt.

Coal was almost unknown in Ireland in my young days, all fires being built up of "turf" or peat cut from immense bogs. The turf-cutters in working find great logs of "bog oak"—trees that have been buried for centuries but are quite sound, and the wood can be turned into splendid furniture. We had a large shed completely filled with turf in readiness for winter use. The smell of the burning peat is not unpleasant; in fact you get quite used to it, and it is "part and parcel" of the country.

Travelling by rail in those early days was decidedly primitive, both in England and Ireland. Journeying from Leeds to Portsmouth was a slow process and you had to get a lodging for a night at Birmingham, or some town about half-way to your destination. The seats of all carriages were "athwartships." The guards locked the doors

before leaving a station and you were a prisoner until arrival at the next important town. As the women-folk all affected the "crinoline" fashion, there was very little space left in the carriages for the "mere man."

The Irish method of planting potatoes is certainly simplicity itself. You lay a line of potatoes at required intervals along a grass paddock, and then, taking a long and very narrow spade, turn the turf over the potatoes and leave the rest to Nature. My brothers and I were once employed on the glebe land sorting potatoes for planting—a good many were useless and had to be thrown aside. One of my brothers got "fed up" with the work and was throwing the useless spuds away wildly. One particularly rotten one struck my father on the cheek whilst he was standing some distance away, and I daresay my brother remembers to this day the swift punishment that followed this breach of the fifth Commandment.

I Enter the Navy

When I was a small boy I saw the coast-guard line of battleship stationed at Hull (H.M.S. *Colossus*), and became smitten with sea-hunger, and longed to enter the Navy. Through the good offices of the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait), a nomination was obtained and I issued forth from a Yorkshire vicarage to enter Eastman's "cramming" school at Portsmouth, to work up for the examination for entry into the training ship, the *Britannia*, then at Port-

land. There were over eighty candidates, and half of these were "ploughed," but I had the good fortune to pass eighth on the list, and after a year in the *Britannia*, to pass out fifth in the same batch and with a "first-class," having had the year counted to me as "sea-time." Six months were spent at Portland, and then the *Britannia*, using her own sails, was towed round to Dartmouth, a glorious place for cadets, a land full of veritable "milk and honey" (i.e., apples and Devonshire cream), a most pleasant change after the convict prisons, stone quarries and long shingle beach at Portland. A harbour crammed with beautiful yachts and a river—well named the English Rhine—afforded scenery and life and movement which remain to this day indelibly fixed in my memory.

There are probably but few boys who have not at one time or another fancied that they would like to go to sea. It is quite certain that there are no British boys, and but few men, who do not feel some kind of interest in the sea, and in all that concerns the sea—in ships, in boats, and in sailors.

Great Britain is entirely different from most of the other countries of Europe. Having the sea all round, more than half the population live all their lives near the sea. Two-thirds of the population live in the maritime counties, and, probably, about one-third live actually in the ports and the sea-coast towns. There is always a strange fascination about the sea. Even those who live away from it, and who only come to it now and then, generally leave it with

regret. However beautiful the country may be, yet, to a certain extent, it is always the same; but the sea is always changing, and if the view should happen to be upon a part of the coast where vessels are frequently passing, then the picture is changing the whole day long. In the English Channel, for instance, a constant stream of vessels, of all sorts and sizes is nearly always to be seen, some bound up Channel, and some down: from small coasting vessels and fishing boats to great steamers and men-of-war, and all within a few miles of the English coast. Not only British ships, but all the foreign shipping from the ports along the North Sea, and from the Baltic, keep within a few miles of the English coast. You may sit all day on the cliffs at Boulogne on the French side of the Channel and hardly see a vessel. They are all out of sight, far away over on the English coast.

West Africa

My nautical career commenced on March 10th, 1863, the late King Edward's wedding day, when Prince of Wales, and the illuminations at Portsmouth, with lines of warships lighted up, were in keeping with the loyal fervour of the brand new cadet's feelings. Three months were spent in the *Victory* guardship at Portsmouth, and three months in the *Royal Adelaide* at Plymouth, waiting for a sea-going appointment, which came at last, to the old paddle frigate *Gladiator*. Sent on "particular service," she escorted Governor Sir Arthur Ord to the British West Coast Settlements in Africa, Sierra Leone,

River Gambia, Cape Coast Castle, Accra, etc. His Excellency was on a tour of inspection, his duty being to report on the retention or relinquishment of these settlements.

First of all we called at the French settlement of Gambia, for we had to interview a native King at Bathurst (English), some 20 or 30 miles up the river. We set out in a ship's cutter manned by 12 men. I was the lucky midshipman to be sent in charge. Arriving at our destination we were met by native guides and led through a trackless forest and finally came to a clearing where there was a native village. The King was seated on a fallen log smoking a pipe and we paid due homage to his sable majesty. Thousands of parrots were perched in the surrounding trees and chattered unceasingly. Some of these birds were called "King" birds and differed from the ordinary grey parrot because of their bright plumage. They had red feathers on their wings and legs and round the neck, and were wonderful talkers.

We afterwards spent some time at Sierra Leone. The Portuguese were the first who discovered and formed settlements on the river Sierra Leone, but at the close of the eighteenth century the British turned their attention towards it, with a view to the effectual abolition of the slave trade by raising up an African colony to which the slaves, captured from the *dhows,* might be sent as freemen. Magistrates and policemen are all "as black as your hat" and woe betide the culprits who were caught playing the fool ashore.

Here two of our sub-lieutenants were "confirmed," but I cannot remember who the officiating Bishop was; one of them became a distinguished African explorer in after years. His name was Verney Lovett Cameron-Grig. Down the streets of Sierra Leone one Sunday I passed a church or Sunday school and heard the children singing, "There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away."

When in these hot places, all work or drill on a man-of-war was done either before 8 a.m. or after 4 p.m. for fear of getting sunstroke. On arrival at a harbour it was necessary to engage a boat's crew of "Kroomen," who could convey supplies from the shore, etc. These men were docile and of splendid physique. Their wages were held by the head man and if punishment was required he dealt it out. In fact it was an "*imperium in imperio*," for the ship's officer did not interfere in any way. They conveyed our washing on shore, where the negro women took possession of the bathing pool, and placing our white shirts, etc., on flat stones scrubbed them with other flat stones, but although they appeared on board scrupulously clean, the shirts were starched *all over*, so that they could stand upright on their tails. This extra energy on the part of the washer ladies was *not* appreciated. The negroes, both on the coast of Africa and in the West Indies, are happy and docile, and one heard many "yarns" about them.

Sierra Leone is a very charming but unhealthy place. Long-legged birds, called adjutants, act as scavengers. Fire-flies abound at night time and are pretty, but beware of the night air and miasma.

In my log books I have sketches of most of these places.

We went on to Cape Coast Castle. There was no proper landing place and you went through the surf in a canoe, risking a "ducking" in the process. Sharks abound here. A great commotion occurred one day when the navigating officer stepped into a canoe alongside the gangway, holding his umbrella "unfurled" on account of the sun. Unfortunately he stepped on to the gunwale, with the result that the canoe capsized, and as the sea was infested with sharks, we were anxious about him. But there was a humorous side to the accident, for he was swimming about, still holding the umbrella over his head. We "middies" thoroughly enjoyed seeing a senior officer get a "ducking."

At Cape Coast Castle gold rings were bought containing no alloy, and these were profitably disposed of on returning Home.

Our next port of call was Accra, famous for its parrots and fruits. The latter comprised citron, orange, mango, pineapple, banana, coconut, etc. Here I bought four grey parrots for a half-a-crown. One of these proved to be a "King Bird," the wings, etc., becoming tipped with red, and a ring of red feathers around its neck. It could have been sold for £15 or £20 at Plymouth, but it was reserved to take home. I wonder if any lad ever went to sea without having visions of bringing home a parrot.

At Lagos, I spent my first Christmas at sea. Here a good harbour was sadly needed, and I was told it could be made for about £420,000. Alas, we had to

lie out in the open roadstead, "rolling yardarms under." As the mangrove swamps came right down to the shore, Lagos was a great place for mosquitoes and malarial fever, and several white bishops ended their lives, after only a few months or years, owing to this scourge. We afterwards visited Whydah, Jellicoffee and other places further down the coast. The heat was intense everywhere. The men appeared to spend their time hunting elephants, hippopotami and crocodiles, and in shooting birds. The women tilled the soil and grew maize, cotton, yams, pumpkins, etc. Owing to the heat very little clothing was worn and there was no fear of sunstroke, for the negro's woolly head of hair was ample protection. When a negress was decked out for a ball or party the "finishing touch" was not lipstick and powder, but a pat of butter placed on her head which melted and streamed down her body, giving charm and fragrance, and making her the envy of all beholders.

A wonderful bowl of punch was brewed by mixing together every available form of wine and spirit. Having to keep the first watch (8 to 12), I found it difficult to get "relieved" of my watch. Enquiry of the sentry below the hatchway as to the whereabouts of the sub-lieutenant elicited nothing except that "strange sounds" were emanating from the gun-room, and on pushing back the door the light of the sentry's lantern fell upon Mr. —— kneeling at the table with the punch bowl—a silver tureen—tilted to his mouth, and between his sips of cold punch he was managing to sing: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!"

Africa of the ancients had a former greatness and a civilization cradled in Egypt. The magnificent ruins of Thebes and its temples and the Pyramids testify to its splendour. It is now practically certain that King Solomon's Mines—the "Ophir" of the Bible—were situated at Sofala. Here massive blocks of masonry are found similar to stones of the temple at Jerusalem. It is now believed that several nations worked these mines conjointly and that Arabia (Psalm 72:15) was the "clearing house" for the distribution of wealth. Not many years ago European travellers who penetrated into Mashonaland (now known as Rhodesia) described remarkable monuments of ancient occupation. These ruins were evidently of great antiquity as ruins, and their defensive character showed that they were the work of foreigners. The voyages of King Solomon's navy, 1,000 years B.C., suggest a connection between the two. These trading voyages brought back ivory, apes, peacocks, and vast quantities of gold and silver worth millions of money. All these were products of the country south of the Zambesi in Rhodesia, now a part of the British Empire.

Africa has always proved of absorbing interest to me. Eighty years ago school boys were pleased to be told to draw a map of this continent. There was so little known that it was only necessary to fill in very few details of rivers, etc. How public imagination was stirred by David Livingstone's disappearance in the wilds and his subsequent discovery some years later by Stanley, who stumbled

upon him with the greeting, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." One must always deplore war, yet war has played a great part in opening up and civilizing this continent. It cannot be denied that the Ashanti, Zulu, Sudan and Boer wars have all had this effect. The tragic end of the heroic General Gordon at Khartoum resulted in international interest and ultimately brought about determined action by England to put an end to Dervish fighting. This led to the peaceful settlement of Egypt and the building of that great dam at Assouan. Who shall say that the hand of the Almighty was not in this?

It is interesting to speculate upon the conditions likely to pertain in this vast continent in say twenty generations. War seems to have welded the southern portion into the beginnings of a nation, but what will happen in the northern portion? Many nations' interests may clash there: Morocco, Abyssinia, Italy, France, Belgium, Egypt. Before the Boer War who dreamed that the Orange Free State and the Boer Republic would so easily become a self-governing unit of our Empire, and that the war would lay the foundations of a nation binding together Cape Colony, Natal, Rhodesia, and the above two republics which for generations had clashed? Again I ask, who is to say that the hand of God was not in this? I was a man of war and I became a man of peace, but the more I look back the more certain I am that dreadful as war is, it may often be the hand of God.

The Fenian Scare

Returning home, the *Gladiator* served with the Channel Fleet during the Fenian scare. Stationed at Crookhaven, in Ireland, the most westerly port after passing Queenstown, the man-of-war lay moored to a buoy, with steam up night and day, and at a signal from the lighthouse that a mail steamer was approaching from America, the moorings were slipped, and steaming out, we signalled the vessel to "heave to." If this was disregarded then a shot was fired across her bow, and when she obeyed a boat was sent with a number of constabulary, whose business it was to search the vessel before her arrival at Cork. In this way the "Head Centre," as he was called, the moving spirit of the trouble, was arrested, and many cases of arms, etc., confiscated.

Bantry Bay, Glengariff, Valentia, and Lough Swilly, etc., were visited, and at Valentia I saw the shore end of the first Atlantic cable. Transporting troops to Dover, towing a monster five-masted iron-clad, the *Agincourt,* from Birkenhead to Plymouth, and other duties were also performed. Returning to Queenstown, the *Gladiator* was caught in a fearful storm in the Bay of Biscay, made memorable by the loss of the s.s. *London* (January, 1866), and the *Gladiator,* putting into Falmouth, anchored until the weather should moderate. In heaving up the anchors afterwards an extraordinary thing happened. It was found that two enormous mooring chains were crossed on the flukes of the anchors. The chains were made of

wrought iron links of enormous size, and the oldest inhabitant knew nothing of their existence. The harbour-master conjectured that they had been used in Drake's and Frobisher's times as a bar across the mouth of the harbour, and probably they had lain in the mud for centuries.

H.M.S. *Favourite* was soon after commissioned at Sheerness by a former captain of the *Gladiator* (F. H. Shortt, afterwards Commodore at Hong Kong), and I was selected by him as part of the complement of officers. The *Favourite* was the first ironclad to cross the Atlantic under her own steam and sail power—if we except the old *Terror,* a floating battery (like a huge surf-boat with inch and a half plates screwed to her sides), which was towed to Bermuda by tugs. The *Favourite* was originally designed as a wooden corvette, but alterations were made to allow of a central battery protected by 4½ inch iron plates, and a belt of the same thickness extending some feet below the waterline. The armament consisted of eight 6½ ton muzzle-loading guns (which looked like huge soda-water bottles) and two 64-pr. breech-loaders. These were mounted in the bow and stern, and were such excellent guns that complete accuracy was as possible as in firing with a rifle.

The North American Station

Ordered to the North American and West Indian station, the *Favourite* left Sheerness on March 23rd, 1866, but owing to a heavy gale it was deemed inadvisable to round the North Foreland, and she stood

off Margate until the weather moderated. Jack, of course, took this bad start as an evil omen, and the ship was straightway pronounced to be a "coffin," but after events proved that though she did not rise as easily on a huge wave as the old wooden ships, she was a fine sailer.

Her propeller was then a new idea, being four-bladed, and she carried Marten's patent anchor, which was then in an experimental stage. These anchors had reversible flukes and resembled a huge mud-hook.

In making Halifax Harbour it is necessary to pick up the lights on either side of the entrance. One is a fixed light and the other a revolving one, and the mariner has an anxious time until his course is shaped between them. A new steamer named the *Atlantic* ran on to the cliffs at the rate of sixteen knots, and became a total wreck through mistaking the southern light for the northern one. Entering Halifax Harbour, the *Favourite* gave the customary admiral's salute of fifteen guns with her big guns, with the result that panes of glass were shattered wholesale in buildings near the wharfs and jetties. We received thanks mingled with condemnation, and were ordered to salute with boat's guns for the future. Halifax was a most popular place with naval officers, and many have found partners for life there, for the women are considered to be the most beautiful in the world. One of my log books still contains a pressed flower given to me by one of them.

The yarn may be mythical, and probably is, but it is said that Sir Garnet Wolseley, afterwards Lord

Wolseley, was walking along a residential thoroughfare and saw a noted belle down on her knees scrubbing the front doorstep. He exclaimed, "That is the wife for me!" and she eventually became Lady Wolseley. It is said that front doorstep scrubbing became very fashionable after this episode.

Several admirals were successively in command of the station during my service of six years on various ships: Sir James Hope, Sir Alexander Milne, Rodney Munday, and G. Wellesley. One of these was a confirmed old bachelor, and was invulnerable to Cupid's darts. A huge farewell ball and supper were given to this admiral on his leaving the station. The supper-room was improvised outside, a temporary floor being laid on trestles; awnings and flags made a room of the structure, and the supper table, scintillating with glass and silver, etc., stretched in one long line down the room. All the Halifax notables were present, and the military, in addition to naval officers. The Admiral was in the centre, on one side of the table, and facing him the General Commanding the Forces, to whom was allotted the task of bidding the Admiral farewell. In his speech he twitted the ladies of Halifax for letting the gallant Admiral slip through their fingers, and followed with more badinage to the same effect.

The Admiral rose to reply, but what he said will never be recorded, for just at that moment the whole of the flooring gave way at the centre, causing an avalanche of crockery, glass, jellies, etc., etc., from either end of the tables. These resembled two enormous slides, with every movable thing gaily

tobogganing to the centre. The extraordinary pandemonium and chaos which followed formed a tableau which is better imagined than described.

In the winter months the harbour is frozen over, and the men-of-war which are compelled to remain are "housed" in with double awnings, etc., for the cold season. A bay called the North-west Arm, to the right of the harbour, is nearly always frozen over with ice several feet thick, and here most enjoyable skating can be had. Halifax Harbour is capable of containing an immense fleet of the largest ships with ease and safety, and moreover there is an inner harbour where it is said a whole French fleet hid from observation in the time of the Napoleonic Wars.

By a canal the town is connected with the Bay of Fundy. There is a vast naval dockyard, and I remember a barrel of salt pork branded "1785" being dragged to light from the dark recesses of the stores and opened, and found to be perfectly sound. It might, however, have been an old barrel replenished at a much later date.

Wonderful trout-fishing could be obtained in the small lakes near Halifax, but the plague of small flies and mosquitoes was so great that only an enthusiastic fisherman would face the torture inflicted by them. Those who ventured usually smeared their faces and wrists with a brown ointment, which certainly did not improve the appearance although it might have added to their comfort. Partridges were as tame as barn-door fowls, and could almost be knocked over with a stick as they perched on the pine branches.

Tea on shore, at a restaurant, was always a

sumptuous affair—a whole partridge, bread sauce, toast and tea for the small sum of sixpence. Lobsters were so plentiful that they were almost a drug in the market. A story is told of an army officer newly arrived from London who gave his orderly half-a-crown and told him to "buy a good lobster." The orderly returned with a barrow laden with lobsters, and the officer exclaimed: "You will ruin me!" and got the astonishing reply, "This is only the half of what I bought with the half-crown." Lobster-spearing from boats was a favourite amusement after dark. A cleft stick was used, and ladies were great experts in catching the lobster in the cleft as its blackish-green form darted toward the torches held by the men in the boat. On one occasion a young lady just arrived from England by the mail steamer was accorded the honour of "spearing the first lobster." Although helped with advice galore—such as "There is one," "Look out," "There you are," etc.—she protested she could not see one, and finally, chagrined with vexation and disappointment, she burst into tears. Then light dawned upon one of the colonial girls, and she asked, "What colour do you think they are?" and the distressed maiden replied incoherently, "Why, red of course; what other colour would they be?" Tableau and explanations.

Sir James Hope's flagship was H.M.S. *Duncan*, a huge three-decker with a complement of over a thousand men.

On the occasion of the Red River Expedition, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, the *Duncan* came alongside the wharf and took all the available troops on

board and then moved out into the stream. An important letter had been forgotten, and as midshipman in charge of a ten-oared cutter, I was sent on board with it. There was no accommodation ladder, and the only way to the upper deck was by clinging to "man ropes" and mounting tiny steps or battens affixed to the ship's side. This is, of course, quite an easy matter for a sailor. It may be explained that the long side ropes (about 40 feet in length) were rove through brass rings or "eyes" on either side of the gangway. The "sideboys," thinking that the ropes would no longer be required, unrove them from the rings, and when I returned and the "side" was "piped," the boys hastily tied the ropes to the rings with pieces of spun yarn. Now in going over the side, you face the ship and run down the steps, allowing the man ropes to slip easily through the hands, but of course the whole weight is on them. In this case, directly I turned outwards and my weight came on the ropes, the rope-yarns gave way, and I was precipitated a distance of 40 feet into the cutter drawn up alongside the ship; the blades of the oars in the bows luckily formed a springboard, and I escaped with nothing more serious than a tossing "sky-high" and a wound in the thigh from a boat-hook. The screams of the ladies in the carriages drawn up on the wharves are still a vivid recollection of this incident.

A sailor's life is liable to be cut short in a moment. Loosing sails in harbour, the order was given "Away aloft," and men swarmed on to the yards and loosed

the gaskets, holding the sails whilst the midshipmen of fore, main and mizzen tops advanced to the forepart of their respective tops, and signalled with the hand to the commander, "All ready." The order, "Let fall," was then given, and the heavy sheets of canvas fell to their full length and were thrown out of the top by a rope (attached to the lower masthead and the rims of the top), called a "crinoline." I was midshipman of the maintop and was standing in the forepart of the top making the signal "Ready," when the men on the topsail yard, above me, thinking that the order "Let fall" had been given, let go the sail, and six tons weight of canvas thundered down behind me, sweeping me out of the top. Under ordinary conditions the 80 feet fall to the deck would have meant instant death; but fortunately the main yard was braced at an angle for hoisting baggage out, and I fell across the yard and was seized by two seamen and quickly lowered to the deck in an unconscious state. Truly, as Dibdin says:—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack"

The West Indies

The West Indies, which were the frequent scene of naval combats during the eighteenth century, are an immense number of islands and islets, some of them very large, some mere rocks, that lie in the great bay between the extreme north of South America and the southern end of North America, containing among them some of the most beautiful islands in the world.

Taking the whole world over, it would be difficult to find any countries more beautiful, or any climates more lovely, than are to be found among the West India Islands.

It is, of course, well known how they originally came to be called the West Indies. In the fifteenth century the old Portuguese and Spanish navigators conceived, very naturally, that if the world was round, they might just as well get to the East Indies by sailing to the West as going to the East, and that by doing so they might avoid the stormy and dangerous voyage round the Cape of Good Hope.

At all events, they tried it, and on the 3rd of August, 1492, Columbus, with three small vessels, bound for the East Indies, sailed away to the West.

On the 12th of October the ships came to land. It was, as a matter of fact, the island of San Salvador, one of the Bahamas. As it did not turn out to be the East Indies, they called it the West Indies, and it has kept its name ever since.

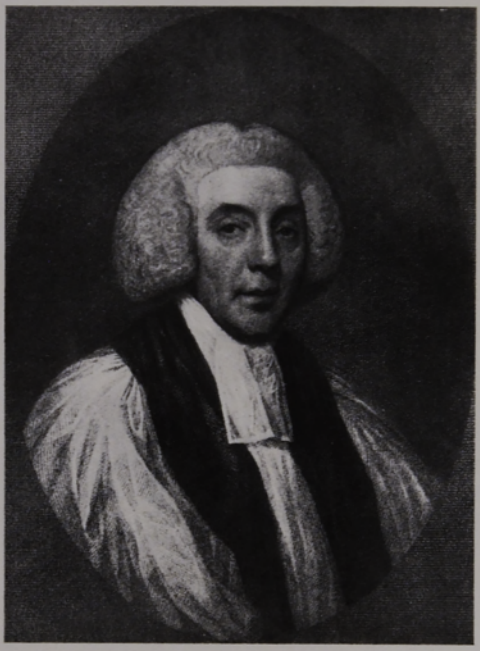
There are four larger islands, and several thousands of smaller islands, that make up what we call the West Indies—the larger islands are Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti, and Porto Rico.

On the road to the West Indies, and not very far from them, lying right out in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, are the Bermudas. They are a cluster of about 100 small islands, of which only about fifteen are inhabited, whilst the rest are mere rocks.

The principal islands are Main Island, on which is Hamilton, the capital, where there is a good harbour; St. George, Somerset, St. David, Boaz, and

Ireland. The climate is mild and healthy, and as the islands are comparatively near England, and only 677 miles from New York, they are fast becoming a winter resort for visitors and invalids, especially from the United States; for when the winds are bitterly cold and the snow lies deep in the streets of New York, the most glorious summer weather is to be found in Bermuda, the mornings being especially lovely. Bermuda, which is chiefly shelly, coralline rock, is mostly low land, what hills there are rising to no great height. Gibbs Hill, where the lighthouse stands, is only about 250 feet above the sea level. The island is everywhere covered with semi-tropical trees and plants. In the cultivated districts, cotton, arrowroot, sweet potatoes and yams are grown in large quantities. The sea is of a splendid blue, abounding with coral, sponges, the most beautiful shells, and curious fishes.

The entrance for shipping is extremely intricate, and it is wonderful to see the negro pilot steering a ship through the complicated maze of coral reefs. He stands upon the forecastle head, or upon one of the yard-arms and keeps his eyes upon the water ahead. The water is, as a rule, perfectly calm, and as transparent as glass, so that every reef may be clearly distinguished as it blocks the way, fathoms deep. The pilot's arms act as a semaphore, and in response to his signals the helm is put over to port or starboard as required, and the ship glides majestically through the tortuous channel as if following the mazes of a dance. Specimens of coral are eagerly



The Right Reverend Hugh Hamilton, D.D.
(1729-1805), late Lord Bishop of Ossory.

sought after by visitors. To secure them it is necessary to go out in a boat, on a calm day, with two or three black fellows, whose trade it is to gather the coral. When the boat gets over the reef, a glass like an ordinary telescope is put down into the water, giving a perfectly clear view of the bottom. If, when looking down through the glass, a particularly fine specimen is seen, one of the black fellows is overboard in an instant, and sinking easily to the bottom, cuts off the piece of coral, and is up at the surface again directly. It is a dangerous business, however, as sharks abound everywhere in the West Indies, though not so often seen at Bermuda as farther south, ships' companies often bathing here without ever being disturbed by sharks. Then, besides the most splendid corals, there are seaweeds and sea anemones, and, shooting in and out among them all, the brightest coloured fishes. There are great red, brown, and grey gropers, canary coloured schnappers, "humming bird" fish, all purple and gold—blue fishes—and many of a mauve and green colour; pilot fish, porcupine fish, puff fish; while rock and cuttle-fish are to be seen lurking in the corners. Looking down through the water is a veritable peep into fairyland.

Among the wonders of Bermuda, besides its coral reefs, are the celebrated Walsingham caves. They are situated in the centre of a thick wood in the middle of St. George Island. From the rocky roofs of the caves hang numerous stalactites, covered with some kind of deposit of lime, looking like the most delicate carving. The guides carry torches of brushwood steeped in resin, with which they light up the

caves and show the most marvellous effects. At Bermuda was the largest floating dock in the world. It was built at Woolwich in 1868, and was towed across the Atlantic by the *Warrior* and *Black Prince,* and traversed nearly 4,000 miles before reaching its destination. It was 381 feet long and 123 feet wide, and was capable of accommodating a 17,000 ton battleship. Not long ago I attended a church service in a country district in South Canterbury and afterwards encountered the local schoolmaster, and fell into conversation. On comparing notes, I found that the Dominie knew Bermuda "like a book." He enquired if I had seen the floating dock. He was astounded when I replied I was the officer detailed with forty men for the duty of cleaning the dock and scraping off the barnacles which encrusted the hull after the long voyage.

When in Bermuda, I walked frequently to the quarries, whence the stone is obtained for building purposes, and admired the beautiful snow-white blocks of stone, sawn into various sizes. The stone is formed of countless millions of little shells, and of so soft a nature when first quarried, that a walking-stick may be pushed into it with ease; and yet when built up into houses, dockyard buildings, etc., it becomes, by exposure to the air and weather, as hard as granite, so hard that it is impossible to chip it with a knife or tool. How like the child mind! so soft and plastic in its early years, yet soon hardened by contact with the world. What a parable for educationists and those who have to do with the building up of the moral fibre of a nation!

I was in Bermuda in the days of my youth, and, belonging to the Historic Church, attended services held in the Dockyard Chapel in preparation for the rite of confirmation. There were about four hundred candidates, and one evening at the close of the instruction the worthy chaplain said, "We have an organ, but no organist available, but with such a number of men we ought to be able to sing the 'Evening Hymn'," and looked round appealingly at the midshipmen. I responded by starting the best known tune for "Sun of My Soul." Some worthy tar at the back of the congregation started another tune. The men then threw decorum to the winds, and catching the very spirit of mischief, engaged in a regular tug-of-war. The din not only deafened the poor padre's expostulations, but brought shocking disgrace upon us all.

However, the next evening, order and penitence prevailed, and an organist taking command, contrived to lead the voices into unity and concord.

Boats and steamers were brought into use for the transport of the gallant four hundred from Ireland Island to Hamilton (the capital of Bermuda). Here in the fine church (years afterwards destroyed by fire), the candidates composed the entire congregation, and were confirmed by the Bishop of Newfoundland. The sailing boats in Bermuda are built entirely of cedar wood, and make splendid yachts. Regattas are a common occurrence, into which the boats of the men-of-war infuse life and spirit. One small island is known as Quarantine Island, which is seldom used for the purpose for which it is set apart, though I

remember a ship called the *Wolverine* coming in from Jamaica towing most of her boats behind her, and these full of sick men, the result of yellow fever, and Quarantine Island was thickly inhabited for some weeks. As a rule, however, the place was used as a recreation ground. At the landing-stage a large square of canvas tacked up bore the inscription:—

"All you as is well and 'arty,
Come and join our cricket party."

Talking of cricket, great naval and military matches were played on the grounds in Ireland Island. On one occasion the wicket-keeper had his little finger put out of joint. The whole of the elevens and the umpire had a haul at the finger, and the victim suffered accordingly, until a young assistant surgeon sauntered on to the ground, and, being informed of the mishap, politely called us "fools and fat-heads," and, presto, the bone of the joint slipped into its socket. We had been grasping the top and bottom of the finger, whereas the surgeon took hold of the sides, where the projection of the knuckle bones enabled him to get a grip. Ambulance work, though taught in a desultory way, was not so complete and thorough in its method as it is to-day. However, every sailor knew how to pass a tourniquet and arrest bleeding. Jack is marvellous in resource, ingenuity, and dexterity, and can cope with emergencies. For instance, two sailors were driving a horse in a gig, when the blinkers fell off and the horse bolted in a mad gallop which seemed likely to end in total shipwreck. Not so; one sailor steadied the vehicle and the

other climbed on to the horse's back and crawled along to its neck. Balancing himself carefully he put his hands over the horse's eyes, with the result that, in nautical language, the ship "came to anchor immediately." I put this plan into practice once, though not quite under the same circumstances. I was driving with a station-owner, when a young horse was harnessed for the first time. For the first few miles, everything was eminently satisfactory, but as I was closing the last gate, the horrified driver exclaimed, "The blinkers are dropping off!" To apply the sailor's dodge was the work of a moment, and the horse stood like a lamb whilst string was found and the blinkers readjusted.

The nearest islands to Bermuda are the Bahamas, a group consisting of about twenty inhabited islands, close to the coast of Florida. The Bahamas are very like Bermuda, only hotter, as they are just on the borders of the tropics. There is the same bright blue sea; there are the same white beaches, the same corals and sponges; indeed, the sponge is one of the principal articles of the Bahama trade. Small boats with six to twelve men, coast along the banks where the water is shallow, and generally so beautifully clear that the sponges can be easily seen from the surface. They are brought up by means of long sticks with hooks to them, or, where the water is deeper, by diving. When first got out of the water they are covered with a soft slimy substance like tar, with all the little sponge animals sticking to them. They are then spread out on the decks to dry, and afterwards brought ashore to be washed, sorted, and pressed into

bales containing about a hundredweight each. The value of the sponges exported from the Bahamas was about sixty or seventy thousand pounds a year, the United States being the largest consumer of the product. The pineapple was also another great article of the Bahama trade. Each cargo consisted of at least 40,000 pineapples, and the total number shipped in the season amounted to many millions. In addition to this there was the "canning" trade. One factory alone disposed of 25,000 pineapples a day, and sent out in the course of the year 200,000 tins, the bulk of it going to the United States. Other articles of commerce were turtle, oranges, lemons, ebony, and mahogany. Past the Bahamas runs the Gulf Stream, which is one of the most important currents of the world. It is the Gulf Stream that makes the climate of England and the North of Europe what it is, depositing a vast body of warm water in the central parts of the North Atlantic and flowing past the British Isles, until it ultimately loses itself in the cold Arctic currents coming south. If it were not for the Gulf Stream, England itself would practically be within the Arctic regions, and be menaced with glaciers, icebergs, and all the other accompaniments of an Arctic climate. Nassau is the principal port of the Bahamas. The seas literally swarm with tropical fish, and the hated shark. A favourite pastime was fishing for the latter with a huge iron hook baited with meat, and attached to a stout rope. In nine cases out of ten the shark simply straightened the hook out and swam off with the bait. Once a 12 foot shark was hauled on to the forecastle of the

man-of-war and the tail duly nicked with an axe, and the shark lay with its mouth wide open, and apparently dead. A youth, in bravado, placed his hand in the shark's mouth, and, snap went the jaws, the saw-like teeth closing like a vice. Yells and pandemonium prevailed until the fainting lad was released. Here, at Nassau, the British men-of-war watched for steamers "running the blockade" and carrying contraband of war to insurgents in Cuba and Hayti.

