AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

INCIDENTS
in the life of the late
Mrs. W. H. REYNOLDS, Dunedin, N.Z. (Rachel Selina)
as recounted by herself.

Born at Adelaide, South Australia, 19th December, 1838.

Passed away" at Dunedin, N.Z., 21st August, 1928.

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE MRS. W. H. REYNOLDS.

[The following narrative embodies the earliest recollections of the late Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, who was born in South Australia in 1838 and was for the greater part of her life an honoured resident of Dunedin, where she died last year.]

I.

My first introduction to life was in what was then the wilds of Australia, some eight miles from Adelaide City. Consequently the first incidents recorded are from memory of my mother's frequent recitals. I have always understood that I was the third white child born there. The first I knew well. She was the eldest daughter of Captain Finness, who filled some Government position, I believe. The only name I knew her by was "Fanny," and she married a Mr Morgan, and passed over long years ago. Who the second—a boy—was I never heard, but I was told that he had also passed on. Then I came—the third—as far as I know.

So I pretty well began my career with a new life in a new country—a midget link in the chain of the Great Empire beyond the seas. My father—William Pinkerton—and my mother—Eleanor Smith—were married in the little church at Ford in Northumberland, on January 23, 1838, and went to the farm at "Reedsford," a few miles from the little village of Ford and no great distance from my mother's old home at Budle, where she was born, almost opposite Holy Island and Bamborough Castle. How often she saw and spoke to the now memorable Grace Darling on the sands of the shore, as also in Holy Island, when they were both children, and she often said how little one could realise the heroic powers latent in another soul, especially in a barefooted, wild, unkempt little creature, with a mass of long auburn, almost red, hair floating and falling all around her, such as Grace was in those childish days.

Budle is also no great distance from Coupland Castle, the home for many generations of some of my mother's people, the Matt Culleys. Her mother's name was Eleanor Culley, of Denton Hall, Yorkshire, on the borders of Northumberland. My father's people also come from Northumberland and had farms in various places.

As soon as my father and mother were married they resolved to get ready and travel to a new and far land, which Australia surely was in those days. They took a very large supply of clothing and household furnishing with them, also a full supply of the most up-to-date farming implements then known, and some choice cattle and horses. I believe they took sheep as well, though of this I am not certain. They knew how slow and seldom any connection with the Homeland would be.

I do not know the date of their sailing, but the name of the vessel was the Rajastan; several of the very well-known old families came in the same ship. I recall the names of Major O'Halloran and Mr Angus, and they must have reached Australia some time in August or September of 1838.

The place for residence selected by my father was some eight miles out from the town of Adelaide, then being surveyed and laid out. Why my father selected this place, country, or part of the world, I have no idea. The journey out proved very long and tedious, over six months. How they provisioned the cows and animals, I cannot imagine, as in those days the food for human beings was bare and uninviting in the extreme. They had many farm servants as well, but that they all, even the animals, arrived, I am certain, as I learned to know and love many of them, especially one old red cow, called Lady Darling, a beautiful lovable old thing, who knew my mother at any distance, and if she had been absent for a few days, always wept when they met again. This is a certain fact; large round tears used to fall from her eyes, as she rubbed her head softly up and down against my mother. I remember it well.

When they arrived there were no houses in Adelaide, only survey tents, sod houses etc. Arriving some time in the early spring, they took up a property suitable for a farm, which they called "Studley." It was large—must have been many hundreds of acres, or such is my childish recollection. They built a house of some description, and thatched it with rushes or prairie grass, then all over the country to the height of from two to six feet. It was only just completed when I came upon the scene on December 19, 1838, the very hottest time of the year. When I was some 36 hours old, a man was sent at an angle across a field to catch up with a cart that had gone round by the track, to give a further order, and as it was very hot weather with a blazing sun, the tall prairie grass was most inflammable, and as the man turned to walk back, he struck a match to light his pipe, and without thinking, cast it from his hand. The grass seized the light, and the man had to run for his life. All hands turned out as they saw the smoke and flames rushing down upon the house. My father, one of the first, dragged off his coat and beat the flames. All to no purpose; it was burnt out of his hands, his waistcoat the same. Had they known the value of green scrub they could perhaps have saved the house, but they did not, and probably there was none handy. At last the fire seized the sides and roof of the house. By this time my mother was almost suffocated with the smoke and greatly agitated hearing the calling out of the men, "For God's sake don't let the missis know." My father then rushed in, in a speechless state, threw a blanket round my poor mother, who took me in her arms, and we were carried out and set down upon the place where the mortar had been mixed for building the chimneys. The fire raged on unchecked and everything that my mother had brought from Home, her piano, harp, etc., my father's fishing rods and gun, all their 10 years' stock of clothing, everything was swept away before their eyes. My mother's grief must have been keen, indeed, especially as every tiny garment made by her own loving hands for me, of the finest French cambric and real lace—for people in those days were most particular on such matters—all was entirely consumed; not an article left. My father, almost frantic with loss and grief, not knowing where to go, or what to do with my mother, got one of the conveyances, and put her and anything in the shape of bedding they had saved into it, and drove down to the next homestead, some two or three miles distant. I am afraid we were not at all cordially received, as we were placed in a partially-built henhouse, the fowls in the one end, my mother and I in the other. How long we remained there I have no idea. I am sorry to say I took all these strange occurrences in my youth as perfectly natural, and made but little inquiry, or rather, paid very little attention, though I have many a time listened to a recital of the sad trouble. I can well remember my mother's woe and sorrow as she told me that, when she was able to return to the home she forked about in the rubbish and found the remains of some of the flounces of silk dresses, and these were

practically the only articles she could recover, and with these she clothed me. Her distress was cruel, indeed, to see me dressed in such a manner, but, as she admitted, I was such a very healthy, happy little soul, and never appeared to mind it at all, but crept about in my silk garment, red or green, or whatever they were, quite oblivious of my funny appearance. How often I have listened to the trials that befell my mother then, with my father away for weeks, even months together, in the centre of those then wild lands on runs or ranches where he had his sheep!

After the first few years, and when the servants they had brought with them had left or dispersed, and others could not be got in their place, my mother had to milk the cows, attend the farm, look after the garden, wash and make, cook and clean, for all of us children, and it is no wonder she was nearly distracted. Yet, through it all, perhaps by it all, she was a brave, dauntless, capable soul in all those long years I knew her, and I never remember seeing her out of temper. Her trials were legion, but I never saw her do inferior work of any kind. Her butter was the best, her cakes tip-top, jams and cheese she excelled in, and for wine she took the palm. All the garden was practically her own work. She was a recognised genius for it. She grew most of her fruit trees from seed and did the grafting herself. Fortunately for us, she was a really well-educated Englishwoman, and could hold her own in most branches.

There were six of us, four sisters, an only brother, and myself. When I was nine years of age, I went for two or three terms to a boarding school in the town of Adelaide, to the Misses Rowlands in Rundle street, opposite Tavistock Buildings. I think these ladies were perfectly beautiful in all that I can remember of them. How keen I was to please them, to learn everything I could! How I struggled to overcome the first difficulties of music as well as the very A B C of the language! I think very few in these days of luxury and comfort can have any idea of the dangers and difficulties of the early settlers and pioneers in a new country. In my childish days at our home of "Studley," I can recall some strange and alarming experiences which my mother went through.

