



The Mayor of Macetown packs saddle-bags outside Mr. Romans' butcher shop.

From the main street, away from the Arrow River, the land rises in gentle terraces to a small plateau, from which you can see a civilized landscape divided by hawthorne hedges, already in February heavy with red berries. Rows of straight poplars that have once been fencing-posts, silver poplars, walnuts, elms protecting the stone farmhouses, the surprising greenness of the downlands, the white roads, are like that slightly misconceived idea of English countryside



Mr. Romans is aged 102. He has lived more than half his life in the Arrow district.

which you see on American films. For encircling this tender scene rise the rocky spines and ribs of high arid brown hills and pointed blue mountains.

From here, too, you can see, half-hidden in a clump of trees and blackberry, the disused gaol, which is approached from the avenue through a gap in the trees. The white-washed front with its high barred windows and pad-locked door does not look particularly forbidding in the scorching Otago sun. But the walls are 2 ft. thick. So

that inside even on the hottest day the chill air of the cooler is calculated to strike the correct emotion from the guilty heart.

Inside the door to the left is the office and in the office is the early history of Arrowtown. This is written in flowing Victorian handwriting on the folio pages of eight leather-bound books that lie on an iron bedstead below a pair of ankle shackles—the Occurrence books which show a daily record from August 8, 1863, the Warden's letter books, the Gold-receipt books. But the books take up the story after the rush had begun. The beginning of the story is hectic and exciting and all that even the most romantic could wish it to be.

The township of Arrow huddles haphazardly up to the mouth of the Arrow Gorge. The river and the gorge are hidden from the scrutinizing eye by the folds of the hills and the terrace on which the town now stands. Into the gorge some seventy-three years ago came a half-caste Maori boy. He did not know gold when he saw it, but something he said later put Low and MacGregor, two squatters looking for pasture land, on the track of the hidden valley. There they found "gold in the hills, gold in the rocks, gold in the gravel, gold as yellow as Chinamen in the bottom of the shovel."

It was not long before they were followed by two other parties—Fox's and West's. Fox took charge, and the men