A steamer thus captured, quietly steamed out of the harbour in the darkness, and though shelled by the forts, escaped, carrying a thousand stand of arms and some batteries to the rebels. On her return a man-of-war, H.M.S. *Favourite*, recaptured her, and "locked the stable door" by removing portions of the machinery.

One morning a mast and flag was seen rising above the horizon, and the officer of the watch making it out to be a commodore's pennant, reported that "The commodore was afloat." "Nonsense!" said the captain. "The commodore at Jamaica has no ship available, and he never goes afloat—it *must* be the Admiral. Load fifteen guns for the salute." All the available telescopes, etc., were brought to bear, and the officer stood alone in his opinion. The signalmen were like Micaiah's lying prophets in backing up the skipper. But, lo! it was the commodore—Sir R. Phillimore—and as the salute for him was only eleven guns, four charges of powder had to be extracted.

The flannel bags being "punctured" by the worm, or extractor, could not be returned to the magazine,

and had to be thrown overboard, and the captain consequently had to pay nearly £5 for backing his overconfident opinion. Jamaica, Barbados, St. Kitts, Antigua, and many another island may be only fragments of the British Empire, but visits to them anon will remind us of the heritage bequeathed to the race by stalwarts of the past. The English are spread far and wide. "The sea is their dominion, and their land is the finest of the globe." It is theirs now, it will be theirs for ages to come "if they remain unchanged and keep the heart and temper of their forefathers."

"Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

The West Indian Islands bear many visible traces of volcanic influences. Extinct and semi-active volcanoes exist in several places, as in Domingo and Trinidad, and the Soufrière of St. Lucia and of St. Vincent. The latter forms a phenomenon of much interest. Its crater can be explored by the tourist, provided he is accompanied by native guides to direct his steps along the dangerous footpaths traversing the boggy surface. In the centre lie two sheets of water, one of which is like a cauldron, bubbling and active, while the other is clear and of icy chilliness. A thin belt of ground separates them from each other. The visitor, standing between the two, may place one hand in boiling water and at the same time have his other hand numbed with cold on the other side. A disturbance of nature in 1867 caused the lakes of

the Soufrière of St. Vincent to rise and overflow the sides of the crater.

The Soufrière was an extinct volcano in the island of St. Lucia, north of St. Vincent and about thirty miles south of Martinique, where the terrible eruption of Mt. Pelée occurred. When I visited the St. Lucia volcano it was quiescent, but since the Mt. Pelée disaster this has also burst into eruption.

One of my companions up Soufrière was the Reverend Alfred Earle, chaplain of the ship, and in 1888 I heard he had been made a bishop and wrote congratulating him. I received the following letter from him, together with an extract which he had copied from his log book:

Fovant Rectory,
Salisbury, 30th May, 1888.

My Dear Hamilton,

After receiving hundreds of letters of congratulation and getting notices from papers all over the world, I received your letter in an envelope from the *real* Bishop with the words "Ecce Iterum—yours truly, A.M."

No! I am still a curate. Curate in sole charge for the last fifteen years of this parish. I was very glad to hear from you. I remember you quite well, and have your photograph. My daughter says the eyes are the same in the photo. you send as in the one I have—the long beard covers the other features (bar the nose). I have a vivid recollection of the climb up the Soufrière, and how, if it had not been for the cheery words and help of two midshipmen my bones would have been there now. Hood and I often talked about it here. Alas! he is dead, my best friend; poor Admiral Short, Barrow, and a heap of others too. I often see

Crease, the marine, now a great man and a very rich one, moreover. I was indeed surprised to hear of you as a parson. The paper you send testifies to your hard work. I was very ill after I left the *Favourite*. I saw the old ship just before she sailed from Portsmouth to go to the ship breakers.

The following is an extract from my log:

"Tuesday, 14th May, 1867.—Left in a five-oared canoe about 5 a.m. for Soufrière; Hood, Wetherall, Hoskyns, Baskerville, Hamilton, Oliver and myself composing the party. Pulled by the no means fragrant niggers for 22 miles . . . then we crossed a river and soon began to ascend the mountain, 3,000 feet high. The scenery exceeded all my wildest ideas of tropical beauty, the foliage being of tropical luxuriance. We left the mules half-way up the mountain, and, nearly exhausted, we reached the top about 12 o'clock. I and two midshipmen (Hamilton and Hoskyns) went down the crater, were given up for lost by our party; but after nearly two hours' climbing we reached the top again—I without hat and with my clothes torn to pieces . . . Down the mountain to the beautiful house of Mr. Cooke, found dinner provided, ate it, and then on sofas etc. to bed after having done a little washerwoman's work."

Believe me, yours very truly,

ALFRED EARLE,
Late Chaplain H.M.S. *Favourite*.

Apropos of St. Vincent, a story is told of one of the former governors, Sir Charles Brisbane, who was eccentric and blunt in his manners. He had with him what he was pleased to call his coffin, made in the model of his celebrated frigate, the

Arethusa. It was complete in every respect, being fitted with decks and guns, etc. Sir Charles, whenever he uttered anything racy, invariably prefaced his remarks with a preparatory cough, and "with the blessing of God." A lady whose curiosity was aroused on the subject of this curious coffin, once asked him to explain the meaning of his singular fancy. "Ahem! With the blessing of God, my lady," he replied, "I intend to bombard Hell as I sail in!"

Canada

H.M.S. *Favourite* was several times employed in protecting the fisheries, for American schooners worked on the fishing grounds without obtaining licenses, and after being warned twice, were then captured and towed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and sold.

Our headquarters were either Charlotte Town in Prince Edward Island, or at Port Hood, Cape Breton. While we were at the former place in 1867 all the British Colonies of North America were formed into a Federal Union under the title of the Dominion of Canada. The delegates from the different States met together to decide on a name, and during the debate a Senator rose and said: "This morning I happened to be reading the 72nd Psalm, and verse 8 seems to meet our need—'His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other and from the flood to the world's end.' Now our States are bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean and on the west by the Pacific;

I move therefore that the Confederation of States be named the 'Dominion of Canada.' " The Dominion of Canada occupies the whole of the North American continent lying to the north of the United States, with the exception of Alaska to the extreme north-west, and a part of Labrador, which belongs to Newfoundland.

When Sir Joseph Ward was Premier of New Zealand it was decided to adopt the title of "Dominion" in lieu of "Colony of New Zealand," but it is very doubtful whether he or any of the Legislature was aware of the origin of the adoption of the title of the "Dominion of Canada."

Whilst our ship was lying at anchor at Port Hood, Cape Breton, target practice was carried out, and we found that the 64 pr. breech-loading guns gave very accurate results. I was in charge of the forecastle gun and Captain McCrae drew our attention to a hole in the cliff abreast of the ship and asked whether we could put a shot through the hole? This was speedily carried into execution with great success; but judge of our consternation to hear, on the following day, that the shot had landed in close proximity to the front door of a house on the opposite side of the cliff. An unwelcome visitor! Fortunately it was not a shell, or the consequences might have been disastrous.

The harbour of Port Hood, Cape Breton, was very much exposed, and often the wind blew with hurricane force; even with two anchors down we had to keep steam up in case of their dragging. At the height of one of these gales a red flag was

hoisted on shore, and this meant "Urgent communication." We had no means of signalling other than the semaphore, and this system was not understood by the natives; so the Captain called for volunteers to take a boat ashore. My cutter was the best for such an enterprise, and I therefore reported "Willing to go, sir!" Instantly the whole of my boat's crew stepped forward to a man. Donning lifebelts and close-reefing the sails, we set out on a most hazardous voyage. As it was a dead head wind we had to tack from time to time. The boat half filled with water, the men sitting on the weather gunwale to prevent her capsizing. We eventually reached the wharf, and remaining in charge of the boat, I sent the coxswain up to the flagstaff to get the urgent message. To our astonishment he returned with a huge salmon, which was "a present for the Captain!" Of course we had a fair wind back to the ship, but had to round the boat up under the stern and grasp a rope and buoy paid out to us. Climbing the "Jacob's ladder," we assembled on the quarter-deck and duly presented the fish to the Skipper. He was very angry at our having had to risk our lives, and spoke of "David's three mighty men who fetched water from the well of Bethlehem at great peril of their lives." He announced that the salmon should be cooked for the boat's crew, reserving only a small portion for himself. I was invited to dinner to join him in the repast (and to hear many "fish stories" also).

Once on the North American station I had just come off watch when a brother officer

begged me to come ashore on the Dartmouth side of Halifax harbour and walk the 18 miles right round the head of the harbour. I demurred, because I was due to play in a cricket match at 2 p.m., Navy versus Garrison Regiments. I pointed out that that meant walking at the rate of six miles an hour, as we had only three hours to do it in. The matter was taken up in the wardroom and bets were laid that "it couldn't be done!" The upshot of it was that we started and walked the whole distance in the three hours—and the road on the Dartmouth side was merely a track through the bush. We arrived at the Dockyard just as the clock was striking 2 p.m. I jumped into a tramcar and went into town for a bath, hurried on board for cricket flannels, and played in the game. My method of playing cricket was not scientific and consisted of slogging everything. I made 18 runs in three successive hits (corresponding to the 18 miles walk), and was run out by our marine officer; but shortly afterwards he was hurt and I ran 40 runs for him. Needless to say, I strained a muscle in one of my legs and it is "with me to this day." It is very easy to overdo things in one's youth.

The West Indies

I have mentioned that H.M.S. *Favourite* was fitted with a four-bladed propeller as an experiment. It proved to be a great drawback when the ship was under sail, and the shaft, being of the hanging type and having no support at the sternpost, wore out the brass bushing encasing the shaft.

We sailed into Martinique (a French colony) where there was a dry dock, and here the defects were remedied at a cost of over £1,000.

Just the other side of Mt. Pelée, away from the dockyard, lay the town of St. Pierre, and afterwards, in 1902, 30,000 people perished in a terrible volcanic eruption which tore away the side of the mountain and scattered molten fragments over the town. The whole of the shipping in the harbour, with the exception of the *Roddam*, commanded by Captain Freeman, was destroyed. The ship's crew were terribly burned in getting the ship out to sea, the decks being covered with red-hot ashes and lava.

Looking through one of my log books, I find the following:

> "H.M.S. *Favourite* 'brought to' at Barbados on May 3rd, 1867. Let go B.B. in 17½ fathoms, veered to four shackles. Found here H.M.S. *Constance* and H.M.S. *Sphinx*. 4 p.m.—Sailed, R.M.S. *Wye*."

The latter entry brings to memory the fearful hurricane, accompanied by a tidal wave, which visited the Island of St. Thomas on the 29th October of the same year, when eighty ships were lost and only two steamers survived the warring of the elements, viz., the *Cacique* (French) and the *Christoval Colon* (Spanish). Visiting the island at a later date, I saw the submerged floating dock which the hurricane had wrecked.

The Royal Mail packet *Wye* (a screw steamer of 300 tons and one of the most beautiful models afloat) met with a disastrous fate. She steamed

out to sea early, on the theory that it is safer to face a hurricane in the open sea than within the narrow limits of a port. No sooner was she outside than she encountered the whole unbroken might of the storm. The vessel refused to obey her helm, and, borne irresistibly before the fury of the hurricane, the ill-fated ship was cast upon the shore of a small island three miles from the harbour. In ten minutes not a vestige of her remained whole. Only 15 of a complement of nearly 50 men survived. One of the officers who escaped declared it was impossible to imagine the awful power of the hurricane, which whirled them like a mere straw to destruction.

At St. Croix the U.S. sloop of war *Monongahela* was carried inland by the tidal wave and deposited in the middle of the market place, standing perfectly upright on an even keel. She was secured in her enforced berth, and the daily routine of duty continued as usual.

The island of Barbados lay before us, shining in the hot haze of a tropical climate, but with the heat tempered by the sea breeze which blows continually, thus differentiating this island from the others where land and sea breezes alternate. For instance, at Jamaica the breeze blows off the land all through the night and the heat is intolerable until midday, when the sea breeze comes in with a rush, and so welcome is the change that people exclaim: "Here comes the Doctor!"

The island presents the picture of a cultivated garden with an undulating (but not hilly) surface;

CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, MANSTON

Consecrated on 4th November, 1847. Its first incumbent was the author's father, the Rev. Hugh Staples Hamilton who held the living till 1898.

the prevailing colours being the vivid green of the canefields, and the glare of white houses built of coral rock. The anchorage is an open roadstead, and we found it crowded with shipping. Boats were flying to and fro, with awnings over the stern-sheets, and filled with officials dressed in white drill. They were manned by chattering crews of negroes. Washerwomen also came alongside—resplendent creatures of ebony black, clad in calico dresses of rainbow hues and with bandana kerchiefs tied around their heads.

One old lady stalked up to the Navigating Lieutenant and accosted him as an old friend: "Massa Phillips, you here in the ——— twenty years ago; you gib me your washing again!" And Massa Phillips accordingly did so.

Bumboats swarmed alongside, filled with yams, bananas, sapodillas, avocada pears, coconuts, etc. The experienced officer of the watch would observe that when an officer wanted to buy a coconut he was served from a pile in the stern-sheets of the boat, but the sailors were supplied from another pile in the bows of the boat. This pile the officer would confiscate, knowing that the milk had been carefully extracted and rum substituted; otherwise Jack would perform the operation of "sucking the monkey" and not only hilarity but drunkenness would inevitably follow the process.

"Leave to go on shore" being granted to those off duty, we went on shore in a boat with a white awning over it, rowed by a crew of black boatmen, large and fleshy fellows, their skin shining with

ample feeding and their faces aglow with innocent happiness. The chief fault of the black race in this island is their overweening vanity and self-esteem. A common saying on the island will illustrate this: "Barbadian nigger, he too good, he too brave!" In the Antilles generally (Barbados being the only exception) negro families have their garden ground and grazing for a cow. They live surrounded by most of the fruits which grew in Adam's Paradise: oranges and plantains, breadfruit and coconuts. Yams and cassava grow without effort, for the soil is fertile and easily worked. They are perfectly happy, having food for the picking up, and no aspirations make them restless. They laugh and sing and enjoy existence—their quarrels begin and end in words.

In Barbados all the blacks are labourers, working for wages on the estates of large proprietors. Land of their own they have none, for there is none for them. Work they must, for they cannot live otherwise. Thus every square yard of soil is cultivated, and turn your eyes where you will, you see houses, sugar-cane, and sweet-potatoes. Nearly 300 years of occupation have imprinted strongly a British character on the Colony.

Jamaica

Anchored off the dockyard at Port Royal, we had a view of the low sandy spit which forms the harbour and approach to Kingston, six miles distant. Of course we had heard that old Port Royal had been swallowed up by an earthquake "centuries

ago." The ship was rolling slightly with the evening breeze, and presently the skipper (Captain J. D. McCrae) came on deck. I was officer of the watch at the time, and the Captain spoke of the destruction of old Port Royal, and the tradition that the church was carried bodily under water and that on a still night the tolling of the church bell could be heard distinctly. Sitting in his cabin he thought he had heard the bell. When he went below, I called the quartermaster and told him to shin up the mizzen-rigging and see if anything was knocking against the mast; for as our masts were hollow iron tubes it was possible for sound to be carried right down into the Captain's cabin. The Q.M. reported that an iron marlinspike had been left hanging by its lanyard in the mizzen-top and as the ship rolled it struck the hollow mast—and hence the sound of a bell. I reported this to the skipper, and he was really angry: "I was writing a splendid account to the English papers and now you have absolutely spoiled it," he said. I am afraid I was not the Captain's "blue boy" for some time afterwards.

Kingston was for us the centre of attraction, with its beautiful houses and gardens; and from Kingston there ran a short railway to Spanish Town. This latter place was the original seat of government established by the Spaniards and called after them "Spanish Town." Afterwards under British rule arose the name "King's Town," or shortly, Kingston. "Coaling ship" at Kingston was for us a pleasant surprise, because we naturally thought

it would have to be done by the ship's company—officers and all don their oldest clothes and engage in this work; but to our astonishment the word was passed "Never mind coaling rig." Arriving alongside the wharf, two gangway planks were run out at an incline from the ship's deck to the yard. Swinging their loads on their heads, erect as statues and singing, women marched up one plank, emptied their baskets into the coal bunkers and then ran down the other gangway. Round and round they went under the blazing sun. The men shovelled the coal into the baskets and the women did the rest. They were, in fact, the "working bees" of the hive, and the men took it comparatively easy. Several of our own crew had to work in the bunkers and stow the coal away as it descended. Whilst I was on watch a basket was emptied over a bunker hole although a notice gave warning not to shoot coal there. A huge lump of coal stuck momentarily in the bunker hole and then fell, and simultaneously there was a yell of pain and anguish. I said: "Pass the word for the doctor and sick bay man." They arrived hurriedly; but through the dust a woolly head appeared on a level with the deck, and our one negro sailor shouted: "S'pose you be a bit more careful wid dem coals up there!" Tragedy gave place to comedy, and laughter and cheers ended the incident. You can't hurt a nigger by hitting him on the head—his "wool" protects it; the only way to hurt a negro is to hit him on the shins.

Jamaica has now a great importance for British

ships passing through the Panama Canal, and if you ever pass that way look out for the fruit, for it is the chief attraction—particularly oranges. Shaddocks are used by the residents as table ornaments, the skin being cut into various devices. The Captain took several middies on shore to a planter's house, and seeing their eyes were upon what appeared to them to be oranges, he said "You can have as many as you like." They promptly annexed several, but found they were only peel and pith. The planter laughed at his own little joke, and then gave them oranges *ad libitum*. You will taste for the first time the famous "Number Eleven" mango. The mango is of a ruddy yellow colour when ripe, and its flavour is like a good apricot, with a slight taste of resin. It has a large stone to which the flesh adheres, and the attempt to eat mangoes and keep the lips and fingers clean is hopeless. Epicures insist that they should be eaten over a bucket or in a bath. Then there is the Avocada pear—it also has a stone in its interior, but curiously enough it can be eaten either as a vegetable, with salt and pepper, or as a fruit with lime (lemon) juice and sugar. It is most palatable eaten either way. You will probably not fancy the Sapodilla plum. It looks exactly like a rotten potato, but melts in your mouth and brings a feeling of ecstasy, because it is simply delicious.

The immense ballrooms in Jamaica had polished mahogany floors, that were as slippery as ice. The Governor gave a ball in honour of the naval officers, and we all went to Kingston

in full uniform for the occasion. We knew no one, but the Governor's aide-de-camp was most assiduous in finding partners for us. Coming to me, he said: "I'll find you a partner. There's a young lady over there with her aunt; come and I will introduce you!" But, alas! the young lady's programme was full; but, beaming brightly on me, she said, "My aunt would gladly dance with you!" The aunt was so immense that I could only grasp a portion of her waist; but she danced divinely. I noticed that presently the floor seemed to be cleared of dancers and we were dancing alone to the "Blue Danube" waltz. I steered my partner to her seat, and after thanking her I was wending my way to the cloakroom when the aide-de-camp intercepted me and said: "The Governor's compliments to you, sir, for getting through that dance. The last time that lady 'took the floor' she did it literally, for she fell down and it took four men to lift her up again!" It appears she weighed nearly twenty stone, and I had unconsciously become the hero of the hour.

Whilst at Port Royal I had command of a small gunboat and made short voyages to Kingston and elsewhere, and earned praise from Commodore Phillimore. I afterwards encountered him when he was senior naval officer at Gibraltar. Knowing my predilection for gunboats, he sent a message to me to commission a gunboat and go out to the rescue of a merchant-ship which had struck a rock near Cadiz. I did so, but on arrival found that a passing steamer had got her in tow. I returned to Gibraltar, "hauled down my pennant," and reported

to the Commodore. He was grateful for what I had done so expeditiously, and presented me with a sheaf of tickets for the opera. Going on board my own ship, I "shouted" the opera for all my messmates.

But to return to the North American station: The *Favourite,* having completed her three years' commission, left Halifax (N.S.) for England, using only sail power, for the hanging propeller had proved a failure. Shortly after "paying off," I was appointed to the *Royal Alfred,* flagship on the North American station, but took passage to Barbados in H.M.S. *Valorous,* having the charge of a hundred supernumeraries until we reached that point.

On Sick Leave

I was in the *Royal Alfred* until 1870, when I contracted pneumonia and was brought Home by Admiral Wellesley and placed in the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth. Here I developed measles and was put into the smallpox ward for isolation; but unfortunately I caught the worst form of that disease known as "confluent smallpox." At the height of this trouble the "nurse" (an ex-sailor, named Williams) came to me at midnight with the cheerful news that a man had died of smallpox in the ward just over my head! "Isolation" certainly was the word, for there was no communication with the outer world except through the post. An uncle sent me a £5 note, and using this extra money I bribed the postman to bring me tea at 7/6 a pound

and fresh eggs. Now all the eggs used in the hospital were imported from France, and, like the curate's egg, were usually "good in parts." One evening I was sitting down to a glorious tea of buttered toast and fresh eggs when Williams rushed in and said: "The Doctor is going his rounds and will be here shortly." Dr. Mulvany appeared and remarked that he had heard great complaints about hospital fare and might he invite himself to share my tea as it seemed so appetizing. I was mortally afraid that he, being an Irishman, would "smell a rat," and I could eat very little in consequence. He polished off eggs and toast with the remark that he could find only words of praise for hospital fare, and then added, "There is only one thing you need, and that I will send to-morrow"; and the one thing needful proved to be a bottle of whisky. The same medico prophesied that I should have typhoid fever, and after leaving Portsmouth Hospital I travelled by the night mail to Leeds, arriving home at 8 a.m. At 9 a.m. I was in bed with typhoid fever, and the local doctor refused to attend my case, saying to my father, "Save your money for funeral expenses. Your son cannot possibly live through this."

A homeopathic doctor from Leeds was called in, and having found that I was "an abstemious man," dosed me with a concoction of whisky, milk and eggs. Though at the end of a month I lay for three days quite unconscious, I happily survived it all and rejoined the Navy, being appointed to H.M.S.

Rapid, a despatch vessel serving with the Mediterranean Fleet. I spent two years on this station, visiting Gibraltar, Malta, Minorca, Piræus, Beyrout, Port Said, etc.

When in Haslar hospital, suffering from smallpox, I found that the room I occupied had only just been vacated by a lieutenant who had been appointed to H.M.S. *Captain.* He begged hard to be released from hospital in order to join his ship, and was allowed to do so; but with fatal results, as events proved. The *Captain* was a low freeboard turret ship designed by Captain Cowper Coles, in competition with the Admiralty *Monarch* of high freeboard. Attached to the Atlantic Fleet under Admiral Milne, she carried a heavy press of sail in order to keep station. The Admiral boarded her to see how the new ship was behaving. She was heeling over to such an extent that the lee side was under water close up to the turrets. Captain Coles and his son-in-law, Captain Burgoyne, invited the Admiral to stay the night on board, but he declined. The next morning, about 2 a.m., H.M.S. *Captain* foundered near Cape Finisterre with the loss of all her crew except 18 who landed at Vigo in the ship's pinnace. Nothing was found except a sailor's cap with its hat ribbon, *Captain.* This happened in 1870, but I cannot recall the exact date.

Captain Burgoyne I knew very well. His previous command was H.M.S. *Aurora,* on the North American and West Indian station. He and Captain Coles were among those who were lost.

Malta

After being discharged from Haslar hospital early in January, 1870, I was appointed to H.M.S. *Rapid*, which was re-commissioning at Malta, whither I was sent in a troopship with the new crew. On arrival it was found that the mainmast of the *Rapid* was sprung and this had to be hoisted out and replaced. This process was attended with what might have been a very serious accident. The ship hauled up under a bastion where there was a patent capstan. Hoisting the mast up was accomplished, but when it came to "lower away" several turns had formed in the tackle (or, in shore-going parlance, the tackle had become twisted). I was the only officer on the bastion and noticed this, and therefore warned the men at the capstan to walk back slowly. On board the ship, however, they tried to untwist the tackle, with the result that the mast lowered with a sudden run and the capstan "took charge," men and capstan bars being flung in all directions against the stone walls. The capstan was damaged, but fortunately the men all escaped injury. Somebody had to be made a "scapegoat," and I was selected and told to make my explanations to the dockyard admiral (Sir Astley Cooper-Key), to whom my sword was sent. I wrote my "explanation" on several sheets of foolscap, with the result that I was fully exonerated from blame, the Admiral returning my sword and complimenting me on my report. He stated that the blame lay with the captain and other senior officers who were conducting the operation on board the ship and were in full view of the difficulties.

At Malta men-of-war have the "Grand Harbour" for mooring ships, dock, rope-walk, hospital, etc. Ocean liners and merchant shipping have a harbour adjacent to the Grand Harbour, the two harbours being separated only by a narrow strip of land. The yellow battlements and towers and bastions of the Grand Harbour, rising above the blue water, make a wonderful impression on a visitor. You go ashore in a gay little boat and land at the foot of the "365" steps leading upwards to the Main Street ("Strada Reale"). Narrow goat-haunted streets branch off at right angles, and as you explore them you remember the old insult, "Yells, bells and smells!" They are all there. On landing you are greeted by dozens of beggars who cry "Nix mungere" (Maltese for "nothing to eat"). At certain hours of the day, and especially at noon, the noise of the church bells is simply deafening—all the monks in the place go up into towers and minarets and clang the bells, and one longs to take a rifle and "pot" a few of these bellringers. If you want to be rude to a talkative person, say: "Your tongue goes like a Maltese bell clapper, and wags at both ends."

Smells are abundantly evident, as the sanitation is poor. A story is told of a military officer who was in search of a house and was unable, in one that he looked at, to locate any outlet for drainage at all. He enquired of the landlord if such existed. "Drainage!" the latter answered. "My God! the drainage is wonderful! There is *a natural fissure in the rock!*"

To the north of Malta lies the smaller island of Gozo, and our first job after fitting out was to go

to the rescue of a steamer stranded on this small island. The ship, however, was badly holed and filled with water, and had to be abandoned altogether. The *Rapid* was a despatch vessel, and although we were a steamer, nearly all our cruises were accomplished under sail. When we returned to the Grand Harbour, hundreds of people lined the shore to see the ship shorten sail and pick up her moorings. It was a case of "all hands and the cook," for literally every person in the ship stood rope in hand, and when the order was given the sails disappeared like the folding up of a handkerchief, and the ship glided up to her moorings.

The commander of the *Rapid* was Captain the Hon. Victor Montagu, son of the Earl of Sandwich and a godson of Queen Victoria. His wife was Lady Agneta Montagu—a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. When the ship was in harbour Lady Agneta used to come on board and play the harmonium on Sundays at morning prayer. There was no chaplain, and the captain usually read the service, which was always noted in the log book afterwards: "Performed Divine Service." Once it was a wet day, and Divine Service was performed on the lower deck. Just as we had started the Te Deum, the first lieutenant's monkey broke its chain and bounded down the hatchway, and, jumping on the harmonium, seized the music book. The wretched animal fled to the upper deck and then up the rigging. Lady Agneta "rose to the occasion" very literally, for, standing up, she said "I will not allow the service to proceed until that monkey is caught." This, I suppose, must have been the first

time a woman had given an order on a man-of-war. Captain Montagu then said, "Foretopmen away to catch monkey!" This the men regarded as a welcome interlude, and tore away up the rigging, the whole ship shaking as they raced up the ratlines. After a chase the monkey was caught and the book restored to our fair organist; and we began once more, "We praise Thee, O Lord"——

That monkey was "priceless." On one occasion when service was being held on the upper deck it appeared from below with the doctor's silver-backed brushes, and when a dive was made to rescue them, it deliberately threw the brushes overboard. It apparently flung itself after them, but it merely disappeared through a scuttle into one of the officers' cabins and was afterwards found at the bottom of a tall wicker basket, hidden below piles of dirty linen, etc.

We also had a parrot belonging to one of the men. I was one day instructing a musketry squad and the parrot was hanging in a cage under the awning. It was very hot, and the bird appeared to be asleep, but it suddenly opened one eye and said, "Damme, wot a life!" Discipline went to the winds and the men burst out laughing.

Only the large ships carry chaplains and naval instructors, and of course, the *Rapid* only being a sloop, the religious services were usually taken by the captain; but I was deputed to this office. I suppose it was because I was the son of a clergyman. In the light of my after-life it was more than a coincidence. I have buried men (who had died of

yellow fever) in the Palisades at Jamaica, acting in a double-barrelled capacity, first as chaplain and then as officer-in-charge directing the firing party to fire three volleys over the graves. Whilst in the *Rapid* I buried a marine at Athens, and the reverberations of the volleys resounded from Mt. Hymettus and the surrounding hills with sublime effect. At Plymouth I once took a funeral at the local cemetery. We marched with arms reversed to the slow strains of the Dead March in "Saul," and, the funeral service concluded, the band was instructed (by Admiralty orders) to play something lively to hearten the men and keep them from despondency. On this occasion, however, the effect was doubtful, for the band struck up a popular song of the day, entitled " 'E Dunno Where 'E Are!"

But I am digressing. I should tell you what happened when I became quasi-chaplain of the *Rapid*. After mustering at division and inspection, prayers are said around the after capstan or some other convenient place. It so happened that the second lieutenant and I were crack seamen and rivals, and he went to the Skipper and said: "I am senior to Hamilton and I therefore claim the privilege of reading prayers." "All right, Cook, you carry on to-morrow." Just as I opened my Prayer Book, Cook stepped up and informed me of the change and that I was "disrated" from office. He asked me what prayers he should read, and I told him he must begin with two prayers from the "Forms of Prayer to be Read at Sea," viz.—"O Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the Heavens and rulest the raging

of the sea . . .'' and ''Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings,'' etc., and after those prayers to read from ''Morning Prayer'' or elsewhere. Cook read the two first prayers and then, turning over the leaves of the Prayer Book, lighted on the Occasional Prayer, and began praying for ''rain, dearth and famine, plague and sickness.'' The effect on the crew was electrical, and the Captain said, ''That will do, Mr. Cook—pipe down.'' Cook got very red, and turning to me said, ''You can carry on to-morrow. The fact is I am a Presbyterian and do not know my way about the Prayer Book.''

Cook became commander of the *Victory* at Portsmouth and died on board of that ship. Someone sent me an English paper (whilst I was at Temuka) describing the funeral and the taking of the body to Aberdeen for burial. Archibald Cook claimed to be a descendant of Captain James Cook, the great navigator.

Most sailors, when they go ashore, love to ride on horse-back, and a number of us having decided to do this ''horse-back riding'' (as Americans say), asked leave to go on shore. The first lieutenant said to me, ''I advise you to go to ——— (mentioning certain stables), and there you will get a splendid mount.'' I did so, the other officers going elsewhere. No sooner had our cavalcade got through the gateway leading to Citta Vecchia (''Old City'') than my horse bolted along the road lined with walls on either side. I was not much of a rider then, and when I saw that the road took a sharp turn to the left I knew I could not negotiate it without a mishap. Evidently the

horse knew its business, for on reaching the corner it calmly leaped both walls and continued the journey as if it was "all in the day's work." Arriving at Citta Vecchia, I ordered lunch for the whole party, and about half an hour afterwards they arrived. One of them said, "Hamilton, I thought you said you were an indifferent rider, but you beat us all!" I did not undeceive him, but casually remarked that "I thought I would ride on ahead and order lunch." I reported to the first lieutenant as "come on board." He seemed glad to see me, and "hoped I had enjoyed my ride." I replied, "The horse was rather fresh and bolted with me." He very coolly said, "Yes, he has been in stables for several days, and as I wanted to ride him to-morrow I thought you might *take the change out of him!*"

I, of course, rode out to St. Paul's Bay and viewed the place where "two seas met" and where St. Paul was wrecked. There are no trees on this rocky island, but there is a solitary one at St. Paul's Bay. Some vandal had cut a notch into it, and two sailors (so it is said) viewed this tree and one remarked, "I wonder who nicked that tree?" The other replied, "Jack, you don't know your Bible; of course it was the *Axe of the Apostles* did it!"