The natives in those days were wild and fearsome-looking creatures, tall, erect, almost nude, only a loin girdle and some trappings, a few eagle's feathers in their matted hair, and a wild dog's tail attached to their beard below the chin, while all their face, arms, chest, and legs were striped alternately with bright red and white paint or ochre of some description. In such condition I have seen them surround the house with their wives and children, some 15 or 20 of them, and my mother would in terror gather us all in around her, hiding us under the tables, while she put the boxes, chests, etc., against the door, and stood with a double-barrelled gun at the window pointing the muzzle in the most daring and determined manner at them, till they would fling down their spears, and baggage and show a more amiable attitude. After which she would give them some pannikins of flour, sugar, tea, etc., and they would depart. But, oh, the loneliness, the terrible dread and solitude in which her life was spent. She could realise the dangers surrounding us always. We, as soon as the natives departed, only saw the funny side of it all, and could come from out our "hidy holes," dancing and laughing at the curious appearance these creatures presented, while we were ever intensely interested in watching the little fat faces of the babies as they appeared over the shouders of their poor, subdued looking, underfed mothers, the veritable beast of burden for these outrageous autocrats in black. It is certainly strange how little I can recall of any sense of fear at that age, though we were very far from any other house of any kind; even the cattle yards and barn were quite a distance away. It was later in life, and even only now that I realise the intensely desolate position my poor mother was in, for South Australia in those days was a weird place to look at, and a very weird place to live in, with strange uncanny animals, as well as men. The kangaroo, though harmless, is a quaint and impossible looking creature and to see one bounding

when chased or alarmed is a remarkable sight. It looks as if it were making a most desperate effort to fly. What a contrast and amusement to watch that furry little bundle of grey, the opossum, with such soft and innocent eyes, as it swings and clutches so silently from branch to branch, either by hands or tail, as the case may be. Even the cry of the native dog or dingo, is uncanny. Who can describe the creeping horror that seizes you when with the closing in of night, in the far distance, these creatures begin their strange, unearthly wailing, coming steadily near and nearer every time, augmented in the distance by gradually increasing numbers? Especially if you are in a depressed or sad condition of mind, a sense of some overwhelming calamity seems to envelop you, and you feel as if you must either find relief in tears or rush outside and howl also. Then there were the wallaby and bandicoot, not to forget that puzzle of the biologist, the platypus. This strange land must be one of the oldest bits of creation, as is evidenced by the remains in some of its Salt Lakes of antediluvian and mammoth animals of very ancient times. But how or why should they be in the Salt Lakes? Has this small portion of the earth had a surprise dip in the briny, and drowned these animals in the residue left, or how can it be reasonably accounted for? I say "reasonably," for I am old enough to remember the vehemence with which the church teaching of 30 years ago held to the idea that the whole world was only some 6000 years old, and that the whole process of creation had only occupied seven days of 24 hours' duration each. I also well remember the bolt that fell from the blue when that grand old Scotchman, Hugh Miller, read the truth more wisely in the "Old Red Sandstone" and proclaimed from the housetops. What a heave-over the church then took, when those immense bits of her "foundation" were pulled out, which no one was ever able to put in again! So it settled down on a better level, with broader conceptions, and the seemingly impossible was accepted readily. I wonder who would dispute the fact today. I often think how Hugh Miller must have laughed and prayed alternately as he wrote his beautiful story of the Great God's record, contained in that "Old Red Sandstone." But truth can only unveil itself bit by bit, as the poor human is capable of understanding, and as time has no end perhaps we need not be in such a hurry.

Unnumbered ages have elapsed since these ancient animals roamed and fed over the ground now occupied by these smaller, less hurtful, creatures. Equal ages may have to pass before the multitudes who have come and have gone again will show any great or marked steps forward in their general evolution. Ah, those wild free lovely days in that faraway land, how well I recall them, how they steal into and over me, and I feel again the warm, soft soothing glow of the early spring days when the wild flowers gleamed on every side, beguiled to life by this bewitching warmth,—when the wild lilac flung its trailing tresses through and amongst the vivid yellow wattle, each vyeing with the other to produce the most glorious beauty. Then who that has wandered in childhood on these uplands among the wild heaths can ever forget their fragrance, or variety? Choice and lovely they are, you pick and pick till your hands can hold no more.

Then the choice fruits of that fascinating land, how abundant, how various they are! They grow naturally with little cultivation, and we, as children, needing little care or cooking in those days, would take a good-sized wheelbarrow, a loaf of bread, a knife, a spoon, and a few sheets of paper, and we were well provisioned for the day. We visited in turn our favourite trees, peaches, apricots, grapes, figs, etc. Then the melons, long or short, sweet and large, or small and delicately flavoured as is the "Ispahan." We were epicures in those days, and made our choice from that rich abundance. Then in joy and glee trundling our well-filled wheelbarrow we adjourned to a huge and spreading red or blue gum tree, or perchance a fragrant wattle to hold our feast. The ripe and tempting pink-fleshed melon was almost the favourite on those days when the sun was at its hottest, and all the air vibrating under the penetrating rays of the master of life, while overhead birds of

every colour eyed us in envy—gorgeous parrots, quaint cockatoos, with their beautiful yellow or pink crests fanned out in approbation or anger. While the hungry caw of the crow would come from the topmost branch, and the inquisitive magpie would even venture almost near enough to be caught while all the wee and lovely minstrels of the woodlands flew and fluttered and feasted on all around. But there were weird and ugly enemies, also in the midst of all this joy, but we feared them not. Only let a snake move in the grass, and the competition was on at once, who could despatch it the most expertly and promptly. No delay, then the shriek of fun when victory was won. There, we had to have our eyes and ears well trained, all on the alert, for there were many small enemies as well as large. There were many small kinds of reptiles as well as the larger, and even in the water while bathing you had to look out for the appearance of the black water snake—as well as leeches by the myriad. The "death adder" was the crowning of the snake mystery—so noiseless, so inert, so like the colour of the grass and ground. You had to step with care, and keep an eye on all sides, for a bite from this enemy was certain death. Fortunately for us we were cute and cautious, even though the day's game was frequently a raiding or hunting expedition for these and many of the other enemies of life and limb which abound, such as centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, etc., to say nothing of the harmless though alarming and gruesome looking lizards of many kinds upon the trunks of trees and their branches. Many a sorry fright have I had when well up a huge tree in pursuit of a choice bird's nest to meet face to face, one of those large red-mouthed guanas with their yellow teeth or gums.

II.

But changes were brewing all unknown to us. The natives inland on my father's runs were most troublesome, and men were murdered and sheep disappeared to such an extent that he resolved to seek new scenes. As it happened, it proved to be really "out of the frying pan into the fire." By the time I was 10 years of age, he had arranged to send us all round to a place on the coast nearer to Swan River, called Port Lincoln, a small, wild, and at that time unknown place. The journey round was a "recollection" indeed. The wind-swept coast of South Australia is dreaded enough by those who undertake the journey in the most up-to-date steamers with stewards and stewardesses and even royal, nay, regal, comforts, but imagine the suffering of a number of small, dreadfully deathly, sick children cramped down in an evil-smelling den—say, 10 feet by 8 feet, with a floor space the size of an ordinary table—for 10 days or a fortnight, as the case may be, tossing absolutely helplessly on the crest of those mighty waves in a craft that you would be almost afraid to cross the bay in. It was cruel—but there was no other way, and once we got inside of Boston Bay, sentinelled and guarded by Sunday Island, we were in a harbour that would have proved a glorious asset to any country whose city could have bordered its shore, and all the leviathans afloat could rest and shelter there undisturbed. But, alas, no great city rested on her shores. Only a few detached and scattered houses occupied the spacious plateau known by the name of Port Lincoln. Whether it had ever been surveyed as a township I have no knowledge. I only know we landed in safety, and were truly grateful to be able to feel our feet on solid earth again.

While we were on our way by sea, my father was undertaking a very difficult and perilous journey—nothing less than transferring his sheep overland from his station on the Adelaide side by way of an utterly unknown route. He was the first white man to venture on such a trying ordeal. How he managed it no one will ever know. You have only to read the description of some of the first to come after him to realise all it meant. It was a superhuman effort, but he landed on the Port Lincoln side at one of the farthest out stations called "Talia." How many of his sheep remained alive after the journey I cannot say.

There were many stations nearer, I know, and by degrees we became friends with them all—the Haighs, the Loves, the Tennants, the Hawsons, the Bishops, and many more. My own chief friends were the Hawsons, as there were no fewer than seven girls in a family of twelve. What a treat it was to me, when they led one of the ponies in for me to go home with them to their place, "Towalla," or "The

Swamp," as it was more usually called! There I was in the midst of a busy farm life, where I always received the most uproarious welcome from the assembled family, including the dear old mother, who though an extremely stout woman, could work as well as the best, and who regularly made up her own butter in the old-fashioned way—with her hands. But I must stop to describe those hands. They would have delighted the heart of a painter or sculptor, exquisitely modelled with long well-pointed fingers, each thumb such a perfect shape, hands that never grew hard or rough, no matter how commonplace the work they were engaged in. And the beautiful pats of butter they moulded—how evenly they turned out of the shape. And when the work was duly finished, this brave heart would think nothing of her walk, butter and all, into and back again from the little village four miles distant. Ah, those were perfectly joyful days, when I was allowed to ride over hill and dale and even help to drive in a mob of wild unbroken cattle, some of which faced you often, and would have charged you but for the crack of the long stockwhip which we each carried, and which, by the time I was 14, I had learned to handle wonderfully well. They were all expert riders, and took fences and ditches just as they came, and many and long were the lessons I received. How delightful were the camping parties away to the out stations where the wild peach grew in rich abundance, not worth eating, but beautiful to look at, and where the kangaroo could be found in numbers. It is only a few weeks since I received a newspaper telling me of the decease of two of these sisters within a fortnight of each other, so are snapping rapidly now all the old links that bound me with the past, going on ahead a little to wait and be ready to welcome me once again in another new land. Even in all the warp and woof of life the threads of joy must ever be crossed with the lines of sorrow, and the darkest shadows sometimes loom up unexpectedly along the horizons of life, and so it was that my childish ignorance left me indifferent to the deep and profound interest which I had created in the soul of one of these my best friends. But I was much too young in all my thoughts and ways to realise such a tragedy, and when the parting of the ways came, and a kindly figure many years my senior, whose trembling lips could scarcely formulate the words, tried to say that "there could never be anyone else in the world to him," I was much staggered with amazement, and thought it was a bit absurd to say such a silly thing. The words had no other message to me. Ah me, by the time the message reached me, that there "never had been anyone else" and that a small locket with a scrap of my poor hair, and a very inferior photograph had been his coveted possession even to the moment of the great passage, I was able to realise the tender sympathy I ought to have shown him.

