

bit of a wooden house consisting of just two rooms and a kitchen, but very snug. We did not dress, but there were silver forks, etc., and everything went off so exactly the same as in England that I could have fancied myself at an undergraduate party at Oxford. That night I slept at an inn, and the next morning breakfasted with Domett the Col. Secretary . . .

Wellington

May 29th, 1848

My dearest K [Miss Jane Arnold, the writer's eldest sister]
. . . The town of Wellington is principally built on two level pieces of land backed by hills, called Thorndon flat and Te-Aro flat. These flats are about a mile from each other, and for that distance there is barely room for one row of houses between the sea and the hills . . . I have been today over to the Makara valley to look at the country sections, or rather at one of them. For about 5 miles there is a cart road, though a most infamous one, leading to the end of what is called the Karori district; thence a very good bridle-path, recently cut, conducts you over a pass in the hills about 2 miles down into the Makara valley, and stops about half a mile from our section No. 19 . . . There are many clearings in the Karori district, and the huge pine logs and the blackened stumps lie about, just as they are described to do in the American backwoods. The land is very much parcelled out among small proprietors, so that one sees a great many small wooden cottages, and children running about, and everywhere the saw and the axe are busily at work, for it is from Karori that Wellington is principally supplied with sawn timber. But after leaving the Karori road and entering upon the bridle path, you plunge at once into the unbroken solitude of the forest . . .