Athens

The visit of H.M.S. *Rapid* to the little harbour of Piræus enabled us all to visit Athens and climb the Acropolis to the Parthenon. On landing, a party of officers trudged the whole six miles of the road

VICARAGE LANE AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE MANSTON VICARAGE, CROSS GATES, NEAR LEEDS.

known in ancient days as the "long walls"; for it was flanked on both sides by walls or legs which connected Athens with Piræus on the south-west and with Phalerum Bay on the south-east, and protected the city from the sea. Nothing remains of the walls nowadays. The road is "metalled" with broken marble, and as this becomes pulverised there is white dust everywhere. We started our journey in blue uniforms, but these were white with dust on our arrival at Athens. I for one was eager to see Athens, for when at school I had read all about the place, and now I was to see it in all its beauty: the Caryatidas, the Agora or market-place; and I was even to stand on Mars Hill on the exact spot from which St. Paul addressed the Athenians. The atmosphere is so rare that the voice would reach even thousands of people assembled below. We had to get a permit to visit the Parthenon, and were admitted through a gate in a walled entrance below the Acropolis. The Parthenon stands on a 500ft. plateau, and was built by Pericles as a tribute to the Goddess Athena. The Parthenon stood undisturbed for a thousand years. In the sixth century it was dedicated as a Christian church, and in the 15th century the Moslems made some slight changes. The Turks stood in awe of its images, which they refrained from marring, but used the building as a powder magazine. When the Venetian admiral besieged the city and beheld its stateliness and grandeur, he hesitated to make the sacrifice; but military necessity compelled him to bombard the place. A shell struck the powder magazine, killing 300 Turks and reducing a portion

of the building to ruins. The Parthenon was 226ft. long, 100ft. wide, and 70ft. high. Up to 250 years ago it stood perfect, with its rows of marble columns, eight at each end and seventeen on either side. Athens, in St. Paul's time, was noted for gnosticism, stoicism, and epicureanism. A clergyman discoursing on these various topics to a rural congregation, asked a farmer next day why he didn't come regularly to church. The farmer replied: "It's something worse than those 'isms' you spoke of last Sunday. My trouble is *rheumatism.*"

In company with other officers of the *Rapid,* I dined with King George at his Palace. What I chiefly remember was the variety of wine glasses supplied to each guest. I believe it was thirteen apiece, for each course had its special wine. History doesn't relate how we got on board ship again.

Voyaging among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, the *Rapid* travelled under sail. One night I came on deck to keep the middle watch. The officer I relieved said, "Hamilton, you will have a comfortable watch, for we are forty miles from land," and he showed me the position on the chart. After he had gone below I had a look to leeward, and to my horror found we were close to land. I gave the order "Hands about ship!" All hands were piped and Captain Montagu rushed on deck. Not knowing the position, he instructed me to carry on. Unfortunately a lee main-brace was foul and retarded operations. Finally the ship came about, but we were dangerously close to rocks. I often envy the modern mariner his ability to get time signals by wireless.

To fix a ship's position accurately it is essential to have correct time, and although the ships of my time had the best chronometers available, one could never be certain, as there was no means of checking them on a long voyage. The island we so nearly hit proved to be Patmos, where St. John the Evangelist wrote the Book of Revelations. My sharp look-out earned me promotion, for I was recommended to the Admiralty in despatches for my vigilance.

When sailing near the Dardanelles I little thought that a son of mine (Geoffrey) would land at Anzac Cove and pass through the Gallipoli campaign. Incidentally two other boys went to the Front—Stephen and Beresford. The two former were in the Artillery, and the last-named in the Royal Air Force. Time and space would fail to describe the glorious sights and scenes of the Mediterranean shores; but the coast of Syria and places of Biblical interest have proved invaluable to me in my work as a clergyman in after years. I finished my two years at Corfu (where I found my promotion awaiting me). Here I resumed my acquaintance with King George and Queen Olga of Greece, with whom I had dined at Athens. At Corfu their Majesties lived in a castle (afterwards occupied by the Kaiser Wilhelm), and they often came on board the *Rapid* to dine with Captain Montagu. After dinner the officers would man the captain's galley and row the King and Queen round the bluff to their royal residence. The Queen would make us cease rowing after a while and ask us to sing "sea-songs" for her, and this we were able to do with gusto!

The Mediterranean

As every schoolboy knows, the Mediterranean Sea is connected with the Atlantic Ocean by the Strait of Gibraltar, but is practically tideless. Owing to the fact that the loss of water by evaporation is greater than the gain from the rivers, there is a current from the Atlantic through the Strait of Gibraltar, and the water of the Mediterranean contains more salt than that of the Atlantic. Salt water is easier to swim in than fresh water, and of course there is a great buoyancy in any part of the Mediterranean Sea. H.M.S. *Rapid* was under sail, but lying on the glassy sea "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." There was not a breath of wind and the sails hung listlessly from the yards. I had kept the "morning watch" (*i.e.*, from 4 to 8 a.m.), and at "seven bells" was relieved to "clean myself" (sailor expression for washing, etc.). I thought of a dip overboard and soon slipped over the side and was paddling about unconcernedly, when with a fright I found that a breeze was springing up and the ship was moving away from me. I knew my life was in peril, so, swimming with all my strength and shouting for help, I was fortunately heard by the quartermaster, who, coming to the ship's side, flung a rope which I clutched and was drawn on board. My strength was gone and I lay on the deck until the doctor came. He told me afterwards that my body was "all colours of the rainbow" as a result of my terrific exertion, and his advice was, "Don't do it again!"

Naples

From April 24th to 30th, 1872, the *Rapid* visited Naples. Mt. Vesuvius was in active eruption, and dense black clouds of smoke obscured the mountain, light ashes of scoria falling in the harbour. I spent some of my shore-leave in visiting the Museum (as no one was allowed in the vicinity of Vesuvius), and here were to be seen the relics gathered from Pompeii and Herculaneum. The lava exuding from the mountain was reputed to be 1,000 yards wide and 20 feet deep. The remains from one of the buried cities were of a light green colour, and from the other dark green. We drove to the Museum and paid the fabulous sum of 50 lira each time. Our Italian driver said, "The English are mad; they pay the driver, they pay in shops, and *they wash*!" Well, you recollect the old saying, "See Naples and die!" I don't wonder that Mark Twain made fun of this in his "Innocents Abroad" when he said that an Italian always died before the doctor could get at his body, for the doctor had to *dig down* through layers of dirt before he could reach his patient. Like Malta, the streets of Naples are so narrow that clothes lines are stretched across from one side to the other, and you see garments of all descriptions fluttering in the breeze overhead as you pass underneath.

I was interested in Vesuvius because towards the end of the 18th century a relative of the family, Sir William Hamilton, was Ambassador at the Court of Naples. The records regarding the volcano were very incomplete, and he interested himself in tabulating

is this the Hamilton who married Emma who later teamed up with Nelson?

the facts. The most interesting of these was that it was active in the early Christian era and up till 1139, but then it became quiescent for 500 years. There was another big upheaval in 1631 and this was followed by three eruptions in the 17th century and 23 in the 18th century.

Visits to the Ionian Islands were most interesting, and on the way we passed Cape Matapan, where an old hermit lived at the foot of the cliffs and kept a light going to warn ships. All he asked in return was a visit occasionally if he hoisted a flag of distress. We sent a boat with provisions, for which he was thankful, but his gratitude knew no bounds when presented with plugs of ship's tobacco. Time would fail to tell of Cerigo, and especially one island where there is a deep hole. The water of the Mediterranean rushes into it, but no one knows what becomes of it. It is a complete mystery. At Zante and Ithaca you can buy a bottle of wine for less than a shilling. I remember telling some men of this in New Zealand and one man was moving away from the group when he suddenly turned; "*Where* was that place you spoke of? I'd like to go there!" Corfu was my last visiting place in the *Rapid*. It still contains signs of the British occupation: sentry boxes etc. Old Dr. Hadaway was medical officer there in W. E. Gladstone's time. When he was received as Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary, Gladstone, being a famous Greek scholar, thought it would be a compliment to the Greek population if he addressed them in Greek. Dr. Hadaway told me that probably he was the only one who understood a word of the

speech, because he spoke the old school Greek. The result would be much the same if an Englishman were to speak to an English audience to-day in Anglo-Saxon.

Just before I left the *Rapid*, an English merchant living there invited us all to dinner, and on leaving about 9 p.m. he presented the first lieutenant with a Greek dagger. When we started for the landing-place no boat had come for us, and looking round we espied a sentry box and a Corfiote lying asleep in it. It was bright moonlight, and one officer stood over the sleeping native brandishing the dagger while the rest gave a yell. The poor man vanished with a corresponding yell. Then we determined to drag the sentry box to the wharf, launch it into the sea, and so make a boat of it to rejoin the ship. To our dismay the launch was so effective that the box was carried away in the harbour, and our boat arriving from the ship, we thought no more about it. However, at the next visit a little bill was presented for reinstating this precious relic of British occupation, and £1 apiece was the cost of this little frolic.

I Return Home

Bidding farewell to my shipmates at Corfu, I embarked in a small P. and O. steamer which took me to Ancona. Here I stayed with a ship chandler who had once been a warrant officer in the Royal Navy; he and his Italian wife were kindness itself and did all they could for my comfort. The lady took me sightseeing and we visited a monastery. One

very long room had a frieze or picture the length of one wall and reaching up to the ceiling. I cannot remember the subject, but I was curious to know how they got such a huge picture frame into the room. The monk laughed and pointed to a slit in the masonry above the door; by this they were enabled to slide it into the room and then back it up against the wall. Madame changed my English money for me, bought me railway tickets for Paris and Calais, and saw that I was not cheated. The train passed through the Mt. Cenis tunnel, when we got into French territory, and the train stayed twenty minutes or so for dinner. Iron gates clanged and gendarmes did "sentry go" and kept us prisoners in the dining room. Hot soup was served after a while, and then a bell rang and we were ordered to the train. This was done deliberately to stop the passengers eating much. Having paid our 2/6 each, I did not see the fun of going without food, so I seized a cold fowl. The others (French and Italian officers) grabbed bread and pats of butter, etc., and we had a picnic in our carriage. Evidently my companions guessed my occupation, for they kept saying: "Un Matelot!" Only a *sailor* could rise to the occasion in their estimation.

Reaching Dijon in the early hours of the morning, the train drew up alongside a platform away from the station. We bundled out of the carriage, took our seats at a very long table, and were confronted with white bowls and French rolls ("cut off by the yard!"). Maidens dressed in white with mob caps and walking noisily in wooden shoes passed behind

each one, carrying a huge pot in each hand, and poured from each into our bowls, calling out "Cafe au lait!" Paris was reached by nightfall, but I saw little of it, for we connected with the Calais-Dover train.

On board the steamer, supper of oysters, porter, etc., seemed to be the "order of the day." I preferred to go to my bunk, and had just fallen asleep when a steward appeared with a pile of bowls. I declined to accept one, saying, "I am a sailor and shall not be sick!" "Mais oui," he replied; "but after supper you soon will be." I sought the upper deck and here I fell in with a French governess who was escorting two school girls to Leeds—the very place I was bound for, so I offered to take their tickets and look after their luggage. On landing at Dover we took the night mail and travelled 3rd class. Just outside of Leeds, Barnsley I recollect, a number of colliers came into our compartment. One of them started filling his pipe and was about to strike a match, when one of the girls spoke to me in French asking me to interfere. I told the collier that these people had just come off a sea voyage and they did not like the smell of tobacco. The man did not answer me; but looking at the girl he said in broad Yorkshire: "Do it *disannul* ye?" She of course did not understand so I told him it certainly would "disannul" the poor girl. He put his pipe away, and no gentleman could have shown more consideration for the feelings and wishes of others. Where did the collier get that expression from? Why, the Bible of course (see Galatians iii 13 to 15).

A Course in Gunnery

After a short spell at home on half pay I applied to go through a Gunnery Course, in order to become a specialist, and I joined the *Royal Adelaide* at Plymouth. Here were gathered nearly 1,000 officers and men undergoing training as "Gunnery Jacks" and Seaman Gunners. Here theory and practice went hand in hand, and the Soldiers' manual of drill was as familiar to us as to soldiers themselves. On one occasion we were inspected by an Army General. We were drawn up in battalion formation in close column of double companies. The Navy as the Senior Service is always placed on the right of such parades and leads the march past. I happened to be the captain of the leading double company, and I kept my wits about me. The adjutant gave the order "When the Band strikes up the column will advance." The men had their rifles at the "order" and in those days on the word "March" they would have brought them to the "trail." We do not see rifles carried at the trail now, but such an order if carried out in close formation would have resulted in great confusion. I therefore altered the order to "Battalion, shoulder arms." Instantly the bugle rang out the "still," for it was an unheard of thing to alter an order. I could hear the seamen gunners whispering, "He's going to get it." I did, but it was praise from the adjutant who said, "It was my mistake and I wish that every officer would similarly keep his presence of mind."

I had the distinction of passing the Gunnery

course with the highest marks ever obtained up to that time on the Gunnery ship *Royal Adelaide,* and was immediately appointed to H.M.S. *Raleigh* as gunnery officer. By the way in the Navy "Raleigh" is pronounced "Rawleigh" and this reminds me that I recently noticed a discussion in the newspapers regarding the word "launch," the naval pronunciation of which is "larnch." Another word which is mispronounced in New Zealand is "takle" which is sounded here as though it were "tackle" whereas it should have the sound of the word "take." The late Admiral Tryon who went down with his ship *Victoria* off Tripoli in 1893 was Captain of the *Raleigh* and a finer man never walked a deck. Once when the ship was refitting we narrowly averted disaster, and owing to the part I was able to play in the emergency the Captain could never do enough for me afterwards. The ship was refitting in the Medway and a big storm arose. All our guns and heavy gear were ashore and the ship was top-heavy. The wind and tide had her on her beam ends, and it required every ounce of seamanship we possessed to save her. Admiral Tryon was Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station in the eighties, and I made a big effort to meet him once more when he was passing through Timaru in a special train en route to Christchurch. I was then Vicar at Pleasant Point and went to Timaru, but his train was delayed and I had to catch my own train on the branch line as I had a funeral to take the following day. In January, 1893, I was appointed Vicar of Ashburton and in the meantime Admiral Tryon

had gone Home and taken command of the Mediterranean Fleet. How I longed to be with him, as I might have been if I had been able to stick to the Navy. On Saturday June 24th of the same year I had been working late in my study preparing my Sunday sermons, and went down to the gate to look for the evening paper. I was horrified to find the news of a collision between the *Victoria* and *Camperdown*. The *Victoria* had gone down with great loss of life and Tryon had gone down with his ship. It was a great shock to me, as Tryon was my friend, and the *Victoria* was the flagship and pride of the Fleet. Setting aside the subject which I had intended to preach on I took a text from the Epistle for the day (IV. Trinity) "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." I spoke of the discipline and bravery with which the disaster would be met by those at their posts even from the midshipmen who were mere boys, and I was not disappointed. Accounts which came to hand later showed that when it was seen that a collision was inevitable and about one minute before the impact of the *Camperdown's* ram in the side of the *Victoria* the order was given to close the watertight doors. A great effort was then made to beach the ship, and this was what called for discipline, for it meant every man sticking to his post, a terrible experience for those below. Captain Bourke of H.M.S. *Victoria* was saved, and in giving evidence at the Court-Martial said, "There is one deeply sad circumstance connected with the accident and that is the very

large proportion of midshipmen who lost their lives; but to their undying honour, young as they were, they stayed at their posts to the end. Just before the ship heeled over I heard the clear voice of the Chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Morris, exhorting the men and his last words were 'Steady men, steady'." The Court-Martial was held at Malta on July 27th, 1893, and it appeared that the fleet was about to anchor off Tripoli and in doing so would execute the manoeuvre technically known as the "Gridiron Movement," that is to say, the ships would move in two parallel lines and at a given signal the leading ships would turn inwards and make for the anchorage followed by the other ships. The space between the lines was insufficient and the collision occurred.

The Great War

When the Great War came I had visions of doing something and got out my naval papers including my master mariner's certificate. I thought I might go as a ship's officer on a transport, and visualised a hybrid sort of job which would relieve two men for service elsewhere. Part of the day I would help navigate the ship and the other part would be devoted to "Sky Piloting" for the troops; but the nearest I got to helping the Navy was collecting funds for the Recreation Fund of H.M.S. *New Zealand.* Canon Stack, who had preceded me as Vicar of Fendalton, was living in England. He knew the Chaplain of the ship, the Rev. W. G.

Litchfield, who was very short of funds for entertaining the ship's boys, of whom there were quite a number. The Chaplain wrote me and I was able to collect some funds. The ship was then serving in the North Sea, and as the letters are of interest because written on active service I include them in this narrative.

H.M.S. *New Zealand,*
10th March, 1916.

Dear Canon Hamilton,

We have in this ship a great many boys. Their pay is very small and in many cases a portion of it is allotted to needy parents. During the summer of 1915 I organised several picnics for them which were successful and did much good. Under present war conditions the boys can get very little leave and there are so many men on the recreation grounds that the boys seldom get them. In order to carry out a more vigorous campaign this year I require a small fund to be at the Chaplain's disposal. The Captain would, I am sure, acknowledge receipt of it, and see that it is properly expended. When the ship was in New Zealand the people were most generous and perhaps some of your parishioners would welcome the opportunity of giving pleasure to youngsters here who have a very monotonous life. If you do not think it advisable to do anything be sure that I shall be grateful to you for saving me from a mistake. Please remember us in your prayers that we may be enabled to do what is required of us.

Yours sincerely,
W. G. LITCHFIELD,
Chaplain.

H.M.S. *New Zealand*,
11th June, 1916.

Dear Canon Hamilton,

I have just received from the Union Bank of Australia news of your cable for £20. Will you please thank all those who contributed. We have just come through the Jutland Battle. The ship was lucky. Not a man was touched and the ship was hit badly only once. An eleven inch shell made a hole in the armour of the after turret. The shell burst inside the armoured tube in which the turret revolves but did not get inside the turret itself. The fragments got amongst the rollers and for half an hour the turret was unable to turn. By that time it was clear and it continued to fire. Lieutenant Boyle whose people live near you was the officer in charge. Our men are filled with thankfulness that in the good providence of God the ship has been marvellously kept safe. It has made a deep impression on the men: indeed how could it fail to do so: so many of our squadron are gone and they will be sorely missed.

Yours sincerely,
W. G. LITCHFIELD,
Chaplain.

P.S. I enclose some photos of our boys picnicking; also a photo showing the piece punched out of our armour plate. You may judge of the size of it by the men alongside.

H.M.S. *New Zealand*,
12th September, 1916.

Dear Canon Hamilton,

Many thanks for the further generous gift from your parishioners. The first gift was almost expended and we will now be able to organise more picnic parties for the boys immediately as we are enjoying a spell of lovely weather. I was interested to hear that you were an old Naval officer and that George

Tryon was your last captain. He was my first captain in the *Monarch* in the Mediterranean which he paid off in January, 1882. I was a cadet with him for six months and then he was relieved by Fairfax. Yes, we certainly had a charmed life at Jutland. I fancy we shall have one more big battle and I hope that mist and darkness won't prevent us from finishing them off next time. There are so many factors now to think of in a naval battle, and it is so large that it is difficult to do the right thing. Still we are confident that there can be only one end to a naval battle and that is that the victory will be with us, although the enemy have a fine fleet and are good fighters. I cannot see any prospect of peace in the near future and we shall be lucky if we are within touch of it this time next year. If this ship should come out to New Zealand after the war and I am in her I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you and no doubt we shall have a great yarn to spin.

Yours truly,
JOHN F. E. GREEN.

This letter breathes the spirit of the Navy. "Seek out the enemy and destroy him," and I am reminded of the ancient preamble of the Naval Articles of War which contains the following:—"It is on the Navy under the good providence of God that the wealth, peace, and safety of the Kingdom depend." Inspiring words which are engraved on the minds of every man and boy in the Senior Service. How could the Navy let us down with this preamble ever in the minds of every man and boy? God grant that we may never let the Navy down by starving them of ships and guns. Bravery and devotion will count for nought without the wherewithal to fight.

Manston Vicarage, near Leeds, where the Author was Born.

The Island of Heligoland came into great prominence during the Great War. I have mentioned that my first sea-going commission was to the old paddle frigate *Gladiator*. In 1864 Sir Arthur Ord was appointed Commissioner by the British Government to inspect all the Crown possessions. The *Gladiator* was detailed to convey Sir Arthur to Heligoland. He reported to the Government that the island was of importance as an outpost of England in the event of war with European Powers. About 1896 Lord Salisbury was approached by the Kaiser and offered a portion of Zanzibar in exchange for Heligoland. The offer was accepted, and the Germans immediately turned it into a naval base and strongly fortified it. It is difficult to understand why the British Government ratified the exchange, for as long as England held the island Germany could not fortify it. It must be admitted that if England had fortified it she could not have held it for long after the outbreak of war, because being only eight miles from the mainland it would have been subject to continuous fire, but it might have been used for one swift smashing attack on the German Navy and the Kiel Canal. At the opening of this canal in 1908 King Edward was present. Lord Fisher was also present, and is credited with saying to the King: "Your Majesty, it would save a lot of trouble in the future if you would order me now to blow all these —— Germans out of the water." I was shipmates once with "Jacky" Fisher, and I can quite imagine his saying this.

The "Wooden Walls" of Old England

I have recorded that H.M.S. *Favourite* was the first ironclad to cross the Atlantic. This was while I was serving on her in 1867.

The transition from wooden ships to ironclads commenced in 1855 during the Crimean War. In Nelson's time all our ships were wooden and the guns were small and feeble compared with those of the present day. As guns throwing heavier shot came to be invented it became necessary to build ships of a totally different construction in order to resist them; and the idea of protecting the sides of a vessel with armour plating was mooted. The first vessels so protected were three floating batteries, *Le Devastation*, *Le Tonnante* and *La Lave*, used by the French at the bombardment of Kinburn, in the Black Sea, during the Crimean War in 1855. One of these batteries became a regular target for the Russian gunners. Twenty-five round shot struck the sides of it point blank; yet all this cannonade only resulted in the partial displacement of one of the iron plates, which were only of the thickness of four inches and a half. Any other ship of that time would probably have been destroyed.

These three batteries brought about a revolution in naval construction. The British Navy followed suit with the floating batteries *Erebus* and *Terror*. The latter became a guardship at Bermuda during the 'sixties and 'seventies. In 1856 a French engineer, M. Dupuy de Lôme, prepared for the French Admiralty the plans of the first ironclad frigate—

La Gloire. In asking for the money necessary for the construction of *La Gloire,* the engineer remarked:—"One single ship of this description, launched into the midst of an entire fleet of wooden vessels, would be like a lion in the midst of a flock of sheep,"—a prophecy which has been fully confirmed.

The French experiment was speedily followed by the English Government by the building of the *Warrior* and *Black Prince,* each being protected with a belt of armour-plating four inches in thickness. These two ships, when they first came out were regarded as vessels of a very powerful type. After these two ships came the *Northumberland, Minotaur, Agincourt, Bellerophon* and *Lord Warden.* The first three were five-masted ships and a small sailing ship collided with one of these in the Channel. When the skipper was asked how he came to ram the man-of-war, he replied, "I cleared *three* masts, but *never heard tell of a ship having five masts*!" I served for a short time in the *Lord Warden,* when she was Flagship in the Mediterranean, under Admiral Yelverton. A sister ship (the *Lord Clyde,* Captain Blythesea V.C.) drifted on shore on the island of Gozo and was hauled off with difficulty. The commander of the Flagship (Brand) gained his promotion through his skill in refloating the *Lord Clyde.*

About this time both Britain and America adopted the muzzle loading guns—the British being "rifled" and the American "smooth bore." Breech loading guns were used on a small scale, for example 64 pounders, but at the bombardment of the Taku forts in China, Admiral Hope reported adversely, saying

that a breech block had been blown skywards and afterwards found in the bunt of the mizzen topsail. The American system was to fire immense round shot in the attempt to batter the armour plates of an adversary. But finally both Navies followed the German system of breech loading rifled guns, the aim being to *pierce* the armour plate.

When I first went to sea the bugle call was unknown and the drum was used to call men to quarters. It was difficult to distinguish between the various beats or roll of the drum and mistakes were frequently made. H.M.S. *Marlborough,* 131 guns, was the smartest wooden ship of her time. It became known by the ship's officers that surprise orders were to be issued to test the efficiency of the ship. It was expected that the alarm would be "General quarters for action" and the gun crew which fired the first shot would receive much commendation. The Gun Captains bribed the Gunner to let them each take a charge of powder (in the usual thick flannel bag) to their hammocks. This went on for several nights until one night at midnight the alarm sounded. 131 gun crews manned 131 guns and fired 131 blank charges, quite overlooking the fact that the order which the drums had rolled out was "assemble for drill" not "General quarters for action." The amazement of the Captain may be imagined as he had the keys of the magazine in his pocket. Soon after this the bugle call was substituted for the ancient drums of Drake's time.

"A Glimpse of the Mediterranean"

as seen by my youngest daughter, Monica Mary, (Mrs. Le Cren) *en route* to England *via* Suez. Letter from London dated April 24th, 1935.

I have been able to re-visit familiar scenes in my naval life, through the eyes of my daughter—Mrs. Le Cren. She left New Zealand in February, 1935, in the *Monowai* for Sydney and there joined the P. and O. branch line steamer *Barrabool.* Once past Port Said she arrived on my old cruising grounds, where in H.M.S. *Rapid* I spent two delightful years in the Mediterranean Sea, visiting nearly every one of the surrounding countries.

She writes as follows:—

Malta behind us and Gibraltar too, so now it is all familiar to you. We arrived in Malta at 5 o'clock on Easter Sunday morning and steamed into the grand harbour where we berthed at 6.30 a.m. The approach is perfect! I was up about five, so saw everything. It was all so exciting! Ships of every sort, shape and description lay around, H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth,* H.M.S. *Endeavour* and H.M.S. *Revenge* as well as a dozen of smaller fry. It was a gloriously blue sunny morning, so we (she and her friends) decided to go on shore for breakfast. We were rowed to the Naval landing place, which takes you straight up to Strada Reale. Not being too sure of our bearings we took a taxi to the Osborne Hotel where we had breakfast—real coffee and good crisp toast. The place was full of Naval people who had just arrived, a Home boat having

come in just ahead of us in the morning. From the hotel we went exploring on foot and went over to St. Paul's (the English cathedral). A service was beginning at 9 a.m. so we stayed. It is a lovely fresh-looking church, and was fairly well filled with the English community. After the service was over we went out by the west door, and never in my life have I seen such a perfect view, looking out towards the Army Barracks and across the most marvellous blue sea. From there we walked to the other side towards the Naval base, down a long avenue of trees and gardens to the sea, visiting a large Roman Catholic Church *en route*. It was in the throes of being renovated; but we wandered round, although Mass was being said. From there we went to the Admiralty Office, and then back to the town to the Prince Albert Memorial Gardens. I expect you would remember that part, right in the centre of the city. Such a pretty spot all enclosed from the noise of the streets. From there we went to St. John's Cathedral (R.C.) —the 10 o'clock Mass was in progress—a magnificent sight! The place was crowded to the doors and people flowing into the side aisles. I have never seen such pomp and ceremony, and one realises what a terrific hold the Roman Church has upon her people. I suspect you will remember the lovely painted ceiling there. The altar was a blaze of candles and gold furniture—too much of everything really! From there we somehow got into the city market, and although it was Sunday the place was alive with bargaining people. Your saying of: "Yells, bells and smells" in Malta was only too true, for we had to go

along with large handkerchiefs to our noses. Men, women and children mixed up with goats etc.—all very hot and smelly. From there we wandered up to a large garden overlooking the harbour. I don't know its name; but it stood in a group of pillars right facing the harbour. We sat there in the sun and watched the changing scene—the time went all too quickly. Suddenly we discovered that it was 11.30 a.m. and we had to be on board the *Barrabool* at 12 o'clock. So we flew up and down steps trying to find an English food shop for the necessary biscuits, chocolate, etc. We discovered a splendid place, and although it was Sunday morning it was still open. We managed to secure boxes of "Huntly and Palmer" and "Mr. Cadbury", enough to keep the ship from sinking. I was sorry to leave Malta—we could have spent a week there and still found something interesting to do. It is a fascinating place; no wonder you loved it. It must be a lovely climate for a good many months of the year. The day we had there was completely perfect. I was so sorry I had not borrowed Gladys Peto's book "Malta and Cyprus": it would have been interesting to have re-read it after I had seen it all.

It is really the most interesting port we have visited during our voyage. It is so old and also beautiful. The only ugly things were the women; never have I seen so many hideous females. I wonder what breed they are? A queer mixture I fear! While we were at St. Paul's scanning the view, the Canon of the Cathedral came out and spoke to us and very kindly asked us to breakfast; we had already eaten so much

at the hotel it was impossible to face another; however, we went in and chatted for a while. Canon Nicholls and his wife were such pleasant people and so full of information.

We left the grand harbour right on the stroke of twelve. I have never heard so many bells in my life; we were greeted with bells in the morning and farewelled with them at mid-day, a lovely sound over the water. The day after we left Malta was cold and miserable and we thought we had seen the last of the good weather; but to-day (St. George's Day) it is perfect with a really hot sun and so much of interest to see: Tangiers in the distance, Tarifa Point Lighthouse, little patches of green cultivated land with vineyards, all so pretty and peaceful; but really a most warlike spot I believe. But I am a step ahead, and have missed out Gibraltar:—We passed there at midday to-day and were so disappointed not to be taken in, or at least close enough to get a good view; but the Commander was cautious, and we were kept well out in mid-ocean. However, Sir D'Arcy Power had a splendid pair of field glasses, so we were able to pick out quite a lot. On the south side of the rock a huge water shed has been built of flat slabs of concrete, which from a distance look like fortifications. It all looked so imposing in the sunlight.

The afternoon we left Malta, or rather the evening, I was just dressing for dinner when someone rushed to my cabin to say: "Half the Fleet are passing us!" It was rather an exaggeration, but when I arrived on deck it was to find our ship

surrounded by warships on one side and destroyers on the other—about 25 all told and passing so close we could easily see the men's faces. They were returning to Malta. It was all quite exciting, much dipping of flags and hoisting signals. We thought they might have entertained us with "Rule Britannia." Dinner seemed very tame after so much excitement.

(May 27th.) By rights we should be just arriving in London, and here we are limping along (with one propeller damaged) and not even in the Bay of Biscay yet. On the notice board we are timed for Plymouth at midnight on Monday, and London early on Wednesday according to the tide. . . . . We are taking to the cold rather hardly, having had sunny weather ever since Fremantle, and really, the sea has been as "calm as a mill pond" all the way.

H.M.S. Britannia

I began my Naval reminiscences by mentioning the *Britannia* and I would like to end this period of my life by referring to her again; for from 1859 to 1905 she was the cradle in which was reared every flag officer and the vast majority of executive officers who served in the Great War.

The following was written about her in 1915, just before she was towed to the north of England to be broken up.

1915

H.M.S. *Britannia*, the cradle of three generations of British naval officers, has been delivered into the hands of the ship-breakers. Stripped of her top hamper, she is now being prepared for her last voyage to the north of England, but in consequence of the war conditions the date of her departure cannot yet be fixed. The figure-head of the *Britannia* has been carefully removed and landed at the naval wharf at Dartmouth, whence it will be transferred to the grounds of the Royal Naval College, and erected therein as a lasting memento of a ship which is held in such esteem and reverence by all officers of the Navy, who view with keen regret her passing. The *Britannia* is one of the few remaining links connecting the Navy of to-day with the wooden walls of England, the most famous, of course, being Nelson's *Victory*, which flies the flag of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. From 1859 to 1905 the *Britannia* served continuously as a training ship for naval cadets, though towards the end the old vessel formed the nucleus of an elaborate establishment which has since been superseded by the splendid college on the banks of the River Dart.