I have referred to those perfectly "joyful" days, and so they really were to us simple children, though the generation of to-day would describe them as "awful, perfectly awful," but we knew no other, and were happily content with them. The work was hard, and the so-called pleasures nil—that is to say, our hands had to do all the washing, cooking, cleaning, even to the chopping of the wood and carrying of the water, including the drawing of it up in buckets on a windle from deep wells, frequently a considerable distance from the house. Then there was the bringing in and milking of the cows, not to mention the gardening and general sewing and mending, and there were no sewing machines in those days. Every stitch was done by hand; no nice cheap torchon lace. Crochet, much despised crochet, was our one indulgence, and this because it was cheap and easily made by our own hands, a reel giving a good length. We could also embroider fairly well. Some of our friends were most proficient; the materials necessary were almost impossible to get in those days, in such an out-of-the-way sort of place But we were busy and consequently happy—never an idle hour. I well recall my mother's motto when we in any way objected to learn anything new. "Can do is easily carried, dear, and you will some day see the value of it." There was no deviation from this. She also firmly and steadily refused to do anything for us which we could do for ourselves, as she said it was her business to fit us better to meet the battles of life than she had been.

As regards schooling, we were almost hopelessly left to ourselves. There was a common school in the little centre or village, but the man in command was such a merciless and cruel brute, who spent the most of his time in beating and even kicking in the most fiendish manner, the unfortunate children committed to his care, that none of us would venture near.

I recall a man, however, who taught in the school for a very short time, who inspired me with a longing to excel in writing and arithmetic, and all my evenings were employed writing out choice little bits of poetry or prose, and trying to make perfect figures, and place them in long and difficult sums. This is what I never could understand in myself, because I had then no idea how the outer world lived, nor the necessity for either good writing or good figures. Yet my perseverance was astonishing, I know. It was the same with my music. I had learned my notes and some scales and exercises while at Miss Rowlands's, and as we had what would now be called an "old tin kettle of a piano," I set myself to make the best of it, and I never lost a moment of spare time until I could play all the well-known airs from ear, and could read at sight fairly well. A great friend of my mother's, Mrs Andrew Murray, was herself an excellent musician, and was at the time intent on learning the harp. As she had no children, she had plenty of time, and I, with another friend, Mr Henry Price, read out the duets on the piano, while Mrs Murray accompanied with the harp, and it was in such manner that I learned all I did. By this time I was nearly 15, and Mrs Murray used to let me read out a new piece with her, always promising to give it to me if I learned it, and I always did, even to such pieces as "Le Pluie de Perles." I had many a weep by myself when my stiff fingers would not touch the notes correctly, and for my singing I fought just as determindedly. I was the only one of the family who had any desire for music.

Although the natives in the backblocks were quite as dangerous and troublesome as they had been on the Adelaide side, they were very harmless and peaceful in the village, and many a funny scene I have witnessed in their camps consisting of a few clumps of brush, broken and piled in a semicircle. A fire in the centre and the home of the native was ready whether for calm or storm. Their food was most primitive, any cold scraps people would give them, but the inevitable tin pannikin, never washed, one meal cooked in it after the other, was always in evidence. In this they would boil some water and stir in with a bit of stock, flour by degrees, till it was as stiff as they desired. Then the sugar was added. Happy indeed were those who possessed an old grass spoon, or spoon of any kind, if not, then a scrap of wood or bone could easily be picked up, and answered well enough for them. Then the fun began, the inner man in a measure satisfied. The rain might be coming down in torrents, glinting and glistening on their black bodies, but that was of no account. The last man to come in was probably robed in some of the (to him) finery which he had picked up during the day. On one occasion he rejoiced in an old bell topper, a very ragged coat and a pair of boots. Now some of these natives see the funny side of everything, and are wonderful mimics, and you had no difficulty in watching his gestures and following his speech with an occasional English word thrown in and realising how he was representing, detailing wonderfully a scene, in which he was making his bargain regarding some special work, and the remuneration and its kind, and the laugh that followed, too infectious altogether, was a simultaneous roar in the end, to be followed by others of a similar kind.

Their wailing over their dead was of the same weird nature as the howling of the wild dogs, pathetic and penetrating while it lasted, but they would wail one minute and laugh the next. As far as I could follow they always buried the bodies in a sitting position, and very near the surface. Their ideas as regards a future life appeared to embrace both incarnation and evolution, for, many times when finding them in a serious mood lamenting their dead, I explained as well as I was able the story of the Christ, to which they would listen for a few minutes with very solemn faces. Then they would throw back their heads and laugh till they were tired, ending by informing me that "all welly good white man," and significantly pointing with their forefinger to the ground, assure me, "You put him in black man, him jump up white man, you long time ago black man, oh welly welly good." No other idea could you induce them to accept. And who can say it is not true? How the notion originated is strange. I also know that at that particular stage in my being I had no very confirmed ideas of my own, but a circumstance arose that brought home to me in a very pointed manner the uncertainty of life, and caused me to at once resolve to try and obey that inner call that came to me. The occasion was the burial of a Mr Vane, who had been cruelly murdered by the natives on his station a few miles inland. Our dear gentle minister, the Rev. Mr Hale, afterwards bishop of Swan River,

conducted the service most impressively. The whole scene truly entered my soul, and when the words of the hymn "Hear what the Voice from Heaven proclaims of all the faithful dead," vibrating in the melody of that lovely old air "Martyrdom" penetrated the air, it entered my heart never to be forgotten, and from that day, young as I was, I became a steady seeker in the Great Old Book, for the pathways that lead unto eternal life. How very little that dear man imagined that with the words he was using to bury the dead, he was bringing to life the seeds that slumbered in another soul! Such is the reward for doing one's duty and doing it well. Being "in the spirit." It is not our business to know these side issues, but just to go straight ahead, leaving results in higher hands.

Many of the customs of the natives were extremely primitive, though apparently very effective. When a man complained of headache, as one occasionally did, for it was one of their very few natural ailments, it was the custom for him to stand firmly with his head well forward, while another man dealt him a most merciless blow on the head on either side between the crown and forehead over the ear. The gash would be quite two inches long—he would allow it to bleed profusely, till he felt relief, and would then draw up his long shaggy dirty locks, and mat them well together over the wound, and never wash nor touch it again, till Nature removed the coagulated mass. Microbes never troubled them at all,—not even flies, which was a wonder, as in summer they were most abundant. Their method of treating their unhappy wives was in much the same style, and how often have these poor terror-stricken creatures rushed into our home to seek protection, only, alas, to get a worse punishment when they did rejoin their savage masters. I have seen many poor women whose body bore much evidence of the cruelties to which they were subjected, three gashes inches long was no uncommon thing at one time, and yet I do not remember ever hearing of them taking their own lives. I imagine fear prevented them, as they had a superstitious and unexplainable belief in evil spirits, and I think dreaded death, and yet when one became too old or ill to travel with the rest, he was left to die alone or to manage for himself as best he could. I know that when a youth approached manhood, they went through some secret ordeal, and for months were not allowed to speak above a whisper, for fear the power of the evil one would grab them. They had a curious art in the way they used their voices for carrying long distances, and this proved a great amusement to us children. They made the mouth in a way to form the tone of a bell, and uttered the words as nearly as I can spell them, "Yange, Yangi ichi—the—powe." This when pronounced by them reverberated among the hills and trees for very long distances indeed. We had one or two frights as children when we were informed there was going to be a great "kill" amongst each other, a feud of some kind had arisen, and they were to take the world approved method of "fighting it out." They ranged themselves on the hillsides opposite each other and from the scenes that resulted you would have thought no one could be left alive. The spears would fly, but no one was either wounded or even hurt as far as I can remember, and yet they seemed satisfied, that their offended dignity had received due recognition.