Built in 1820 as a line-of-battle ship, the *Britannia* saw service in the Crimean War, when as flagship of Admiral Dundas she took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol on October 17th, 1854. At the close of the war she was laid up, until the necessary alterations were made, in 1858, to fit her for her new duties as a training ship. On January 1st, 1859,

while the cadets were on Christmas leave, the establishment was duly transferred from the *Illustrious* to the *Britannia*, which was then moored at Portsmouth. The new ship differed from her predecessor in that she was a "three-decker" while the *Illustrious* was a "two-decker." Hence the change was all to the good as far as accommodation was concerned. At the end of 1861 the *Britannia* was moved to Portland, which, however, proved an unsuitable locality. In September, 1863, the *Britannia* once more put to sea, this time heading for Dartmouth, which was to be her home for more than forty years. The beautiful harbour of Dartmouth turned out to be an ideal station in every respect. In the following year a second ship, the old two-decker *Hindustan*, was moored close by, the two vessels being connected by a bridge. In January, 1877, the Prince of Wales's two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George—our present King—joined the *Britannia*, in which they received their training as naval cadets. Every flag officer, and the vast majority of executive officers on the active list of the Royal Navy to-day, are old *Britannia* boys.

I was aboard the old ship when she was towed from Portland to Dartmouth in 1863, my first sea going trip, and her last until 1915 when she was towed away to be broken up. What a wonderful active life for a wooden ship—built 1820—broken up 1915! How well I remember being given leave the day she anchored at Dartmouth which was to be her home for 52 years. I was given leave that day

and wandered near the home of Sir Thomas Seale and boylike asked the "gardener" for some fruit. The "supposed gardener" proved to be Sir Thomas who took me to the house and introduced me to Lady Seale and family. I was given a marvellous afternoon tea and the "Freedom of the City" was conferred upon me to come and go whenever I pleased.

I Decide to Emigrate

And now came the great change in my life. I had been a very strong man with a measurement of sixteen inches round the biceps and able to lift heavy weights and take my part in the athletic activities of the fleet. Exposure on the North American station had brought about an unfortunate series of illnesses and I was sent before a medical board and retired from the Navy. One of the Doctors, Dr. Eastcott, had known me previously and was amazed. He said, "Why, Hamilton, what has become of you? Where has your strength gone?" His advice to me was to go to Tauranga, New Zealand, if I wished to live. What he knew about New Zealand I do not know. Possibly he had been out here in one of Her Majesty's ships. His advice caused me seriously to think of New Zealand and I went to the New Zealand Shipping Company's office in London and made enquiries about sailings. The only ship listed for New Zealand was the *Waitara*. I went down to the docks to have a look at her. She was a full rigged iron sailing ship, small, but well found and pleasing to my critical eye. She was said to be a

fast sailer and was a credit to the New Zealand Shipping Company, as their ships always have been. She had no steam, but I knew how to handle a sailing ship and liked her all the better for that. I decided to book a passage and then went home to Yorkshire. My father asked the name of the ship and I pronounced it Maori fashion, but he insisted that this was wrong and that the emphasis should be on *tara*. The only support he could bring to his argument was that every Irishman knew of Tara's Halls. I pointed out that the Maoris would not know about that, and his reply was that they ought to be told about it. Eventually my brother Hugh and my sister Harriet decided to join me, and we embarked at the end of August, 1874.

Yorkshire to London

My father's parish was set in the midst of collieries, and near the railway station at Crossgates there was a factory for building wagons. I went there to get some wood for a packing case for tools etc., and strolling about the works was astonished to receive a naval salute from a man who was painting some of the newly furnished wagons. I could not place him but he explained: "You will remember, sir, having charge of 100 supernumeraries on board H.M.S. *Valorous* going to Bermuda for distribution among the ships of the North American Squadron. I was one of these," and he mentioned his name; but, I replied, "You were a strong and healthy boy and you seem to have altered." "Yes, I became a

painter on board my ship and lost my health and was discharged to the shore."

I told him we were "companions in misery" for I was in the same predicament and was on the point of leaving for New Zealand—and we bade each other "Farewell, so long, salve."

My brother Hugh had been a clerk on the North Eastern Railway and afterwards worked in an ironmonger's shop in Manchester. He was thus able to complete the railway arrangements and also to buy a few carpenter's tools to take with us. I cannot recollect the exact date of our leaving the "Ancestral Halls," but having completed our packing and bade farewell to father and the younger members of the family, we three travelled into Leeds by train and then had to wait for the London train to depart from the central station at 10 p.m. We had a choice of routes—*i.e.*, the Great Northern and the Midland lines. We chose the latter because, although the night journey took a longer time it would arrive in London later than the Great Northern train, which would land us at our destination at 2 a.m. We learned afterwards that by choosing the longer route we had missed a "cargo of notions" that some relatives had provided. They met the Great Northern train at Northampton and were much disappointed we had not come that way. Had telephones been in use in those days, we might have sent a message as to our movements. A clergyman who travelled in the same carriage was very much interested in our plans and said he wished he could come too! Perhaps he followed later on!

The method of travel was "slow but sure." Now-a-days the London, Midland and Scottish, and the London and North Eastern lines have non-stop trains. Having passed the Rubicon as regards my future career, I had "swallowed the anchor" as the sailors say when exchanging the sea life for life on a farm etc., and I had made preparation for the voyage to New Zealand. Through my agents (Messrs. Hallett and Ommaney) my money was sent to the Bank of New Zealand at Gisborne (as being the nearest place to Tauranga), but this had to be transferred to Christchurch, for the ship I selected for the voyage was bound for Lyttelton. On arriving there my brother and I eventually decided to begin our colonial life in Canterbury.

Leaving home was no great matter for me, for during the twelve years of naval service I was constantly coming and going, but the wrench was greater for my companions. The train arriving in London at an early hour we found a difficulty in obtaining breakfast at my old lodgings next door to the *Illustrated London News* office. We were afterwards transported by cab and rail to the London Docks and set to work to "sling our hammocks" in the second saloon.

To leave old England was a wrench tempered by the thought I suppose we all had that we would return some day. But none of us ever did even for a trip, probably because none of us became rich in this world's goods. New Zealand absorbed us and became home to us. To how many thousands of others

did the same thing happen? Probably the most outstanding thing about this young country is the manner in which newcomers take root. I have known a few restless immigrants amongst the older folk who have itched to return, but those who did so were soon cured and could not rest till they got back to New Zealand. I knew one old lady who came out because her sons had settled here, but she was not happy. The raspberries had not the same flavour, the strawberries were watery and the sun was too hot. So her boys sent her back, but she returned within the year and settled down for good. I know of a young couple who were out here for a few years and recently returned to England, but they could not settle down and at the end of 5 months they decided to return. Little did we think of this as we sailed down the Thames on that autumn day of 1874. Opportunities for young educated men and women were scarce in England, hence our decision to leave, but to us she was home, the centre of the world; the last word in civilisation and invention. The only slender chance I ever had of seeing the old land again was spoilt by the War, which meant longer service in the ministry for me and a depleted income. What a difference I should have seen if I had gone back! The London I left seemed modern with its horse trams and cabs, its gas lamps, lit by lamplighters with a candle in a sconce at the end of a pole. All this would have changed so much even in twenty years that the place would not have seemed the same.

The Voyage to New Zealand

The skipper of the *Waitara* was Captain Peek, a fine seaman, and the ship proved a fast sailer, for in spite of much trouble with the crew we made the passage to Lyttelton in 82 days. The voyage proved eventful even to me who was used to the ways of the sea. We were full of anxiety, but looking back now I realise that I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunities which occurred of making some use of my sea training.

When we boarded the ship confusion prevailed for a while—in addition to passengers' luggage etc. we had to stow a full cargo of iron rails for the New Zealand Railways. This stiffened the ship considerably but made her very steady in a seaway.

The cabins were roomy for those days and we soon made them habitable—my brother (Hugh) contrived a good many "gilguys" and "gadgets" in order to economise space, and "visitors" were often amazed when they found how comfortable we were. My sister had an adjoining cabin, and in the alleyway between the cabins we built a cupboard for storing our crockery and other necessaries for meals.

The "aristos" in the first saloon comprised Mr. Booth (of whom more anon); the Misses Hood, three sisters of whom one still survives and lives in Madras Street, Christchurch; Mrs. John Curtis—she and her husband were living in Ashburton when I went there in 1893, and the late Mr. Curtis was my Churchwarden for six years. There was also a Commissioner (or Inspector of Police) who belonged to Dunedin—he eventually married the youngest Miss Hood. These

ladies were all bound for Wellington and came out to join the Post and Telegraph Department. There was also a midshipman, who had left the Navy and was bound for Dunedin to join his relatives. The skipper asked me to take charge of the second saloon passengers and I found them quite amenable to "Navy discipline." A butcher's wife, who dabbled in land speculation, gave me some sound advice (which alas! I did not avail myself of) *viz.*, "Go to Ashburton, it is a rising township; buy up all the sections you can and in a few years you will be a wealthy man." She made a fortune herself, however. If I had been told then that I would one day be Vicar of Ashburton I should have laughed.

Of the second class passengers, I only remember several names:—Mr. and Mrs. Burrows (now living in Oxford), Reuben Mair (a music hall singer and a great acquisition for "sing song evenings"), Fred Clare, son of a sea captain whose ships traded to Australia. We were always hungry and I well remember one red-headed passenger who could never satisfy his hunger. If by chance any one at the table said, "I can't manage this"—our friend would immediately say:—"*Pass it over here*" and presto! it soon disappeared into his capacious waistcoat.

When we were crossing the Bay of Biscay a topsail yard "carried away" (*i.e.*, broke in the bunt), and was with difficulty lowered to the deck. The ship was rolling heavily, but it was necessary to start at once to make a new yard out of a baulk of timber, carried for such an emergency. The captain called for volunteers to do the work, as the carpenter

was over eighty and only signed on in order to go to New Zealand. My brother and I happened to be good carpenters and I of course, knew all about the rigging of a yard, so we volunteered for the work.

The baulk of timber was strapped to the deck with "dog irons" and then chalk lines drawn from the centre to taper to each end. Cuts were made with a saw to the lines and blocks of wood stripped off with an English broad axe. Mr. Booth, father of Mr. Geo. T. Booth, a saloon passenger came to view our work and remarked to me, "You will find it a difficult job, and as I was brought up as a shipwright, allow me to show you how to use the axe." Suiting the action to the word he smote vigorously, but succeeded only in chopping his left foot so badly that he was confined to his cabin for the remainder of the voyage. My brother and I resumed our work and the whole job was completed in three days. The irons and footropes, etc., off the old yard having been fitted and the new sail bent, the problem was how to hoist the new yard into position. It had to be done almost entirely by the passengers (many of the sailors being in irons for broaching cargo). The task was too great for the male passengers, so I went below and called all the women to lend a hand, explaining that all we wanted was "more beef." They tailed on to the ropes, and with much laughter and giggling the yard slowly mounted into place. Six of the passengers had been sailors, and these laid out on the yard and completed the job. Shortly afterwards I was walking the deck with my brother when Captain Peek appeared and beckoned me

to come into his cabin. He said, "I want to make you a present in the name of the N.Z. Shipping Co., for your expeditious work will save us a week on the voyage," and, going to a cupboard, he produced a *pint bottle* of Bass's beer!! Thanking him profusely, I rejoined my brother, who said, "What did the Skipper want?" I told him of the gift and pulled the bottle out of my pocket. "Oh, chuck it overboard," said my brother; "it isn't enough for *one*!" However, it ended in our sharing it, for there was no likelihood of getting any beer at all for several months. Previous to this incident I had noticed some of the sailors quite tipsy (and notably two men-of-war's men). I asked Captain Peek if he was in the habit of serving out grog. He replied "No!" and when I told him of what I had noticed he said, "They are broaching the cargo! Have you a revolver?" I answered in the affirmative. The next day we were at dinner and I at the head of the table in the second saloon. Feeling the ship tremble, I felt sure the sails were getting "aback," so excusing myself I ran on deck, just in time to see the helmsman (a huge Swede) leaving the wheel and the ship "getting in irons." I could hear the captain's revolver blazing away on the forecastle, so whipping out my revolver I said to the helmsman, "Call yourself a sailor! Look at her—she is in irons. Go back or I will put a hole through you!" The man obeyed and worked her off, and I ran forward just in time to see the captain emptying his revolver at the crew. One man was taking a belaying pin out of the fife-rail and would have struck the back of the captain's head, when the

chief officer felled the man with a blow of his fist (armed with "knuckle-dusters"). Nearly all the crew were put in irons by the mates and boatswain, and for the rest of the voyage the ship was worked by the passengers. These were divided into two watches. I had charge of one, and Lewis Agassiz (who afterwards became my brother-in-law) had charge of the other. He had been a mate in Green's service. Thank goodness we had a man like Captain Peek, who knew what to do in the event of trouble. Can anyone imagine a master and bosun of to-day putting practically the whole crew in irons and running a ship, and a sailing ship too, with the help of the passengers and a sprinkling of the crew?

Nearing the Cape of Good Hope, the ship sprang a leak. Captain Peek asked my opinion as to the whereabouts of the leak, and my reply was: "I think we have run into a spar 'end on,' and it has dented the plates on the starboard bow; because when she's on the port tack the ship requires to be pumped out every hour, and when on the other tack and the starboard side is out of water there is no need to pump." "You are quite wrong," said the Skipper. "As you know, I am a religious man (Church of England prayers on Sunday morning; Primitive Methodist service in the evening), but I'll bet you £5 the leak is at the rudder post." I promptly took him up, adding, "To whom shall the loser pay the money?" "Oh!" he said, "the Sailors' Home at Lyttelton." When we arrived at Lyttelton, I and my party left for East Oxford. About ten days afterwards I got a letter from Captain Peek to say

that the cargo, which consisted chiefly of railway iron, had been unloaded and divers had examined the ship. They found that "you were right in every particular and as a proof of good faith I enclose the receipt from the Sailors' Home for the £5." Good old Peek! He was appointed afterwards to the *Waimate*, and the chief officer became captain of the *Waitara* and took her Home, but soon afterwards the ship was sunk in the English Channel after a collision with another vessel.

I suppose there is nothing in the world which more vividly illustrates the march of progress than a comparison of the type of ship I came out in and the modern liner of say 20,000 tons. The *Waitara* was 833 tons. She had no steam, electric light, or refrigeration. The cabins were poky and stuffy, and were lit with candles in swinging sconces. The alleyways were narrow and unlit and often running with water, which is common in a small sailing ship. Bathrooms and sanitary arrangements were poor, and there was no mechanical ventilation. Compare this with the modern liner complete with swimming pool, palatial bathrooms, beds instead of bunks, hot water in every cabin, dancing hall, smoking lounge, card room, glassed-in decks, fresh milk and vegetables, iced drinks, and news of the world every few minutes by radio. And yet I love the old sailing ships, and I once made a trip to Lyttelton to see a full-rigged ship. It was round about 1902 and the ship was the *Westland*. She was under charter, I think, to the N.Z. Shipping Co., and I went to see her because I realised

that the day of this type of ship was over and I might not have another chance.

On the *Waitara* food was scarce. Meat and potatoes were generally put in a large tin, tied up in a cloth, and sent to the galley to be put into the cook's copper. Sometimes the sailors stole into the galley when the cook's back was turned, and, fishing out a meat-dish, took it "forrad", emptied it of its contents, and replacing a few bare bones, tied it up neatly and returned it to the copper. Result: second saloon passengers dinnerless.

Foremast hands sang as they pumped: "The wicked Old Bosun, who stole Mr. 'Amilton's Duff," etc. Once when I went to the galley I was warned by the cook not to touch the soup. "What for?" I asked. "Because 'Blinkers' (a well-known young lady) hung her stockings on a string above the copper and they *fell in!*" Of course I did not undeceive the saloon passengers as to the cause of my declining soup.

Our menu consisted chiefly of "salt horse" and "salt pork," and remains from the table of the first saloon.

Arrival in Canterbury

The *Waitara* arrived at Lyttelton on the morning of November 18th, 1874, having been off Akaroa the day before. The "Lyttelton Times" of the next day contained the following: "Yesterday the ship *Waitara* arrived on her second trip. This fine clipper vessel was formerly the *Hindostan,* being built on

the Clyde in 1863 by Reid and Co. for the British East India Shipping Co."

Other items from the newspaper of that day make interesting reading. The leading article said: "It is seldom that the leading papers of Australia descend to notice New Zealand affairs. This affectation of superiority has not hindered progress. On the contrary we find that New Zealand loans are eagerly sought after in London, while those of Victoria are coldly received."

A letter was published in picturesque Maori phraseology pouring ridicule on a man named Smyth who professed to have overpowered a moa and its young one, and asking him to produce a feather.

A London telegram received *via* Sydney and Hokitika per steamer *Tararua* gave an account of the Lord Mayor's banquet in London on the 7th November, at which Mr. Disraeli dwelt upon the contentment of the people and the solid prosperity of the country under his Government.

A paragraph from a northern paper chronicled the fact that sacks were being made from New Zealand hemp at Northern Wairoa, and that henceforth it would not be necessary to import sacks.

A further paragraph from the "Southern Cross," apparently an Auckland paper, detailed that a little colony of sparrows had taken up its abode in the columns of the Union Bank at the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, and it was decided to deal with this "noisy nuisance." "A ladder was procured on a Saturday afternoon, and a few young men soon

cleaned out the nests. We understand eight young sparrows were found and three dozen eggs. The sparrows were taken to Freeman's Bay, but how the eggs were disposed of we have not heard."

Blondin was tight-rope walking in Melbourne in a thunderstorm "as unperturbed as he had been while performing in Moscow before thousands of befurred Russians when ten inches of snow gathered on his helmet and his march along the rope was impeded by hundreds of crows which settled on it, and which had to be carefully kicked away."

An item which received several columns was the opening of the Canterbury Sale Yards that day by his Honour the Superintendent. "There were present Sir Cracroft Wilson, Mr. Geo. Gould, Mr. Robert Wilkin, and a large concourse of people. His Honour said it was gratifying to see the evidence of prosperity exemplified by the erection of such costly yards. Champagne was opened and 'Success to the Yards' was drunk amid loud cheers." At night a great dinner was held at the Riccarton Hotel. Thirteen toasts were drunk and twenty-six speeches were made. In the newspaper account the following line appears thirteen times: "The toast was drunk amid loud cheers." The toast of "Her Majesty the Queen" was drunk "in a manner which left no doubt of the fervent loyalty of the assemblage."

The S.S. *Tararua* had brought to Hokitika an account of the Melbourne Cup, which had been attended by a "vast concourse of 75,000 people." A rank outsider named Haricot had made a "hash"

of the bookmakers' finances by coming in the winner. Apparently he had become inspired when passing the Abattoirs, where he had gained a lead of twenty lengths. The event was described as follows: "Never since racing was introduced into Australia did the grandstand enclosure present such an appearance. It is not within the province of a sporting writer to gush over the beauties of the lawn, but the scene on the grass plot surpassed everything we had witnessed before. The dresses were of the most gorgeous description. Light blue, lavender and pink predominated, and as the beautifully apparelled ladies took up their position prior to the Cup the effect was charming indeed."

The chief political topic of the day appeared to be the question of "Abolition." Readers of later years would jump to the conclusion that this had reference to the liquor question, but "Abolition" in 1874 referred to the abolition of Provincial Governments. Canterbury appeared to be against this, and the position is well summed up in one sentence culled from an article on the subject: "The position will be the poor clamouring against the rich —all the Provinces against Canterbury, for as a northern paper recently asked—Why should Canterbury at one sitting of its Provincial Council appropriate over one million of money while the other Provinces are beggars at its gates?"

Even in those days of wide open spaces there were attempts to encroach on Hagley Park and the Domain, and one, Saunders, set himself up as the

champion of the people. The following is one sentence of a letter written by him, and is an example of the style of the time: "I do not have to introduce myself as one who has always fought on the side of equal rights to all and against every encroachment by the few, but my well-grounded faith in the penetrating power of the working classes assures me that even in Canterbury, the veteran who has for more than a quarter of a century worked shoulder to shoulder with the working men of the colony—who has fought and suffered and triumphed with them, will not be mistaken either for one of those good-intentioned novices who write to working men as if they were babes about the goodness of God in providing briars to tear the wool off sheep's backs for the little birds to build their nests with, nor yet for one of the reptiles which everywhere abound, who try to accomplish some selfish purpose by degrading their poorer neighbours, who foster their worst passions and prejudices, court their shouts and applause by extravagant flattery, or purchase their votes by beer or brandy." I hope that if this sentence should come to the eyes of any schoolmaster, he will not be mean enough to set it as an analysis question to his scholars.

There was agitation going on for a cable to Australia, and the matter was referred to thus: "By means of the 'electric wire' the principal items of current important events as they transpire in various parts of the world now find accustomed place in the columns of the principal newspapers. It must be evident that the sooner New Zealand is brought within the 'charmed circle' the better."

There is an account of a meeting of unemployed on the day of our arrival held on the steps of the Godley statue. "The meeting consisted mainly of new chums and, lacking leaders, was a fiasco."

There were a number of advertisements offering all sorts of propositions for sale. Most of these were headed "To Capitalists." Messrs. Beath and Co. offered "immense stocks" of hats, shirts, hosiery, collars, etc., ex *The Duke of Edinburgh*—(a perfect fit guaranteed). Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. submitted a few "leading lines," and priced each article —a very progressive move in those days. Bruce's Hotel, Akaroa, claimed "the best billiard table in Canterbury," and had "ladies' and gents' riding horses and buggies always for hire." And lastly, Lea and Perrins' sauce was declared by connoisseurs to be the only good sauce and a most delicious and unrivalled condiment.

Sawmilling

One of my brothers (Alfred) came to New Zealand in the *Ballockmyle* in 1873, and he joined us in Christchurch. At his suggestion we all decided to start a sawmill at East Oxford, where there was dense bush and sawmilling was in full swing. This begins another phase of life. Two other brothers, Hans and Staples, followed us the next year and together we founded the firm of "Hamilton Brothers, Saw Millers."

On leaving the Navy I had commuted my pension, receiving £1,080, and this all went into the venture.

My family often ask why I did not put this into land and exclaim, "You would have been a millionaire now." Probably I would, because vast tracts of sheep land were acquired in those days for the proverbial red handkerchief or some glass beads. But we could not foresee the advent of refrigeration and the lamb and mutton trade which made sheep farming so profitable and caused land to jump higher and higher in price. The country was crying out for timber. Houses were to be built and millions of sleepers were required for the new railways. There was a glamour about going bush whacking in the hills and valleys. There was a glamour, too, in the mechanical contrivances of the mill and the gear for handling big timber, building tramways and bridges, for we were all of a constructive nature. Had we gone sheep farming we would have missed the destructive bush-fire which lost us our capital and everything we had except the clothes we stood in. But would we have been any happier? In my case, No! As the result of the fire I became schoolmaster and then parson. These associations have brought me happiness and peace at the last, for I have much to look back on in the thousands of human contacts these paths of life bring, and I am blessed with a good memory for faces and friends which keeps them ever before me. In the words of Euripides: "It is great to be rich; it is great to strong; but it is far greater to have the friendship of many friends."

A new phase of life was opened to us "new chums" in the decision to learn all about the cutting

of timber. One brother and myself took the train to Rangiora (the then terminus), and then walked the 20 miles from there to Oxford. We had a good laugh at another party of settlers who had purchased a dray in Christchurch, loaded it with stores, and started off for Oxford. On the way it was noticed that a tin of kerosene was leaking. The settlers told how they had offered it as a gift at the first farm house they passed. The good wife accepted it and, turning the tin upside down, said: "That will stop it leaking."

Before leaving Christchurch we called on Mr. Rose, the immigration officer, and he advised us to go to the Provincial Chambers and study the maps. We did so and found we were entitled, as immigrants, to take up 30 acres of bush land in Oxford. It was St. Andrew's Day, 1874, when we made this memorable walk, and arriving at West Oxford, we found an hotel opposite the Bank of New Zealand. We asked the proprietor for tea, but he answered: "I can't supply tea, for all my women folk are at East Oxford. You know the Church is named after St. Andrew, and the whole day is kept here as a Church of England festival. Why not go down there and you will get tea, and as there is a Christmas tree you could take tickets and perhaps be lucky enough to get a *bottle of whisky.*" This sounded alluring, but as we were dog tired we preferred bread and cheese and beer. We managed next day to secure a cottage which (as my brother remarked), "commanded a view on all sides." The walls were merely slabs of wood, and when standing on one side of the house you could

see through the cracks in both walls. The ventilation of course was absolutely perfect. So also, I remember, was the weather, for we were able to bathe in the river Eyre every day in glorious sunshine. It was necessary for us to get some experience before starting our own business, and one brother, Hugh, who had been in the Kensington School of Art, got a job as carpenter at £1 a day, and the other brother (Alfred) and myself got work at Gammon's sawmill at about 12/- or 14/- a day. Frequently we worked overtime and that meant extra pay. My job at first was that of running the slabs out of the mill on a trolly, then carrying them up a heap already accumulated, and throwing the fresh slabs beyond it. This was a "gentle exercise" which kept you going for 10 hours a day and created an enormous appetite. We proved apt learners, and in a short time were promoted to the saw benches.

On our first Sunday in Oxford we all walked to St. Andrew's Church, having previously ascertained from the Vicar (the Rev. F. T. Opie) that we "could take any seat when the bell stopped and the organ voluntary was begun." We "marked time" outside the church porch and people were pouring in by the dozen. At last the bell stopped and the four of us, on entering, found the church packed, all except one seat, which was quite empty. Everything went quite well until the Vicar began reading one of the lessons. Suddenly, I was aware of a short fat man standing in the aisle at my elbow and saying in broad Yorkshire:—"I say, young man,

you're in my pew, coome oot of it!" My brother nearest to me whispered: "Don't move, we're within our rights." But the old Yorkshireman persisted: "I pay for this pew, coome oot of it." As I did not want any further desecration of the House of God, I signalled to my party to "coome oot of it." Outside the church we decided to leave a message at the vicarage asking that seats be found for us next Sunday. This had its effect, for we had a visit from the vicar, who, finding that we had all sung in the choir in my father's parish, invited us to become choristers.

This change proved a good thing all round, for we all had good voices and could take alto, tenor and bass, and my sister, soprano. Pew rents mounted up, for more people wanted to attend. Those were halcyon days—gone for ever, for the district is broken up now into so many denominations. The Church is poorly attended. I became afterwards a lay reader and used to ride to various outlying places to take morning or evening prayer.

After we had been in Oxford a few weeks a letter appeared in the Christchurch newspaper signed by one "Lycurgus." He complained that Leithfield, with its small population, one church, one school, and two public houses, had a Government post office, while Oxford had a store post office and yet had three public houses, five stores, two schools, four private schools, one Mechanics' Institute, Oddfellows' Hall, Good Templars' Hall, two Immigration depots, two churches and an *unlimited* number of chapels. But what tickled us was his concluding sentence which read:

H.M.S "Gladiator," 8 Guns, 1867
in which the author visited Heligoland and the West Coast of Africa.

"I would fain say a few words about our immigrants but fear to trespass too much on your valuable space, so will content myself by saying that Dr. Featherston should, in common justice, be made to support some of them he sent to Oxford for it is quite clear they will never support themselves. The cost of bringing them out is nothing compared with the cost of keeping them now they are here."

We became acquainted with Dr. Weld who owned a large part of the bush in East Oxford, and he persuaded us to cut his bush at a royalty. Two other brothers (Hans and Staples) having arrived in 1875, we erected a mill in Sladden Gully and commenced business as "Hamilton Bros." The timber in the bush was chiefly black birch, so we contracted with the General and Provincial Governments to supply railway sleepers. At that time the railways in Canterbury only extended from Christchurch to Rangiora in the north, and to the south as far as Dunsandel. The gauge then was 5 ft. 9 in. or "6 ft. way," and it was decided to adopt the narrow gauge as it is now. The old engines and rolling stock were sold to Tasmania, but the vessel carrying them foundered off Kapiti Island.

Besides cutting boards and scantling we were able to cut from 80 to 100 8 x 5 sleepers every day. Two teams of bullocks were employed logging in the bush, and fallers busily employed felling trees.

One day there was only one huge log left on the skids and the mill hands asked to be allowed to go into the bush to assist the fallers, saying they could

not shift the only remaining log on to the breaking-down bench. I gave permission, but presently a Government official entered the mill and asked where all the men were. I asked the reason for such a question. He said: "I know they are all single men. I represent the Provincial Government and want £1 a head from all bachelors for education of children." The wily bachelors had evidently got wind of the official being in the vicinity; hence their rapid retreat into the dense bush. Only one married man was left to keep me company, and coming to me he suggested that we two should put this log on the bench. I replied: "Clark, if eight men couldn't shift it, how can we do it?" "Oh," he replied, "we'll lift it together with cant-hooks and then *you* hold the log while I chock it!" This was a feat of strength with a vengeance, but taking our time it was accomplished, and the saw run through the log. When the men arrived in the mill they said to Clark: "How the ——— did you manage that?" His reply was: "Whilst you were in the bush forty men came along and helped us!"

The onslaught on bachelors may have had something to do with the hasty marriage of one of the hands, and the Hamilton brothers were all invited to the wedding. It was the wedding feast that we all enjoyed, though I was considerably perplexed as to what answer I should give when asked: "Will you have a little 'am or a little lamb?" The phonetic pronunciation left me on the horns of a dilemma. I don't remember my answer to the query but I think

it was to the effect that I "would have a little of each." I know my brothers complimented me afterwards on my tact and diplomacy under difficult circumstances.

Our mill was doing well and business prospering when one fateful day a howling nor'-wester visited Oxford. Four mills caught fire in West Oxford and our hands were preparing to go to their assistance, when, alas! smoke was seen near our sheds and came rolling down the gully. Dr. Weld had allowed an immigrant to build a hut in this gully and the man had only got his chimney partially built and stupidly lit a fire. The sparks leaped out into the bush and fire overwhelmed our mill. Our first endeavour was to lever up the hinder part of the Hornsby engine and draw it clear with a bullock team. The smoke became overpowering and the men pressing down the lever ran away, and I, being at the end of the lever, was trapped under a saw bench. One of my brothers came back to my rescue and I saw him stoop down to get a drink from the water tank, but apparently he could not because of the smoke. Eventually a party of men returned and released me. My left knee was badly cut by a circular saw, but I was glad to be alive. All the tools were thrown into the creek in the hope of saving them, but the fierce flames licked up the water and all the woodwork was destroyed on the various tools. Loading our dray with boxes of clothes, etc., we made a dash for the open country, but by that time the fire had spread to the township. While we were going past a burning house some sparks fell

into the dray and by the time we reached Dr. Weld's paddock, the contents of the dray were all ablaze. One of my brothers had just bought a new suit of clothes and had never worn it. It was in his box together with papers and pennies in his charge as Sunday School Superintendent. The suit was full of holes and the pennies red-hot when we scattered the contents of the box around the paddock. The five of us had only what we stood up in—singlets and trousers, and only two had caps. Just then the Vicar rode in on his horse and shouted: "This is a phase of Colonial life." We really stood to be beggared and this state of things we supposed would be "quite Colonial." It appears that the Vicar and his henchman were energetically starting a relief fund. The man came to me and said: "I want a subscription from you for the sufferers in this fire." I did not answer, but like Jack's parrot, I thought a lot and pointed to the woe-begone condition of our party.

When the fire was at its height I realised that nothing could save our cottage, and sent a man to load up a dray, telling him to pick out irreplaceable things; but afterwards I found the dray full of cheap odds and ends of crockery and clothing, while my naval sword, revolver and papers had been left to burn with the exception of some of my log books.

Thanks to the kindness of neighbours we were all accommodated for the night, and, obtaining some garments from the store, made a fairly creditable appearance at Church on the Sunday morning to

listen to a sermon on "The elements shall dissolve in burning heat," and the Vicar excelled himself.

The day following the disaster I went to Christchurch and found that the insurances were all right. On returning that evening, I was met at the East Oxford station by Charlie Scopes (an ex sailor, who had charge of our horses). Directly he saw me he yelled: "He's dead! he's dead!" I replied: "For God's sake man control yourself. Who is dead?" To my intense relief it was not one of my brothers he was referring to but a horse named "Lofty," for which I had refused £80 the previous week. "I tied him up short and the smoke choked him, and falling down he strangled himself." This was his explanation.

After some time we purchased a new plant from Mr. Sladden and erected a new mill at Cooper's Creek. We entered into an agreement with Mr. Cooper to cut out his bush for £400, but when we began laying out the tram into the supposed bush, we were stopped by a bailiff (or an individual representing Harry Bell Johnston of Christchurch), who quickly undeceived us regarding the ownership of the bush we had inspected. There was nothing for it, then, but to turn aside and take the tram into our 30 acres, which we had fortunately taken up. Realizing there would not be enough to support us all, I decided to draw out and become a schoolmaster. The others thought they would try their luck and endeavour to make a living. They carried on until about 1880, and finally had to close down and separate. One went to College (a

blue coat school boy), and the others followed my example and became schoolmasters. In 1876 an elder brother, who was a clergyman in Bradford, came out. I had taken him to Christ's College to introduce him to Bishop Harper. When the fire wrecked our saw-mill the Bishop wrote me saying: "A man of your education should find a better vocation, and if you will read for Holy Orders and pass the Theological Examination, I shall be glad to ordain you."

Schoolmaster

This letter influenced me to become a schoolmaster with the idea of studying for the Church. I applied to the Board of Education and was appointed to West Eyreton School in January, 1877. For three months I lived a bachelor's life, but found the life congenial, being able to spend the week-ends in Oxford. Here I found my future wife and we were married on April 2nd, 1877. The schoolmaster who preceded me was Dominick Brown, who was a great naturalist and had left a beautiful garden, but the house was full of skins of animals he had cured, and stuffed birds. There was no kitchen range, but a colonial oven, and only open fire-places in the other rooms. There were only eight scholars' names on the roll, but children soon rolled up and in a short time I had 68, but being single handed it was a problem how to deal with the classes. After the midday recess for lunch the children brought in dirty crusts from the playground and threw them about the school when my back was turned. I resolved, if I caught the offenders, I would

make the punishment fit the crime. Pretending to write on the blackboard, I turned round suddenly and caught two boys *in flagrante delicto.* I ordered them to stand on the desk facing each other. Then picking up the blackest crust, I handed it to them and said: "You will eat this between you." Each boy nibbled off as small a morsel as possible, and it took an hour for them to make this appetising meal. I had no more trouble after that and discipline was quite in the navy style.

In those days, be it remembered, the Bible was read daily, the schools opened and closed with prayers, and grace was sung before and after meals. One day the school was being closed with prayer, the scholars kneeling at their seats. When we rose up one of the leading scholars (I will give his initials, F.H.), spoke and said: "Please sir, somebody threw a stone at me during prayers and my left ear is bleeding!" I at once said: "No one will leave this room until the culprit is found." I then questioned each child separately but all denied the crime. Then I bethought me of "Naval Intelligence," and sending one of the infants to the house to ask for a ball of string, I drew a sketch on the blackboard. Knowing that the stone had fallen in a corner of the room, it was easy to stand in the corner and then tell the little lad to extend the string past F.H. and climb over the desks and he would come to the boy who threw the stone. Before this could be done, however, the only boy in the form nearest the wall moved to the end of the desk. I explained the diagram on the blackboard

and then said to the whole school: "I want you to give the verdict. Who threw the stone?" They all shouted R.O'C. (the boy's initials). I told him to come out on the floor. I explained that I never flogged *coram publico* except for gross offences, but I intended to do so on this occasion. I gave the boy three cuts with the cane on each hand, and then dismissed the school.

The culprit's father lived just opposite the school, and in a few moments a wild Irishman appeared with a shillelagh and threatened me because I had thrashed his boy. Pointing to the blackboard I explained how the boy had been detected and the man was quite satisfied, adding: "I'll go home now and give him a taste of this stick."

It appeared there had been bad blood between the two boys over the ownership of a rabbit. If this should meet the eyes of either F.H. or R.O'C. I hope they will forgive my exposure of their boyish escapades. (But we were all boys once.)

Dominick Brown left us a legacy of some fowls and a magnificent rooster. Thereby hangs a tale. One evening my wife and I were standing at the front door enjoying the stillness, when we noticed our rooster perched on the railing separating the garden from a paddock. The rooster's head was "inboard" and his tail "outboard," i.e., into the paddock. Presently we saw a small lad stealing up the side of the fence and wondered what he was up to. Getting close up behind the rooster, he suddenly grasped the bird's magnificent tail feathers, and as the bird flew

away several feathers were left in his hand. Apparently he was not aware that we were observing him, for smiling to himself, he adorned his cap with the feathers and marched off.

That Irish family living opposite was typical of the "Ould Country." I told the father I was going to be married and would be away for a week, and asked him to get bread and meat from the local man when he called on the Friday. Returning home, I went over on Saturday and said: "Mr. O'C., did the butcher and baker call?" "Oh yes, indeed he did." "Well, have you got bread for me?" "No, your honour." I asked why. "Oh, I told him you wouldn't want anything because you were living on love!" However, he gave me half a loaf of his bread and I got some home-made bread from a farmer's wife.

Shortly after we were married there was another marriage further up the line. An unscrupulous neighbour persuaded the guard to put the wines and spirits out on the roadside instead of on the station platform, and the said unscrupulous neighbour, of course, took the boxes to his own home and called his cronies together. It was a bright moonlight night, and as is usual in the country, we had not bothered to pull the blind down. About midnight we were startled to see an apparition at the window—a woman with her petticoat over her head. The "ghost" said: "Please come over to our place and stop my husband drinking." I told her I would come along, and not to be frightened. Going

in an opposite direction I called for the co-operation of a neighbouring farmer (B), and together we hid in a fence and watched the house. Presently a man came out of the back door with a jug in his hand and went to a haystack. There he filled his jug with liquor and then returned to the house. B. and I got a can of water and we also visited the haystack. (No, you're quite wrong, we did want whisky!) We found a huge jar of whisky, emptied the contents into the earth, and then filled the jar with water. In the navy we called this "bulling a cask." We then went home feeling assured that there would be no more spirits drunk on the premises, and so it proved.

My stay at this school was short, for after the school inspector came I was anxious about his report. The committee, however, did not invite me to their meeting, but happening to look out of a window overlooking the playground, I saw the chairman pacing up and down in an agitated way. I went out and said: "Is anything the matter, Mr. H.?" "No, I'm all right, but those fellows in there want to 'pick a hole in your coat.' You see, you're not the right colour. I would advise you to seek another school, for they say that only one boy has passed the examination."

I demanded the report and found that the one boy was the son of "S.", a committeeman. Now I had noticed that when the school was used for a religious service "S." had held his hymn book upside down. It occurred to me that the committee had been led

astray by a man who could neither read nor write, and that all the children had passed except his boy. This proved to be correct. Only one scholar in the whole school had failed. The chairman said: "This is the very devil, for I gave my son Fred a hammering because he did not pass." Fred was one of my crack scholars and, by the way, became an important man in the district. The committee tendered me a written apology, but in the meantime I had been offered and accepted the Carleton School. We soon made warm friends, and here our first child was born—Irene Beatrice—on March 13th, 1880. There was an animated discussion as to a name. I suggested the names of daughters of Admirals I had served under, e.g., "Barbara Yelverton" and "Bliss Wainwright," favouring the latter because she was a lively little girl of 14 and was so strong that she could row in a skiff against a sailor and beat him. My wife rejected these names, declaring she would not have "names of any of my old flames." (The idea!) At last I suggested "Irene Beatrice," and so the baby received these names at her baptism. Afterwards I explained that Irene was the Greek for "Peace," and Beatrice meant "Happiness," and so Peace and Happiness combined made "Bliss." For thirteen years until we went to Ashburton she was only known by that name, but when we were living at Temuka the station-master's little girl used to come over and ask if "Miss Blissey" would come and play with her. This didn't appeal. "I don't mind being called Bliss, but I do object to Blissey!" Moving to Ashburton later on,

where we knew no one, we decided to give the child her proper name of Irene, much to her satisfaction, because she felt more "grown up."

At the Carleton school I had a bright lot of children and felt confident of examination results, but when the inspector came I found him questioning children in the various standards on work which belonged to higher standards. It appeared afterwards that the Education Board had decided to stiffen up the work and a circular of leniency was sent out. This I never received. It was to the effect that all children were to move up one standard for examination purposes. Fortunately I had carried the children on beyond the work of the standard they were in, but when I found out the position I was nervous about the percentage of passes. I am glad to say however that every child in the school passed two standards, and I was warmly congratulated.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby always put his boys on their honour in marking their own arithmetic. I adopted the same practice, and one day an inspector pulled me up for doing this, saying that the children should change books. He agreed however to let me carry on but checked each book carefully. He found that each child had marked its work without any attempts at cheating, but said he would have to report the matter. He did, and I was promoted three steps in my grade, but I wondered whether that would have happened if I had not been able to quote such an eminent authority as Arnold.

Whilst at Carleton, I spent my Christmas and

harvest holidays in helping the neighbouring farmers with their work. For a spell I went to the Cooper's Creek mill to visit my brothers. One evening we were sitting quietly in the whare when we were startled by a loud explosion as of a distress signal at sea. It certainly signalled a "distressful" state of things, for next morning old Mr. M——y called and gave us a graphic description of happenings at the View Hill school. The schoolmaster was a very clever young man, who was forever getting into the "black books" of the mothers of the district, for he taught the children to walk on clothes lines as tight-ropes *á la* Blondin—using the props as balancing poles. The whole district assembled to listen to a lecture on chemistry, and "Mac" had the schoolroom suitably arranged with a temporary platform and coloured lights. The place was crowded and children had to perch themselves on high desks and wherever they could find room. "Mac" advanced to the front of the stage holding a bag of hydrogen gas under his arm and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know much about chemistry, but what little I do know I will show you." All the while he was fingering with the brass screw top of the gas bag. It came off and the gas, connecting with the coloured lights, caused a terrific explosion. People were thrown in all directions, children hurled from their points of vantage, maps torn, the clock and every pane of glass in the windows shattered, a hole eight feet square torn in the floor, and the room left in total darkness. A very fat sawmiller endeavoured to

escape through a narrow window and stuck there, and it wasn't his Catechism he was repeating. Fortunately no one was hurt. All hands got out of the building and the curtain fell on "Mac" crawling out of the room on his hands and knees to receive the thanks and blessings of the householders.

Poor "Mac" had to pay the local glazier for putting new glass in the frames, but before the putty was dry a violent nor'-wester blew all the panes out again and threw the schoolroom off its foundation.

My stay at the mill was anything but a refreshing holiday. One morning a mill hand rushed into the whare shouting: "Your brother Alfred is badly hurt. A log off the ripping bench has struck him on the chest." He was carried into the whare quite unconscious. I ordered a horse to be saddled so that I could fetch the doctor, and before leaving told Scopes to run to Mr. Cooper's for some spirits and to give some to the injured man. I rode the six miles to East Oxford and found the doctor playing croquet with a party of ladies. I called him aside and told him of the accident and asked him to come at once. "Tom, you remember what Drake said when he saw the Spanish Armada coming up the Channel." I'm afraid my reply was unprintable, but I added: "If you don't come you will be held responsible for manslaughter if my brother dies."

However, "Sawbones" finished his game, but ordered his trap to be brought round. Jumping in, he leathered the horse all the way. The Eyre riverbed was dry and the wheels brought shingle into the

trap like hailstones. From there on the road was unformed and covered with tussocks. The trap rocked ominously and every now and again I was bumped into the air and wondered where I was going to land.

Arriving at the mill, the doctor said: "Have you got any spirits?" Scopes answered: "Yes, half a bottle." We found out that when he got to Cooper's he could only gasp, "Rum! Rum!" They gave him a full bottle of whisky, but on the way back he was so excited that he drank half of it. The doctor polished off the other half and my injured brother never had a taste of "rum." The doctor's only advice was: "Give him a bucket of water with a cinder in it, and if that is no good rub him well with a brickbat." With these parting injunctions he departed.

Those were the "good old days" of the "survival of the fittest." My brother recovered and is now aged about 83 and is as stout as a Maori. Curiously enough, he became a native school teacher after the mill closed down, and his last school was the Turakina Girls' College.

With my appointment to the East Oxford School my pleasant stay at Carleton ended. The farmers vied with each other in transporting our furniture the five miles. When the procession arrived at the Oxford schoolhouse, it was impossible to gain an entrance, as no key could be found. My new chairman told me to open one of the windows at the back, for they reached almost to the ground. This effected, we found the

bed-room door was locked and a screwdriver soon removed the lock. On entering the passage-way, all the keys except that of the front door were found hanging on a nail. Our goods were soon unloaded and placed in the back rooms. The fire was lit and baby installed in its cradle, when we heard the front door being unlocked and opened. I went to investigate and found a lady in the passage who told me all the "evil deeds I had done since I was born." I naturally asked: "Who are you?" "I'm the schoolmaster's wife and this is our house." I called my wife to interview the claimant. In the meantime the schoolmaster, who had been dismissed by the Board at 3 months' notice, came in also, whilst I was interviewing my chairman, and going down the passage where my wife and sister-in-law were standing, asked if Mr. Hamilton was in. They replied in the negative and he promptly slammed the back door and locked them out. My wife remembered the window by which we had entered, and although it was now shut down she broke the panes of glass and found her way into the house. She walked up to the ex-schoolmaster quietly, and said: "Give me that key." The dumbfounded Dominie very meekly did as he was told. When I came in I found my university brother and my sister-in-law administering "first aid," and binding wrists and arms cut about by broken glass.

Shortly afterwards my name was called from the vicinity of the front door. Standing inside I found the ex-schoolmaster, who thus addressed me: "Will you state in concise terms your reasons for invading

H.M.S. "Favourite," 10 Guns, 1868.
A wooden Corvette converted into an Ironclad with 4½in. plates—the first Ironclad to cross the Atlantic.

my house." I had an intuition that he had someone concealed in the room behind him. After some argument the local policeman emerged and, moreover, he was in full uniform. I gave him five minutes to retire, otherwise I would report him to the Minister of Justice. He took the hint and finally he departed. The ex-schoolmaster and his wife were given the two front rooms. As there was only a kettle, a blanket and book in one room and a few loose papers in the other, they must have passed a most uncomfortable night. None of our party attempted to sleep and we kept up a fire and an "armed neutrality" all night. At daybreak we endeavoured to get some breakfast, and during the repast a voice in the passage-way said: "We are going now, and I recognise that my quarrel is with the Board and not with you. I am extremely sorry to have caused you so much annoyance and particularly as I understand your wife has been badly hurt." This was the *amende honorable,* so I went out and shook hands and we parted friends. His parting words were: "A boy will come for my furniture."

Black Monday

Black Monday lives in the memories of the oldest inhabitants of Oxford, and indeed, of all who lived within a radius of 20 or 30 miles of the township. On this day, in the year 1879, there came a visitation in the shape of a howling nor'-wester. St. Andrew's Church and the Methodist Church were wrecked, the former being blown off its foundations, the latter

scattered in fragments in the paddocks. My father-in-law and one of his daughters endeavoured to rescue the harmonium from St. Andrew's Church. An empty barrel flying down the street nearly felled the former, and the girl organist was blown on top of a gorse fence surrounding the Church. The Anglican Church was afterwards sold for £80, and the Methodists restored theirs "so that it would be standing at the end of the world." They used 8 x 8 baulks of timber as corner posts, and floor joists and buttresses of big dimensions. I was schoolmaster at Carleton at the time, and soon after the opening of the school at 9 a.m. on that "never to be forgotten day," the wooden wall of the building suddenly bulged inwards like a ship's sail. I ordered the scholars to retreat. I deemed the schoolhouse to be the safest place for the girls, and the boys took refuge on the lee side of a sod wall on the roadside. It was impossible to open any door of the schoolroom, and the girls climbed into the house by a window. Just as they were housed the kitchen chimney was blown down and fell with a mighty crash on the lean-to at the back. The heat was stifling and it was necessary to draw water from the well, but this was a man-sized job as the wind was strong enough to blow one over. The sudden gusts sent fowl-house and fowls, and in fact everything movable, across the paddocks, to find resting places somewhere on the way to Kaiapoi.

The force of the gale may be judged by the fact that a barge board of the house was carried up into the air and, descending on the metalled road, was

driven into it to a depth of nearly three feet. The wall of the school was afterwards strengthened by the Board of Education, by placing baulks of timber inside in a vertical position and bolting them to the roof and floor plates. This schoolroom was later removed to East Oxford, when the "Consolidated School System" was inaugurated, so that two of the schools I taught in are now standing side by side.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one any good" is an old saying, but it proved true in our case. We had no garden, because the ground was a bed of shingle. A neighbouring farmer had ploughed the adjacent paddock, previous to this gale, and several tons of good earth were deposited in the school ground, so that afterwards we were able to grow our own vegetables. This we had not been able to do before owing to lack of soil. When I left Carleton for the East Oxford school Mr. Wm. Brock was offered the school. He evidently did not think much of my garden, for he said: "I am an enthusiastic gardener and I have the choice of this school or Waikuku. I will take the latter." He was afterwards headmaster at the Hampstead School when I was Vicar of Ashburton, where he rendered me a very singular assistance, of which more anon.

The members of the School Committee were mostly farmers acting on the principle "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one (or none) grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of

politicians put together." They therefore dug holes in the shingle and planted pinus insignis trees, and to-day they make a grand shelter and breakwind for the house, for it now "stands unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds."

During my school work I had assiduously studied in all my spare time, and passed three of the grades of the Board of Theological Studies. Whilst at the Oxford School the turn came for passing the fourth grade. Unfortunately the date of the examination coincided with the inspection and examination of the school. I was therefore obliged to leave the school in the hands of the staff and explained the reason to the inspector. His reply was rude, but complimentary: "All I hope is that you will not pass." There were thirteen subjects to be taken. I managed eleven of them, and thought I had done "passing well." The chairman of the Board of Theological Studies wrote to Bishop Harper asking why I did not take the other two subjects. I told the Bishop I thought I had performed a prodigious feat and mentioned how I had been handicapped with school. Since then the fourth grade examination has been extended to two years, the candidates only taking six subjects at one sitting. Bishop Harper offered to ordain me at the Trinity Ordination (1881), and I was to begin work at Ross, Okarito and South Westland. I was extremely sorry to leave the school work, for I found it most interesting; and to-day I find my old scholars have not forgotten me, as I constantly receive letters from both

teachers and scholars of the various schools I "navy disciplined."

One scholar, a farmer's daughter, had a gift which I have only found once since, and that later in Hokitika. She could work an arithmetical problem in her head, as she said: "It seems to come to me." If I gave out a question in mental arithmetic Martha had the answer before the question was finished. She is now a farmer's wife and he little knew he had got "a ready reckoner" when he married her. One day her father was selling his wheat to a Christchurch agent. It had been threshed out of the stook and the agent proceeded to clinch matters by saying: "Well, Mr. So-and-So, there's so many bushels at so much and that will be £——." Martha was coming into the paddock with a billy of tea and overheard him, and quick as lightning she said: "Don't take that father, you will lose £3 6s. 10d.!" The agent turned round angrily and said: "What do you know about it if you haven't worked it out?" "Yes, I have," she replied, "in my head." She then worked it out on paper and was correct to a penny.

The father was chairman of my school committee and he called to compliment me on the "way I had brought the child on!" I said, "Don't thank me. It is God's gift to your daughter." In that case he said, "I will not touch the money," and he handed over the £3 6s. 10d. to his daughter for her own use. Next week she appeared at school with a huge brooch and pendant-earrings (much worn in those days) to the great envy of the schoolfellows of her own age.

I was sorry to say "farewell" to Oxford and school life. A great gathering of householders and children gave us a "send off." Though it is fifty years ago, we have still a marble clock in use which was presented by the school committee, and the teachers and scholars combined to give me a gold pencil case. This case I regret to say was given to the baby to play with in its refractory moods and the marks of its little teeth are still visible on the case.

In all my schools my plan was to have a time table (or routine board) according to which classes passed from one subject to another without loss of time. At the close of each lesson the classes passed automatically to the next work. My successor, I was informed, was not pleased with this strenuous outlay of work and he publicly burned my time table, saying that he was not going to be such an ass as to work like that. I confess I was rather pleased that the school degenerated in consequence.

Clerical Life

We left Oxford with much regret. Here my wife had lived in her girlhood and the place was full of memories for her. Here I had been bushwhacker, sawmiller, lay reader, Sunday school superintendent, vestryman, and finally headmaster of quite a big and thriving school. It was a great change to enter on the clerical life. Christchurch Cathedral was in progress of being built, but even the nave was not ready for services until 1882, so it came to pass that

I was ordained Deacon in St. Michael's Church on Trinity Sunday, June 12th, 1881. In the following year I came over from Ross and was ordained Priest in the Cathedral on June 4th, 1882.

My First Parish

Immediately after my ordination I proceeded to my first parish which extended from Ross to Okarito, and thence as far south as could be reached on horseback. My wife and I, with one child, travelled in Cobb's Mail Coach, and as it was the depth of winter we experienced a very cold journey. At one time it was a rather perilous one, too, though we were unconscious of the latter fact. The near front wheel was in a state of collapse and was only held together by fencing wire. We were on the box beside the driver, but he wisely refrained from mentioning that in all probability the coach would capsize if the wheel collapsed.

The old coach road and its charming views were something to remember, and the Midland railway and its tunnel can never obliterate the memories of "slow but sure" journeys through magnificent scenery. Arriving at Kumara we had a glimpse of R. J. Seddon, who afterwards became a famous man and Premier of New Zealand. At Hokitika we were welcomed by my elder brother, the Revd. H. H. S. Hamilton, Vicar of All Saints' Church. The journey to Ross was later on accomplished by coach, which ran to the Kanieri bridge or through Woodstock and Lake Mapourika.

There was no Vicarage at Ross, but we secured a cottage belonging to Mr. Kortegast, just facing the hospital, and here we lived until the schoolmaster vacated the Presbyterian Manse. Even now the idea of the Anglican Vicar occupying the Presbyterian Manse tickles me, but for the rest of our stay we were accommodated there. This house was infested with rats and when it was being re-papered, the rats systematically ate paper and paste between walls and ceiling. I went to old Simon (a Frenchman), the storekeeper, who gave me some copperas and told me to mix it in the paste and if there was any left over to throw it under the piles of the house. "Rats," he said, "will never cross copperas." It was a most effectual remedy, for we never saw another rat.

The ground everywhere was honeycombed with workings in search of gold, and the house being built over a shaft nearly caused a tragedy. I was away in Christchurch attending the Synod in 1882, and on my return found my Churchwardens busily engaged in wheeling barrow loads of tailings into the house and filling up a hole about 50 or 60 feet deep. My little sister-in-law had gone into one of the front rooms, and on returning the whole of the passage flooring gave way. She saved herself only by hanging on to the strip of carpet which covered the flooring. Needless to say she yelled for help which fortunately was forthcoming.

The hospital, which stood opposite to our first domicile, was intended chiefly for men who had been hurt in mines, and we had various

"celebrities" as doctors. I had a sharp attack of bronchitis shortly after my arrival and might have succumbed; but Dr. Giles of Hokitika (the gold Warden) kept "an eye" on me and advised my wife in many helpful ways so that I made a quick recovery. I used to visit the hospital twice a week, giving readings and lectures on one day and the next time holding a short service. At one of the latter I gave an address on Rev. 2.17. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone and in the stone a new name written etc." During the service I had noticed a man, evidently not a patient, sitting on the end of a bed. At the close of the service, he walked unsteadily up the ward and said, "You don't believe all that—you're paid for it," or words to that effect. To this outburst I replied by asking him his name. To my surprise he gave the name of White. The inspiration came to me to apply my text by saying: "Overcome your besetting sin and win the white stone!" Some months afterwards I was coming out of the Ross Church after Wednesday evensong, when a voice spoke to me out of the darkness saying, "I was ashamed to come to the service, but I want to tell you that I have been down from the claim buying stores and have not touched a drop of liquor. I pray God I may win the white stone!" Remember the temptations on the goldfields at that time—over fifty hotels and sly grog shops in Hokitika, and twenty-six in Ross, and you will appreciate the strength of will required to pass them.

Soon after my arrival in Ross there was an epidemic of diphtheria among the children, who died like sheep until a new doctor came and diagnosed the trouble as proceeding from rain water filled with worms and bacteria. I was out at all hours, and one evening I came back hoping to retire to bed, when my wife said, "Old Charley is dying in the hospital and will not last the night." I went as quickly as possible, but found the ward in total darkness. I found the man's bed which was close to the door, but needing a light to read to him I went out into the corridor and was endeavouring to light my lantern when the wardsman came out of a room and said, "What's that you're doing, Mr. Hamilton?" I told him I wanted a light in order to read to the dying man. "But," said the wardsman, "he must be left alone, and no one must speak to him after he has received the Sacrament of Extra Munction!"

It dawned upon my feeble brain that the man was a Roman Catholic and the rite was "extreme unction." However, I went back to the man and explained the position and said "good-bye." He thanked me warmly for all the services I had held in the hospital and gave me an Irishman's blessing: which is, "May the Lord send you a Happy death!"

Two young parishioners lodged together—the Postmaster and the second assistant at the State school. The latter offered to show me round the Parish and introduce me as the new Vicar. We went to one house and the lady came to the door with her sleeves rolled up and her arms covered with flour.

My guide and cicerone apologising for our visit made a wonderful "spoonerism." "I am afraid Mrs. F. we have come at an *inoppertime tune!*"

This "schoolmaster abroad" fell ill and the Postmaster came across to consult my wife. He told her that he had clapped on a strong mustard plaster for over a quarter of an hour. She asked if he applied oil afterwards? His reply was: "No! I call that High Art!"

Work on the West Coast was arduous in that it involved visiting isolated claims high up in the bush. I was once coming home towards Ross when I saw a a group of men sitting on logs by the roadside. As I passed, a huge man rose up and followed me. He ranged up alongside and said, "May I speak to you without using any handle to your name. I am a D.D. of Aberdeen, and I should like to be on an equality with you just for five minutes." I found that his trouble was the usual Coast weakness. Before leaving me he invited me to visit his claim, high up on the hills, and hold a service for his men, eighteen in number. There was no road, only a track! My friend the schoolmaster and I ventured on this expedition one morning. It was stiff climbing up a surveyor's line, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and one had to grasp the young birch trees on either side to haul oneself up the hill. Arriving on a plateau at noon, we found a number of huts kept in good order by the miners. Our friend the "D.D." gathered all the men into his own whare and together we had a "sumptuous" repast. I use the adjective advisedly because

our plates were heaped up with meat and vegetables, a truly Gargantuan feast. I nibbled at mine, but had perforce to give in, and presently we "cleared the decks" and held the service. My text was "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I must have made a profound impression on the "D.D.," for on leaving the house he parted with us at the gate with many thanks, but added: "When you come again don't preach straight at me, for *the men all noticed it.*"

Work on the West Coast amongst the miners involved hundreds of miles of riding on horseback, fording rivers, and holding services wherever practicable. Between Ross and Okarito, a distance of 60 miles, there were seven dangerous rivers to cross, and one had to be ferried across the Wataroa. At that time there was no road to South Westland as there is to-day, but simply tracks through the dense forest; or you could ride along the beach if the tide was out. My first journey south was guided by the mail-man. He was an Irishman and rode a small pony, whilst I rode a "river horse"—sixteen hands high. Jogging along a stretch of grass, his pipe fell out of his pocket, making no sound as it fell. I halted, picked up the pipe, and stowed it away for future reference. We had lunch by the side of the track in the bush and the mail-man felt in all his pockets for the lost comforter. "Holy Mother of Moses, I've lost my poipe! I'd give £5 this minute to have that poipe in me hand!" I quietly handed the pipe to him and demanded the £5. "Och!" he said, "I must see the priest about that for indade it was only a *rash vow.*"

Arriving at Gillespie's Bluff, which jutted out into the sea and with only a narrow ledge for a path, the mail-man said: "You watch my horse, he knows he must run for it as soon as the third wave breaks;" and sure enough when that occurred the pony dashed round the bluff like an arrow out of a bow and without any word of command. My steed was not accustomed to this sort of work, and although I urged him forward by stick and voice he almost halted at the centre of the bluff, with the result that the fourth wave thundered over my head against the cliff, and swept us both out to sea. Sticking to the saddle, I eventually found the beach safely, the horse swimming splendidly. The mail-man was watching for me and lifting his hands above his head exclaimed: "Holy Mother of Moses I thought ye were drowned." Of course I was wet through to the skin, but at the store, handy to the beach, I got a rigout of the storekeeper's clothes and was none the worse for my experience. This bluff was a veritable man-trap. In 1891, Bishop Julius was visiting the West Coast soon after his Consecration. Writing from Temuka to the Bishop regarding a Confirmation on his return from the Coast, I added, "I hear you are starting for the South and I know the Vicar of Hokitika will look after you; but beware of Gillespie's Bluff, for unless you go armed with spurs, or a big stick you may 'lose the number of your mess,' to use a naval expression." He replied: "Fendall and I start for the south to-morrow well provided; and I hope not to lose the number of my mess." Three days afterwards

the Christchurch papers appeared with scare head lines: "Bishop of Christchurch nearly drowned at Gillespie's Bluff!" He too came to grief. He was swept off his horse and had one foot caught in the stirrup, but the iron freeing itself, the Bishop managed to clutch the horse's hind leg, and was able to reach *terra firma.*

Soon after this an old man named Smith came to Temuka to set up a barber's shop. I visited him, and in the course of conversation remarked; "You have not always been at this job?" "No! I was a gold prospector and nearly lost my life on the West Coast, at a place called Gillespie's Bluff." His story was as follows: "With two mates I was travelling down the Coast on foot and when we came to the bluff my mates said, 'Smith, you go first.' I started off with my swag on my back, when a big wave came up and took me clean out to sea and out of sight of my mates. My swag held me up and in a few minutes, another wave washed me round the bluff on to the beach. My mates, thinking I was drowned, made for a track over the bluff. I reached the store, close handy, and the storekeeper gave me a change of clothing and put me in a room off the shop, the door having a glass window. Whilst I was drinking a cup of tea my mates arrived and said to the storekeeper: 'Our mate is drowned. Poor old Smith, we'll never see him again.' The storekeeper pointed to the window and the men fancying it was Smith's ghost they saw, ran out of the shop in terror. The storekeeper pursued them and brought them back."

Now all the rivers are bridged. There is a good road inland which passes through the Hari Hari settlement and there is no need to keep to the beach. This route had its compensations, however, for if the tide was out at night time, you rode along the sand in bright moonlight. The Franz Josef Glacier seen under such circumstances was a glorious and unforgettable sight.

The Resident Magistrate at Okarito always made me very welcome, and the first marriage I solemnised took place in the Court House, for there was no church nearer than Ross. Okarito boasted of a Harbour Master, and on my first visit to the place I was astonished to find a little steamer in the harbour, but embedded in sand and the Harbour Master busily engaged with a "fatigue party" cutting a channel out to sea to release the little vessel. On Sunday morning his duties were to gather all the folk for a service. He was an enthusiastic lay-reader, but did not combine discretion with his zeal. On my first night at the Resident Magistrate's house a deputation of inhabitants waited on me and asked me to report Captain T. to the Bishop. The complaint was that the worthy captain married people with the Church of England service, but with the addition of a little ritual of his own. With the couple kneeling before him "he places his hands on their heads and then gives them a special blessing of his own." I declined to put the captain "on the mat" for exceeding his duty because he was, after all, showing a fatherly interest and sympathy in a practical way.