III.

We were as nearly as I can estimate over five years and a-half in Port Lincoln. The move, as far as my poor father was concerned, was, as I said, "out of the frying pan into the fire," for the natives were quite as aggressive here as they had been in Adelaide, and his life was a torture—no security of life or limb. He had many cases of robbery, despoilation, and murder as well. The noted case of "Johnny Hamp's Father," as it was called, was on his station. In this case the poor boy, returning at night with his sheep, found his father's body with many spears through it, lying at the door, and the head later on sawn in half, hidden in the oven. This was the last straw, and my father resolved that he could not endure any more of these terrible experiences alone and in such a wilderness of horrors. Someone had lent him a book on the advantages New Zealand presented for stock of every kind, climate, freedom from natives, etc., and so he bought a brig called the Amherst—I should think under 200 tons—and in the year 1855 we reached the Otago Heads, after a long and trying passage, out of both food and water for our sheep and selves. I can recall but little of this journey. I am aware we spent a few days in Adelaide

and Melbourne replenishing, but from there my only remembrance is that we were too sick to take an interest in anything, and, considering the general condition of the Tasman Sea, this is not much to be wondered at. On our arrival at the Heads we were warmly welcomed by that bright, all-alive, and amusing man, Pilot Driver, who could give you more information in five minutes than an ordinary person in an hour and all interspersed with the most thrilling anecdote. In competitive yarns, no matter how sensational, emotional, or impossible, he always won the belt. He was equalled only, I think, by the author of "The Arabian Nights." In due time he guided us safely up to Port Chalmers, then the merest outline of a place. My father took the first boat up to Dunedin, for, in those days, that was the only way of reaching the city, unless you walked over the hill by the Junction, for it must be remembered there was no road, such as you travel by to-day; very far from it—many a one was lost for hours on the track. It was often a trying ordeal to come from Port Chalmers in one of those boats; if the wind and the tide were against you it was a long and sorry business, as was proved on many an occasion. On arrival in Dunedin, my father's first introduction was to James Macandrew and William Hunter Reynolds, the latter afterwards my husband. They at once did all they could to persuade him to remain here, and to this end provided him with horses and made all necessary arrangements for him to go a few days' tour inland. From all I could gather, he appeared to have made a bee line for Tapanui, and so satisfied and delighted was he that he at once decided to settle there. The more he travelled, the more he was convinced of the value of his first choice. Although the whole place from what is now Crookston to the township was overgrown with tall bracken, flax, and tussock, he foresaw the fine estate it was.

On coming back he desired at once to transfer us and his flocks to the shore. The flocks we did not object to, as, indeed, they needed it sorely, but for ourselves, we were not so much enamoured of the dark look of the surrounding hills, which at that time were thickly timbered all over, and the cold, grey skies, as to desire very much to remain. The fascination of the tropical warmth and growth of Australia was in our blood from childhood, and this country was such a contrast that we felt no drawing to the place. As we had started out to reach a place called Lyttelton, that place we desired to see at any rate, so we induced him after much persuasion to leave his flock here to recruit, and go with us all and let us at least see the place we were originally destined to reach. We reached the desired haven, but all to no purpose, as nothing we could say would induce our father to settle in Canterbury. We remained about a week there, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr Fitzgerald, the first Superintendent of Canterbury, a man of the old school, a typical Irish gentleman in every sense of the word, a pleasure to listen to—as I was only capable of doing in those days—but the tone of his voice, the manner, and the man, remain a vivid and pleasing remembrance. In after years it was my privilege to know Mrs Fitzgerald when she became a widow and lived in Wellington, and what a harvest it was to spend a few hours in her presence! It was reaping all the time, in art, music, literature. Some of her own compositions were touching and beautiful, and yet she had endured much of the strain and stress inevitable in the life of a pioneer. She had a courageous spirit, a dauntless soul, and conquered most difficulties.

In due time we again entere the Otago Heads, on this occasion with the knowledge that here we had to pitch our camp and try once more to form a home. Never shall I forget our landing. It was a cold, grey day, with continuous drizzling rain. The slow lighter—the Bon Accord, I think—which brought us up the Bay could not get in to the shore, even after taking many long and weary hours to convey us from Port Chalmers, and we had all to be carried ashore in Jetty street, just almost where it now meets Bond street. The tide flowed in there in those days, and the beach ran

round under where Mr Mackerras's store, Bond street, and part of the Post Office now stand on to the front of the Stock Exchange, where the Maori house, I think, stood. Liverpool street and the Post Office formed quite a hill in those days. The ground under where the Empire Buildings now are was a wild patch of flax and undergrowth, the ground rising gradually towards Brown, Ewing, and Co.'s and Wain's Hotel, where it fell again to the bottom of High street. Here a dirty little creek ran somewhere under where the Grand Hotel now is, and flowed under a very rickety wooden bridge exactly in the middle of Princes street, opposite Water street. The earth stood at one time up to what is now the beginning of the second story of Brown, Ewing, and Co.'s buildings. There were some weak-looking wooden buildings on the top of this bank, and they were there for many years before any or much improvement took place. It was autumn when we landed, and there being no conveyance to be had, we walked all the way to Caversham, where the only house we could get was available somewhere very close to the situation now covered by the old Emigration Barracks. This same house was afterwards the residence of Mr George Gray Russell, and was considered quite a palatial residence in those bygone times. Neither water nor gas was laid on, and you could never have imagined there could or ever would be such a thing. This house then stood alone in its glory, all that part from the Main road to the sandhills and Anderson's Bay being absolutely a swamp, full of tussock, and one small clump of trees standing sentinel very near where the Railway Workshops now are. I have frequently seen the whole of this flat one sheet of water after the prolonged and continuous rains which we used to have, with no drains to carry off the stormwater. Times are much changed, and if my father had only been wise enough to buy the whole of this great area of swamp then available I always understood, at 10 shillings an acre, and had set to work to drain it, we would have been millionaires to-day.

Dunedin in those days was neither the beautiful nor the blissful place that it is to-day. All the many pretty-coloured houses, nice trees, flowers, and gardens have created a magical change in the place. There were no places of amusement then, no motor cars, no vehicles. Rich and luxurious in the extreme did we feel in those primitive days when we became the proud possessor of a very plain, common wooden sledge with a quiet old bullock to draw it. I well recall the first night I met Mr John Studholme. It was at a dance at Mrs Edward M'Glashan's on or near the situation which the See House now occupies. Let anyone run his eye up over the hill, past the late Mr Mitchell's, and all round the hilltops, through what is now Mornington, Roslyn, past Bishopscourt down to the cliffs overlooking the See House and just consider the distance that we had to walk to attend a festival when it was held in that genial home, the mother of which was a typical Madonna in appearance, life, and manner. The reason I remember Mr John Studholme so well is that it was his first visit to Dunedin. His was a new face, he was one of the chief guests of the evening, and he bore on his countenance and in his manner full evidence of the calm, generous, and capable man he afterwards became. But he, like almost all of those days, has journeyed on. Mr J. T. Thomson, so well known all over the colony as the surveyor-general, had about the same time come over from India for his health, and was a great acquisition at all the dances then. He also has gone forward. The only one of the leading gentleman dancers of those days that I occasionally see is Mr David John Napier, and his dancing days, like my own, have passed many long years ago.

It was the same to every entertainment. There was only one way of getting there—walking—walking all the way and back again, and by the time you reached your own home the new day was always well advanced. Somehow we never realised that we were at all tired the next day. I don't suppose we were, as the day's work began

at the usual hour without any interruption. Of course, to these far away dances we always went in parties, picking each other up at prearranged rendezvous. The work these entertainments entailed was very considerable, as carpets had to be lifted and beaten, then put away all in readiness to lay down again, all the treasured stores of china, glass, and silver hunted out from hidy holes, cleaned, and prepared, and generally a very considerable supper to be cooked, as people never dined at 6.30 or 7 o'clock as in these days. Twelve or 1 o'clock was the plebeian hour for this warm, substantial meal. Six o'clock was the hour for tea—a very light and easily provided repast; cold meats, perhaps, or only bread and butter, scones, cakes, jams, etc. The now fashionable afternoon tea mid-way between a very abundant lunch and a much more abundant dinner was never heard of. Those were simple days and simple times. No telephones in existence by which you could order in every necessity or delicacy you required. No, indeed, for sheep and even cattle were very scarce, and no one killed any they could avoid. All—everything—had to be saved. Frequently, now, as I pass the dust tins at household gates, and see the large lumps of fat, even flanks of meat and vegetables, not to mention lumps of bread, that are thrown away in sheer wanton ignorance or extravagance, I often feel I should like to go in and give a lesson in practical economy in a sensible use of all these wholesome scraps, and instil, at the same time, the wise words of the Great Master, "Bring hither the baskets, and gather up all the scraps so that nothing be wasted." Yes, indeed, in my early days no waste of any kind was tolerated; all fat carefully removed from the joint, and at once rendered cleanly, the very cracknels remaining being rolled in a certain proportion of flour and sugar and moulded with an egg into very much enjoyed shortbread. The fat itself was made into candles, the only light we had. Many moulds of these have I turned out each week. It is perhaps difficult for the people of to-day, with the town overcrowded with shops of every description, to realise the difficulty there was in getting very necessary articles of use and diet, and I know the two or three years before I arrived were much worse than even after I come, and many amusing stories my husband's mother told me in connection with some of her experiences. She was a true Scotch woman, extremely provident. Her salt or candles, sugar or tea, never ran out; she always had a "nest egg" somewhere, but the imploring entreaties for a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of sugar, and even one candle, were quaint to listen to, and it can easily be understood, when you know that no vessels came here from anywhere, except at very rare intervals, and then the amounts brought were extremely limited. Of course, each year made a difference, and one cargo from even a very small craft went a long way when there were so few people.

IV.

In those wet roadless days it was often a difficult matter to get from our house in Caversham to where the Post Office now is, but I had an old pony which I had to catch, groom and saddle myself, in order to wade through much of this distance, then in a state bordering on thick pea soup, in many places quite deep, especially between where the junction of the road to Caversham and the one over the hill begins on into Princes street. I often try to recall the memory of the look of the land in those days. It is almost impossible as I now have to gaze on very long broad streets, and rows of large stores and nice inviting cottages, where once only the salt sea rose and fell, came and went, obedient to inherent destiny. Certain, however, it is that all the land we now see, within the wash of the side to Bond street, the top of Water street, circling round by the Telegraph Office, winding along to the Gaol north and from Bond street to Manor place, circling to the tramcar lines in Princes street South, and curving out to the railway line, has been reclaimed or made from time to time by cutting down the hills naturally existing in and around the town. I remember when it was a difficult task to get up either Stafford street or Walker street. It was a thick scrub matted with "lawyers" and creepers of many kinds, and many were

the lovely native pigeons that fell to the bag of anyone with a gun. All the land in Maitland street through to Lees street was a mass of old fallen trees, young growing trees, ferns, and shrubs, a quagmire in winter. See it to-day—one of the most sheltered, sunny, well-lighted streets in the city.

Immediately we were all settled in our home in Caversham my father made his way, sheep and all, by slow degrees to the station at Tapanui, which he had taken up. It was afterwards called "Brooksdale." There he began in earnest to clear and burn, and prepare a home for the family to join him as soon as possible, but it took nearly two years before that could be attained. All the timber had to be cut out of the bush, a mill had to be erected, and then the timber had to dry to a certain extent before it could be used, and labour was so scarce it was almost impossible to get. However, it was accomplished ,and a comfortable dear old home they soon made of it. My mother's wonderful faculty in gardening came again to the rescue, transforming the whole place. The natural scenery was beautiful indeed, and there were few people in those days who did not enjoy a stay at "Brooksdale." Here again began my mother's and father's second experiences in pioneering and trying and severe they were, though nothing to be compared to those in Australia in earlier years. Still, life was rough and work hard before all the wild bracken and scrub could be cleared, and the general work for a large family well performed. Still, all were older and very helpful. My father was of a very cheerful, hopeful disposition, most fortunately so, for the trials he had to endure would have otherwise utterly crushed him. Dear, good "dad," as we called him, lived as anyone might be thankful to live, so straight and true. He was devoted to his violin, and truly it was as the harp of David to Saul. How often when a child have I seen him sitting seemingly too overwhelmed with sorrow and worry even to look up; then the words came brokenly, "Bring the fiddle, dear." He would take it, feel the strings, edges, sides, almost like a blind man, eventually get up moving slowly about the room, place it, draw the bow, bit by bit producing the most mournful, plaintive airs, till, by degrees, the sorrow was dispersed and he became his cheerful, genial self again. He would urge "mother dear" to take the baby away and have a half-hour's quiet, while he placed all the rest of us in order for Scotch reels, Highland flings, or anything else we felt inclined to undertake till in the end we were absolutely incapable of dancing another step.

He was a dear lover of the stage and Shakespeare was as a treasured Bible to him, an apt quotation for every occasion. I can never forget his true and prophetic words to me on one occasion when I myself had a small family round my knee, and had absorbed a certain amount of Presbyterian teaching which had engendered the idea that it was wrong to go to the theatre—indeed, I had been impressed with the conviction that no good thing could come out of it; it was evil pure and simple. The words he uttered appeared to me almost profane in those days. "Ah, well, my dear, I hope you may live to see the day, I never shall, when the platforms of your theatres will be a much more potent place to preach from than the pulpits in your churches." And how true this is. And 40 years of seeming silence have left me no uncertain message to the world, and to-day I find my father's words true in a way I little expected or anticipated. And many years ago, when I saw the first performance here of "Jim, the Penman," I began to think my father might have been right. But when I saw Mr Forbes Robertson in "The Third Floor Back" in London, I had no further room for doubt, and it was a strange coincidence that the same Miss Agnes Thomas who played one of the chief parts in "Jim, the Penman," when seen on the stage here in Dunedin a quarter of a century ago, played again in the play in London that completely convinced me of the part the stage could and would take in the education and elevation of the human race in the years to come.

Rome was not built in a day, we all know, and it took several years before the flocks increased, and both cattle and horses were in any numbers at the "Brooksdale" homestead, and to supplement losses, help build and repair, and generally "keep the pot boiling," my father applied for the position of sheep inspector for Otago, and was selected. This took him much from home, constantly on horseback, travelling very long distances, as the homes were few and far between, and many and miraculous were his escapes from tragic and sudden death in the rapidly rising and swiftly flowing rivers he had so frequently to cross. Wherever he went, he was welcomed with cordial greetings; everyone apparently was glad to see him. I have frequently been told

by people in Invercargill that his visits were anxiously looked forward to by all the young people in the place, and, as he always appeared to time, the first signs in the distance of a rider on horseback were heralded by the shouts of little boys, who threw their caps into the air in glee, as they always knew there would be festivity of some kind on hand when the gentleman who played the fiddle and gave them all such a good time had arrived. Simple people, simple pleasures—they would really enjoy them much more than many of a more elaborate kind. He was a man who rarely appeared to feel fatigue, was absolutely indifferent whether he had two coats on or one, three meals or only one.

In those very early days, Captain Cargill, our first superintendent, lived at "Hillside," in the house which Mrs Isaac occupied at the time it was burnt down. It was a wonderful building for those days, and well furnished, as they had brought out all they required with them, and many were the enjoyable evenings spent there—dances, feasts, and festivals of many kinds—for he was the very expression of general kindness and hospitality, a hero of many wars under the celebrated Wellington, and was always interesting as well as entertaining. Then Mrs Cargill—how shall I describe her? She would require a Romney or a Raeburn to do so efficiently. She was a beautiful woman when I knew her, and must have been perfectly fascinating when young, her manner even then was full of sparkling gaiety of a finished order, while her gift of music captivated everyone. She required no notes before her for even the most classical music, while she could beguile the rhythm of a waltz out of every popular air, even out of the most solemn of our hymn tunes. All the members of this very large, well-known, and respected family have been known to me,—all genial, kindly, and courteous in the extreme. Who will ever forget Mr E. B. Cargill with his cheerful optimistic nature, his strong desire for every high-toned and uplifting movement for the good of the city, and his calmness and bravery under many and severe trials?—a beautiful lesson to all. And Mrs E. B. Cargill will never be forgotten by those who had the great privilege of knowing her. A woman of true culture, and good brain power, who understood all her responsibilities and performed them well,—a marvellous replica in appearance of our late Queen Victoria.

It was at Captain Cargill's that I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Thomas and Lady Gore Browne, the Governor of New Zealand when I arrived. I met them frequently and liked them much. This was in 1855. And many a very long year afterwards, when Lady Gore Browne paid a visit to the colony, she kindly came to see me at my home at "Montecillo," and we renewed our friendship under very different conditions.