After I had taken a morning service at Okarito one Sunday, I rode out to the Forks and held an afternoon service in a barn. Quite a large congregation assembled, but before going into the building my attention was drawn to a notice nailed up beside the outside door. It was to this effect:—"On Sunday next (D.V.) Dr. Foster Wanstall will conduct divine service in this building at 11 a.m. The text will be: "*Be* careful for nothing etc." Particular emphasis will be laid on the word *be!*" Making enquiries I found that the doctor was cook in the survey camp for the men forming the main road to the south. Shortly afterwards I returned to my home in Ross, when a visitor was announced. In the study I found a man dressed in a serge suit, who stated that he was Dr. Wanstall and asked if I could help him with boots etc. If I could get a building that evening he would recite and so earn enough to buy what he required. I persuaded the editor of the *Ross Advocate* to let him have the use of his large building. The bellman went round and forty miners rolled up at a shilling a head.

Dr. Wanstall recited the whole of "Enoch Arden" without a break and the elocution was absolutely perfect. Although rain was finding its way through the roof no one stirred. At the close I asked the lecturer if he could give another recitation if we took the public hall, and he said he would be happy to recite a much longer poem (Aylmer's Field). All the men promised to come and each bring a friend. The next night I was unable to go until late because of the Wednesday evening service in the Church;

but my wife took a party of ladies. There was, however, no recitation, for the proceeds of the first night had been spent in drink and we all had to return to our homes. The editor of the paper took charge of the "inebriate" and metaphorically "pumped water on his head." Early next morning he walked half way to Hokitika with the doctor (nine out of the eighteen miles) and heard him recite over 3,000 lines of "Aylmer's Field." The doctor eventually found his way to Kawau and became physician in ordinary to Sir George Grey, and a few years afterwards died at that place.

On another journey from Okarito to Ross, I had taken two services in the morning and was travelling towards the Forks intending to take evensong at a miner's hut *en route*. A horseman overtook me and by his dress I took him to be a stock drover or a shepherd on his way to a station; but presently he began talking about the fauna and flora of New Zealand, and it dawned upon me that he was an educated man. Arriving at the cottage he hitched up his horse, saying that he would like to attend the service and could easily reach the station afterwards. I was only a beginner as a cleric and had a written sermon in my pocket. Altogether a dozen men assembled and by the light of a solitary candle we took shortened evensong. Spreading out my sermon before me I gave out my text and at the same moment the candle "gave out" also. We were plunged in darkness, except for a flicker of light from the wood fire. I asked Mr. Williams for another

candle, but he had no more. I had either to say I could not read my sermon or else preach without the manuscript as best I could. I determined on the latter course and resolved never to bother again with written sermons. On this occasion I feared the criticism of the "educated stockman." Service over, they all departed and I stayed the night in the hut. A year or two afterwards, when I had moved to Temuka, I received a large parcel of books and pamphlets from Nelson and a letter from the Diocesan secretary. He stated that he was the "stockman" and that he would never forget that sermon in the dark. He also promised that if ever I came to Nelson he would give me a warm welcome. His name was Kingsley, a nephew of the celebrated Charles Kingsley.

In 1898 my wife and I went for a holiday to Nelson. The steamer rounded the shingle bank and came into the harbour under a beetling cliff. The helm was "hard over" and if anything had "carried away" the steamer was bound to be wrecked. At the wharf Kingsley met us and as we moved away he pointed to the lagoon and said, "You see that sheet of water." "Yes," I replied; "it ought to make a splendid harbour if you would only cut an entrance through the shingle bank." I was informed that the Nelson City Council intended to "fill it up and make a recreation ground there." The upshot of it was that I sent a message to the Mayor and council to say that having been a naval officer I was surprised they did not understand the wonderful asset they possessed; for

Timaru, Napier and other places were obliged to spend money on artificial harbours. A few years afterwards one of my Fendalton parishioners went for a holiday trip to Nelson. He had been a mate on a merchant ship, so I asked him to "keep his eye lifting" and observe any change in the mode of entering the harbour.

On his return to Christchurch, he met me and burst out with his news: "They did what you suggested, for we passed through the shingle bank in a large steamer, and the harbour is splendid."

My last act in the Ross Parish was the baptism of a child at the Mikonui River. The father, an old man-of-war's man and a V.C. to boot, wrote asking me to come out before leaving for Canterbury. Accordingly my friend the young schoolmaster and I drove out in a gig, and after tethering the horse on the river bank, we were ferried across the river by Mr. Mitchell. The whole countryside had apparently been invited to the service. Everything went with due decorum until the actual naming of the child. I said, "Name this child" and the answer was "John" and he was duly baptized; but we had not reckoned on a burly ex-merchant skipper and gold miner, who stood near me. He shouted, "Avast heaving there, mate! That ain't the name of the kid. His name is, Lewis Fitzclarence Montmorency. I'm godfather to that 'ere kid!" I begged him not to interrupt, and hastily finishing the service, beat a retreat into the kitchen. Later Mr. Mitchell once more ferried us across the river and farewelled us.

There is a sequel to this incident. In 1927 we were at Hokitika for our "Golden Wedding" and the West Coasters made it a royal ceremony. Two luxurious arm chairs with a wedding bell suspended above them and a three tier cake as well as speeches by leading citizens—one of the speakers being my old friend "Mac"—the schoolmaster. In returning thanks I alluded to my experience in Ross forty-five years before, and one of these was the baptism at the River Mikonui. My speech concluded, Mac walked down the hall and brought up a great bouncing girl and said, "This lady is John Mitchell's daughter!" I of course apologised for mentioning the matter; but she expressed herself pleased to know this little bit of family history.

In 1882 Bishop Harper had written telling me to go to Akaroa, and after I had packed and addressed my things, this was countermanded, as it was decided to appoint the Rev. Mr. Davidson to that parish, and my new appointment was to be Temuka.

I knew nothing about Temuka, but my brother, Hugh, I knew was acting as railway station master there, so I telegraphed asking him what sort of a place it was. His answer was laconic but much to the point, "It's a hell of a hole." Our goods went round by steamer to Timaru. The ship was carrying the celebrated Westport coal and our boxes and bales were permeated with coal dust—we of course travelled over the range by coach.

We left Hokitika at 5 a.m. in pouring rain. Reaching Kawhaka at 8 a.m., we breakfasted and

changed horses. During the second stage the rain ceased and blue sky appeared. Crossing the Taipo without accident we reached the Otira Gorge Hotel where we dined. Leaving the coach to follow we walked up 4 miles of the steep zig zag, the midday sun shining out in all its splendour, giving life and beauty to the magnificent scene of snow-clad hills, trees, rocks, and mountain torrent. Here one felt the force of the words "All thy works praise Thee, O Lord" and realizing the sublimity of nature felt constrained to join in Creation's hymn and cry again, "Alleluia." Our reveries were disturbed by the cheery voice of our Jehu (the genial Arthur Davis) encouraging his team to breast the steep ascent. The coach overtook us at the post which marks the boundary between Westland and Canterbury, and retaking our seats we were bowled along merrily, reaching the Bealey Hotel at nightfall, where we rested for the night. The next day we left this comfortable hospice at 7.30 a.m., experiencing for two or three hours the rigours of a sharp frost calculated to "freeze the marrow bones and make young blood run cold"; but by and by the warm sun topped the neighbouring hills, bringing life and vigour to our limbs. A grand finale to the journey was the descent of Porter's Pass. For 2 miles the narrow road winds down the side of the hill with occasional sharp turns—a sheer descent of about six or eight hundred feet. Putting the horses into a sharp trot with the brake hard down we reached the bottom in eight minutes, thus accomplishing the distance at the rate

of 15 miles an hour. Dr. Hector was an outside passenger when descending this pass. The driver was lashing the horses into a furious gallop and the doctor mildly remonstrated. The driver replied, "Never mind me, doctor; please admire the scenery." On reaching the bottom the coach was presently brought to a standstill, the driver alighted and pointed significantly to the *brake. It had carried away.* This admirable coolness on the part of the driver in a moment of extreme danger probably saved a bad smash, for it was a wonderful feat to keep the horses galloping so that the coach did not over-run them.

Arriving at Springfield at 1.30 we dined at Davis' Hotel. An amusing incident occurred during dinner. An old Maori chief was asked to make a selection from pudding, tart, and blancmange. As the old gentleman evidently had no choice, the landlord piled up his plate with a *little of each.* The blancmange was icy cold, but covered with rich Canterbury cream was decidedly tempting. Our worthy chief demolished the pudding and tart and then attacked the blancmange, but he suddenly dropped his spoon exclaiming "Dat Taipo, him no good," causing much merriment.

Leaving Springfield by the 4.30 p.m. train we reached Christchurch at 7.30 p.m.

Temuka

The church warden (one of Dr. Barker's sons), took us to his house "Kynnerley" until we were able to furnish our house. To my astonishment I found

that the Vicarage was an exact replica in wood of my father's Vicarage at Manston, near Leeds, so that when we were settled in our new abode, I for one felt quite at home.

My wife, who was then about twenty-four, went down the township shortly after lunch one day and presently came back "crying her heart out." "My dear, what has happened?" I asked. "As I was going down the street a tipsy man put his hands on my shoulders and said, 'Well, you are a pretty girl'." "That," I replied "is quite true, but are you sure he was tipsy?" "Go and see for yourself; they're all drunk here," was her answer. "Seeing is believing" and though it was early in the afternoon I counted eighteen men in different stages of drunkenness. As became an ex-naval officer and parson, I resolved on drastic action. The "Blue Ribbon Movement" was just starting in Christchurch. I therefore wrote to the then Mayor (Mr. C. M. Gray) and asked for speakers for a mission and a supply of literature.

A three nights' mission was held with the result that 400 joined the movement, and in the course of nine years over 1,000 were enrolled. Meetings were held monthly and even the hotel keepers attended them, for it was to their advantage to close the bars early and make the streets safe at night.

The following extract is taken from the *Lyttelton Times* of July 7, 1883. It again appeared in July, 1933:—

The Blue Ribbon Movement.—The Blue Ribbon

Army appears to have gained a brilliant victory in the township of Temuka, where no fewer than 400 of the residents have donned the "bit of blue." It is stated that a well-known character, who was sent to one of the meetings by some opponents of the movement decorated with an immense blue sash in ridicule of the Army and its colours, was so impressed by what he heard that he voluntarily abandoned the flowing bowl, and is now pointed at by the temperance men as a bright and shining example of the good effects of teetotalism.

All denominations joined in this effort. At one monthly meeting I was Chairman and chief speaker. I had no supporters on the platform, till presently the Presbyterian Minister, the Rev. D. Gordon came, but asked to be excused from speaking as he had been out all day and was dog-tired. I carried on for a while and then I said, Our friend here has had a good rest and we may ask him to speak; he ought to be like a "giant refreshed!" Gordon jumped to his feet and shouted:—"*But not with wine* Mr. Chairman, not with wine," and gave us a most eloquent speech on behalf of the movement. I had unconsciously given him his cue, quite forgetting the remainder of the quotation from Psalm 78.66 "So the Lord awaked as one out of sleep and like a giant refreshed with wine."

One night during winter when snow was lying on the ground several inches deep, I was awakened out of sleep at 2 a.m. by a young farmer who wanted me to come to his father "who was dying." He asked

me to hasten, "Just slip on an overcoat and I will saddle your horse." We rode about seven miles on the upper road. The doctor having procured a horse at a livery stable, took the lower road.

Arriving at the home I was shown into the bedroom and quickly concluded that the "dying man" was, in plain words, hopelessly drunk. The doctor arrived shortly afterwards, somewhat badly hurt, for his horse had "slithered" in crossing a bridge, throwing his rider on his back. The doctor said: "What is your opinion of the patient?" I preferred to wait for his diagnosis. Returning from the "sick room" he quietly said: "D.T.'s, we've had our journey for nothing." Waiting till daylight we rode home. You may judge of our pious reflections and comments.

Some little time elapsed and I was starting for Winchester with my wife in the buggy, when this farmer came to the Vicarage, asking if he could speak to me for a moment. Telling my wife to drive on and I would follow on horseback, I took the parishioner into my study. "I want you to pray for me," he said. We knelt down and I prayed in general terms that he might be helped and then said the Lord's Prayer. I noticed he did not repeat it with me. When we arose from our knees he put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Have you a sheet of white paper?" "Yes! but what do you want it for?" "Well, he said, whilst you were praying *God Almighty came down the chimney and rolled under the hearth rug and I want to pick Him up.*" It

being a very hot day, I offered him a drink of water. He accepted and I suggested going across to the church where we kept a carafe of water and a tumbler. He objected, "Because having telegraphed to God we must wait here for an answer." My "riposte" was: "But the church is the central office and the answer will come there." Taking him to the vestry I ran back and told the lady help to lock the doors and I would explain later on. Sure enough my deranged friend was back at the house tapping at the windows and seeking an entrance. I got him back to the church, and urged him to keep close to the vestry and listen. I ran down the street and fortunately found his wife and two relations seeking him. When the wife drove into the church grounds, the farmer climbed quietly into the trap and was taken home; but I felt uneasy about the affair and apprised the two doctors of the case and also the police sergeant. They went out together, examined the farmer, pronounced him a "homicidal lunatic" and committed him to "Seacliff" by the express the next morning.

One Christmas Eve in another parish (Ashburton), a doctor called at the Vicarage and asked if I would take a marriage on Christmas Day. A patient was dying in an hotel and a school teacher to whom the man had been engaged, had come from the North Island and wished to marry her former lover in order that she might attend him in what appeared to be his approaching end. I consented, provided the Registrar's certificate was in order, and promised to

take the marriage after the midday celebration of Holy Communion. The doctor said, "I am a Roman Catholic but shall be glad to act as a witness if you have no objection."

The bride stood by the bedside and the marriage service was completed as far as the first blessing, when she suddenly fainted and fell across the bed. The doctor applied restoratives, and the bridegroom, handing her the key of a cash box, instructed her to give me a five pound note. "This," he said, "will cover all expenses and be your Christmas present; it is the last Christmas I shall see!" But, miraculous as it may appear, he ultimately recovered. They bought a farm in the North Island and "lived happily ever afterwards!" Such is the power of love.

But to return to my second parish—Temuka. I was only twelve miles distant from Timaru, where my good friend Archdeacon Henry Harper was Vicar. He often, in the course of his archidiaconal duties, visited Westland, and I was frequently called upon to conduct services etc. in Timaru. It was arranged that I should solemnise the marriage of a Miss Le Cren with Mr. Brydon of Dunedin and the Archdeacon stipulated that I should take the ceremony by myself.

After the "happy pair" had left the church the verger approached me and genially said: "I shall be able to tell the 'Harchdeacon,' when he comes back, that hevery think went without a 'itch." I gave the fee to the housekeeper, but the Archdeacon,

on his return, kindly forwarded it to my wife, saying, "My reason for wanting only your husband at the wedding was that I wished him to have all the fee and to repay some of his kindness!"

When the old wooden St. Mary's Church was demolished and a stone church built, Archdeacon Harper gave me two large iron crosses. One of these was placed on the Winchester Church and the other on the Temuka Church as a substitute for a kind of harpoon surmounting the "Pill-Box" Tower on the old wooden building. This alteration was carried out by Mr. Walker, a local blacksmith, and he was assisted on the ladders by a painter named Surridge. I overheard their conversation whilst the exchange was being effected. Quoth the blacksmith, "I can understand what the cross means, but what does the blooming harpoon mean?" The painter replied instantly: "Why don't you see it means you are to harpoon the *Devil!*"

Efforts were made to raise enough money to build a stone church; and it nearly succeeded but the donor of the largest sum withdrew his promise as he was engaged in litigation and stood to lose all his property. We built a fine Sunday School instead to accommodate 400 people.

To show the kindly interest in our endeavours a staunch Roman Catholic, Mr. Michael Quinn, accosted me in the street one day with, "I hear, Mr. Hamilton, you are going to build a new church?" "Yes, we are making an effort to do so." "Well, the priest wouldn't hear of my giving a subscription for that."

"Oh, no, we shouldn't expect you to do so!" "But perhaps you'll be pulling the old church down?" "Yes, it will have to be demolished." "Well," said Michael, "here's a £1 to *pull the Church of England down* and the priest can only say 'Amen' to that." I related this story to old Father Fauvel who thoroughly enjoyed it. I visited him when he was sick and had had an accident, and he told me of all his experiences in the South Sea Islands. He was always ready to subscribe to any good work I had in hand and which happened to be mentioned in the local paper. Revisiting Temuka after removal to another parish, I met Father Fauvel on the platform. Putting his hand on my shoulder he said: "Ah, it was a sad day for Temuka when you left!"

One of the greatest troubles which confronted parsons in years gone by was the difficulty of helping destitute people, especially if they were sick or had had an accident. There was no "charitable aid" and no "workers' compensation" then. If the destitute had their health it was often possible to get work for them, but if they were sick or suffering from an accident money was needed. The slender income of a Vicar would not stand the continual drain, and it was necessary to beg for funds. Having raised these the administration of them was an embarrassment. In Temuka I decided to try to put this on a sound basis and called a meeting of all denominations. A benevolent society was formed. The executive was one of my churchwardens, the local police sergeant, and myself. It worked splendidly and we were well

supported by all churches. The idea of having the police represented proved a brain wave, as it prevented us from being troubled by professional beggars, and I think the public support was more liberal because of this.

I remember that when "charitable aid" was inaugurated the benevolent society disbanded and had a balance of £80 in hand. I was instrumental in getting this handed over to a man who had been injured by a heavy beam falling on him whilst digging foundations for a flourmill. This man was an ex-man-of-war's man and had served in H.M.S. *Hector* in the Mediterranean. It is on record that a remarkable thing happened on this ship. She was one of the old "wooden walls" and was at the siege of Sebastopol. A live shell came on board and slithered along the deck with the fuse spluttering. One of the ship's boys rushed to it, picked it up, and staggering to the side threw it overboard just in time, as it burst before it touched the water.

The Parish of Temuka included Winchester and I have always thought this one of the finest farming districts of New Zealand. When I went to Temuka, only 32 years had elapsed since the arrival of the first four ships, yet the district had a very settled appearance. What amazed me most was the wonderful growth the trees had made. Most of them could not have been more than 20 years old, yet they had grown more than twice the size they would have grown to in that time in England. At that time almost the whole of the Canterbury plains appeared

bare of trees when looking from the train. Plantations had been put in, mostly pines, but they were not high enough to catch the eye. After travelling over eighty miles from Christchurch, over bare plains, it was wonderful to an Englishman to arrive at Winchester and to pass through a stretch of well watered country covered with English trees.

At this time the Church of St. John's at Winchester consisted of the nave only. Through the generosity of Mr. W. De Renzy, farm manager for Lord Lyttelton, a porch was added. A well-known man in the district was Mr. H. J. Gladstone, whom I discovered was related to the famous, W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone was credited with being a hermit, and I was warned that I must watch my step when calling upon him. Indeed I was told that some ladies asked him for a subscription and he "chased them across a paddock with a whip." Probably this yarn was told to me to make me nervous, or as my modern young grandsons would say "to put the wind up me." However I went and as I had heard that he worked with his men I timed my arrival for midday. I tied my horse up and going round a corner of a building I collided with him. This was not a very auspicious start and his first words made me jump, for he said, "Well, what do you want?" rather as though I were a tramp, and rather like a tramp I replied, "Some dinner, for I am hungry." "All right," he said. "I have two plates but only one mug." Though like Joseph "he spake roughly," I soon found he was

good at heart. I told him I had been shipmates with a Lieutenant Gladstone on the North American Station. He said, "That's my nephew"; and this was how I discovered that he was related to W. E. Gladstone. He gave the chancel and vestry which were added to the church. Later on I asked him to take up the duty of lay reader in the church. At first he declined saying, "The people all know how I swear at my dogs when I am driving sheep," but I replied, "Make a man a Bishop and he at once becomes orthodox." He not only turned out to be a first class lay reader, but taking an interest in parish affairs he purchased a large section and built a Sunday School on it. He also removed the bell from the church and had it hung in a separate belfry. He even turned up at all the tea fights, etc. When the Sunday School was built he handed the title deeds to the Bishop saying, "I have erected this building to the glory of God, and in gratitude for all His mercies bestowed upon me."

My wife and I had tea with him on our departure from the parish, and instead of one mug we had a complete tea-set. Afterwards Mr. Gladstone drove us home in a smart trap drawn by a fine horse. He was a man full of faith and good works, and only needed the sympathy and goodwill of the people to draw out his good qualities.

The Temuka Parish extended from the Rangitata River to Washdyke (near Timaru) from north to south, and from Milford Lagoon on the east to the Upper Waitohi on the west, roughly about twenty-six miles. It included the townships of Temuka and

Winchester, and also the outlying districts of Orari, Rangitata Valley, Milford, and Rangitata Island. The journey to the latter place meant crossing two rivers, Orari and the south branch of the Rangitata, and travelling sixteen miles over night in readiness for services on the island and at Orton. Crossing the Orari River with horse and buggy you were liable to be caught in quicksand, and the Rangitata was so full of huge boulders that the only safe way was to cross on horseback. Even then I had two narrow escapes from drowning. Coming from the island on one occasion, I crossed several branches of the south stream and had only one more to negotiate, but this branch was deep and rapid. Horse and rider plunged into the depths and swam side by side until a landing was effected. It was a bright sunny day, and I therefore wrung what water I could out of my clothes and then went on to Orton, but of course wet to the skin. The Hon. Wm. Rolleston was there with two waggonette loads of retainers and families, besides all the settlers round about the school. Mr. Rolleston read a lesson. I took "shortened evensong" and gave a very short address. Then mounting my horse I rode sixteen miles to Temuka, and was lucky enough to get through without catching a cold.

This reminds me of another ducking I got at the Milford Lagoon. I had taken my young family picnicking, and in the party were several young women one of whom was my wife's sister. I had strolled away to have a quiet snooze in the sandhills.

I awoke to hear screams for help. I ran but my feet were like lead in the soft sand. I arrived at the lagoon to find that the party had been bathing and my sister-in-law had got into difficulties. Somehow I got her out, but if anyone wants to experience the feeling that his heart is going to burst, let him run over loose sand and plunge into deep water fully clothed to rescue a drowning girl. We had a boat and as we sailed down the lagoon homeward bound, I tied my under garments to the mast to dry them, but the day had turned cold and they would not dry, so the parson of the parish had to drive back to Temuka looking like an old Maori in a skirt and a rug.

An election was on, Temuka being included in the Geraldine electorate, and although I studiously avoided any reference to political matters, still I ventured to give an address on 2 Peter 1.10 "Make your calling and election sure." I deprecated any allusion to politics, but made the point, that, as candidates for parliament left no stone unturned, so the Christian should use all means of grace to advance his spiritual life. On the following Monday a farmer from Orari met me outside the vicarage gate and informed me that "I ought to be horsewhipped for preaching politics," adding, "I have been told that you likened Mr. Alfred Cox to God, and Mr. Rolleston to the Devil!" Now there happened to be a third candidate who had attended the church service, so I urged the farmer to delay proceedings and come with me to see what Mr. Franks thought of my address. We went amicably

to this candidate's house, and when the tale of woe was unfolded, the candidate exploded with merriment and roared with laughter. There wasn't a word of truth in the rumour regarding the sermon which had reached the farmer, and stirred him in his wrath to "punish the parson." I decided in future to beware of topical texts.

This same farmer was a genius in his way and knew how to make use of opportunities as they arose. His land was very marshy and a crop of wheat grew straw to a height of five feet, so that he was puzzled how to reap it. Competition was running high at that time between the different makes of reapers and binders; so a brilliant idea struck our friend. Acting on it he put an advertisement in the local paper to the effect that all makes of machines were invited to a trial on a crop of wheat on a certain date, and that bread, cheese and beer would be provided. On their arrival the machines entered the paddock under an archway consisting of two upright posts and a placard stretched across with an inscription "To the Convincing Ground." Most of the machines were more or less damaged, and only two of them survived the ordeal, but the farmer was delighted with the result of his clever move.

He was a friend to me once when the River Orari was in flood. It was the month of October, and the Session of Synod in Christchurch was at hand. Making my usual trip to Orari and Rangitata, I found both rivers in high flood. My wife had accompanied me in the buggy, as it was a bright

sunny day, but just as we fancied we were over the river we stuck in a quicksand. Whipping the horse vigorously we managed to reach the bank and proceeded to Rangitata. On the return journey, our friend the farmer stopped us and said, "The river is in high flood and most dangerous. You had better stay the night with us!" I replied, "I must cross, for I am bound to go to Christchurch on Monday for the Synod." Realizing my predicament he brought one of his cart horses and put it into the buggy shafts, and saddling my horse he rode in front of us. "Give the cart horse free reins and he will follow me!" In the middle of the river the water was up to the wheels and rushing through the buggy and we were obliged to put our heels on the splash board to keep dry. However, we got safely through and having exchanged horses once more, we gratefully thanked the farmer and went on our way rejoicing. "Kind hearts are more than coronets."

My horse was named "Bob," a strong and powerful beast with only one fault. Having a "hard mouth" he was apt to bolt. It so happened that an overseas Congregational minister was staying with us for a few days prior to returning to England, and he wanted to visit "Trevenna" farm. At lunch time my wife offered to drive him; but I feared that Bob would play up, for I had driven him in the forenoon and found him very fresh and therefore difficult to handle. Eventually Mr. C. and I started off and drove up past the dairy factory and along the narrow road shaded with willow trees on either side. Everything went

well until we passed a paddock gateway where a dead horse was lying. Bob snorted and then bolted. I told Mr. C. to grasp the reins in front of my hands, saying, "Our only hope is in pulling him up by sheer strength." But the fates were against us, for the roads were grassy with deep ruts. The wheels bumped into a depression and we were thrown out of the buggy, and horse and buggy disappeared. Mr. C. was groaning and had evidently sprained an ankle. Placing him on the rug, which had accompanied us in our fall, I started to run to the farm fully expecting a catastrophe. To my intense relief I found that Bob had been careering round a small paddock close to the farmhouse. The reins had become entangled in the swingle tree and becoming tighter and tighter, gradually stopped the horse in his wild career. As nothing was injured, two farm-hands helped me to recover the Congregational minister and administer "first aid." Mr. G. produced a small bottle of champagne, and after the invalid had imbibed some of it, I said, "You will be able to include this in your New Zealand experiences?" He replied, "No more thank you," but whether this remark applied to the experiences or the champagne was doubtful.

On May 1st, 1890, Archdeacon Julius of Ballarat was consecrated Bishop of Christchurch and one of his first visits from Christchurch was paid to the Parish of Temuka, of which I was the Vicar (or Incumbent as it was styled in those days). One of our leading parishioners was the Hon. Wm. Rolleston whose statue stands in Rolleston Avenue. In those days there were orators and he was one.

There are few people to-day who take sufficient trouble to acquire the art, and the older I get the more I marvel at the lame and halting manner in which many public men express themselves. His address of welcome was a masterpiece and this is my excuse for quoting it. He said: "Mr. Chairman, your Lordship, ladies and gentlemen. I have no hesitation in responding to the call of our worthy clergyman to say a few words this evening, because however ill I may discharge my duty I feel sure that there is no one in the parish more in sympathy with the object of this meeting than myself. As an old settler, as a parishioner, as a churchman, I am glad to be here to join in the welcome to our new Bishop. We stand to-night between the past and the future. We look forward with eager expectation—we look back with tender regret. On a memorable occasion more than 2,000 years ago we read that the old men wept when they thought of the glory that was departed, and the young men shouted for joy in sanguine hope of the glory to come. To-night we old settlers 'weep our thanks,' for a glory departed, and yet thank God not yet departed from us (reference to Bishop Harper). The glory of that 'good grey head which all men know,' whose life, whose work, whose words, are household words among us. Long may they remain so. He leaves a trail of light upon the past. He will ever be remembered as one,

> 'Rich in saving common sense,
> And as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.'

To-night young and old alike join in a glad welcome to his successor. He, too, has left a bright record behind him at an early period of his life—an earnest of what he yet will do. A record of a man with a large heart and a kindly hand; a heart to which nothing is alien which is human; a hand which is instinctively grasped by the workers of the community as the hand of a 'man and a brother and full of sympathy, full of goodwill.' He comes to us gifted with that enthusiasm for his kind, without which in its leaders the church must ever flag and lag in the struggle with misery and evil and which is especially needed at the present crisis of its history—and earnest minded men with uplifted gaze, are asking, 'Who will show us any good?'

"Careless and shallow thinkers ask of the ecclesiastical system and of the churches, 'Can these dry bones live?' Occasions like the present, when all denominations meet to welcome a Christian leader, give the answer emphatically, Yes, co-operation, union, brotherhood are the watchwords of industrial life and industrial progress among us. Is it to be believed that Christianity and religious life and progress can afford to be independent of similar bonds of union? Points of faith and doctrine may to some extent lose their hold on men in pursuit of a larger hope and a larger charity; but there will ever be a practical work for the churches if they will do it. Their Master's work is the bond of union above all doctrinal tests. His two great commandments form the basis of the great Catholic Creed and the great

Catholic morality. The several churches, branches of the great Church Catholic, remaining 'distinct in their individualities' have an ever increasing sphere of work and duty before them. In education, in works of charity, in social questions their combined efforts are more and more needed; their special functions come into play where the State fails to accomplish what is desired. New fields of labours and beneficial influence are daily arising. Associated labour can well be helped, as indeed it is being helped, by Christian churches to assert its just rights firmly and temperately, and there is for all time the message of the gospel. Above all, there is an endless work in allaying class animosities, and in preventing the growth of that social estrangement which has been justly described as the root of most of the misery and crime in the world. I will conclude by saying that we welcome one to-night who will be looked to, and I am assured not looked to in vain, bravely to lead his church in this Diocese along the rugged paths of duty, and nowhere will be found more loyal followers than among the outlying settlers and dwellers in this parish where for years past the church work has been so faithfully prosecuted by our present minister."

These words were spoken forty-five years ago. The Bishop became Archbishop of New Zealand and is still with us. His reward for long and faithful service is great, for the whole community testifies "That he bravely led his church along the rugged paths of duty."

During my ten years' pastorate in Temuka (1883 to 1892) there were quite a number of Maoris in the

Pa at Arowhenua and at the mouth of the River Opihi; but though not absolutely heathen, they were either lapsed Christians, or Hau-Haus. There was a church in the Pa, but it was closed. Bishop Harper informed me that it had been built for the Maoris by a ship's carpenter in the 40's or 50's when *all* Maoris were Christian. The Bishop added that he could not compel them to open the doors of the church, for he had no jurisdiction regarding the use of the church. A few Maori men held a Sunday school in one of their houses and endeavoured to teach their children the rudiments of the Christian faith. One Saturday evening three Maoris came to my study and said they "would like to join the Church of England" and stated they had been the round of all the churches and had decided to throw in their lot with the Church of England, because, as they said, "It is the only church where the people kneel and we think it is right to do so when we pray!" These men had little influence in the tribe, but their good work with the children led to a great meeting in the "Big House" and all the Maoris, men, women and children attended it. It was impossible for me to follow the various animated speeches that were made in Maori, but the interpreter explained that the following resolution had been passed unanimously: "The Anglicans may use the church on Sunday mornings, the Wesleyans in the afternoon and the Salvation Army in the evenings!"

A year or so passed and I gained the complete confidence of the tribe. Fifteen adults were confirmed and regular celebrations of Holy Communion

established. In all probability this work amongst the Maoris led to my being appointed organiser for the Maori Mission of the Diocese and later on as secretary for the whole Province of New Zealand.

It was an extraordinary thing at that time that there was no organisation for raising funds for the Maoris although large sums were raised each year for Melanesia. I am pleased to say I received substantial support, but the work was heavy and the anxiety great because of the missionaries who depended upon my efforts for the funds to enable them to carry on. I was much relieved when the General Synod set up a Missions Board. My final report to the Board contained the following, "The Maoris should have a Bishop of their own and the most suitable man appears to be the Rev. F. A. Bennett." Some years later this suggestion was acted on and Mr. Bennett became Bishop to the Maoris.

Hospital Work

During my life in the Navy I learned a great deal of medical work and often helped the doctors, though on one occasion I got myself into disgrace. Admiral Wellesley brought me home from Halifax (N.S.) after my illness with pneumonia, and I was not only a passenger on board but was also on the "sick list." The ship was under full sail with stern sails on the starboard side. The M.O. and I were pacing the deck, on the port side, when I remarked, "There'll be a job for you soon, doctor!" Pointing to

the foreyard I said, 'You see that 'lookout' man on the yard. In the first place he has no business there, and should be on the topsail yard, and secondly, if the heel rope of the Stunsail boom lashing 'carries away' the boom will 'rigin' and strike him on the thigh.'' The doctor urged me to tell the officer of the watch, but I hesitated on account of the etiquette of the sea; but at last I went and just as I was explaining my fears, the thing actually happened and the man's thigh was broken. The doctor's comments on my failure to do something were somewhat terse, but I had no right to interfere being only a passenger.

During my stay in Temuka the district was lucky in having the services of an extremely clever surgeon, Dr. Hayes, and as there was no hospital and he had to have some one to assist him in urgent operations he often called upon my services. I had no stomach for this work and was often sick, but it had to be done.

In 1883 the harvesting being over, threshing mills were at work everywhere, and about eleven p.m. a man was brought in from the country in a bad way. His leg had got caught in the drum of the threshing machine and pulverised up to the knee. No additional doctor was available and the operation had to be commenced at once. The nearest town was Timaru, and a messenger was sent on horseback to procure another doctor. In the meantime Dr. Hayes and Sergeant Morton set to work to amputate the leg whilst I administered chloroform. I had to stand at

the patient's head in the draught from the doors and was only partially dressed when in the middle of the job, Dr. Hogg arrived from Timaru.

Without any preliminary warning, he marched up to me and said, "Mind what you are about, you'll have the man in hell if you are not careful." I replied, "He's well under, feel his eyes, and his pulse is quite strong!" "All right, but mind what you're about."

Shortly afterwards, the operation concluded, Dr. Hayes was wiping his instruments and he remarked to the other doctor, "Now you had better apologise to the Rev. Mr. Hamilton for your unparliamentary language!" "What! is he a parson? I thought he was a doctor!" Hayes replied, "He's a very good imitation of one!"

On another occasion I worked with the same two doctors. A schoolboy trod on a rusty nail when working in his garden. Inflammation set in and worked up the system, until the left arm was in such a state that amputation was necessary to prevent matter from suffusing the lungs and causing death. There was but a faint hope of saving the boy's life, but the parents consented to the risk. The operation was arranged for 2 p.m. I was there of course as a clergyman and had prayers with the boy, and sat for three long hours with him. The doctors arrived at 5 p.m. and we removed the boy to the kitchen table. The medical men had fortified themselves with beef steak. I had nothing to sustain me, so I said, "I will go outside for a breath of fresh air

and will be back immediately.'' I had no sooner gone through the back door than the whole place seemed to go round and I found myself on the flat of my back—I had fainted. Crawling round the corner of the house I espied the father and mother sitting under the trees in the orchard. I demanded ''brandy'' (after assuring them that the operation was not yet begun). The father said, ''I can't give you brandy: you are a 'Blue Ribboner'!'' ''Yes, that may be, but this is a medical necessity, otherwise I am useless.'' I got the brandy and assisted, holding the arteries whilst the doctor secured them. Dr. Hogg was obliged to keep a steady pressure on the shoulder as it was not possible to pass a ''tourniquet,'' and although at one time it seemed that the boy had gone, he survived the ordeal and is still alive. Even with the loss of an arm and one knee cap removed, he can ride a horse and cook a dinner. On my way to Fairlie, years afterwards, his brother (who was ploughing in the fields) asked me to stay to dinner, and said that George would welcome me. Fixing a steel fork at the side of a table, George peeled the potatoes with one hand and threw them into a pot, cooked also a cabbage and a pudding. Refusing my assistance, he eventually served a dinner that would have turned a woman cook green with envy—and this was the work of one severely handicapped and a ''mere man'' at that.

Later we had several doctors in Temuka. One was a baronet, Sir William Blunden, who preferred to be plain ''doctor'' to everyone. He was an Irishman

with a delightful brogue and beloved by everyone. It was difficult to understand why such a man could be content to live in so small a town, but he was an enthusiastic fisherman and there is probably no greater fisherman's paradise than Temuka.

One evening I came home late from Winchester to find that an accident had happened to one of my boys. He had fallen down some stone steps and hurt his neck. My wife decided to apply some warm oil, but was horrified to find a bone sticking out. There was no telephone so I rushed for Sir William. He was out fishing and I had to get a lantern and plod up the river till I found him. It was nearly midnight before I was successful. He examined the boy and after consulting medical books said, "There is no treatment for this kind of thing, for it only happens when a man is hanged." Consternation in the House of Hamilton! Sir William said the only thing to do was to use common sense, and he bound up the boy's neck with plaster. In a few weeks he was all right, but he had to be fed on slops.

One day I was astounded to see Sir William in his shirt sleeves and without a hat running down the main street with a bottle in his hand. It appeared that he and Dr. Hayes had been operating on a man when the supply of chloroform ran out and Dr. Hayes said, "Go for your life to the chemist and get a refill." Dr. Hayes boasted afterwards that he made a real live baronet run down the street without coat or hat.

Mention of Winchester reminds me of a sermon I

preached there one spring morning. I spoke of the delights of watching the twigs and the buds. The congregation began to titter and then burst into unrestrained laughter. I thought there was something about me which was causing the merriment and hurriedly brought the service to a close. I found afterwards that there was a Twigg family and a Budd family in the district and that both were in church.

The blacksmith at Winchester was a good chap but years later his son let me into a secret. I had retired from the ministry but was relieving the vicar of a country parish who was ill. We had much trouble to get drinking water. There was a well about sixty feet deep with a pump about half way down. The pump did not seem to be working and I contrived a platform which I lowered down the well by means of fencing wire at each corner. I had got down on to this platform, when my wife discovered me, and thinking I was going to Davy Jones ran for the blacksmith. This man helped me and then told me that he was a son of the Winchester blacksmith and that one day when I took my horse in to be shod his father had said, "This is only the parson's horse, so you'd better try your hand at shoeing it." It was the first horse he had shod.

This reminds me that I once shod a horse myself. I was relieving my brother the Rev. H. H. S. Hamilton who resided at Pigeon Bay. I started off from there on a hot nor-west day to go to Okains and Le Bons Bays. My horse cast a shoe and I met a man who told me there was a blacksmith's shop

at the summit. On arrival there I found the smith was away. Owing to the roughness of the roads I could not go on till my horse was shod. The smith's good wife gave me permission to go into the smithy where I got the forge going. It took me a long time, but I managed to fit a shoe and went on to Okains and Le Bons, thence to Akaroa, and back to Pigeon Bay. Here one of my nephews took the horse to have the job inspected by the local blacksmith. He said, "What bloomin' amachoor 'as 'ad a go at this?" Nevertheless he left the shoe on and contented himself with rasping it a bit. This incident got into the papers under the title "A Reverend Horseshoer."

Pleasant Point

In June, 1892, I left Temuka to take charge of what was known as a missionary district with headquarters at Pleasant Point. The good Temuka people gave us a great farewell, and in the presence of 600 people, Mr. John Talbot presented us with a purse of sovereigns. One of the outstanding features of the evening was a demonstration by the Maoris of the district. In the words of Sir Harry Lauder, "I never shall forgit it. No I never wull." Mr. John Kahu mounted the platform and begged us in a wonderful speech, full of Maori imagery, to accept a silver plated biscuit box and a pair of salt cellars and some handsome Maori mats. The Maoris then arose and gave a spontaneous demonstration which roused the audience to a state of excited enthusiasm and helpless laughter. Many of the Maoris were hefty

H.M.S. "Rapid"

A despatch vessel attached to the Mediterranean Fleet.

warriors and it was found that their antics might endanger the safety of the building, so two delegates (a man and a woman) were selected to mount the stage. They both appeared to be afflicted with terrible abdominal pains, and both made hideous noises. Then the old lady began to kick her skirts around and danced and laughed, the old man capering and shouting. By this time the audience was convulsed, but most of them did not fully understand what the acting was intended to convey. However an interpreter explained that Act I was meant to indicate sorrow at our departure from Temuka, and Act II signified delight that "their friends" were only going nine miles away to Pleasant Point, and they hoped to see them some time. They were a most kindly and affectionate lot, and I shall never forget their visits to the vicarage. There was a sort of enclosed yard at the back, and when the tribe visited Temuka most of them sat round in the sun in this enclosure. In the whitebait season they would bring us presents of this delicacy in plaited green flax baskets. We used to buy from them wonderful bags made of stripped flax, and I wonder now whether the tribe still retains this art or has lost it.

Shortly before leaving Temuka a double wedding was held in the Maori Church. A young Maori couple were united by the vicar, and an elderly couple (both of whom were "widow" and "widower" several times previously) were joined together by the Rev. Mr. Mutu, of Kaiapoi. The younger couple were married

in English and the elder in Maori language. At the close of the ceremony the old man attempted to kiss his bride, but she, with the wisdom and experience gained by several matrimonial alliances, had fastened her veil from head to foot down the front with dozens of safety pins, so osculation was impossible under such circumstances. The feast which followed was carried out on quite European lines, the young Maori maidens serving up an excellent repast which left nothing to be desired (and "nothing was left" by the Maori children afterwards).

Although in my new parish the vicarage or parsonage as it was then called, was at Pleasant Point it was only a nominal residence, as I had to spend most of my time travelling. It was a huge district embracing Albury, Fairlie, Burke's Pass, the Mackenzie Country, Hazelburn and Raincliff—a staggering district to work even in these days of motor cars but heart-breaking in those days, and necessitating the keeping of three horses with all the grooming etc. to be done by myself. The Mackenzie Country is extremely hot in summer and is snow country in winter, so that I was thankful my time was short at Pleasant Point.

Travelling through the Mackenzie Country I held services at Lake Tekapo, Grampians, Gray's Hill, The Wolds, Haldon and Black Forest. An amusing incident occurred at Gray's Hill. Evensong was to be said in a large room, and I stood in my robes at a small table opposite the door. All the household filed in, followed by the shearers and last of all a

band of Maoris. As the first Maori entered the door, he let out a most diabolical yell which the other Maoris (who were out of sight) promptly echoed. Mrs. Gray jumped up from the piano and said, "Oh! Mr. Hamilton, what is the matter?" I replied, "These Maoris come from Temuka and they know me. This is a *haka of welcome.*" I don't suppose any service began with an (in)voluntary introduction like that! The Maoris are a most affectionate race and they never forget their friends.

The hotel at Tekapo was kept by the Macmillan family at that time. Observing the orderly conduct of the place I offered to hold a morning service if the key of the bar was placed in my possession (not you will observe with any ulterior motive but simply to insure reverence and decency). Mrs. Macmillan replied that in any case the bar was never opened on a Sunday and all that visitors could get was tea, coffee etc. Word was passed to all the stations, and on Sunday morning the place was crowded with people who came in all kinds of vehicles. It was a memorable service—so much so that when Mr. Macmillan returned from Wellington, he wrote me a special letter of thanks.

There were always visitors at the hotel, and to increase the accommodation, about eighteen cubicles were built in a line outside the hotel. I remember the number of the cubicle allotted to me was "No. 13," which seemed ominous enough. I had been travelling all day and was tired out, and therefore sought my "virtuous couch" early in the evening. I woke about

9 or 10 p.m. and hearing voices conversing with each other over the partition I realized that the occupants of the adjacent cubicles were of the fair sex. As the Psalmist says: "I held my tongue and spake nothing . . . . my heart was hot within me and while I was thus musing the fire kindled and at the last I spake with my tongue" to this effect: "Girls, I have a heavy day's work to-morrow, so please kiss your husbands and go to sleep." Dead silence prevailed, and in the early morning both occupants had vanished.

Travelling between two stations with horse and buggy, I was one day caught in a thunderstorm which culminated in a veritable waterspout. At sea we used to fire a gun to disperse these unpleasant visitors, but I had no "canon" with me at the time, so did the best I could by stopping the horse, covering it with a rug and awaiting events. The "spout" descended in full force, swamping the buggy and drenching me at the same time. I drove on to Balmoral and there the manager acted the "Good Samaritan" by giving me a change of raiment and a "tonic." Incidentally he asked if I intended visiting a certain station and my answer was "Of course." "Well! don't attempt to drive your buggy there. Put a saddle on your horse and ride, for the road is strewn with boulders. The owner has had a great bereavement and his mind is slightly affected. He really doesn't want visitors; but if they do come there are certain things he will insist upon. In the first place, when you knock at the door, stand back or

he will hit you in the face. Indoors he will point to a chair and say, 'Sit there,' and then going to a cupboard will pour out a full glass of whisky and order: 'Drink that!' " Everything happened according to schedule, though I declined to drink more than a two-finger glass of whisky well diluted with water. We had an evening service in the manager's house and our tea there. Repairing to the owner's house he lit a candle for me, and bidding me goodnight, ushered me into a bedroom, which apparently had been closed for months. I lay down "all standing" and sought sleep; but the pillow seemed to be moving. Lighting the candle I made an inspection and found the pillow and the bolster full of mice of all sizes and ages. Rolling up my waterproof, I made a pillow of it and on the sailor principle of "end to end Jack" the foot of my bed became the head and my feet reposed among the mice all night. I managed to sleep the "sleep of the just."

Next morning, I wondered what my fate would be, for I had been told that if the owner didn't want to see you again he would "offer his left hand in the handshake." To my pleasure he not only gave me the right hand, but saddled my horse for me as well. I felt truly sorry for him, for life had become a sad one for him and one could sympathize with and tolerate a little eccentricity.

A magnificent view of Mt. Cook was to be obtained from all roads in the Mackenzie Country, but as the rivers were not bridged at that time I was unable to visit the Hermitage.

Through the kindness of Mr. Seddon of "Ashwick" Station, I was invited to make the place my "Headquarters" and visit Silverstream School for the purpose of holding services. His brother was a captain in the "Church Army" at Home and had sent him a new tune for "Lead Kindly Light," called "Sandon." Dykes' tune of course is splendid, but not so congregational as "Sandon" which is much simpler. I introduced this tune at Ashburton afterwards and purposely used the hymn and its new setting when Bishop Julius visited the parish as I thought it would please him. On going into the vestry after the service the Bishop turned to me and said, "I must have that tune." Strange to say many organists objected to using this setting, but they "changed their tune" when the "Besses of the Barn" put it on the map at the Great Exhibition at Hagley Park in 1906. Those summer nights when this famous band played in the open and many thousands joined in singing the words of this beautiful hymn, linger in the memory.

The seven months spent in the Te Ngawai Parish were very happy ones, and I had no desire for other work; but there came a sudden change in the working out of destiny.

Ashburton

The Synod of October, 1892, was about to close, when a note was passed to me from the Bishop. It was to this effect, "You are unanimously appointed to the Parish of Ashburton and I hope you will

accept it." Having been such a short time at Pleasant Point, I certainly felt some qualms about deserting my missionary work. However, my wife happened to be shopping in Timaru and in the Farmers' Co-op met the Rev. Carsly Brady who said, "Is your husband going to Ashburton?" She replied, that it seemed doubtful. Rapping his stick on the floor and in the hearing of employees, he shouted: "Tell him from me that if he doesn't take it he is an *utter fool!*" This gratuitous advice was passed on to me by my wife on her arrival home, and as there was a gale blowing in the pine trees, which surrounded the Pleasant Point parsonage, I thought of the advice given to David, "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees then thou shalt bestir thyself."

Accordingly we packed up our "Lares et penates" in waggons and a traction engine hauled everything to the vicarage at Ashburton. It is a curious fact, in my experience at any rate, that the first clerical duty one has to perform in a new parish is to take a burial. For instance, arriving at Pleasant Point from Temuka and trying to sort out our gear, we had a call from a policeman at 9 p.m. to say that a man had been killed by a falling tree, and the coroner insisted upon immediate burial. At 11 p.m. the funeral took place at the Hill Cemetery, somewhat in the fashion of the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna with "lanterns dimly burning." Again, immediately on my arrival at Ashburton I was summoned to bury an inmate of the "Old Men's Home." Six years later

I was departing by train to the Parish of Fendalton when I had to send a telegram to my successor not to delay his arrival as he would be required to take a funeral on the morrow.

By a coincidence the deceased person was the first sick person I called on after my arrival at Ashburton. The circumstances which brought about this call were unusual. I had only brought one horse from Pleasant Point and he was tired out after the trip up, and I was played out with the exertion of getting settled into the vicarage. It was an evening in January and a certain vestryman, whom I afterwards found to be over zealous, called and told me there were three visits which must be paid that night. I protested that both my horse and I were tired out, but he said, "That need not trouble you, for a cab will be provided." The first of the three cases was the one I have mentioned, the home being a long way out of Ashburton towards the sea coast; the second was a "dying" child; and the third was a young school teacher. I said I would visit the Ashburton case—the "dying child" and the others would have to wait till the following day. I arrived at the house about 10 p.m. and the father turned out of bed to open the door. I expressed my sympathetic sorrow that his child was so ill. "Who told you so?" said he. I named the vestryman. "All rot—we haven't even had a doctor!" I beat a retreat with many apologies. The next morning I started for Wakanui, on the sea coast. Arriving at the house indicated by the zealous vestryman, I found an old lady very

poorly but cheerful. She survived for six years and died on the day I was leaving Ashburton for Fendalton. The kindly hospitable farm folks gave me some lunch and I pursued my way towards Elgin. Here I called at the school house to see the teacher, but was told to go over to the school. School was "in." When I knocked the door was opened and a bouncing auburn-haired teacher confronted me looking the very picture of health and wearing an expression of annoyance at being disturbed in her scholastic duties. "I called because I was told you were seriously ill," I explained. "Who told you so?" I revealed the name of the vestryman. "Stuff and nonsense! I'll box his ears the next time I see him." History does not relate whether he suffered the fate of the King who burned the cakes. This teacher afterwards won great fame as a writer of "fairy stories," but the vestryman also had a genius for inventing stretches of the imagination.

I have referred to the problem that transport was to a vicar of years gone by. When I took charge of the Ashburton parish the boundaries were the mountains on the west, the sea on the east and the Ashburton and Rakaia Rivers on the south and north. To cover this area for Sunday work required two horses in first class condition. As in addition there were large numbers of calls for funerals, weddings, and sickness from all over this large territory, a third horse was really necessary if I was to be sure of a fresh horse for Sunday. A vicar's slender stipend would not permit this and I had to manage with two animals. To keep these in good condition

was such a drain that I was forced to turn my hand to farming. The glebe surrounding the vicarage fortunately consisted of ten acres of good land, and like "Sir John," I and my young sons "sweated to death and larded the lean earth as we walked along" in our endeavour to produce fodder for two horses, two cows and a household of twelve. My two horses were "Noble" and "Pompey" and I still remember with affection those two friends who hauled me through many a blizzard over the exposed Ashburton plains. In those days one did not "park" one's buggy, but I remember wanting to call on my churchwarden, Mr. David Thomas, and pulling up outside his office I left Noble in charge of a son aged nine. The next thing I heard was a roar and a crash outside Mr. Thomas's office, and on rushing outside I was in time to see a runaway horse and spring dray careering down West Street. One wheel of this spring dray had mounted the back axle of my buggy and wrecked both the front and back wheels. Noble probably saved my boy's life, for he stood like a rock and watched the other horse galloping madly down the street. Many parishioners rallied round and held up the off side of the buggy while Noble pulled it to the nearest blacksmith. This horse was much younger than Pompey and I therefore always used him on Seafield Sunday, but he had a bad habit of jibbing, and I was always on tenterhooks. Seafield Sunday came once in four and was known to the family as "black Sunday," for unless everything went with "naval precision" I could not reach

Seafield, twelve miles away, in time for the afternoon service. Then if I were late for that I should be late getting back for the evening service at St. Stephen's. On two other Sundays of the month I went to Greenstreet, nine miles, and Dromore, six miles, but the shorter distances of these trips left a little more margin.

My Sundays began by my turning out winter and summer before six, feeding and grooming two horses, and driving a mile and a half to early service. The horse had to be taken out of the buggy, put in again after the service, and driven back to the vicarage. There was the same harnessing and unharnessing when the family attended the 11 a.m. service at St. Stephen's. After matins it was a wild rush back to the vicarage, and while I bolted some lunch the eldest lads, aged eight and nine, unharnessed Pompey and harnessed Noble and got the buggy round to the front door. The question then was would Noble jib. The brute would stand there and one could tell by the look in his eye he was saying to himself "To jib or not to jib, that is the question." The answer seemed to depend upon whether it was Seafield Sunday or not, and if it were the decision was almost always in the affirmative. On one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday he jibbed to such purpose that he pushed the buggy clean through a young but tall macrocarpa fence, and the vehicle brought up all standing with its stern stove in by a pink flowering May, which was a rarity in those days. This tree was the pride of the parish, having been planted many years before and

having grown into a very fine tree. My predecessor, Canon Scott, had warned me that the tree was sacrosanct to the parishioners, but apparently Noble did not consider himself one of them. Time was slipping by and the horse would not move. If I whipped him he just pushed back harder. When the boys tempted him forward with a carrot he reached forward about a yard and then bumped the buggy back against the tree. At this stage the boys besought me to let them put a bit of gorse under his tail, claiming that that would make "the cow" go. These jibbing fits always ended in the horse starting with a bolt, and it was an anxious moment going down the long drive and out of the gate at top speed. Poor old Noble. He came to a sad end. At that time I was on the standing committee of Synod, and visited Christchurch at intervals for its meetings. Upon returning from one of these trips I was greeted on the railway station with the news that the horse was dead. He must have died in agony, for the grass around was worn away with his rolling. The boys had been to the master of the local hounds to try to get him to take the body, but "the cow" had only cut off the animal's legs and "would not even give a bob for them." The boys had started to dig a grave but the job was beyond them. It was wonderful how people rallied round the parson when he was in trouble in those days, and many willing hands helped dig a big hole in a paddock, which is now built over near the Wakanui Road. Perhaps some householder may come across his bones some day and think he has discovered

the skeleton of a prehistoric animal. To get a new steed I had to mortgage my Easter offering, and we had to practise all sorts of extra economies; but our worries ceased when Easter arrived, for some kindly parishioners had evidently sensed my difficulties as the offering that year was most generous. To the parson struggling to bring up a large family, the Easter offering occupied a larger place in his thoughts than things mundane should, and I am ashamed to admit that I permitted myself to remind parishioners of the matter by adding a line to the Eastertide notices. This line read, " In accordance with the ancient custom the offertory on Easter Day will be handed to the Vicar." The words "In accordance with the ancient custom" became a by-word in the family and I am afraid to a certain extent in the parish too. They were used on all sorts of appropriate and inappropriate occasions with much mirth.

Advent of the Bicycle

About this time bicycles became all the rage and I longed for one to help me get about without always having to harness a horse. I remember that one of the first cycle agents in Ashburton was in Tancred Street, almost opposite St. Stephen's. He stocked a British machine called the Beeston Humber at £32 10s. which was a lot of money in those days and beyond my slender purse. This machine was always referred to by the juveniles as the "Beastly Humbug." Finally I got a second-hand machine in Christchurch for £16. It was a heavy, unwieldy

machine with enormous handle-bars and the back wheel smaller than the front, and I came some awful croppers trying to ride it home from the station. This old boneshaker did service for many years, but tyres were very badly made and one was always mending punctures. I once attempted to do the hills trip to Mount Somers, Springburn, etc. on it, but the roads were rough and there were too many rivers to ford. Writing of my first bicycle reminds me of a contraption which my brother Hugh had had some years before when he was station master at Albury. He called it a velocipede. It had four wheels with solid rubber tyres and the rider sat in it rather than on it. He used to ride it from Albury to Pleasant Point on Sundays. He must have been very strong to push it, as it was very heavy and the wheels did not track. What a boon a motor cycle would have been to me. Imagine starting off on a Saturday from Ashburton and driving nearly all day in the direction of the hills in a buggy. I rose with the lark on Sunday, having services to take at four places, five or six miles apart. After evening service I had to drive thirty miles back to Ashburton, and ford several rivers en route. On arriving home one longed for a hot bath, but the only way to get it was to light a fire in the wash-house copper as there was no hot and cold water in the old vicarage.

The Wakanui Road

I once had a churchwarden who lived down this road which lead to the famous Wakanui wheat

district. During the harvest and for months after, this road was inches deep in dust owing to the cartage of grain. This churchwarden drove a very smart dog cart and it was his custom to place the Sunday collections in a box on the floor of this turnout. One Sunday night the box evidently tipped over and the money gradually dropped over the tail board bit by bit. He arrived at the vicarage very early the next morning in a great stew. We decided to enlist the help of Mr. Brock, head master of the Hampstead School, whom I have mentioned previously as master of the Waikuku School. Mr. Brock got the schoolboys out to assist, and the whole collection amounting to over £32 was found with the exception of a few two-shilling pieces. No doubt this was *ultra vires* and contrary to the provisions of the Education Act. If such a thing happened to-day probably there would be letters in the paper from "outraged parents." Thank goodness I lived so much of my time when there were fewer restrictions, and common sense prevailed. This reminds me of a time when one of my brothers and myself stopped Her Majesty's mail train to pick up a man who had been injured. It was night, so we cut a hole in a biscuit tin and put a candle inside it with a piece of red cloth over the hole. The train stopped and took the man aboard without fuss, but I suppose if such a thing happened to-day, half a dozen joyriding brass hats would arrive from headquarters "To find out the cause of the bother," as the Duke of Wellington said.

The Ashburton vicarage had very big chimneys up which the flames roared, and the firing required was tremendous. Fortunately there was a great plantation of big trees over sixty feet in height. It was necessary to cut about twelve cords of wood each year, and this was work I enjoyed as it reminded me of my sawmilling days. It was my practice to get up very early on summer mornings, but my wife detested any tree being cut down and as soon as she heard the axe going she would put her head out of the window and call "Tom, Tom, Tom." When this happened I would burst into song and pretend I did not hear. The Ashburton choir was then under one of the ablest choir masters I have ever had, Mr. Horace Gates, and was always practising anthems. It was therefore natural for me to sing some portions of the current anthem. I well remember replying to the inevitable "Tom, Tom, Tom" with the words "Awake lute and harp, I myself will awake right early." The reply came back, "Confound your lute and harp and you too." In later years at Fendalton there was a large plantation which required "thinning." My family which was growing up joined their mother in throwing up their windows and shouting "Tom, Tom, Tom," with ribald laughter. I claimed one period of respite; for my churchwarden, Wilfred Hall, lived just over the creek and complained that the vicarage trees were shading his sun porch. I quoted Biblical authority for doing unto my neighbour as I would he should do unto me, and asked the family to cease their "Tom, Tom, Toming."

The New Zealand Shipping Co.'s Sailing Ship "Waitara" in which the Author came to New Zealand in 1874.

I recently passed through Ashburton and looking at the beautiful trees in the public gardens was reminded of one year when the lakes surrounded by these trees froze sufficiently hard for skating. As I had been a good skater I was keen to try my skill and managed to borrow a pair of skates. When I arrived at the lake I stood for a few moments watching the skaters, the most graceful of whom was Mrs. W. Allington. I sat down on the bank and put my skates on when a tremendous shout went up. The ice had broken and Mrs. Allington and two others had gone to the bottom. Forgetting that I had skates on I jumped to my feet and, falling over, sprained my ankle. With ropes and ladders they got the unfortunate people out and took them into the home of Mrs. Fooks. The next Sunday saw me hopping round the church on one foot assisted by two choir men to the amusement of the congregation.

I have referred to Mr. Horace Gates who was my choirmaster at Ashburton. It is an extremely difficult thing to get a congregation to sing. Any attempts which a parson may make in this direction are so easily frustrated by one or two who may be lukewarm. My experience is that if a congregation can be got into the habit of singing they want to sing ever more lustily and the result is overflowing pews, healthy finance, and a big uplift in church and social work. The organ at Ashburton was quite inadequate for so large a church. With the help of voluntary workers a platform was built for the organ and big enough to accommodate several other instruments. The choir was

also accommodated on a platform so that it could be seen by the congregation. Mr. Gates organised an orchestra and the result was magical. We had processional hymns and the congregation found its voice. From my naval days I had always noted the inspiring effect of the silver cornet. Mr. Hosking who, I think, afterwards became conductor of the Ashburton Band was wonderful on this instrument and joined our orchestra. When the notes of his cornet rang out the people sang mightily. One old body said to me, "Mr. Hamilton, I do like it when the choir march up the church singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers'; for when they come to the words 'the gates of hell shall quiver' I really feel that they do."

The church was filled to overflowing, processionals had to be abandoned because of people sitting on chairs in the aisle, and it was an inspiration to any preacher to stand in the pulpit for a moment before giving out his text. I am sure church services would not be so sparsely attended in these days if this sort of singing could be attained. I long to march the choir up and down the aisle sometimes to wake congregations up, but so many think it unorthodox. I am reminded of a story of the choirmaster who rapped on his music stand and shouted, "Stop! Now start again, and the tenors will carry on till we reach the gates of hell and then we all go in together." My advice to young clergy is to organise the singing on congregational lines and to pray for a choirmaster who is enthusiastic in getting the choir to lead the congregation instead of one who thinks the singing is the choir's prerogative.

During his priesthood a clergyman is constantly being asked for advice and his responsibility in this respect is very heavy. A young Ashburton man came to me and said, "Mr. H-H-H-Hamilton c-c-c-could y-y-you s-s-s-suggest anything to s-s-stop m-m-me s-s-stuttering?" I had had a theory that such a case might be cured by a man submitting himself to naval or military discipline, as I never heard of a naval man stuttering. My idea was that if a man's mind became trained to re-act immediately to sharply given orders he would eventually be able to give such orders himself and thus overcome his disability. I advised this young man accordingly and he joined the mounted volunteers. He took my advice and a few years later had risen to the rank of lieutenant and was completely cured.

In the 80's there were thousands of swaggers tramping round the country looking for work. There was no charitable aid and no unemployment fund. The conditions under which these men existed especially during the winter were a disgrace to the community. At one time there were hundreds of men camped in the Ashburton riverbed. The winter was very severe and they suffered great privations. Many of them drifted to the vicarage when they got on their beam ends. My resources were slender, but when men turned up on wet cold nights, something had to be done. I was able to arrange with a boarding establishment for bed and breakfast for one shilling. I would not give these men money, as the hotels were open till 10 p.m. then, and the temptation to spend

it on drink was too great. I issued written orders and at the end of each month received a bill which often frightened me. That the government of the day should have allowed this state of affairs to continue was a disgrace. Some of the men were slackers and no doubt I was frequently taken down, but many were very decent and quite a lot were educated men, while many had served in the navy and army. It is remarkable that there were no disturbances, and very little house-breaking or theft. The men lived in tents and were greatly troubled by a plague of rats one winter. These animals over-ran the vicarage. One got into our baby's cradle and fastened its teeth in the child's ear. The infant screamed and my wife rushed upstairs. She shooed off the rat and run out of the room with the child. She had the presence of mind to bang the door. The house was in an uproar and I seized the first thing that came to hand. This happened to be a large hay cutting knife which was hanging in the wash-house. Farmers will know what an unwieldy weapon this is to kill a rat with. I got into the bedroom with a candle in one hand and the hay knife in the other. I dashed round and round making jabs at the rat and doing much damage to the floor covering and woodwork, but I was quite unconscious of this in my fury to kill the brute. I finally chopped it in half and was so exhausted that I had a very irregular heart for a few days.

When the baby grew to be three and a half years old he did a remarkable thing. His mother gave the grocer an order at the door. The boy

disappeared, walked a mile and a half to a grocer whom we did not deal with and duplicated the order, which was quite a long one, word for word. The grocer asked him who his mother was, but the little chap did not know, so he sat him up on the counter and asked every woman who came into the shop whether she knew whose child he was. Finally some one recognised him and the grocer put him on the cart with the groceries together with a bag of blackballs and took him to the vicarage. We had a double supply of groceries that week, and the grocer got a new account because my wife thought she should give him a share of our business for being so kind to the boy.