Almost the first people we became intimate with after our arrival were Mr and Mrs Macandrew, then living at Carisbrook, which belonged to them, now called "The Glen." The house was built by Mr Macandrew and added to as occasion required. Here I spent many of my few leisure hours. Mrs Macandrew manifested an extraordinary partiality for me, and urged my presence whenever possible, and who could resist her kindness, gentle and generous always, with such a sense of humour and rectitude as few could surpass? A woman in a thousand, a woman who did valiant battle with many a difficulty and many a trial and became more rarefied. And when in the midst of increasing hope and success and almost at the summit of many realisations, the edict went forth, that only a few months would bring the end, that with the fading of the summer leaf, she also must pass away. She was now ever enabled to go forward with daily increasing spiritual strength leaving the guidance of her young and numerous family to the care of that Great Power who so far had given her strength to overcome so many and great difficulties. Her sense of humour was extremely keen, and it helped to lighten many a load, and her farewells were said amidst smiles as well as tears. At the time of our first acquaintanceship, she was a zealous advocate on behalf of her brother William Hunter Reynolds, whom eventually I married on October 7, 1856, after being in the colony some 18 months. As houses were impossible to get, and he had every intention of going Home as charterer of vessels to send out emigrants on behalf of the Provincial Government, we took a tiny cottage, then standing quite near where the Presbyterian Church in the Glen is. It suited very well, as Mrs Macandrew was at "Carisbrook," and my husband's mother lived in a large brick house at "Woodhead," directly in front of the large house which was afterwards built by Mr M'Neil, and now known as "Avalon."

It often strikes me as very remarkable the rapidity with which they accomplished really great undertakings in those days. Labour was very scarce; naturally, so few were the inhabitants. All the timber for building had to be cut and dried and even carried long distances, as all timber is not of equal durability. All the bricks had to be made on the spot, and consequently a kiln had to be erected, lime searched for, and an immense number of troublesome details carried out, practically without any previous foundation. My husband frequently told me of his trials in gathering and arranging for the necessary material to build this house at "Woodhead." He organised all, left the work fully in hand, to be completed and in readiness on his return from San Francisco, as he had arranged to take the Titan, which was his own ship, on a long cruise by way of Hobart, Melbourne, etc., he himself, acting as supercargo. On reaching Hobart he found such a ready market for much of the cargo which he had brought from Home, and such quantities of excellent potatoes to reinvest his money in, with a splendid market in San Francisco that he at once proceeded there. At that date, 1851, California was in a terrible condition. The gold diggings were in full swing, enormous quantities of the precious metal flowing freely, and drawn thither by its irresistible influence were every class and character imaginable and every nation under the sun. Law and order were practically non-existent, and outrages of every kind were common occurrence—open lynching thought nothing of; no one's life really safe. The first thing all the sailors did as the vessel reached the wharf was to desert, one and all, and sad work the captain, mates, and my husband had to un'oad all their cargo. They occasionally bribed some of the men on shore to give an hour's assistance at ruinous remuneration. Night and day they worked selling all their produce from the side of the vessel at g'orious prices. Potatoes were worth ridiculous sums, and in a way they were rewarded. But when it came to getting suitable men to bring the vessel back it was quite another matter, and it took the captain several weeks before he had anything like his complement, while he was being worried out of his life to make a start by those who had taken their passages, after having had more than a terrible time of it in this land of the "Golden Magi," and who longed to try their luck on the sunny shores of fascinating, beautiful Sydney, the port they were bound for. The last vacancy to fill was that of doctor, and the captain came to my husband in despair, saying he must take it, as there was no other chance of getting out of that inferno. My husband remonstrated, said he absolutely had no experience to guide him in such circumstances. It was a terrible responsibility, but the captain insisted, declared it only required a little pluck, self-assurance, and so forth, and that ten chances to one there never would be any call for his services in all the run over, and if there should be he declared he would stand by and share the difficulty. So reluctantly and very uncertainly my husband was sworn in as doctor for the voyage. How often have we laughed heartily over his description of his sensations as day after day he lived in dread lest any untoward accident should occur. All went well till midway, when from all the symptoms, as far as he and his assistant, the captain, would make out, a case of inflammation of the lungs was in hand. In extremest agitation the medical book was unearthed, and information eagerly sought, and distinct conclusions arrived at. The patient was severely drugged and painfully plastered, and as my husband had once been bled in the arm while a youth in Spain, he brought all the knowledge acquired by this experience into the light of day, and the man was bled well and properly, and much to their surprise made a splendid recovery. I am afraid there are more in the profession than he who may have had a like experience. Anyway, the principal thing was he made himself extremely popular with all the passengers, which was great gain, and on their arrival in Sydney, as a mark of their appreciation of his attention and courtesy, they invited him to a repast of some description, and presented him with a beautiful gold pencil and elaborate testimonial, and although he told them the truth that he was no doctor at all, and never had been, they took it as a huge joke, and only laughed at him, so truth on this occasion seemed more ridiculous than fiction. Returning to Dunedin after a long and, in many ways, trying trip, which had certainly given him great experience in many lines, opened his ideas, and enlarged his nature, besides replenishing his banking account very considerably, he finally resolved to make this city his permanent home. His experience led him to see that less, acquired quietly and harmoniously, was

of much greater value than riches garnered hardly under tragic condition. He set to work at once, as the material had been well and carefully prepared in his absence, and completed the house, a large and well-built brick house, always known as "Woodhead." My husband was at the time we came to Dunedin a partner of the firm of James Macandrew and Co., and had gone, on behalf of the Provincial Government service, to Melbourne to try to secure a few immigrants from there, as it was felt that population was a first necessity—there could be no progress without it—and on these occasions he had been very successful. As he was Captain Cargill's right-hand man, he was urged to extend his work and go to England to secure a large accession of people. Eventually it was arranged and some time in February, 1857, we left Dunedin in the Gil Blas—175 tons, I was told—and in this extremely small vessel we fought our way over to Melbourne. And such a fight it was. Baffling winds and mountainous waves assailed us day after day, till we drifted well down to the Auckland Islands—or so the captain said—though we rarely ever knew where we were, as the weather was so cloudy and foggy that no sun could be taken, and he had no idea of his reckoning. The huge waves swept the craft time and again, consequently no cooking could be relied on, as the small galley fire was almost always out, and when it was lighted the only thing I was able to take was water, arrowroot, and a ship's biscuit. Ship's biscuit in those days was a very different article from that of to-day, thick, coarse, and hard, very hard, but I sustained myself and that was all, and when we reached Melbourne on the twenty-eighth day out, I was really more dead than alive, and caused good old Dr Motherwell, a very well-known Melbourne doctor, much anxiety. I recall his strong words to my husband for bringing me such a journey. It was truly all ignorance. He was a good sailor himself and never realised how it would affect me. The doctor urged me to come back to my mother, but that was quite out of the question, as I should have to face the same small ship, the same distance, back alone, so there was no adavantage. To go on in a much larger ship with many more comforts, was my only chance. So 10 days later we sailed in the clipper ship Kent, Captain Brine in charge. It was a hopeless business; I could not avert it, so had to try to make the best of it. My 10 days on shore had set me up a little, but I was a pitiable object, and when once secure in my berth never left it again for 40 days, by which time we were off the river La Plata, and, the weather turning very nice and warm and inviting, I began to get on deck by degrees. The captain was very good and allowed his own steward to pay special attention to me, but it was a sad and very weary journey, as I felt a perfect stranger to almost all the passengers, so few having ever seen me. One gentle little woman of French extraction, who was travelling alone, and of an extremely nervous temperament, begged me to let her creep in and sit on the floor at the head of my berth, whenever there was anything approaching a gale, and as we rounded the Horn, in the middle of winter, there was frequently a "gale." I remember her so well; she always carried in her arms a very small white poodle with blue ribbons at its neck. Dear little pathetic soul, she touched my heart deeply, but I was too young, I think, to be able to give her any better comfort, save mere presence, and I always welcomed her at any hour on those dark tempestuous nights. On the same ship with us was Mr James Adams, who was engaged by the Government to go Home as emigration agent; he had to select the people whom my husband took out. He was well-known as the builder of many of the boats, the Bon Accord and The Star. I have through all the long years remembered him with a grateful heart for all the kind sympathy and help he accorded me during those long and very trying weeks of seclusion. He was a careful student of his Bible, and could turn up any passage which I gave him the barest hint of, and he never failed in his patient explanation of them, which was a great help to me, and I own much of my after-direction in life to his wise and uplifting council received at this time.

V.

How commonly it occurs that on the most gruesome-looking nights the most gruesome things occur! There was something in the whole atmosphere this evening that mad everyone feel creepy—the look of the wildly scudding clouds, the weird and curious noises made by the wind in the rigging while the movement caused by the straining of the huge masts resulted in a series of continuous screeches—and when the news went round the ship that one of the hands in a fit of despair had selected that hour

as the close of his life, it made a sad and deep impression on everyone. But there was a crowded ship, and the next day work had to go on as usual, and by the following evening probably few gave much further thought to the great and restless resting-place of that poor soul. We were making a splendid run, the weather clearing every hour and growing warmer; consequently the decks were beginning to present quite a lively appearance; summer seemed born, and all at once were all in light apparel. Musical instruments of many small kinds began to be heard on deck, and the clatter of feet as they danced on the lower deck. The hopes of everyone were rising, and songs and games began to be engaged in everywhere, and the end of the journey was reached under much more cheerful surroundings than it had been begun.

The first thing that attracted our attention as we arrived at the dock was the gigantic frame of that leviathan of those days, the Great Eastern, almost ready to launch. It was one of the first functions my husband attended after landing, and I well recall his prediction that she would really never be of any use, as she was "dangerously large." She certainly proved useless and unprofitable, and was much too large for that period, as they had neither the fine and capable engines, nor the electric power in use to-day, besides a hundred and one patent and powerful inventions in connection with the construction of steamers of much larger dimensions, such as the Mauretania to-day. What an evidence of the enormous progress made during the last 50 years these floating palaces are, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic in half the time then required, and carrying inhabitants sufficient for a good-sized and prosperous village, providing up-to-date accommodation equal to the very best hotels. The wonders of the present day read like a fairy tale to those who have come up through the ancient past. To the children born now nothing appears wonderful. I imagine by the time those few whose lives are prolonged to become the ancients of the next generation, the inventions and discoveries will far and away surpass anything that has been achieved during the last century, as the mind of man is now beginning to grasp the important truth that "all things are possible," and that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. As men gradually come into a realisation of their latent powers, and follow the instruction of the Christ to "seek, seek," they "shall find," but what are they to find? The basis of all truth, bit by bit. The realisation of their "oneness with Him," consequently able to do all that He did, and according to His Word, even "greater things," than indeed shall we feel ourselves in "tune with the Infinite," as Irvine says. Then shall we understand the wonderful working of "the laws of the Lord" absolutely perfect, working in all cases eternally and automatically, truly converting the wayward soul, by bringing light and comfort to it, by removing the scales from blind eyes, then we are also to "knock, knock and ye shall find." But where are we to know? And what shall we find? Ah, the Great Master knew the necessity for importunity, for concentration of mind and purpose. He realised the evolution that comes to the diligent seeker, as the reward for his work. Truly we have to dig for wisdom and knowledge as those who seek for silver and gold. Eagerly, ardently must we knock at the door of science, at the door of mystery before the portals leading to all these glorious, unimagined possibilities will open sufficiently to get even a peep at their number, greatness or beauty. But as Browning says in "Paraceleus," "'Tis in the advance of individual minds that the slow crowd should ground their expectation eventually to follow, as the sea waits long ages in its bed till some one wave, out of the multitudinous mass, extends the empire of the whole some few feet, perhaps over the strip of sand which could confine its fellows for so long a time, thenceforth the rest even to the meanest hurry in at once, and so much is clear gained." Certainly it is so every time. See our wireless system, gramophones and our moving pictures manifesting the very microbes that infest and torture our body seen in their natural condition.

See again in the wonders of surgery, the mystery of anæsthetics, also the value of science in agriculture all along the line everywhere. Science triumphant—and it must be so and "prove all things"—will also be found to be the best foundation for "faith." Think for a moment of Dr Wallace and Sir William Crookes, of Edison, Marconi, of Tesla, of Dr James Simpson, Dr Hollander and scores of others who have been the "harbingers of light" to the poor insensate doubting multitudes, and so it seems that we need not be astonished at any new or great discovery. It is only "unveiled," has been lying near at hand through the ages to be foretold by the "farseers" or prophets and found by the "seekers"; therefore, as Paul earnestly entreated, "despise not prophesyings,"—they are the natural order of things, one of the Creator's principles, and principles never become defunt.

During the time we were in England my husband worked night and day travelling constantly in conjunction with Mr Adam. Almost every county in England was visited and lectures delivered, with the result that over 2000 emigrants were secured for the colony, and splendid settlers they made, as witness the great gatherings which meet from time to time in the Early Settlers' Hall. They have now developed into a very substantial multitude.

I saw but little of England myself, as my eldest daughter, the late Mrs G. L. Denniston, was born on August 26, 1857, and I found travelling about with her very difficult. I went once, however, to Edinburgh to see my husband's relations and remained for a few weeks. I remember the looks of astonishment on the faces of his old aunts when I walked into the room. I could not understand it, and for a moment felt most uncomfortable, when one of them placing her hand on my shoulder, said in very broad Scotch, "Aye, Wullie, Wullie, the lear that ye are." The explanation was that "Wullie" had been on one or two occasions to Edinburgh before me, and had said I was a native of Adelaide. They immediately imagined I was a black native, and, as soon as he saw a good joke was in store, never enlightened them. They, old souls, had gone through much perturbation of mind on the subject, and were intensely relieved when they grasped the real facts and saw that I was after all a white woman.

It would be almost a waste of words to say how fascinated I was with Edinburgh, especially under the kind escort they always gave me and the trouble they took to show me all its beauties. From there we travelled as far as Banff, where I paid a visit to one of my mother's sisters—Mrs Alexander Souter—and there also I had a most cordial reception. My uncle was well known in the north in those days as he had been factor to the old Earl of Fife for nearly a lifetime. One of his sons was engineer to the Inrieff and Banff Railway, then just completed. But my husband's time was very limited and we had to hurry back to London as he always made it a practice to see every vessel which he chartered sail from the wharf to ensure that all was in order.

The close of 1856 witnessed the ending of the Crimean War, which, through unpreparedness, had resulted in so much death, distress, and suffering to the British, though they overcame in the end, and were eventually crowned with victory. Still it was a sad revelation of her utter unpreparedness for such a struggle, and it opened the eyes of many in the nation to the urgency for many reformatory measures, many of which were afterwards carried out, notably those in connection with the nursing and care of the wounded—all these latter, due to the inspiration and courage of that great-hearted woman, who did not hesitate to attack, single-handed and alone, almost impossible feats; all know so well the work inaugurated by Florence Nightingale, the friend of every sick and sorrowing soul. She was a young woman in those days, and reports of her prowess were on everyone's lips, and while these notes of victory were still in the air, another and terrible cry rang out in the Indian Mutiny, filling the land with fresh cause

for heartbrokenness, as the accounts of the horrors practised on the helpless women and children came daily to hand. The details of many of the cases linger sadly in my memory yet, but why should I note them? Half a century and more has elapsed since all those agonies were endured, since brave hearts fought and fell and kept alive the old tradition of their nation, yet how many were left to carry to the end of their days the evidence of the fiery ordeal through which they had passed in the conflict, for many were the multilated, helpless children that were arriving in England at the time that we were preparing to leave again for these far shores. But these are old and oft-told tales, and yet is it ever possible to bring home to the mind and heart of those far from the scene of such suffering anything but the smallest conception of the horror and cruel terror that poor hearts in such an hour of crucifixion were called upon to endure? Oh the mystery of it all! If it is not the "sowing and the reaping," if it is not the "paying to the uttermost farthing," how can we account for such things, debts long ago incurred and being worked off, for, deeply as the very soul is shocked over sad events of the results of a war, it is nothing in comparison with the sufferings endured under slavery where men are regularly permitted by the law of the land to inflict the most outrageous and unnatural cruelties on helpless creatures, such as those permitted in Russia, the Congo, in Yucatan, and many other places. We need by no means travel to come in contact with all the horrors that are occurring in every part of the world; our wireless and many other mysterious methods collect the news from every corner of the globe, and have it ready at the dawn of day as a sort of breakfast feast. The London of to-day is a very different place from that of 50 years ago. The great West End was a shadowy dream in those days. The glorious Hyde Park of to-day, with all its entrancing beauty, was a very wild, uncultivated place then. As for the city, it has extended and increased beyond all imagination.