While in Ashburton a very decent swagger used to come each winter and I allowed him to camp in a room attached to the stables. When I went to Fendalton I was amazed to find this man in the back-yard, and our cat was busy brushing against his legs with every sign of affectionate remembrance. I said, "Tom, what are you doing here?" His reply was, "I went to the old vicarage at Ashburton but you were gone. The new man thought I was a big bluff, so as a lesson to 'im I took off me boots and shook the dust off them. Then I put 'em on again and said, 'If Mr. Hamilton was 'ere 'e would not expect a poor old chap like me to sleep under the broad canopy of the 'eavens'."

We left Ashburton parish for Fendalton on 11th January, 1899. Once more we had a great send-off, a feature of the function being the number of

representatives of other denominations present. Doctor Trevor presided and Mr. Thomas Bullock presented me and my wife with purses of sovereigns. The Rev. G. B. Inglis of the Presbyterian Church made a presentation to my wife on behalf of the Presbyterian ladies.

Fendalton

One portion of our "welcome" to Fendalton which we appreciated was the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis at the Road Board office, close to the Vicarage. Here we had strawberries and cream, etc. Even when we were quartered in the Vicarage, a hen from the Road Board vicinity used to come and lay eggs in our fence, and its shrill cackle day after day cheered the heart of my "better half" whilst "slinging her hammock" (a nautical phrase for getting used to your surroundings).

Fendalton (so designated after the Fendall family who were its earliest settlers) is the garden suburb of Christchurch and quite the healthiest place to live in. Its open spaces towards the west are gradually being cut up into sections, and undoubtedly a large population will be settled there in future years, for the pressure is all to the westward of Christchurch. At "Quamby," formerly the residence of Mr. T. G. Russell and now part of the McLean Institute, there is still to be seen an old sod whare erected by Mr. W. C. Fendall.

The Synod of 1883 authorised the severance of the new parish of Fendalton from Riccarton—for

although St. Barnabas's Church had been built in 1876 the district had been worked as part of the Riccarton parish under Archdeacon Bowen. Just prior to 1883 the Rev. T. Jasper Smyth had been acting as curate for Riccarton and lived in Fendalton. The first vicar of the new parish was the Rev. J. Chaffers-Welsh. I had followed him in two parishes, viz., Temuka and Te Ngawai, and was to follow him later on in Fendalton, though Canon Stack's* vicariate intervened for ten years.

Chaffers-Welsh became Vicar in 1884, but there was no vicarage built until 1886, and he lived in a house in Glandovey Road. As we were close friends my wife and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Welsh every Synod whilst he was Vicar. While the

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*CANON JAMES WEST STACK.

Canon Stack was my predecessor at Fendalton and was an authority on the Maori. The following information was published in the Auckland "Herald" of June 8th, 1935:—

Of the records of pioneering in New Zealand few are as valuable and interesting as the Stack manuscripts recently published in part under the title of "Early Maoriland Adventures of J. W. Stack." Their existence was generally unknown until lately, and the credit of their discovery belongs to Mr. A. H. Reed, of Dunedin, who has made good use of a portion of them in this volume and prefaced them with a serviceable memoir. His nephew, Mr. A. W. Reed, with whom he is associated in the business of publication, has contributed maps, pen-and-ink sketches and index. Others have assisted in their several ways. To Mr. A. H. Reed as editor, however, special thanks are due for the obvious enthusiasm and care he has devoted to a self-chosen task. Such contributions to New Zealand history are very welcome.

Two James Stacks, father and son, are in the early story of Christian missions in this country, and occasionally they have been confused. The father was one of the Wesleyan pioneers at Kaeo, Whangaroa, who dared hazards that

vicarage was being built Mr. Welsh and I went up one day to inspect the building. The carpenters were just hauling the stairway up into position and it was swaying rather dangerously. They asked Mr. Welsh to come up, but he declined, saying, "Mr. Hamilton has been a sailor. Perhaps he could manage it!" I accomplished the ascent without difficulty, the swaying motion only adding to the shipboard effect. I little thought that this vicarage was to be my home for 21 years, and that most of my children and several adults would roll down those precipitous stairs from time to time.

Vicarages are like the tents of old ("And nightly pitch my moving tent, a day's march nearer home"), in that they give you a reminder that "this is not your rest!" The Temuka Vicarage was

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eventually were too perilous to defy. Later in that fateful year (1827), he was similarly energetic at Hokianga, where the Wesleyan mission took firm root. In 1831 he visited England, and there joined the Church Missionary Society, no difficult step in those days of warm friendship between the two evangelising bodies. Returning to New Zealand, he was appointed by the Church Missionary Society to the Mangapouri station in the Waikato. His son, James West Stack, was born at Puriri, Thames, and in due time devoted his life to the Church Missionary Society enterprise. After fruitful years in this work he took up parish duties, becoming vicar of Kaiapoi, then of Fendalton (Christchurch), but still keeping touch, as chaplain to the Maoris in that diocese, with his earlier missionary interests. As Canon Stack he is appreciatively remembered.

When he died in 1919 it was feared that his written memorials, known to have been an employment of his later years, were lost. Fortunately, different members of the family preserved them and have made them available for edited publication. Thus we now get this volume as a first instalment. It is so good that the rest will be eagerly awaited.

burned down during the interregnum between the going and coming of two vicars by boys who were exploring for honeycomb deposited within the walls. The Ashburton Vicarage was demolished in consequence of the glebe land being sold, and a new vicarage was built alongside the church. Fendalton Vicarage was never really occupied after we left it. It was bought by Mr. Bates in 1919 and made thoroughly "up-to-date" at a great cost, but alas! it too disappeared in smoke in 1923.

This vicarage was the finest in the diocese. It contained ten rooms set on very high concrete foundations, and was built for the amazingly small sum of £750. The late Mr. Andrew Swanston told me that the timber was mostly heart of kauri, and when it caught fire it burnt very slowly because of this. About 1905 he estimated that the vicarage could not have been built for less than three times its cost in 1886.

Fendalton Families

It was a great change for me to go to Fendalton. The trees, gardens, hedges, etc., seemed so much older and more established than in my country parishes. Next to the church on the town side lived Mr. Bishop, the magistrate, so well known to Christchurch people. This place was later occupied by Mr. James McCombs, who afterwards became M.P. for the Lyttelton electorate. On this property was the source of the small stream which flowed through "Quamby," then the property of Mr. T. G. Russell,

the well-known solicitor. There was a long avenue of bluegums leading to Mr. McCombs's house, and when the property was sold and Tui Street formed, these trees, which stood immediately behind the houses now standing on the west side of Tui Street, had to come down. They had to be removed by the roots, and a contractor endeavoured to pull them over with traction engines. He got a few over and tried unsuccessfully to split the logs with gunpowder. The services of Professor Bickerton of Canterbury College were requisitioned. The professor had a great knowledge of explosives and he made up something of terrific power which did the trick. The property on the west side of the church had once belonged to the Acland family. It was subsequently occupied by Judge Denniston, and was then purchased by Mrs. George Murray-Aynsley, who gave a portion of it to make more room for the new church. Adjoining Mrs. Murray-Aynsley's property was that of her sisters, Miss Kate and Miss Rose Gerard. Their house had originally been the home of the Acland family. The land has recently been acquired for a domain for Fendalton.

Up the Burnside Road were some notable families including Judge Gresson, whose memorial tablet in the church I designed. He lived to a great age and always came to church in a grey belltopper. On the Burnside Road also lived Mr. T. H. Bruce, whom I had known in Oxford days, and who holds the record, 35 years I think, as choirman. Others who lived on this road, Mr. F. A. Archer and Mr. E. G. Staveley, were well-known city men. Further up

this road was "Chilcomb," which had once belonged to Edward Jerningham Wakefield. It was later occupied by the Baker family, and afterwards owned by Mr. Henry Overton until he sold out to Mrs. M. Duncan in order to take over the famous Maraekakaho Station in Hawkes Bay.

In Clyde Road lived the schoolmaster, Mr. Thos. Bullock, known affectionately to the children as "Sambo." He was a great schoolmaster and traditions established by him have been carried on by worthy successors. It is notable that the Fendalton School has always drawn scholars from other districts. Delamain's coach used to bring dozens of them. I notice a controversy is raging about the same thing now, and there is talk of asking the Minister of Education to stop it. This is a feather in the cap of Mr. Ray Blank, the present Head. In Clyde Road also was the Williams family. Mr. Williams was a partner in the firm of Williams, Stephens and Co. Close to Mr. Williams was Mr. T. W. N. Beckett who came to New Zealand from Ceylon. He was for many years a churchwarden and his eldest son married my eldest daughter. There is a memorial to Mr. Beckett in St. Barnabas's.

In Glandovey Road were Mr. Walter Stringer, afterwards Judge and then Sir Walter; alongside was Mr. Geo. Gerard's property, now cut up; and across the road was Mrs. McOwen, an ex-Ashburton parishioner. Then there was Mr. Davie who had taken a great part in the early survey of the province. His eldest son married my third daughter, after distinguishing himself in France where he lost

a leg in the awful slaughter at Passchendaele. Further down again was D. H. Brown's beautiful home with frontages to Glandovey Road and Idris Road, and the Wairarapa River running through the property. Many parish fêtes were held in these wonderful surroundings. The Brown family are always gratefully remembered by my children for an unfailing Xmas gift of a huge box of chocolates. The family also will never forget many others for the same reason. From one we always had a Xmas turkey, and from another a Xmas cake. Opposite the church was Mr. Ferraday whose house was surrounded by magnificent trees. In the early days there was a great demand for wattle seed and much of it came from Mr. Ferraday's trees. This property was later bought by Mr. R. Ballantyne of Clarkson and Ballantyne, architects. Over the creek was Mrs. Mears, whose home is now occupied by her son Cuthbert. On this property was one of the biggest trees in a district noted for them. I believe this tree was cut down recently. Alongside Mr. Ballantyne were Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Hurst.

The property bounded by Fendalton and Straven Roads belonged to the Inwood family, one of the earliest in the district. Mrs. Inwood lived to a great age and was quite a figure when she drove round the district in her landau. She looked like the old picture of Queen Victoria. On the Inwood property was the straightest gum sapling I have ever seen. My boys wanted it for a flag-staff. Mrs. Inwood was delighted to give it to them, but it was a labour

of Hercules to get it to the Vicarage and up-end it. It was a time of great patriotism. England had not been at war for many years when suddenly the South African War broke out. The first Fendalton boy to fall was Lieutenant Neave, son of F. D. S. Neave of "Okeover," and our flag was half-masted for him. Next to the Inwood home was Mrs. Worsley, stepmother of the explorer, Commander Worsley of the Navy. The adjoining property was Daresbury Rookery, the home of Mr. Geo. Humphreys who died recently. The land opposite the Inwood home and bounded by Idris Road and Jackson's Road is now all built over, and Stratford Street runs through it. When I went to Fendalton all this land was a huge strawberry farm. Mrs. Worsley told me that the land between Jackson's Road and the railway line was formerly a swamp, the home of large numbers of native ducks. The Vicarage stood in Clyde Road and the house was close to the Waimairi Stream. The house across the stream from the Vicarage was built by Mrs. Ballantyne, mother of Mrs. F. M. Warren and Mrs. J. C. Clarkson. The house was subsequently occupied by Mr. Wilfred Hall, son of Sir John Hall, and later by Mr. Burbury, father of Mr. E. P. Burbury of Glen Wye. Mr. Corfe, at one time Head of Christ's College, also lived there for a time, and later the place became Medbury School, under Mr. E. J. Chennells. This land originally belonged to the Creyke family which gave the porch at the west door of the Cathedral. Creyke Road is named after them.

As in most parishes in the early days, the church

and vicarage were a considerable distance apart. This entailed a loss of time for the clergyman, perhaps hardly noticeable in these days of rapid locomotion in motor cars, but a matter of importance to those who had to walk. When bicycles became popular, somewhere about 1895, it was possible to overcome this difficulty in some measure.

In Fendalton a weekday celebration of Holy Communion was held for the benefit of elderly people. On one of these occasions just after my appointment to the parish, I forgot to take the box with the Communion vessels to the church. I had to return to the Vicarage whilst the congregation awaited my return. I was riding my bicycle, carrying the box in my hand, and had to turn a corner at right angles. A hurricane nor'-wester was blowing and the force of the wind blew the box under my knee with the result that I came down a crash. The key unfortunately was broken in the lock and although Judge Gresson used his bunch of keys it could not be opened. As it was useless to attempt the whole service I dismissed the congregation. I then found that my left shoulder and left hand were both injured. In fact I was unfit for duty for some time.

The Fendalton Communion plate was a gift from the Acland family in 1875. The oak box in which it is kept has a plate on it recording this fact.

The difficulties of those times are not realised in these days of rapid and easy transport from place to place. At a social gathering held in St. Barnabas's Schoolroom somewhere about 1912-13,

one of the founders of Fendalton was present, and he kindly gave us a talk on "Early Days." There were no bridges and if you wanted to go to Christchurch you had to cross seven creeks, and make in the direction of Lower Riccarton; but later there were buses driven by Captain Coventry and a Mr. Box. Curiously enough we had parishioners answering to the names of "Box" and "Cox." The former died only recently and was a wonderful man with horses. It is said that he drove sixteen horses in one team. The latter had been a sergeant in the Indian Army. He also was good with horses, and acted as a carrier. When he died he was buried with full military honours at Addington. Standing by the grave in the cemetery I noticed that the firing party had drawn up just inside the gate. Fearing a crush, for thousands of people were crowding in, I sent word to the officer commanding the party to bring his men to the grave. This he declined to do and afterwards could not get anywhere near the grave. Indeed the crush was so great that it was a wonder that no one was pushed into the open grave. A military funeral with a band was a curiosity until the Great War broke out, and then, alas! we had many of them.

Like a certain make of pen, the old age pension "comes as a boon and a blessing to men"; but magistrates are so " 'ard 'earted" that unless you have "something in writing" they will not take your word for your age qualification. A certificate of birth, or of baptism, or a leaf from the Family Bible record will suffice, but people are very careless

about such matters or of the old age which is inevitably creeping on.

An aged parishioner in Fendalton found himself in this predicament, and wept when he told me that the magistrate wouldn't believe his word. I felt very sorry for his plight and asked him several questions. He did not know where he was born but his father had been a sergeant in the artillery and on foreign service. I knew that at that time non-commissioned officers were allowed to take their wives and asked if he could remember his parents ever speaking of any foreign station. He mentioned Gibraltar. It was a very slender thread to follow, but during my naval days I had often been there and had sung in the choir of the only church there. I wrote to the Bishop of Gibraltar explaining the circumstances and stating the probable age of Mr. M——. In course of time a courteous reply came together with the certificate, adding the words: "We had no difficulty in tracing the Register. Please do not send any fee, for we hope the old gentleman will live long to enjoy his pension!" I may here mention that people of all denominations attended St. Barnabas's Church, Fendalton (chiefly Presbyterians and Methodists), for there were no trams and communication with Christchurch was poor. Mr. M—— had married a second wife and she, being a good churchwoman, repeatedly urged him to come with her to church. His objection was that he was a Presbyterian, and had scruples about attending the Church of England services. Armed with the certificate I called at the house and the "No. 2"

wife met me at the door. Grasping the paper in her hand she conducted me to the front room, where we found her husband sitting disconsolate in his chair. Flourishing the paper in his face she shouted, "Now then, John! No more Presbyterian for you; you were baptized in the Church of England, and you're coming to church with me next Sunday!" (Tableau!) The old man was so grateful for my securing his pension that he became a regular attendant and never missed a morning service. He realized that a kindly Providence had watched over him, and I was the humble instrument used on his behalf in his old age.

At Fendalton I experienced a very uncomfortable feeling whilst officiating in the Sanctuary; for a very "sword of Damocles" was over my head all the while. A huge chandelier furnished with 36 candles was suspended just over me, and if the chain snapped I should either be decapitated or cloven in twain by the sharp edges of the corona. At a vestry meeting I enquired why this ornament was not hung in the transept, where a ring bolt showed that this was evidently the place for it. I was told that it *had* been there, but the chain broke and the huge circular concern fell between the choir seats. People were afraid that somebody would be killed. But why, I asked, was it hung over the altar, and a vestryman explained that they thought the clergyman would be *best prepared to go first.* I persuaded the vestry to give orders for the immediate demolition of the corona. The solid brass candlesticks were sold separately for 2/6 each at a garden party.

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I felt somewhat like Cromwell, who, when visiting a church during the Commonwealth, observed silver models of the twelve Apostles stuck in various niches. He gave orders that they should be melted down into coins, so that they could, like their Master, "go about doing good." By their sale the brass candlesticks did likewise, for they no longer burned candles which cost over £6 a year, though lit only at the great festivals, and the Vicar's mind was relieved of anxiety as to a sudden "exodus" from this terrestrial orb.

At Fendalton there were fourteen of us in the family and twelve rode bicycles. I had to build a shed out of some corrugated iron which came off the Sunday School when the Jubilee room was added. Near this cycle shed there were some beautiful wattle trees, which are most dangerous in rough weather if in bloom, as the wood is very brittle and heavy, and boughs are liable to break off. This danger threatened the cycle shed and I decided to wait till the coast was clear and chop one tree down. I started on the job one afternoon when everybody was out and was getting to the last few blows when by daughter Irene (Mrs. Beckett) arrived. She called out "Tom, Tom," and the tree crashed. She jumped off her bicycle and made the most wonderful unconscious pun by exclaiming, "Wattle mother say?" She did not live long after that and I like to picture her as she was on that day—a young mother in her spring frock looking the picture of health and full of fun. She died on the 24th of November, 1914, leaving two children, Tom and

Barbara Beckett. On the day of her death one of my boys was on the transport "Leitrim" with the main New Zealand Expeditionary Force in the Indian Ocean. In a letter which he wrote sitting on his bunk he told us that whereas he had felt full of good spirits up to that time he had suffered for hours from a great depression, and wondered if all was well at home. Afterwards through my knowledge of navigation I was able to know that even as he wrote his sister's spirit was passing to its eternal home.

I retired from the parish of Fendalton on the 18th September, 1919, at the age of 70 years. It had always been my hope that I might at least see the new stone church started before I ended my vicariate, for years before a fund had been started. The War however made this impossible. We were given a great farewell from the parish and received as a parting gift a purse of sovereigns, which were still obtainable then although with a little difficulty. My wife received a set of furs and a handbag with "a little padding in it," as Mr. T. D. Harman said in making the presentation. We had deep roots in Fendalton and would have liked to end our days there, but owing to the Great War properties had gone up to unbelievable figures and we could not manage it.

Hospital Work

In 1922 I was appointed Acting-Chaplain of the Public Hospital to allow Canon Mutter to take a year's holiday. I found the work interesting but

very exacting, for Sundays and weekdays kept me always busy. There was always a short service at 11 a.m. on Sundays for patients who were able to attend it. Whether it was a sheer coincidence or the fault of the electrician I could not fathom, but as sure as Sunday came round the lift at the Chalmers Ward regularly went out of action and the patients were "so sorry they were prevented from attending the service on Sunday!"

Two of my daughters had been trained at the Hospital and I was glad to hear of their good work whilst at the institution. One day a man met me in Cashel Street and jumping off his bicycle said: "Are you Canon Hamilton?" "Yes," I replied. "Well," said he, "I want to tell you that your daughter is an angel from heaven." I replied, "I have *two* daughters at the Hospital." He was not quite certain which of them it was, but added, "Not only did she bring me through a serious illness, but she told me when I was leaving to go to church. I have taken her advice and attend the Presbyterian Church to which I rightly belong. I think she was very brave to remind me of my duty to God."

One of my girls (on joining as a probationer) was working in a ward in an upper storey. Going out on to the balcony overlooking the garden, she spied two nurses (as she thought) leaning over the rail of the balcony of the ward below her. They were busily engaged in a conversation with some men (gardeners ostensibly) so she called out to them: "Come on, you blighters, and do some work!" The supposed nurses turned round quickly and they

were the *Matron* and the *Sub-Matron*! There was a rustle of skirts into the ward on the part of the horrified nurse, but to her great relief she heard nothing more of the incident, showing that even those high in authority have a sense of humour. In the navy the lower deck distinguish between the Commander (before whom they appear when on the "Black List") and the Captain (seen only seldom). "The Bloke 'e's 'ard 'earted; but the Owner 'e's 'uman!" Evidently even sisters and matrons can be "'uman."

Going through No. 4 Ward one day, I passed a number of unoccupied beds and presently found a patient, about half-way down the ward. Glancing at the card over the bed I read the words "No Religion." I wondered how I could get a "point of contact" with the man, but presuming he would not mind my talking to him, I asked a few questions relating to his state of health. Then, noticing tattoo marks on his arms, I said, "You have been in the Royal Navy?" "Yes," he assented, "in the American Navy." "But you never deserted from the Royal Navy?" "No sir, you see it was this way. When the war broke out between America and Cuba, the Americans asked the British Admiralty for the loan of 100 seaman gunners, or gun layers, to fire their guns for them, and I was one of them. We were to be reinstated at the close of the war!" I told him I had been a gunnery lieutenant and had served 12 years in the navy. With that he opened his heart and we carried on a most animated conversation about "ships and sealing-wax," quite

oblivious of the work in the ward. A nurse tripped across and said, "Will you kindly make less noise." I touched my forehead saying, "Does my talking affect the patient?" "No, it's not that. The doctor on the other side of the ward is trying to sound a patient's chest with his stethoscope, and can't hear anything for the noise you two are making."

I looked across and sure enough the doctor was nodding as much as to say, "Friend, go up higher. Pass on your way!" I bade farewell to my friend of "No Religion," and though he was gone the next time I visited the ward, I knew that *no sailor* is devoid of religion (Psalm 107) and that it was only a ruse on his part to keep the "sky pilots" off.

Visiting the same ward later on, I talked and prayed with a patient in the corner and turned to see who the next patient was. To my astonishment it was the ex-schoolmaster of East Oxford and I involuntarily exclaimed "Old Newlyn!" Examining his card I found the name, but spelt wrongly. So I said, "How are you, Mr. Newlyn, but that's not the way your name is spelled—'Newlands'?" "No, my name is J. H. Newlyn!" I replied, "Of course, for I was the schoolmaster who relieved you at East Oxford." He opened his eyes wide and said "Go on! you're too young for that!" He had fallen from the step of a bus and hurt the base of his skull. He did not survive long after leaving the Hospital.

Christmas Day fell on a Monday in 1922, so I arranged to visit all the wards in turn on the Sunday and administer Holy Communion to the Church of England patients. The sisters in charge of each

ward were apprised beforehand, but when I came to one ward I found nothing prepared. I was standing in my robes, holding the Communion vessels, and waiting until the beds were moved to one corner, when Dr. Guthrie happened to come down the ward. He asked me if I were going to hold a service. Then pointing up the ward he said, "You see that young girl sitting up in her bed. She stopped me just now and asked if you were 'Old Father Christmas'."

The next day was Christmas Day; my diary gives the "Order of the Day" viz.: 4.20 a.m., rose; 5 a.m., left for the Hospital on my bicycle; 5.30, celebration of Holy Communion in improvised chapel in Nurses' Home. One hundred nurses present and of these sixty Anglicans communicated. 6.40, arrived at St. Matthew's Church and assisted my brother Staples —103 at this service. 7.30, acted as celebrant, 113 present. 10.30 a.m., Choral Communion (Staples, celebrant). This was not bad for an old man of 73. The rest of the entry is left blank and I can only suppose that it means I was recuperating after such a strenuous morning.

The service at the Hospital was the first one ever held there on a Christmas Day, for the nurses "scatter" when off duty and the only way to arrange a service was just when they were "changing guard" at 5.30 a.m.

A sailor named Lyons was a patient in a room off one of the wards and a friend of his called to see him, bringing also his little girl. I happened to look in, but, realizing I was "de trop," excused

myself and was leaving when the little girl volunteered the statement, "I've come to see the *Lions*!" Well, it was true in a way, for he was a lion-hearted man and bore his sickness patiently to the end which came soon after this incident.

During my term of office as Chaplain I baptized four children and officiated at thirteen funerals. I even encroached on the lawyers' prerogative by making out wills before operations. Nurses are not allowed to witness documents, so House Surgeons were "commandeered" for the purpose. I am glad to say that in all these cases the patients got through their operations safely.

Canon Mutter wrote me most interesting letters from time to time, describing his travels in Japan, Egypt, Palestine and other lands, and on his return relinquished hospital work and became Vicar of Sydenham. He is now in charge of a parish in England.

Inter-Island Steamers

Compared with the palatial steamers plying between Lyttelton and Wellington, the "greyhounds" of the past were small and the accommodation on a limited scale; but nevertheless the *Rotomahana* and *Mararoa* made history. My wife and I travelled north in the *Mararoa* one night and she, being a bad sailor, went to bed before we left the wharf. The ship went through the moles to schedule time but in endeavouring to avoid the dredge which was anchored in the fairway she ran aground.

Presently I went below and found my wife ensconced in her bunk. I said, "Well! how are you getting on?" and she (not knowing what had happened), replied, "Oh, this is lovely. If it is like this all the way to Wellington I shan't be sick at all!" It was cruel to undeceive her, but of course she had to be told of the mishap. Our troubles did not end there, for within 30 miles of Wellington we ran into a fog, and as ill-luck would have it, an eccentric rod broke and the ship came to a standstill, rolling in the trough of the sea. The fog prevented us from signalling Pencarrow Head for a tug, and the repairs took three hours before we could proceed under our own steam. A would-be wag came up to me on the upper deck and said: "This comes of having a Minister on board!" "Yes," I replied, "that is so," and I pointed to the Hon. R. McNab (who was Minister of Marine at the time). Mr. McNab laughed heartily, saying, "You turned the tables neatly."

Cats are extraordinary discerners of those who like them. I have always been fond of them and one of the consolations of old age is a fine cat named "Sambo" who always stalks in for family prayers and follows me when I go out to get the milk billy from the gate. No sailor would harm a cat, but I remember once a tipsy sailor coming off from the shore and finding the ship's cat coiled up in his hammock. Seizing it by the scruff of the neck he essayed to climb the ladder in the hatchway leading to the upper deck in order to get rid of the animal. He swung it round his head and let go. The cat was

unharmed but the sailor lost his balance, fell down the hatchway and broke a leg. All the sympathy he got was: "Served him right for trying to drown the cat!"

I remember, too, a ship's cat which got left behind at Liverpool and which hung about the wharf for three weeks till the ship returned. He was so excited that the dock workers thought he had gone mad.

While at Fendalton I sold a cow to a Presbyterian neighbour, but the animal kept breaking out and always returned to the Anglican atmosphere at the Vicarage. She entered by the front gate and careered madly over lawns and gardens, her arrival being always heralded by my large family shouting, "Darkie's back." I rushed out one morning in response to this alarm to find most of my twelve children but no Darkie. As I looked at my grinning progeny it dawned on me that it was 1st April. The "disperse" sounded, and there was not even "one little nigger boy" left.

I recently met a clerical friend and was reminded of his first call on me at Fendalton. He had then only recently arrived from England, and was clad in frock coat and top hat. I was showing him into my study and two of my daughters were in the kitchen, one of them being occupied in "patting" our home-made butter. The other said something that raised the buttermaker's ire, and she threw a pellet of butter which flew into the passage and "cannoned" off the Canon's waistcoat. The misdemeanour was forgiven very charmingly.

"And Now"

When preaching a clergyman has to be careful not to use the words "And now" till he really comes to the end, for the "ascription" commences with these words and the congregation is apt to breathe an audible sigh and rise like a flock of birds. "And now"—I come to the end of my tale, such as it is! In naval parlance, it is time to "pipe down."

One of the compensations of old age is that the mind harks back to things accomplished, and dwells not upon the worries and cares which appeared so great at the time; but upon the pleasant things, even tingeing with comedy many incidents which seemed to be rather tragic.

In writing down my memories of the past, I have experienced much of this and sought a title which might indicate to a younger generation how contentment may be won in old age. After considering many, such as: "Memories," "Reflections," etc., I have chosen "The Years That Are Past," and lest it should be thought that I have been sailing rather close to the titles of books written by a famous kinsman—Lord Frederick Hamilton—it is well for me to explain that the credit is due to my wife, who discovered the words in the Book of Deuteronomy. "Ask now of the days that are past." (Deut. 4.32).

In the years that are past how often have I turned to my helpmate for inspiration? Times without number. And she never failed me.

A vicar's wife must be wise and a paragon of all the virtues. In looking back I wonder how an unmarried cleric can minister to the needs of a parish.

To young vicars who are considering the question I commend the following verses for publication in their parish magazines:—

Wanted—A perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind.
Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life,
Yet a very domestic person,
Wanted—A vicar's wife.

A perfect pattern of prudence
To all others, spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress,
Playing the organ on Sunday
And keeping the parish from strife,
Wanted—A vicar's wife.

Someone to conduct Ladies' Meetings,
The sewing guild attend,
And when there is work for the needy
Her ready assistance to lend
To clothe the destitute children,
Where sorrow and want are rife,
To attend all funerals and weddings,
Wanted—A vicar's wife.

When a ship reaches port after a long commission she pays off and comrades part. This is the farewell chanty sung at such a time:—

SO LONG

All coiled down, an' it's time for us to go;
Every sail's furled in a neat harbour stow;
Another ship for me, an' for her another crew—
An' so long, sailorman . . . . good luck to you!

A good Trade I wish you, an' a fair landfall,
Neither fog, nor iceberg, nor long calm, nor squall,
A pleasant port to come to when the work's all through—
An' so long, sailorman . . . . good luck to you!

L'Envoi

It is not given to everyone to reach old age. I have passed the eighty-sixth milestone, and for me it is a time of retrospect. Looking back on these links of a long life, the chain of circumstances here narrated, I can say that I have tried to serve God and country and in the words of the Church Catechism: "I have done my duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call me." DUTY has ever been my watchword.

Each cadet on entering the naval life receives a copy of a seamanship book and the front pages contain an account of Sir Richard Grenville's gallant fight with the Spanish fleet off the Azores. This story is meant to impress upon each one entering the Service the meaning of *duty* as against the foreigners' idea of "glory." Grenville fought

against overwhelming odds and when mortally wounded breathed his last on the deck of the Spanish flagship. His dying words were to this effect:—

"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having done my duty to my country, queen, religion and honour."

The late Canon A. W. Robinson in his "Church Catechism Explained" noted the frequency with which the words "Grace" and "Duty" appear. "Each," he said, "is to be found exactly seven times. Duty is a word which is especially dear to the ears and hearts of Englishmen. Foreigners have often been struck by its recurrence in despatches from the leaders of our armies, and in the debates of our Parliament; and have noted the fact as a characteristic of our nation. That it is so is beyond doubt largely due to the influence that three centuries of Catechism teaching have exerted upon us."

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,

On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the fair light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

—Tennyson.

"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

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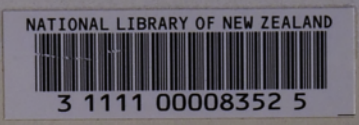

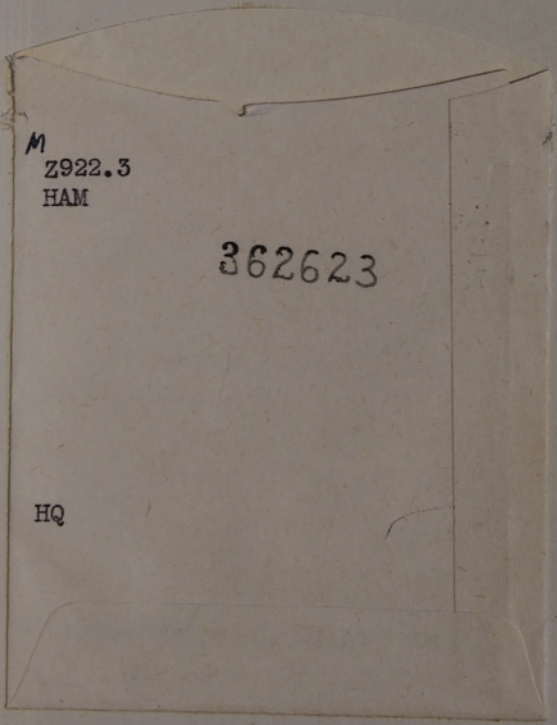

THE YEARS THAT ARE PAST

HAMILTON

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