My husband and Mr James Adam were most successful in the number and type of emigrant whom they induced to come out and form new homes in this far land. The records of the early settlers fully establish this. They were a brave and dauntless set, and courageously and successfully established themselves in very flourishing homes all over the country. I recall a few of the names of some of the vessels they sent out, such as the Nourmahal and Three Bells.

VI.

We came out in the "Strathfieldsay" with that evil and notorious Captain Brown, who was in the gaol here for many months awaiting his trial for shooting at and wounding the second mate. He was a most violent, intemperate man. The passage was a long and most distressing one. The Rev. Mr Johnstone, the first minister for Port Chalmers, was one of the passengers, and was of much help and comfort to my husband in quelling many disturbances on the way out. On one occasion they had to keep the captain locked in his cabin for several weeks.

Our first home on our return from England, was the well-known home of "Woodhead," where we resided for some years. This was eventually sold to Mr Shadrach Jones, as we had intended to go and live in England, but my husband's mother, who had made a new home for herself in Walker street, evinced such deep distress that we gave up this idea, and bought from Mr Edward M'Glashan that home so long known by the name of "Montecillo," and there we lived for nearly 40 years, adding to the old house from time to time, just as we required. Here in those old days we did nearly all our own work, always helping with the cleaning, beating carpets, scrubbing or washing up, ironing—anything, just as it came along. We made all our own jams, pickles, sausages, cured all our own bacon, reared all our own poultry—a busy, strenuous life.

In those days there was no Parliament in New Zealand, but only Provincial Councils, and of the Otago Provincial Council from the first my husband was a member, and was the first Speaker to wear a gown and bands; these we have given to the Early Settlers' Hall. I cannot recall the date of the first General Assembly, but it was held in Auckland, and it took many weary weeks to reach

there, and proved a very serious matter to business men. It was a day of much rejoicing to the people in the south, when Government House and Parliament were transferred down to Wellington. Of course, the people in the north were irate, as it lessened values up there; all the same it was a juster arrangement. For the first many years I never attended these sittings, having too many young children, and qualified servants being extremely difficult to get. Some of those arriving at the Barracks were truly raw recruits. I recall going out to interview some of them at Caversham. Approaching one of them I asked if she understood plain cooking. "Oh I'ee, I can cook tatties," and she really could, but practically nothing else. She was, however, faithful and willing, and we got on very well after months of anxious drilling. How well I recall many of the old M.H.R.'s such as Sir William Fox, and as for the Governors, we knew each other personally from Sir Thomas Gore Browne through all the long years to Lord and Lady Ranfurly, and even the acting Governors during all the busy period.

One very well known and important old identity I must not forget to mention, Dr Burns, the original minister of the First Church, where it stood in those days was, I should say, almost exactly where the premises now occupied by Messrs Sargood, Son, and Ewen now are. He was a fine, genial, kindly man, very slow in movement and in manner. His wife was the very other extreme, as quick as a needle, and I know she was the standard of all womanly good management in housekeeping, as she had to give her large Presbytery dinners in her kitchen in those days and although all was cooked and dished in the same room, no mortal would ever have imagined such a thing, as all was in such perfect order—no evidence of work of any kind going on, and no one ever yet learned how she managed it all. Arthur Burns, the only son, was best man at our wedding. The original manse stood on a hill where the Ship Inn and John Edmond's premises were later —picturesque and quaint, overlooking the harbour.

Once again my father's roving disposition impelled him to make another move, after 13 years of life at "Brooksdale," Tapanui, where they had a comfortable home and a lovely garden that was full of wonderful fruit trees—nothing to match them in the country, being many new kinds all grown and developed by my mother, and new and very early kinds of strawberries from seed, and such asparagus beds as are rarely seen. This time he took the idea of moving away to America, the land laws and other laws oppressed him here, and so he sold out to Mr David M'Kellar, and, much to the sorrow of all, the family sailed in August, 1868. My mother, brother, and sister Roby followed six months later. Soon after reaching San Francisco my father bought many shares in the rich Bonanza mine, and was reaping a fortune when a report was circulated that the mines were on fire. A panic ensued, and he sold out. Mr E. B. Cargill told me long years afterwards that the fire had been a very temporary affair—indeed, had been purposely arranged to create a scare and so enable some of the rich men to buy in all the shares, and this was what happened. My brother told me, only lately, that a week before the fire he heard a man offer my father £100,000 for his shares, but he replied, "If they were worth that much to another they were equally worth it to him." Alas, he never imagined such a thing as that which happened. Consequently, when the panic came, he was glad to sell for as many hundreds instead of thousands. He then took up a lovely tract of country in Monteray, a place called the "Pleyto," and formed a ranch for sheep and cattle there, where he took my mother, brother, and sister. They had not been long there when my dear good sister took seriously ill, and was unwisely treated and died after a few days' illness. You may imagine my poor mother's agony away there in that strange and new land. My father was still restless, and left this place with my brother and travelled into the heart of new Mexico to Wagon Mound, just beyond Sante Fe. He bought 300,000 acres of land there on one of those doubtful titles. He again removed my mother there, and had large numbers of sheep, horses, and cattle transferred there also—a very serious undertaking in those days, when the Arizona Indians were very troublesome, and there were absolutely no roads, hardly tracks, certainly none of any description on the line of route for animals, as John M'Kellar, who was one of those in charge of them assured me—for by the time my father had bought this property he had induced my sister, Mrs Patterson, and my sister, Mrs John M'Kellar, to go over with all her children and occupy a large portion of this huge estate. This was a disastrous step, as events proved, as in

course of time a railway was put completely through the ranch, the station being placed within a stone's throw of the house, and, as the American Government gave every other block to the Railway Company if it would place settlers on the ground, this it commenced to do at once, with the result that they were placed all along the boundary of my father's land, and when he remonstrated he was told that his title was no good, and so he found it. After a terrible struggle and much waste of good money he had to pass the last year of my mother's life in Washington, leaving her alone with one of her grandchildren at Wagon Mound. He was recalled suddenly to see her die heart-broken. He never returned to try and battle any more as the Government had promised to send down some Land Court judges to settle the matter, which they did in favour of the Government, of course, and they never gave him an acre of ground or a farthing of compensation. It was such a tragedy. He then again moved his flock down to a place called Wilcox, near the Gulf of Mexico, where he died almost immediately at the age of 82. My sister, Mrs Stevenson, had long before this joined my mother from Antofogasta, a place near Bolivia, at the saltpetre mines, where her husband had been for some years as book-keeper to a firm under a Mr Hicks. She endured terrible trials, as it was in a wild state, communication with the outside world being rare and difficult. Though she was there for four years, she never saw one drop of rain fall. There was no milk or vegetables, and the ground would not grow anything—there was not even a blade of grass, so that no animals could live, and as there was no water even to drink, it had all to be condensed, and was even then very disagreeable in taste. Consequently the two babies who were born there both died of starvation, pure and simple, as though they kept a goat to feed them on its milk, it starved first, and then the children followed. She has frequently described to me the horrors of one of those terrible earthquakes which often occur there. They went there at the first opening of the mines, and just after the terrible destruction of Iquique, and some two years later, the one she referred to, occurred at or near Antofogasta, where they lived. She told me she fell to the floor, and could not rise, she was so giddy. The tail end of a huge wave rushed in at the front door and out of the back, flooding all the place. As soon as she could rise she rushed out to look for the children; they were safe, being well up on a bank, but the sight she saw was beyond description. The backwash of the wave carried 800 unfortunate creatures out to sea, never more to be heard of. Their cries were heart-piercing, and while their hands and arms waved piteously in the air, no one could render any assistance. So she felt she could no longer remain there, and she took the first little vessel, a few hundred tons, to England, had an awful passage, but arrived safely, lived there a year or so, and then joined the family in New Mexico.

I had an interesting and unexpected experience while staying at a quiet little seaside place in Cornwall in 1906, called New Quays. I had occasion to be taken to visit two old ladies who owned a nice house there, with a beautiful garden and many curios. When being shown over the house I observed a very fine specimen of soda crystals on the dining room mantle, and inquired where it had come from. Great was my surprise when the name Antofogasta fell upon my ear, as it was so rarely ever heard. Thereupon Miss Hicks told me her brother had been manager there till the time of his death, when I told her my brother-in-law, Hugh Ross Stevenson, had been sent for from Dunedin, New Zealand, to act as book-keeper to the society. She then said, "Oh, well, his photo will be sure to be in one of my brother's many albums of his staff." After a prolonged look through there was his photo, sure enough, in two distinct places, and extremely like him.